

THE

HARBINGER,

DEVOTED TO

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

"All things, at the present day, stand provided and prepared, and await the light."

VOL. II.

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Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life. — WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.



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VOLUME II.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1845.

NUMBER 1.

MISCELLANY.

COSMOGONY.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

PREAMBLE.

Having reached this twenty-first section, I feel the same temptation which Montesquieu did at his twenty-first book. He wanted to address an invocation to the Muses; I read it in a journal which seemed astonished, and with reason, at this weakness. Montesquieu, amongst other complaints, said to the virgins of Pindus: "I have run a long career, and I am overburdened with cares." Nevertheless he had, to support his labors and distract him from his cares, an income of 25,000 francs, worth 50,000 francs of the present currency: he had besides, the partizans who always attach themselves to fortune, to rank, to fame, to popular oratory. Could he, with so many supports, lack heart for work, especially when he was assured in all respects of the favor of his age, and when he beheld himself on the way to immortality! Ah! Montesquieu, was it not an insult to the learned sisters, loaded as you were with the favors of fortune and the resources of genius, to ask for more? The Muses might have answered: "See what we have done for so many great men from the days of Homer to J. J. Rousseau; we have exposed them to the assaults of indigence, of snarling criticism (*zoilism*), of persecution; but we have given them the sacred fire, which helps man to surmount all obstacles, to suffer while alive a thousand deaths, that he may live only after death; and you, Montesquieu, favorite of fortune and the Muses, you are not satisfied, you ask for more."

Instead of so many succors which were lavished upon Montesquieu, I have had to sustain all the opposite misfortunes. It is for me to express impatience, to call to my aid the nine sisters, and tell them: "I have run a long career, and I am overburdened with cares." It is not

by the number of volumes that I have to fill, that my career is made fatiguing; it is by the researches it has cost me, by the fatigues it has caused me and will cause me yet. The fatality has pursued me, that always when I would put hand to the work, I have suddenly discovered that something was mislaid, or some strange accident has interfered, as the loss of manuscripts and precious notes, some of which contained solutions sought for several years. The problems of passion movement seem mere child's play when they are resolved. Every body says of them, as of the verses of Racine: "I could have done that myself;" but the difficulty is to do it. I was eleven years seeking the distribution of the general scale of characters, and I did not believe it could be found without the experience of a generation in Harmony. I run aground upon the calculation of *passional diffraction*, in spite of fourteen years of researches, not continuous to be sure, but still frequent, and finally stopped by the loss of a note which had been mislaid.

Often a chapter, which was only sketched, (as that on diffraction,) cost me years: the solutions of problems are not measured off by the yard-stick, like articles of light literature and systems of politics; in the calculation of attraction you cannot cut short a difficulty by an arbitrary decision: the problem of passional gravitation, in the direct ratio of the masses and inverse of the distances, cost me two months loss of sleep.

There was not one work, one single source from which I could draw a shadow of information. Montesquieu found enough of it in a thousand authors; who had been over the road before him; he had no embarrassment but that of choice; but I am in the position of Robinson Crusoe, who, alone in a desert island, is obliged to make every thing for himself; every step has compelled me to change some arrangements, to recast chapters and parts of the work. In such a case a Montesquieu has scribes at his command,

and the work goes on while the author is composing. For me, when I want to hasten the transcription, I suffer from a sprain of my thumb, which more than once has delayed me an entire fortnight. So I have no support but myself. I have crosses without number. I have the prospect of laboring for the small critics who, after vexing me all my life, will try to rob me after my death, or will assign to me the comfortless reward of Homer, altars in the other world, and want of bread in this. Let us persevere, however, in spite of every loathing, and let it astonish no one, if my apostrophes to the favorite Coryphæuses of the age smack somewhat of the reception which the age has given me.

We have now to do with Cosmogony, a science which seems to be much in vogue in France, where sciences, like dresses, are a matter of fashion. Cosmogony is now high in public favor there; often they bring upon the stage the diseases of the planets and the chapter of comets, so feebly treated in 1811. Every system-maker thinks himself obliged in conscience to give a Cosmogony, as every one did in 1788 to give a Constitution. Our century is accused of having produced by itself alone more Cosmogonies than all the others put together; we may say as much, unfortunately, of the treatises on political economy of one kind and another. The more fruitful science is in systems, the more sterile it is in benefits; so we see the people reduced to living upon nettles, and compelled to emigrate by thousands, even in Baden, which is the best cultivated country in Europe.

Cosmogony is of the number of those sciences which may discover the remedy for these increasing miseries. They think it limited to vague conjectures about the stars, about the formation of comets and other useless matters, with which the late De La Grange was occupied so much. It has functions of quite other importance, principally that of determining the destiny of the planets and consequently that of their inhabitants; but its grand office

is to remedy the sidereal maladies which vitiate the temperature, destroy the harvests, and are rapidly impoverishing our globe. Cosmogony, then, is the *medical science* of the planet; it is for it to deliver the globe from a crowd of material *evanges*, from which it has suffered for five thousand years; among others, the paralysis of the extremities, or the congelation of the Poles. Here are functions which the smart minds, who meddle with this sort of study, have not dreamed of. A Cosmogonist, if he is versed in the science, ought to undertake to effect by a given day, the disengaging of the North Pole, and, at a later time, of the South Pole; to make the orange, within five years, grow as well in Spitzbergen as in Lisbon. Whoever cannot subscribe to this engagement, is ignorant in Cosmogony.

I only know the numerous systems of this sort through some articles in Journals. I have read but one, a very ancient one for our times: it is the pleasant fable of Buffon, who supposes an impertinent comet to have struck our sun, and knocked off thirty-two splinters, out of which were formed our planets. Verily this modern age is most indulgent to the fine minds, if it suffers such absurdities of their's to pass. A comet to strike against a sun! It could not even strike the smallest satellite. One has been seen to pass into the very nave and sanctuary of Jupiter. Even if it were directed against a point through which a satellite must pass, Jupiter and the Sun, by an aroinal fillip, would have thrown the comet off its orbit. Of what use, then, the sidereal harmony, if thirty-two pivoted and unitary planets are unable to sustain themselves against an incoherent body!

They make Cosmogonies and Geologies in our day, which are as improbable as the shock of a comet imagined by Buffon. I have read in the Journals of 1816, (Biblioth. Britann.) a refutation of a system of Cuvier upon the formation of valleys, whose excavation he ascribes to the diluvial currents; an opinion as strange as that of the sophists, who suppose that these same currents have washed towards the northern Pole the bones of elephants, which were heaped together under the torrid zone. I shall pass in review some of these absurd hypotheses; they spring commonly from the mania which our savans have for refusing to God a talent equal to that of our mechanics. I shall often claim for Him this small concession; and if they will only allow to God as much ability as they do to our carpenters, smiths, and masons, they will see how easy it has been for Him, without the aid of a Deluge, to form valleys all over the earth, to acclimate elephants at the Pole, &c.

We are about to treat of a Cosmogony more interesting, more extended, than those which have been broached thus far, and more flattering for the human race. It will teach us, that mortals, who have been styled worms of the earth, and excluded from initiation into the laws of nature by philosophy and superstition, are on the contrary high and potent personages, co-associates with God in the direction of the planets, and invested by Him with a colossal influence over these enormous creatures. Philosophy, to bring us down, takes its stand upon our corporeal littleness; but by virtue of the law of the contact of extremes, this littleness is the pledge of our high power. Man is the inferior link in the chain of universal harmony, the lowest of the keys or stops which derive their titles from the Twelve Passions; Man, by this title, is in contact, in unison with the highest key, which is God. According to this law, we necessarily participate in the power of God, and coöperate directly with him in the control of the universe.

The destiny of Man has been estimated in proportion to his stature: but is the dimension of beings the measure of their intelligence and their ability? If it were so, a whale should have a thousand times more mind than any of our savans. Let us reason better about the laws of movement; it is our position as the link infinitely little, which assures us our identity of action with God, and the most ample share in the series of powers which He has divided amongst the creatures of harmony. Their series or gradation is composed as follows: Man, Planet, Universe, Binuniverse, Triniverse, Decuniverse, Centuniverse, Millioniverse, &c. &c. The keys 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 36, form unisons or pivots of octaves, and have different properties from the others; but among these keys of octave intervals, Man, as the extreme pivot, is much more brilliantly endowed than the keys 8, 15, 22, and indeed you would be astounded by a table of the truly immense power which God has given to Man.

Behold a thesis on this subject quite surprising, but which shall be demonstrated in great detail. Every man who has the means (and there are more than four thousand such in civilization) of founding a passional system (*tourbillon*), may operate upon the temperament of the planet, correct its aromas and change its temperature and atmosphere, purge its seas, furnish them with a magnificent creation, modify the aromas of the sun and of the different planets, displace five of them to arrange them in conjunction around our globe, and clothe it, like Saturn, with two rings. As to operations beyond our system, we may effect the entrance of the one hundred and two

comets into the common plane of our other planets, accelerate by about three hundred years the concentration of the system, as well as of our universe, and the operation which is to elevate them from the second to the third power; whence will result a general displacement in the mass of the fixed stars, which have seemed immovable for five thousand years. But what does this displacement, this new arrangement, concern us, if it is not to be fraught with numerous advantages for us? Those who are astonished by this announcement, may familiarize themselves with it, by meditating upon the most universally known law of nature, that of the contact of extremes; it would be violated, and the whole system of movement would be false, if the extreme key at the bottom, which is Man, were not in full participation of the government with the extreme key at the top, which is God; every violation of this law would untie the fundamental knot of movement, and introduce a radical absurdity in the work of creation.

Our Cosmogonists in their systems, universal and special, make no account of this primordial law; they depict for us a universe after their fashion, in which nothing is united, a pretended unity composed only of general incoherence, a God who establishes no bonds in the system of nature, a God who has no fixed relations, no mode of permanent revelation with his creatures, a father of the universe who does not communicate with his children, who has not even thought of their first want, that of a social code, a monster of a father who seeks to degrade us, to exclude us from the knowledge of destinies which he has inspired us with the curiosity of knowing. He is the sole distributor of attraction: would he not be the most odious of tyrants, if he had condemned us to a state of ignorance, of indigence and of nullity, so opposed to the attraction which he has given us? According to these fine thinkers, the keys of harmony would have no influence upon one another; Man would have none upon his planet, upon his system, his universe, which on their side would have none upon Man. Thus our savans consider the universe as an orchestra in which every instrument, every musician plays according to his own fancy, without any agreement with the others; we see the contrary; a single instrument which is false or out of tune, troubles the play of the whole orchestra; it is the same in the universe, where the derangement of one of the keys hinders the play of all the others.

The following Treatise will reveal a God and a universe very different from the pictures of our savans, a system of movement in which all is united, the su-

prime Chief of which wishes to exceed in generosity the expectation of his creatures. For Him it is little to unveil to us his laws upon the mechanism of nature and upon all the mysteries supposed impenetrable; He wishes also that Man should sit with him upon the throne of the universe, and enter into participation of the divine power, of the government of the worlds.

"Think you so?" some pleasant wit will say; "Do you wish to imitate the regenerators of '89, who offered the people a part in the sovereignty, when all they asked was bread? A demand still urgently reiterated; and you reply by promising them a seat upon the throne of God, and a share in the direction of the universe. Ah! be less liberal, take more thought of what is most pressing, and give the people bread."

This is a pleasantry *a la Francaise*, which conceals a good many absurdities under the mask of a bon-mot. We will remark here three of them:

1. The theory which I publish does not proceed like our sciences, which promise the superfluous before providing for the necessary. I have already demonstrated that, before seating Man upon the throne of God, it will seat him at a good table, which is the first want and the first desire of every individual.

2. It does not do God the wrong to demand of him only what is strictly necessary, bread; an insulting demand for a liberal father, who has the power and the will to give us superfluity. His social system not being contrived to procure us mediocrity, we shall seek in vain to discover that system, so long as we seek such mediocrity, which is its very antipodes.

3. Those who argue from actual miseries against the blessings which I have shown, deceive themselves, since the excess of miseries in Civilization is the measure of the goods of Harmony, according to the rules of inverse proportion and of the contact of extremes. The more deeply we are plunged in the abyss, the more facilities we have for coming out of it, through the progress of the incoherent industry which has plunged us there.

These three observations suffice to show the weakness of certain fine talkers, who think by a play of words, or a capacious thought, to invalidate all reasonings. France swarms with these presumptuous people; but the evils which the French sophists have just caused the world are enough to prove, that it is neither to the argumentative wranglers, nor the wits of this nation, that we must refer the judgment of a discovery upon which the fate of Humanity depends.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE POLYVERSAL SCALE, OR
SERIES OF THE KEYS OF GENERAL HARMONY.

It is with the universe as with the uncertain sciences, until now; the more men reason about it, the less they comprehend it; and we are going to point out some amusing blunders on this subject. Indeed they have been carried to such a point, that it will be necessary to suppress the word *Universe*, to which they attach so many contradictory senses, that it becomes impossible to use it in a regular science; I have accordingly substituted for it the words *Polyterse* and *Polyversal*, to designate the aggregate of what exists in the infinity of things finite.

Every one uses the word *Universe* in his own way. Our romancers in Cosmogony designate by this name the stellar spheroid or mass of visible stars, which has for its focus our sun and his system, for its vault the visible fixed stars, and for its outer envelope other invisible suns, which form the crust or shell of this stellar gourd, furnished on the inside with a single seed-vessel, which is the milky way. This is what they call the Universe; the aforesaid mass must have some name. But how shall we name those other balls of stars, similar to this, but placed beyond the reach of our glasses and more numerous than the atoms of our globe? If we call them all universes, what shall we call infinite matter and the infinite space in which it gravitates? There would then be a universe and universes; then the word universe in the singular would designate only an infinitely small portion of what exists.

I am not fond of quibbling about words; but it is necessary to show the ludicrousness of this most ludicrous of theories, in as much as it confounds the two extremes, infinite matter with a portion of matter which is but a point in space. What should we say of a man, who, picking up a grain of sand upon his grounds, should say: this grain composes all my domain? We should reply, you are jesting; this grain of sand is only an infinitely small portion of your domain. Equally great is our mistake when we think general matter limited to this ball of stars which we call the universe, and which is only a subdivision of matter smaller than is the smallest worm in comparison with our globe; for this globe having a determinate extent, an exact and definite proportion may be found between the worm and the globe; whereas matter and space being infinite, our universe is much smaller compared to them than a worm compared to our globe.

Nevertheless our universe is very vast, they say, since our telescopes cannot measure the distance from the earth to

the nearest suns of the heavenly vault, still less to the ulterior suns which terminate this starry cluster. This appears great to our eyes; but a drop of water appears great to the eyes of a million of animalcules which live and move in that little space; a thimble-full of water would be for them a universe.

To appreciate the relative dimensions of this starry cluster, of which our sun and his system occupy the centre, let us imagine ourselves transported far beyond it, say to the distance of a million times the diameter of the said cluster. It would gradually become so small to our eyes, that we should cease to see it before we had reached half that distance; for every luminous mass becomes a point to the eye, which is removed 100,000 or even 10,000 diameters. Venus, a star of the same magnitude with our globe, seems already like a cherry, though it is only at a distance of 4,000 of its own diameters.

Thus our universe, seen at the distance of ten thousand of its own diameters, would appear to us a point, a little star; we should see it confounded with ant-hills of other points or similar universes; presently we should see these universes agglomerated by millions forming only one ball, which would be a *Binuniverse*, or spherical mass of universes distributed like the stars and systems in our own.

As we receded from this *Binuniverse* to the distance of 10,000, 100,000, 1,000,000, of its diameters, we should see a crowd of *Binuniverses*, distributed like our stars, and forming a spherical *Trinuniverse*, or note two degrees higher in the scale than our Universe. Then continuing to recede, we should see *Quatruniverses*, *Deciuniverses*, *Vingtiuniverses*, *Centiuniverses*, *Milkiuniverses*, or note of the thousandth power in the scale of harmonic creatures.

Let us reason only on the third power. Supposing that it requires a million universes like our's to form a *Binuniverse*; then it will take about a million *Binuniverses* to form a *Trinuniverse*, which would contain already a trillion universes like our's; and the whole would be no bigger than a point to the eye placed at a distance of 10,000 of its diameters.

Without pushing the progression any further, I have said enough to show the ludicrous position of those who think they see the limits of the world when they see the ulterior stars, and who do not comprehend that this cluster of stars, named universe, is but a proportional atom. I compare them to the silk-worm, who, shut up in his cocoon, should believe that there existed nothing outside of that little cell. We have committed a similar mistake about our little starry cell, which we call Universe. According to the pre-

in the bosom of the earth. The alteration in his features after these sleepless nights, the temporary, but more and more frequent returns of his gloomy and distracted air, could not fail to strike his parents and his friend. But the latter had found the method of dissipating these clouds, and of recovering her empire every time she was threatened with the loss of it. She began to sing, and immediately the young Count, charmed or subdued, was relieved by tears, or animated by a higher enthusiasm. This remedy was infallible, and when he could speak a few words to her in private: "Consuelo," cried he, "you know the secret of my soul. You possess a power denied to common minds, and you possess it more than any other person living in this world. You speak the divine language, you know how to express the most divine sentiments, and to communicate the powerful emotions of your inspired soul. Sing, therefore, whenever you see me failing. The words which you use in your songs have little meaning for me; they are only an abridged theme, an incomplete indication, upon which the musical thought is exercised and developed. I hardly listen to them; that which I hear, that which penetrates to the bottom of my heart, is your voice, your accent, your inspiration. Music says every thing which the soul feels and foretells of most mysterious and most elevated. It is the manifestation of an order of ideas and sentiments superior to what human speech can express. It is the revelation of the infinite; and when you sing, I belong to Humanity, only because Humanity has received what is divine and eternal from the bosom of the Creator. All the consolation and encouragement which your mouth refuses me in the ordinary course of life, all that which social tyranny forbids your heart to reveal to me, your song conveys to me a hundred-fold. Then you communicate to me your whole being, and my soul possesses you in joy and in sorrow, in faith and in fear, in the transport of enthusiasm and in the languor of reverie."

Sometimes Albert said these things in Spanish in the presence of the family, but the evident displeasure which this kind of *aside* gave the canoness, and the feeling of propriety, prevented the young girl from replying: At last, one day she was alone with him in the garden, and as he was again speaking of the happiness he experienced on hearing her sing: "Since music is a more complete and persuasive language than words," said she, "why do you never speak it with me, when you know it, perhaps, even better than I do?"

"What do you mean, Consuelo?" cried the young Count, struck with surprise. "I am a musician only when listening to you."

"Do not try to deceive me," returned she: "I have never heard a divinely human voice drawn from a violin but once in my life, and that was by you, Albert: it was in the grotto of the Schreckenstein. I heard you on that day, before you saw me. I discovered your secret; you must forgive me and let me again hear that admirable chant, some passages of which I have retained, and which revealed to me unknown beauties in music." Consuelo tried in an under tone, those passages, which she confusedly remembered, and which Albert recognized immediately.

"It is a popular canticle to Hussite words," said he to her. "The verses are by my ancestor Hyncko Podiebrad, son of King George, and one of the Fatherland. We have quantities of admirable poetry by Sturge, by Simon Lomnicky and by many others which have been put upon the index by the imperial police. Those religious and national chants, set to music by unknown geniuses of Bohemia, are not all preserved in the memory of the Bohemians. The people have retained some, and Zdenko, who is endowed with extraordinary memory and musical sentiment, knows by tradition, a large number which I have collected and noted. They are very beautiful and you will have great pleasure in knowing them. But I can only let you hear them in my hermitage. My violin is there and all my music. I have some very precious manuscript collections of the old catholic and protestant authors. I wager that you do not know either Josquin, several of whose themes Luther has transmitted to us in his choral pieces, nor Claude the younger, nor Arcadelt, nor George Rhaw, nor Benoît Ducis, nor Jean de Weiss. Will not this curious examination induce you, dear Consuelo, again to come and see my grotto, from which I have been exiled so long, and to visit my church which you do not yet know."

This proposition, though it excited the curiosity of the young artist, was listened to with trembling. That horrible grotto recalled remembrances which she could not retrace without shuddering, and the idea of returning there alone with Albert, notwithstanding all the confidence she had acquired in him, caused her a painful emotion, which he very quickly perceived.

"You have a repugnance for that pilgrimage which you nevertheless did promise me to renew; let us speak no more of it," said he. "Faithful to my oath, I will not make it without you."

"You remind me of mine, Albert," returned she; "and I will keep it as soon as you desire. But, my dear doctor, you must reflect that I have not, yet sufficient strength. Could you not, therefore, allow me first to see that curious music and

hear that admirable artist, who plays the violin better than I sing?"

"I know not if you are jesting, dear sister; but I do know very well, that you will not hear me elsewhere than in my grotto. It was there I first tried to draw expression, in unison with my heart, from that instrument, of whose power I was ignorant, after having for many years had a brilliant and frivolous teacher at great expense to my father. It was there that I first understood what music was, and what a sacrilegious mockery a large portion of mankind have substituted for it. As to myself, I confess that it would be impossible for me to draw a sound from my violin if I were not prostrate in spirit before the Divinity. Even if I saw you, cold at my side, attentive only to the form of the pieces which I played, curious to examine the greater or less degree of talent I may possess, I should play so badly that I doubt if you could listen to me. I have never, since I have been able to use it, touched that instrument; consecrated for me to the praise of the Lord, or to the cry of my ardent prayer, without feeling myself transported into the ideal world, and without obeying the breath of a kind of mysterious inspiration which I cannot recall at my will, and which leaves me without my possessing any means of controlling or fixing it. Ask of me the most simple passage when I am impassioned and notwithstanding the desire I may have to please you, my memory will betray me, and my fingers will become as uncertain as those of a child who is trying his first notes."

"I am not unworthy," replied Consuelo, attentive and impressed, "to comprehend your manner of regarding music. I hope I may be able to unite in your prayer with a soul sufficiently collected and sufficiently fervent not to chill your inspiration. Ah! why cannot my master Porpora hear what you say respecting the sacred art, my dear Albert! he would embrace your knees. And yet that great artist himself does not carry his severity to the extent that you do, and he thinks that the singer and virtuoso must draw the breath which animates them from the sympathy and admiration of their audience."

"Perhaps the reason is, that Porpora, whatever he may say, confounds in music the religious sentiment with the human thought; it is thus also perhaps that he as a catholic understands sacred music; from his point of view I should reason in the same manner. If I were in communion of faith and sympathy with people professing a worship which was also mine, I should find, in the contact of those souls animated by the same religious sentiment as myself, an inspiration, which I have hitherto been obliged to

seek in solitude, and which, consequently, I have only imperfectly found. If I ever have the happiness in a prayer according to my heart, to unite your divine voice, Consuelo, with the accents of my violin, without doubt I shall raise myself higher than I have ever done, and my prayer will be more worthy of the Divinity. But do not forget, dear child, that hitherto my belief has been abominable to all the beings who surround me; those who might not have been shocked at it, would have made it a subject of mockery. This is why I have concealed, as a secret between God, poor Zdenko and myself, the feeble gift which I possess. My father loves music and would wish that this instrument, sacred to me as the citherns of the mysteries of Eleusis, should serve for his amusement. What would become of me, great God! if I were obliged to accompany Amelia in a cavatina, and what would become of my father, if I should play to him one of those old Hussite airs, which have carried so many Bohemians to the mines, or the gallows; or a more modern canticle of our Lutheran fathers, from whom he blushes to have descended! Alas! Consuelo, I know nothing more modern. There are no doubt many admirable things. What you display to me of Handel and other great masters by whom you have been nourished, seems to me superior in many respects, to what I can teach you in return. But to know and to learn this music, I should have been obliged to put myself in relation with a new musical world; and it is with you alone that I can resolve to enter it, to search for the treasures, long unknown or despised, which you will pour upon me from your full hands."

"I do not think I shall undertake that education," replied Consuelo with a smile. "What I heard in the grotto was so beautiful, so grand, so unique in its kind, that I should fear to introduce gravel into a fountain of crystal and diamonds. O Albert! I see very well that you know much more than I do about music. But will you not now say something about that profane music of which I am compelled to make my profession? I am afraid I shall discover, that, in this as in the other, I have hitherto been beneath my mission, by entering upon it with the same ignorance and levity."

"Far from believing this, Consuelo, I look upon the part you have to perform as sacred; and as your profession is the most sublime which a woman can embrace, your soul is the most worthy to fill the priesthood."

"Wait, wait, dear Count," returned Consuelo, smiling. "From what I have often told you of the convent in which I learned music, and of the church in which I have sung the praises of the

Lord, you conclude that I was destined to the service of the altar, or to the modest teachings of the cloister. But if I tell you, that the Zingarella, faithful to her origin, was dedicated to chance from her childhood, and that all her education was a mixture of religions and profane works, into which her will entered with an equal ardor, not caring if it ended in the nunnery or on the stage—"

"Certain that God has set his seal upon your forehead, and that he dedicated you to holiness, from the bosom of your mother, I should trouble myself very little on your account for the chance of human events, and should retain the conviction that you must be holy on the stage as well as in the cloister."

"What! would not the austerity of your thoughts be terrified at the contact of an actress?"

"In the dawn of religions," replied he, "the theatre and the temple are one and the same sanctuary. In the purity of original ideas, the ceremonies of worship are a representation for the people; the arts have their birth at the foot of the altars; the dance itself, that art now consecrated to the ideas of impure voluptuousness, is the music of the senses in the festivals of the Gods. Music and poetry are the highest expressions of faith, and woman endowed with genius and beauty is priestess, sybil and initiator. To these severe and grand forms of the past, absurd and culpable distinctions have succeeded; the Roman religion has expelled beauty from its festivals and woman from its solemnities; instead of directing and ennobling love, it has banished and condemned it. Beauty, woman, and love, could not lose their empire. Men have raised to them other temples which they have called theatres, where no other God has come to preside. Is it your fault, Consuelo, if those theatres have become sinks of corruption? Nature, which performs its prodigies, without caring for the reception which her master pieces may meet with among men, had formed you to shine among all women, and to spread abroad through the earth the treasures of power and of genius. The cloister and the tomb are synonymous. You could not, without committing suicide, bury the gifts of Providence. You were obliged to take your flight in a freer atmosphere. Manifestation is the condition of certain existences, the voice of nature impels them to it irresistibly; and the will of God in this respect is so positive, that he withdraws the faculties with which he has endowed them, as soon as they mistake their use. The artist perishes and is extinguished in obscurity, as the thinker wanders and is exasperated in absolute solitude, as every human spirit deteri-

orates and is destroyed in isolation and confinement. Go therefore upon the stage, Consuelo, if you will, and encounter its apparent disgrace with the resignation of a pious soul, destined to suffer, to search in vain for its home in this world, but compelled to fly the darkness which is not the element of its life, and out of which the breath of the Holy Spirit imperiously expels it."

Albert spoke thus, a long while, with animation, walking rapidly with Consuelo through the shadowy paths of the warren. He had no difficulty in communicating to her the enthusiasm he experienced for the sentiment of art, and in making her forget the repugnance she had at first felt at returning to the grotto, seeing he desired it earnestly, she herself began to wish to be alone with him long enough to understand the ideas which this ardent and timid man did not dare to utter except before her. These ideas were very new to Consuelo, and perhaps they were entirely so, in the mouth of a patrician of that age and country. Still they struck the young artist only as a frank and bold expression of the feelings which burned within her. Devout and an actress, she every day heard the canoness and chaplain damn without mercy the actors and performers, her fellows. On seeing herself reinstated, as she believed she ought to be, by a serious and earnest man, she felt her chest enlarge and her heart beat therein more freely, as if he had introduced her into the true region of her life. Her eyes were moistened with tears and her cheeks glowed with a bright and holy radiance, when she perceived at the extremity of an alley, the canoness who was searching for her. "Ah! my priestess!" said Albert to her, pressing against his breast the arm locked in his, "you will come and pray in my church?"

"Yes," replied she, "I will certainly."

"And when?"

"When you please. Do you think me strong enough to undertake this new exploit?"

"Yes; for we will go to the Schreckenstein in the broad day light and by a road less dangerous than the cistern. Do you feel the courage to rise to-morrow before dawn and to pass the gates as soon as they are opened? I will be in those thickets, which you see here on the side of the hill, there where you perceive the stone cross, and I will serve you as a guide."

"Well, I promise you," replied Consuelo, not without a last beating of the heart.

"It is very fresh this evening for so long a walk," said the canoness approaching them.

Albert did not answer; he knew not

how to feign. Consuelo, who was not agitated by the kind of emotion she experienced, boldly passed her other arm through that of the canoness and gave her a great kiss on the shoulder. Wenceslawa wished indeed to seem distant to her; but in spite of herself, she yielded to the ascendancy of that true and affectionate soul. She sighed, and on entering the house, went to say a prayer for her conversion.

II.

Still many days passed without its being possible to fulfil Albert's desire. Consuelo was so closely watched by the canoness that in vain did she rise with the dawn and pass the drawbridge the first, she always found the aunt or the chaplain wandering under the horn-beam hedge of the esplanade, and thence observing all the open ground which must be passed in order to gain the thickets on the hill. She made up her mind to walk alone within the range of their observation and to renounce the project of joining Albert, who from his shady retreat, saw the enemy's videttes, made a long circuit in the thick wood and entered the chateau without being noticed.

"You were out walking very early this morning, Signora Porporina," said the canoness at breakfast; "are you not afraid lest the dampness of the dawn may injure you?"

"It was I, aunt," returned the young Count, "who advised the Signora to breathe the fresh morning air, and I don't doubt these walks will be very beneficial to her."

"I should have thought that a person devoted to vocal music," replied the canoness with a little affectation, "ought not to expose herself to our misty mornings, but if it is according to your prescription—"

"Do have confidence in Albert's decision," said Count Christian; "he has certainly proved himself a good physician, as well as a good son and a good friend."

The dissimulation to which Consuelo was obliged to submit with blushes, was very painful to her. She gently complained to Albert, when she could speak to him in private, and besought him to renounce his project, at least until his aunt's vigilance should be relaxed. He obeyed, but requested her to continue her morning walks in the environs of the park, so that he could join her whenever a favorable opportunity presented itself.

Consuelo would gladly have been excused. Although she liked walking, and felt the necessity of exercising herself in that manner a little every day, outside of that enclosure of walls and trenches, where her thought was as if stifled by the

feeling of captivity, she suffered at deceiving people whom she respected, and whose hospitality she was receiving. A little love removes many scruples; but friendship reflects and Consuelo reflected much. They were then in the last fine days of summer, for many months had already passed since Consuelo arrived at Giant's Castle. What a summer for Consuelo! The palest autumn of Italy had more light and heat. But that lukewarm air, that sky often veiled by thin white and fleecy clouds, had also their charm and their kind of beauties. She found in her solitary walks an attraction, which perhaps also increased the little inclination she had to revisit the grotto. Notwithstanding her resolution, she felt that Albert would have taken a heavy load from her breast, by giving back her promise; and when she was no longer under the empire of his suppliant look and his enthusiastic words, she secretly blessed the good aunt, for preventing her from fulfilling that engagement by the obstacles she every day interposed.

One morning from the banks of the torrent where she was wandering, she saw Albert leaning on the balustrade of his garden, far above her. Notwithstanding the distance which separated them, she felt herself almost continually under the anxious and impassioned eye of that man, beneath whose dominion she had allowed herself in some degree to be brought.

"My situation is very strange," said she to herself; "while this persevering friend observes me, to see if I am faithful to the devotion I have sworn to him, I am doubtless watched from some other point of the chateau to prevent my having with him any relations which their customs and ideas of propriety forbid. I do not know what is passing in the minds of any of them. The baroness Amelia does not return. The canoness seems to mistrust me, and to grow cold towards me. Count Christian redoubles his friendship, and pretends to fear Porpora's return, which will probably be the signal for my departure. Albert appears to have forgotten that I forbade him to hope for my love. As if he expected every thing from me, he asks nothing for the future, and does not abjure the passion which seems to render him happy, in spite of my inability to share it. Still here I am, like a declared lover, waiting every morning at his rendezvous, exposing myself to the blame, perhaps to the contempt of a family who can comprehend neither my devotedness nor my position towards him, since I do not understand them myself, nor foresee their result. What a strange destiny is mine; must I be always condemned to devote myself without being loved by those whom I love, or without loving those whom I esteem!"

In the midst of these reflections, a profound melancholy seized upon her soul. She experienced the necessity of belonging to herself, that sovereign and legitimate necessity, the true condition of progress and development in every superior genius. The solicitude, which she had vowed to Count Albert weighed upon her like a chain. The bitter recollection which she had preserved of Anzoleto and of Venice, fastened itself upon her, in the inaction, and the solitude of a life too monotonous and too regular for her powerful organization.

She stopped near the rock, which Albert had often pointed out to her, as being that where by a strange fatality, he had seen her for the first time, a child, strapped to her mother's shoulders, like the pack of a pedlar and running over hill and valley, singing like the grasshopper of the fable, without care for the morrow, without fear of threatening old age and inexorable misery. "O my poor mother!" thought the young Zingarella; "here I am brought back, by an incomprehensible fatality, to the places which you traversed, to retain only a vague remembrance, and the token of a touching hospitality. You were young and handsome and doubtless you found many a resting place, where love would have received you, where society could have forgiven and transformed you, where in fine your hard and wandering life might have been fixed and abjured in the bosom of comfort and repose. But you felt and you always said that comfort was constraint, and repose ennui, fatal to the soul of an artist. You were right, I feel it sensibly; for here I am in this chateau, where as in all others, you did not wish to pass more than a night; here I am sheltered from want and fatigue, well treated, well cared for, with a rich nobleman at my feet—and yet constraint stifles me, and ennui consumes me."

Consuelo, overpowered by an extraordinary emotion, had seated herself upon the rock. She looked upon the sandy path, as if she thought to find the print of her mother's naked feet. The sheep, in passing, had left upon the thorns some locks of their fleece; this wool, of a reddish brown, recalled to Consuelo, precisely the natural color of the coarse cloth, of which her mother's cloak was made, that cloak which had so long protected her from the cold and the sun, from the dust and the rain. She had seen it fall from their shoulders, piece by piece. "And we also," said she to herself, "were poor wandering sheep, and we left the shreds of our covering upon the brambles of the roads; but we carried always with us, proud love and the full enjoyment of our dear liberty."

While dreaming thus, Consuelo looked

along that path of yellow sand, which wound gracefully upon the hill, and which, enlarging at the bottom of the valley, ran towards the north, tracing a great sinuous line among the green firs, and the black heath. "What is there more beautiful than a road?" thought she; "it is the symbol and the image of an active and varied life. What smiling ideas are attached in my mind to the capricious windings of this. I have no recollection of the places through which it passes, and which, nevertheless, I have already traversed. But they must be beautiful, compared with this black fortress, which sleeps there eternally, on its immovable rocks! How much more pleasant to the eye are those gentle streaks of pale gold-gravel, and those bright shining furzes, whose shadows cross it, then the straight alleys and stiff hedges of the proud and cold park! I am seized with lassitude, on simply looking at the great dry lines of a garden. Why should my feet seek to reach that, which my eyes and my thought can at once embrace! while the free road, which flies and half hides itself in the woods, invites and calls me to follow its windings, and penetrate its mysteries. And then that road is the passage of Humanity, the route of the universe. It does not belong to a master, who can close, or open it, at his will. It is not the powerful and the rich alone, who have the right to tread its flowery borders, and inhale its wild perfumes. Every bird can build its nest in the branches, every vagabond can rest his head upon its stones. No wall, no palisade, closes the horizon before him. The sky does not end before him; and so far as the sight can reach, the road is a land of liberty. On the right, on the left, the fields, the woods belong to masters: the road belongs to him who owns nothing else; therefore how does he love it! The coarsest beggar has an invincible love for it. Though hospitals, rich as palaces, may be built for him, they will always be prisons; his poetry, his dream, his passion, will always be the public road! O my mother! my mother! you know it well; you have often told me! Why can I not reanimate your ashes, which sleep so far from me beneath the sea-weed of the lagoons! Why can you not again take me on your strong shoulders, and carry me away, down there, down there, where the swallows fly towards the blue hills, where the remembrance of the past, and the regret of lost happiness cannot follow the artist with light feet, who travels more quickly than they, and places every day a new horizon, a new world, between him, and the enemies of his liberty! Poor mother! why can you not again cherish and oppress me, overwhelm me by turns with

kisses and blows, like the wind, which sometimes caresses and sometimes beats down the young wheat of the plain, to raise and depress it again, at its will. Your's was a better tempered soul than mine, and you would have withdrawn me by good will, or by force, from the bonds in which I allow myself to be taken at every step."

In the midst of her absorbing and sorrowful revery, Consuelo was struck by the sound of a voice, which made her shudder, as if a red hot iron had been placed upon her heart. It was the voice of a man, which came from the ravine very far below her, and was humming in the Venetian dialect, the song of the *Echo*, one of the most original compositions of Chiozzeto.* The person who sang, did not give his full voice, and his breath seemed interrupted by walking. He threw out a phrase by chance, as if he wished to divert himself from the ennui of the road, and interrupted it to speak to another person; then he resumed his song, repeating, several times, the same modulation, as if for exercise, and again began to talk, continually approaching the place where Consuelo, motionless and palpitating, felt herself ready to faint. She could not hear the conversation of the traveller with his companion, he was still too far from her. She could not see him, a jutting rock hindered her from looking into that part of the ravine, in which he was. But could she be deceived for an instant in that voice, that accent, which she knew so well, and the fragments of that song, which she herself had taught and heard repeated so many times, by her ungrateful pupil.

At length, the two invisible travellers having come nearer to her, she heard one of them, whose voice was unknown, say to the other in bad Italian, and with the accent of the country: "Eh! eh! signor, do not go up there, the horses cannot follow you, and you will lose sight of me; follow me along the torrent. See, the road is before us and that is only a path for foot passengers."

The voice which Consuelo knew so well, appeared to remove and redescend, and soon she heard it ask what fine chateau that was on the other bank.

"It is *Riesenburg*, as if you should say, *il castello dei giganti*," replied the guide; for he was one by profession, and Consuelo began to see him at the bottom of the hill on foot, leading by their bridles two horses covered with sweat. The bad state of the road, recently washed by the torrent, had compelled the cavaliers to dismount. The traveller followed at some distance, and Consuelo could at last perceive him, by leaning forward over

* Jean Croce, of Chioggia, in the sixteenth century.

the rock, which protected her. His back was towards her, and he had on a travelling dress, which changed his appearance and even his walk. If she had not heard his voice, she would have thought it was not he. But he stopped to look at the chateau, and taking off his broad hat, he wiped his face with his handkerchief. Although she only saw him by looking down upon his head, she recognized those abundant gold-colored and curling locks, and the movement he was accustomed to make with his hand, to raise them from his forehead and neck, when hot.

"That chateau has a very respectable appearance;" said he, "if I had time, I should like to go and ask a breakfast from the giants who live there."

"O! you need not try," replied the guide, shaking his head. "The Rudolstadtts receive only beggars or relations."

"Not more hospitable than that! May the devil fly away with them!"

"But listen! it is because they have something to conceal."

"A treasure, or a crime?"

"O neither; only their son is crazy."

"May the devil fly away with him, also, in that case! He would be doing them a service."

The guide began to laugh. Anzoleto resumed his singing. "Now," said the guide stopping, "we have got past the bad road; if you wish to mount your horse again, we will have a gallop to Fusta. The road is magnificent as far as there; nothing but sand. There you will find the main road to Prague, and good post-horses."

"Then," said Anzoleto, adjusting his stirrups, "I can say—the devil fly away with you too! for your sorry jades, your mountainous roads, and yourself begin to weary me horribly."

While speaking thus, he lightly mounted his horse, buried both his spurs in its sides, and without troubling himself about his guide, who followed him with difficulty, he departed, like a flash, in a northerly direction, raising clouds of dust upon that road which Consuelo had just contemplated so long, and where she so little expected to see pass, like a fatal vision, the currency of her life, the eternal regret of her heart.

She followed him with her eyes in a state of stupor, impossible to express. Frozen by disgust and fear, while he had been within reach of her voice, she had remained concealed and trembling. But when she saw him recede, when she thought that she was about to lose him from her sight, and perhaps forever, she only felt the most horrible despair. She rushed upon the rock, to see him a little longer; and the indestructible love she felt for him, being awakened with frenzy, she wished to cry out after

him, and to recall him. But her voice died upon her lips; it seemed to her, that the hand of death was claspings her throat and tearing her chest; her eyes were veiled; a dull sound, like that of the sea, roared in her ears; and as she was falling exhausted to the bottom of the rock, she found herself in the arms of Albert, who had approached, without her perceiving him, and who carried her, swooning, into a more shaded and hidden part of the mountain.

To be Continued.

POVERTY A BLESSING. The Rev. Mr. —, having been on a visit to one of his poor Scotch parishioners, who was taken ill, and being about to take his leave, held out his hand to the object of his visit, who pressed it affectionately, at the same time thanking the pastor for his kind solicitude about his soul's welfare, and in conclusion said, "God grant ye, sir, great abundance of poverty here, and a double portion o't through a' eternity." "What!" said the astonished clergyman, "do you wish me to become poor?" "Wi' a' my heart, sir," answered the old man seriously; "ye ken a hundred times, an mair, hae ye tauld me that poverty was a blessing, an' I'm sure there's nae I could wish to see better blessed than yoursel'." A solemn pause ensued. At length the minister said, with an air of touching humility, which showed he felt the full force of the cutting reproof—"Well James, I confess I never thought seriously on that point till this moment; poverty cannot be a blessing, it is at best a misfortune." — *Investigator*.

GENEROSITY OF A LORD. A butcher's boy in Oxford Market, London, was employed in sorting some waste paper, which had been purchased at a common rag-shop, and among a quantity of useless circulars discovered an envelope directed to Lord Ashby, containing a hundred pound note. The boy gave it to his mistress, who immediately carried it to Lord Ashby. The "noble lord" instantly—turned the woman out of his house, and the next day entered a prosecution against both her and the boy for the felonious act of breaking open the letter! The above facts are stated in the London Times. What a pretty note of admiration would be set up in the London papers, if any man of a lord's importance, on this side the Atlantic, had rewarded honesty in this manner! — *Courier*.

STRONG ARGUMENT. A publisher scolded his editor for not putting murders in his paper. "There are none to put in," said the editor. "I know better," replied the publisher, "in this free and independent country, with nearly twenty millions of enlightened citizens, there must be a murder every day."

FEMALES IN COALPITS. It is asserted by an English paper, that the number of women in those coal districts where this practice prevailed, is as great as it was before Lord Ashley's Act was passed. The fact is, the poor creatures must do this or starve; they, therefore, put on man's apparel, and work as men, where they before worked as women.

LABOR IN NEW YORK.

Its Circumstances, Conditions and Rewards.

NO. XX. — DOMESTIC SERVITUDE.

There are between ten and twelve thousand girls and women in New York, living in the various degrees of Domestic Servitude, from nurse and lady's maid to scullion and woman of all work. As near as it is possible to estimate, from the means of information within our reach, from seven to eight thousand of these are Irish, two thousand German, and the others American, French, &c. Of the Irish about four-fifths are Catholics; of the Germans about one-half.

There is a kind of tacit understanding, very nearly approaching a regularly organized combination, among the Servant Girls, in regard to prices, conditions and privileges to be exacted from employers, limitation of duties to a particular branch, &c. &c., which is kept up by the Intelligence Offices, and they in turn are supported by the fees exacted from the girls. Whatever is paid to these offices by employers is out of the regular way, and is regarded as clear profit. The keeper, generally speaking, does not feel that any obligation to treat you with candor and sincerity in recommending girls to you, is implied by your paying him a fee. He also receives pay from the servants themselves, and that regularly—so it is to his interest to be of their party. The servants also have a system by which they are enabled to act in some degree independently in leaving their situations. Whenever one thinks she is imposed upon, the invariable plan is to threaten to leave the situation at once, instead, as in other kinds of employment, of being fearful of losing it. A girl leaving her place under these circumstances has her board paid until she obtains another. This independence is often exercised very injudiciously, and is perpetually creating difficulties, quarrels and disruptions between parlor and kitchen, in which the mistress of the establishment usually suffers most. It is very easy to understand, however, that the general want of sympathy between employed and employer consequent upon our present system of domestic servitude, and the total absence of real interest felt by one for the other, should have resulted in this combination on the part of the weaker party. Indeed, the immorality and barbarous absurdity of the whole system of *Slavery* is nowhere more painfully apparent than in our domestic servitude, where those delicate, tender and sacred offices which nothing but true love and affection can render agreeable or scarcely endurable from one to another, are farmed out to be done for the lowest and most exclusively mercenary considerations—considerations which imply, from very necessity, that the servant should get off with the smallest possible amount of labor, while the employer insists on getting as much work as practicable for his money. Thus originates and is kept alive that mean, harassing and revolting strife—that cold-blooded and old-frock struggle—which too often renders the private dwelling, which should be the very temple of peace and shrine of love, what we need not attempt to describe.

Instances, however, are to be met where the real goodness of human nature shows itself under all disadvantages. Many families have old and faithful do-

mestics who share the love and respect of husband, wife and children—who are tenderly nursed in sickness, comfortably provided for in health, and never driven or treated with harshness. Such instances we might detail at length; but, beautiful and refreshing as they are, they are too few to change the general aspect of the system we are considering. They are not created by, but flourish in despite of it.

The wages received by Servant-Girls vary from \$4 to \$8 and even \$10 per month, exclusive of board and lodging and time to do their own washing and mending. Few, however, have either time or ability to make even their commonest dresses, and these are put out to poor seamstresses and paid for, necessarily, at the most miserable prices. The Girls generally imbibe from their mistresses the worst and most pernicious of all domestic follies—a love for finery; and with her hard-earned monthly wages in hand the servant steals away to Chatham-street to bedizen herself in the cast-off and vulgar imitations of the only a little less vulgar finery which her mistress sports in Broadway. About a fair average of the wages received by Servant-Girls would be \$6 per month. Mere drudgers and slop-women, just arrived in the country and completely ignorant of every thing pertaining to life above the mud hovel and its simple accessories, receive about \$4 a month. Good Chambermaids and General Houseworkers get from \$5 to \$6; Cooks, Ladies-maids, Nurses, Table-Waiters, &c. &c. are better paid—the highest prices being paid those who can take charge of children (these are what may be denominated a "real blessing to fashionable mothers.") and who understand mending and getting up laces and fine linen. Good Laundresses generally, when they go out to service, unite the duties of Cook and Chambermaid, and thus become in great demand. Some wealthy families employ a Laundress exclusively, who receives \$10 or sometimes \$12 per month, and is allowed many privileges, because she is indispensable in getting up the ladies' finery. Nurses in such families are also well paid, and, besides, receive a great many "vails" in the shape of cast-off but scarcely soiled clothing, &c. &c.

The physical wants of the Servant are generally better supplied than those of any other class of working women. They always manage to secure enough and of the best to eat, and their sleeping accommodations are generally pretty decent; although in the latter particular they sometimes suffer severely—being thrust into noxious dark bed-rooms or unventilated garrets and lofts. The worst instances of this occur in Boarding-Houses, especially the cheap ones.

But of the intellectual and moral advantages of the Servant-Girls we have nothing favorable to say. Their condition in these respects is disgraceful to Civilization, which not only permits and sanctions, but positively seems to enforce it. If the Servant herself is a Catholic, she generally stipulates for an opportunity of attending to her religious duties every other Sunday afternoon or evening—changing off with the Cook, Chambermaid, &c. so that the house shall never be "left alone." But beyond this there is no vestige of humanity or enlightenment in the American Kitchen, any more

than in the negro-hut of the Southern planter. The family circle, the school, the library, the fire-side talk — often even the altar of family prayer — are forbidden to the inmates of the Kitchen; they rarely think of obtruding themselves there, nor is their presence dreamed of by the mistress. They are of the family, yet apart from it; they have no friends to care for them save those as degraded and unfortunate as themselves, therefore they are left to live in ignorance and complete isolation from those whose happiness and peace are so intimately inwoven with theirs as to seem to render such a disunion most fatal if not utterly impossible. This separation of interests among members of the same family is the great curse of private life. Suspicion, treachery, meanness, fraud, oppression, hatred, malice and revenge are its inevitable consequences; and under these malign influences what wonder is it that servants grow to be what they are generally and unhesitatingly denounced, even in their very presence — pests and curses! — *Trib.*

ROBERT OWEN AT HOPEDALE.

We have had a two days' visit from this celebrated man. He is a remarkable character. In years nearly seventy-five; in knowledge and experience superabundant; in benevolence of heart transcendental; in honesty without disguise; in philanthropy unlimited; in religion a sceptic; in theology a Pantheist; in metaphysics a necessarian circumstantialist; in morals a universal excusationist; in general conduct a philosophic non-resistance; in socialism a communist; in hope a terrestrial elysianist; in practical business a methodist; in deportment an unequivocal gentleman. We have enjoyed his visit, conversation and public addresses much. We cannot sympathise with his Pantheism, scepticism, necessarianism, or universal excusationism, nor with all his hopes of speedily resolving this ignorant and wretched world into a Community Elysium. We expect as much good and as complete happiness for the human race as he does, but not as soon, nor through the same philosophy, nor by precisely the same practical arrangements and operations. He believes all men wholly creatures of circumstance, and therefore that they of themselves can do nothing towards forming their own convictions, feelings or characters, and are neither rewardable nor punishable, praise-worthy nor blame-worthy, on account of any thing they think, feel, say or do. We believe all men are in some degree, and most men in a very great degree, creatures of circumstance, but none of them entirely so. That some are eminently masters of circumstances, the mass inferior to circumstances, but no one wholly unable to affect his own feelings, opinions, convictions and character, for better or worse. That all are morally accountable to the extent of their ability, and of course praise-worthy and blame-worthy. That no one ought to be praised or blamed except for the faithful or faithless use of light, talents and opportunities undoubtedly possessed. And whoever deservedly receives blame, condemnation, rebuke or admonition, still no man shall be hated or injured in any manner; but all be loved, benefited, befriended, and, if possible, reformed.

To us all nature *en masse* is *Lot* God,

— not the CAUSE of itself. Nor yet are the *laws of nature* God. But *within* and *distinct from* all *sensible nature*, there is a *DIVINE NATURE*, A SPIRIT, A CONSCIOUS INTELLIGENT MIND, an omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient, infinitely benevolent, all-perfect God — the universal Father. And the laws of sensible nature, properly so called, eternally proceed from and are controlled by this Infinite invisible MIND. So we cannot sympathise with Pantheism.

To us religion is not superstition; is not mere erroneous imagination; but is the spontaneous exercise of a fundamental sentiment in human nature: the grand cord which connects us with the Divine Mind: and if rightly directed tends more powerfully than any other means to render us Godlike in disposition, conduct and moral character. The teachings and examples of Jesus Christ do *rightly* direct this spontaneous exercise of our natures, and, faithfully followed, will certainly render our religion pure and undefiled in its moral fruits — filling our hearts and lives with Love which worketh no ill, even as the true "God is love" and worketh no ill. So we cannot sympathise with scepticism, but must cling to religion as taught and exemplified by Jesus Christ. Therefore we must continue to love our heavenly Father, to worship him, seek communion with him, pray and give thanks to him, trust in him, feel accountable to him, obey him and pattern after his kindness to the unthankful and evil. If this seem childish or foolish to others, as yet, it seems *wisdom* to us.

Thus much for the important points on which we dissent from Mr. Owen. Perhaps we shall one day be *compelled* (using his favorite expression) to agree with him. If so, we trust we shall have enough of his *honesty*, to acknowledge and proclaim it without concealment and without disguise. And now for what we admire and sympathise with in this distinguished man. His benevolence and philanthropy. He embraces the whole human race in ardent affection. He holds no human being an outlaw, an alien, a stranger, to be cast off, overlooked or injured. He knows no enemies to hate, persecute or punish. He loves all, seeks the good of all, labors for all, hopes for all. In this we admire him, agree with him, sympathise with him. He thinks that all this springs from his philosophic light respecting what he calls eternal truth, namely: mankind are formed, body, mind and character, solely by circumstances, over which they have no control. We are quite as positive that it springs from natural endowment, the influences of divine inspiration (he was extremely religious in early life,) and the cultivation given it through a long course of self-discipline under favorable circumstances. What little we possess has come from these sources. But we will not stop to contend now *where* or *how* the good in either of us came. If it exist and operate it is none the less to be admired, honored, loved, aspired after and copied. *Some how* it must have come from, and be in accordance with, the Source of all *truth* and *good*. We therefore admire and fellowship Mr. Owen in his benevolence and philanthropy. It is the same which Jesus Christ commends to us by precept and example. In *this* all-important practical excellence, how many millions of *professed* Christians are great-

er infidels to Jesus of Nazareth than Mr. Owen is in his theoretic scepticism! And how many high professing sceptics — coarse, noisy, envious, malignant, vindictive, brutal and vicious — claiming to embrace his principles are as great infidels to his standard of benevolence and philanthropy, as they are in all respects to Jesus Christ!

His frank, straight forward honesty, coupled with tolerance, forbearance, courtesy and kindness to opponents. He conceals nothing; he even dogmatizes about his 'three errors' and their counter truths: he declares his abhorrence of the evils of existing society and denounces them; he proclaims himself the uncompromising apostle of his new dispensation, and that his whole life and substance are devoted to radical reform; yet he is uniformly calm, patient, conciliatory, kind and courteous in all his conversation, addresses and proceedings. This is noble, excellent! We sympathise with and honor it. His dogmas may be wrong, his theories wrong, his schemes impracticable, his anticipations visionary; but in *these things* he is *right*.

His knowledge of men and things. His extensive general reading and observation; his long and various experience in the methods of conducting productive industry, manufactures, trade, education and government; his accumulation and ready command of European statistics; his doctrines, schemes and detailed plans for bringing the human race into a new social order; these render him one of the most intelligent, instructive and entertaining conversationists and lecturers with whom we have ever met. Notwithstanding all our differences about matters of religion, philosophy, ethics, and so forth, we shall always be thankful for his visit to Hopedale, and are sure of having derived much valuable practical information from his communications. These we hope to turn to a good account in carrying forward the great enterprise to which we are devoted. One fact only will we stop to repeat, which goes to confirm our confidence in the absolute practicability of Non-Resistance. Mr. Owen testifies that he superintended at New Lanark, in Scotland, for 30 years, a manufacturing establishment with 2500 population attached to it, originally from the dregs of the country. These he gradually rendered the best and most orderly society of working people in Europe or the world. Yet he never had one person, old or young, prosecuted at law, corporeally punished, imprisoned or fined in all that time! This means something, and deserves to be remembered.

But we must close, having written three times as much as we at first intended. Mr. Owen has vast schemes to develop, and vast hopes of speedy success in establishing a great model of the new social state; which will quite instantaneously, as he thinks, bring the human race into a terrestrial paradise. He insists on obtaining a million of dollars capital to be expended in lands, buildings, machinery, conveniences and beautifications, for his model Community; all to be finished and in perfect order, before he introduces to their new home, the well selected population who are to inhabit it. He flatters himself he shall be able, by some means, to induce capitalists, or perhaps Congress, to furnish a million of dollars for this object. We were obliged to shake an in-

credulous head, and tell him frankly how groundless, in our judgment, all such splendid anticipations must prove. He took it in good part, and declared his confidence unshaken, and his hopes undiscourageable by any man's unbelief. So we wait to see 'the beginning of the end,' trusting ourselves to other means, the gradual growth of smaller establishments for the consummation so devoutly to be wished. — *Practical Christian.*

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Where, where are all the birds that sang

A hundred years ago?

The flowers that all in beauty sprang

A hundred years ago?

The lips that smiled,

The eyes that wild

In flashes shone

Soft eyes upon —

Where, O where, are lips and eyes,

The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,

That lived so long ago?

Who peopled all the city street,

A hundred years ago?

Who filled the church with faces meek,

A hundred years ago?

The sneering tale

Of sister frail,

The plot that work'd

A brother's hurt,

Where, O where, are plots and sneers,

The poor man's hope, the rich man's fears,

That lived so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept

A hundred years ago?

Who were they the living wept

A hundred years ago?

By other men

That knew not them,

Their lands are tilled:

Their graves are filled:

Yet nature then was just as gay;

And bright the sun shone as to-day,

A hundred years ago!

EXTRAORDINARY CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

A correspondent of the *Boston Courier*, writing from Buffalo, says an individual of that city, who in the great expansion of business in 1836, stood next to Rathbun, the second in the list of heroes, who travelled through the country in state, and who spent hundreds of dollars at the hotels of an evening, and then cursed the landlords for not charging higher, who purchased the American Hotel, for I know not how much, and expended \$40,000 in furnishing it, who was approached with awe and looked up to with reverence, who is said to have given in a schedule in bankruptcy of some eleven millions — is now engaged in the humble but honest employment of driving a horse cart, and peddling sand about the streets of Buffalo, while his wife supports herself as a nurse.

A CULINARY HOPE BLIGHTED. A story has been going the rounds of the papers, that tame ducks can be made equal in flavor to canvas backs, by feeding them on celery occasionally, but, unfortunately for the success of the experiment, the ducks won't eat the celery!

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Biography of Leopold De Meyer, &c. &c. London: 1845. pp. 32.

As a performer and composer, we have already expressed our high admiration of this distinguished pianist. His own works sufficiently proclaim him. He has established for himself the character of an artist, and has no need of any flourish of artificial trumpets when he goes abroad. It is for this reason, that we deem it only an act of friendly justice to the man, to comment upon this very questionable "Biography," with its pictures and gilt edges, copies of which are strewn so copiously before his path wherever he travels. Persuaded as we are of the genuineness of him and of his art, we regard the book as of the worst species of *humbug*, since it represents him as a charlatan. Of a free, careless, unsuspecting simplicity; fond, doubtless, of applause, while determined to deserve it; earnest and conscientious in the real sphere of his life, which is his music, and accepting the fashions of the world, for the rest, without much thought about it, he has let his officious admirers invest him with all the civilized machinery of puffing. It takes from the true respectability of the artist. We know there is this excuse for it, that every thing nowadays is done by management and pretension, that the world has got so schooled to humbug, that the genuine as well as the false have to make use of it as an introduction, and that no man, in any department, be he ever so great, can get along in the world unless he will consent to do as the humbogs do. But is there, then, no dignity left in the deserving? no real pride of character which scorns pretension? no modesty which takes delight in plainness? Is Truth entirely out of fashion and in bad taste? Are there none on whom we may rely, by the dignity of their example, to rebuke and refute this foolish custom, and keep it peculiar to fools and impostors, and to them alone, so that theirs may be a style of their own, entirely distinctive, with which the style of good and true men can never be confounded? Why should the jaunty air and dress of the flash gentry be adopted by the gentleman of real stamp? What need has he of these things to make him pass for something? His is a far higher title; and to the artist, above all men, do we look for a certain severity of modesty, together with a genuine independence, which neither fears nor courts appearances. We do not believe that Mendelsohn or Liszt or Thalberg tolerates any of this nonsense; why should Leopold De Meyer?

The book in question is a tissue of the most extraordinary extravaganzas, which

would be false of any man. It is a collection of the most rhapsodical, undiscriminating, and unmitigated puffs of De Meyer's performances, from all the musical journals of Europe, worked over in England, and colored up more highly (the translated ones) than they could bear without becoming positively ridiculous. Every epithet to express the wonderful is exhausted in its descriptions. It is a perfect Encyclopedia of terms for the small writers of musical notices. It is certainly very amusing as a curiosity, as a concentration of this peculiar element, besides that it contains some pleasing stories. But it is in parts as coarse as it is unconscientious. That this is chargeable upon the *English* part of the work, mainly if not altogether, will appear from the instance we give below, of an entire mistranslation and falsification which it contains of a notice of De Meyer's performance before the Turkish Sultan, porporting to be taken from the *Augsburg Gazette*. A German friend has handed us a copy of the original; and below we will quote what the English biography has made of it, followed by our literal translation of the same. The reader may make his own comments.

I. From the "Biography."

"The *Universal Gazette* of Augsburg has pleasantly recorded this interesting fact. — 'The celebrated pianist, Léopold de Meyer,' says that universal journal, 'had the honor of producing himself in the presence of S. H. the Sultan, under whose sublime nose he was placed on the 19th of this month (Aug. 1843). The Chevalier de Schwarzhuber, dragoman to the Austrian *internuncio*, accompanied him for that purpose, on the morning of the said day, to the residence of Rifaat Pacha, by whom he was to be introduced to the Sultan. When they arrived, at the hour appointed, at the country-house of Rifaat Pacha, the minister of foreign affairs had them conducted by one of his *tehotadars* to the palace of Beilerbei. The great hall of ceremony, which, from its size and vaulted ceiling, is eminently suited to musical performances, was assigned to De Meyer de Léopold, who accordingly placed his piano there. After he had put every thing in readiness, he was shown into a pavilion situate outside of the seraglio (judicious precaution — the known gallantry of De Meyer being considered) — where he was requested to wait until the preposterously sublime Sultan should order him into his infinitely impossible presence — which terrific event occurred about two of the clock in the post-noon. De Meyer and Schwarzhuber were received in the most condescending manner at the entrance of the before-mentioned hall, by no less a personage than Riza Pacha, who, after a familiar chat of a quarter of an hour, retired into the inner apartments to announce to the great grandfather of the fixed stars, that all was ready. In a few minutes his Sublimity entered, followed by Riza Pacha and sundry ennuchs — while from the opposite door entered (fearful to relate!) the three secretaries of the cabinet. The Sultan then disposed himself, netherwise, on an

arm-chair which was pight for him on a semi-circular platform, turned towards the sea, and raised a foot higher than the floor. Riza Pacha stood at the sublime sides, while the other persons present kept respectfully aloof. At length the Grand Marshal signified to De Meyer, that it was the desire of the too-great-to-be-lightly-mentioned, that he should place himself at the clavichord, and play cunning fantasies. Whereupon De Meyer de Léopold extemporized a brilliant prelude, and glided imperceptibly into his *Anna Bolena* fantasy, at the termination of which the horrible Sultan expressed by a stare, that he was not displeased; and ultimately deigning to remember that he was not dumb, and that the language of sublime looks was not universal, condescended to indicate a wish that De Meyer, the expert pianist, would fiddle for him the Turkish tunes which he (De Meyer, the expert pianist) had arranged for the piano, and of which the Chevalier de Schwarzhuber had made mention in the conversation he had exulted in with Riza Pacha. Whereupon De Meyer brought down a brace of the most favorite airs (hares) of the Sultan, which he had hunted up since his arrival in Constantinople, with the aid of the *Maestro di Capella* of His Haughtiness, (Donizetti Bey, brother of the remarkable composer whose works have swamped the civilized world of late years) and dressed them in such a manner as marvellously suited the palate of the tremendous unnameable who sat before him. These airs De Meyer has transported to the pianoforte, in a not-enough-to-be-wondered-at manner, giving the effect of a complete orchestra, without adding, altering, modifying, or transmuting one iota of the national character of the tunes. The Sultan listened with intense interest, and grimly grinned his satisfaction. He not only conversed furiously with Riza Pacha, but he absolutely asked De Schwarzhuber how and when De Meyer had bagged these airs (hares,) and if he, De Schwarzhuber, had ever tasted them before. After expressing his decided contentment, the Sultan ordered a self-acting barrel-organ, which happened to be in the room, to play several Turkish and other airs, which the organ did, much to the delight of De Meyer. Whereupon the last named asked permission to play a cavalry march lately composed by him. The *Padischah* listened to this with hungry curiosity, and asked many questions of the artist, and especially at what age he had commenced the study of music. The Sultan demanded yet another piece. De Meyer responded by his *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the most brilliant of all fantasies, which appeared, more than all, to captivate 'Him of the Turks.' He rose from his seat, approached the clavichord, curiously, and constantly regarded the pianist with an air of much benevolence, following eagerly the roulades, skips, crossings, and other cunning devices with which the fantasy abounds. De Meyer having ended, the Sultan said other pleasantries to him, and jocosely observed that he played better than Donizetti," &c. &c.

II. From the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* for 11th Sept. 1843. Literally translated.

•• Constantinople, 23 Aug. The celebrated pianist, Leopold De Meyer, on the 19th inst. had the honor of producing himself before his Serene Highness the

Sultan. Accordingly the Chevalier Von Schwarzhuber, dragoman to the Austrian Internuncio, accompanied him on the morning of that day to *Rifaat Pacha*, through whose mediation he was to be introduced to the Sultan. After they had both arrived, at the appointed hour, at the country house of Rifaat Pacha, together with the piano of the artist, which had been transported upon a large boat, the minister of foreign affairs had them conducted by one of his *Tschotadars* to the palace of Beilerbei. The large hall of ceremony, which by its dimensions as well as by its vaulted ceiling was admirably suited for musical performances, was assigned to Herr V. Meyer and his piano; after he had put every thing there in readiness, he was conducted into a pavilion outside of the Seraglio, where he was told to wait until the Sultan should summon him to his presence. This happened about two o'clock in the afternoon; from the interior of the Seraglio appeared a chamberlain to call the artist to the Sultan and invite Herr V. Schwarzhuber to accompany him. At the entrance of the great hall aforesaid they were both very politely received by *Riza Pacha*, who, after a quarter of an hour's conversation, retired into the inner chamber to announce to the Sultan that all was ready. In a few minutes his Highness, clothed in the imperial mantle, entered through the opposite folding doors of the saloon, followed by *Riza Pacha* and some servants, while from the other side, at the same time, appeared the three cabinet secretaries. The Sultan seated himself upon an arm-chair, which had been placed for him upon a semicircular platform, raised a foot above the floor, and directed towards the sea. *Riza Pacha* stood near him, while the other persons present reverently stood aloof. The Grand Marshal then signified to Herr V. Meyer, in the name of the Sultan, to take his place at the piano, whereupon, after a brilliant prelude, he produced his *Fantasia* upon themes from "Anna Bolena." He had been playing but a short time, when the *Padischah*, who could not see the hands of the virtuoso from where he sat, rose and had his arm-chair moved to a more suitable point in the hall. When De Meyer had finished his first piece, his Highness expressed his satisfaction with his playing, and desired to hear the Turkish songs which he had arranged for the piano, and of which the Chevalier Von Schwarzhuber had made mention in conversation with *Riza Pacha*. The artist now executed two of the Sultan's favorite airs, which he had got hold of since his arrival, through the royal chapel-master Donizetti, and which he had arranged for the piano in his wonderful manner, so as to represent a complete orchestra, and yet preserving perfectly their national character. The Sultan heard with decided interest, talked earnestly about it with *Riza Pacha*, and asked Herr V. Schwarzhuber, how and when he had learned these songs, and if he knew them himself. ••••• Herr V. Meyer then asked permission to execute a Cavalry March which he had very lately composed; this piece also the *Padischah* heard with earnest attention, and made many inquiries about the artist during its performance, especially at what age he had begun to study music. When his Highness desired to hear one more piece, De Meyer played his most brilliant *Fanta-*

sia upon airs from "Lucia di Lammermoor," in which his dexterity seems almost to overstep the limits of the possible. This piece appeared to interest the Sultan in a high degree, so that he rose from his seat, stationed himself quite close to the piano, regarded the artist with the kindest looks, and followed with his eyes all the Roulades, skips, &c. . . . After he had finished, his Highness addressed some more flattering words to him, and said among other things, in a joking tone, that he played better than Donizetti, that the latter person confessed it himself, &c. &c.

Gems of German Song. Third Series.
Boston: published by George P. Reed,
17 Tremont Row.

No. 5. *The Shepherd to his Fair One.*
By SPOHR.

No. 6. *Spring is Returning.* MENDEL-
SOHN.

No. 7. *Thine is my Heart.* SCHUBERT.

No. 8. *Evening Bells.* LACHNER.

Each successive addition to this series of Songs gives us a thrill as when we touch the hand of a deep, true person; an emotion which is followed by despair when we think that we have got to criticise. In truth these *real* things are too good to be spoken of. We only wish that they could sing themselves to every reader's soul as they do to our's. But without attempting any new "variations," upon the still fresh feeling which we expressed about the "Gems" in the Harbinger for June 21st, we will briefly look over these four numbers to see what each one offers for remark. The first three are by the three unquestionably greatest musical names in Germany since Beethoven.

No. 5. Tender, refined, romantic, on the verge of strange new keys, new elements, and expressing the presentiment of the heart in modulations which seem a presentiment of a more finely graduated scale of tones, than the most Chromatic now in use. This we constantly feel in Spohr, as well as in Chopin, the pianist. But it is like those diplomatic royal marriages, in which the parties never saw each other, to couple such a melody with the quaint old English words of Robert Herrick. The music is in the most transcendently refined vein of this thought-sick nineteenth century, and the words smack of the unsophisticated times when thoughts were sensations. Think of a sentimental cadence upon this:

"and thou shalt eat

The paste of filberts for thy bread,

With cream of cowslips butter-ed.

No. 6. *Spring is Returning.* In the Spring-like key of E, four sharps. As a learned composer, Mendelssohn probably stands first, while a gentle and fairy-like imagination shines through all his works. His music has the glitter and the glassy ringing of icicles on a bright winter's morning after the drizzling mist has been

slowly thickening and freezing upon all the trees.

No. 7. A wild, impatient love-strain, Schubert always is inspired. In him was opened an entirely new and fresh vein of song. The musical art of the times does not serve to explain him. Music had a new origin in him. He breathed out the confession of his deep peculiar life in these songs, the like of which the world has never heard.

No. 8. Is worthy to accompany the rest, though it bears a name of less note. The words in this case, we know are literally rendered from the German. It is one of the songs produced with so much effect at the farewell Concert of Mr. Hach, whose residence in Boston has done so much to elevate the taste for music.

From the same publisher we have received the following :

1. *The Pianist's Daily and Indispensable Exercises; or Collection of the most useful Scales and Passages in all the Major and Minor Keys.* By CHARLES CZERNY.
2. *Six Popular Airs, in form of easy Rondos.* Composed and fingered for the Piano Forte, by CHARLES CZERNY.
3. *Papanti's Galop.* By FRANCIS H. BROWN. *Emma's Waltz.* By JOHN P. ORDWAY.
4. *Long Years have passed, my Willie.* A Ballad. The music by THEODORE T. BARKER.

This all belongs to the "Fugitive Poetry" of Music; popular, pleasing, and useful in the earlier stages of a musical education. Nos. 1 and 2 are so fully described in their titles, that we have nothing to say but that we have audited their reports and found them true. The Galop and the Waltz are both sprightly inventions, quite creditable to young composers. The Ballad, No. 4, just meets the musical wants of the majority, and modulates safely within the best sphere of sentiment that is generally appreciated. Mr. Barker has a gift of song, and readily seizes and reproduces the tune of any little attractive bit of poetry which comes floating along.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

BY W. W. STORY.

In the lonely solemn gorge,
With the towering rock above me,
From whose rim the pine-trees waved against the sky,—
From whose height the dizzy leaves bewildered fell,—

With the chasm far beneath me
Cloven down between the mountains,
I beheld thee, I heard thee,
Full-hearted mountain torrent,
Immortal in thy youth!
While thou thy hymn wast chanting,

Thy wild clear hymn of freedom,
To the solitude around.

Serene above thy tumult
The autumn sky was smiling,
And on its peaceful bosom
It bore thy misty brothers of the air;
The wandering wind went stealing
Their secrets from the pine-trees,
And the mountain sides were rustling as
they whispered dim and low,
But thou didst heed them not;—
Swelling with exultation,
In a wild and glorious madness,
In defiance of restraint,
With thy white locks wildly streaming,
Cam'st thou foaming, whirling, shattering
Adown thy dizzy height,—
Thy stormy heart o'erflowing with the tumult of desire.

Wild mountain youth!
Thou, that laughest at despair,
Thou, that scornest every danger,
Thou free impetuous heart,
That hateth dull inaction,
That fleeth from the Present,
That panteth for the Future,
My spirit yearns to thine!

O happy, happy heart!
Say whither art thou speeding?
Why seekest thou the vale?
Why leave the noble summits,
That aspire unto the heaven,
To seek the level vale?
Wouldst thou exchange thy birthright
And learn to be a sluggard?
Go seek the treacherous vale!
Serene it seems and quiet,
But there are the level marshes
Where thy strength shall all be wasted,—
There is the broad still river
Where thy free soul shall be checked,—
There is the boundless ocean
Where thy spirit shall be lost,—
Son of the rock and mountain,
Companion of the wild breeze,
Be happy in thy lot!

What can resist thy passion?
What stand before thy beauty?
Thou free impetuous youth!
Thou callest to the mountains
"Wake from thy dream of quiet,"
And they answer with the voices of their pines;—

Thou smilest to the morning,
And the morning stoops to kiss thee,
Painting rainbows on the incense of thy spray;—

Within thy shaded hollow
The cold fair moon comes seeking
For thy sleepless spirit whitening in the night;—
And at thy feet the wild flowers
Upward smile in sweet contentment,
Breaking through the sod to greet thee,
though thou regardest them not.

Forevermore thy spirit
Is wooed unto the Distant,
And the Unseen hath a charm that is sweeter
than the Seen,—
And an impulse, blind as instinct
That will not heed experience,

Keeps thee yearning and pining for that
which thou hast not;—
'Tis the young poetic spirit,
That unknowing what it seeketh
Seeks blindly the Ideal;—
That is haunted by the Future,
That liveth in its hope,—
That feels the bounded Present
Like a darkened cone around it,
Through which the Elysian Future looms
shadowless and fair.

Impatient hopeful youth!
That with a faith undaunted
Still struggling seekest on
For what thou never gainest!
That undespairing flingest
Thy breast against the rocks,
Though they crush thee into spray!
That makest thy misfortune
To wear the shape of Beauty,
And weave for thee thy bright prismatic
veil!
With joy my heart thou stirrest,
Yet thou makest me to sigh.

Oct. 31, 1845.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

FOURLIER'S COSMOGONY.

We commence to-day a series of translations from Fourier, with one of the most remarkable of his unpublished Manuscripts. His doctrine and his mind are here presented in all their vastness and in all their strangeness. You have here the theoretic complement, the illimitable sky and background, to his most practical and definite ideas of the realization of Attractive Industry in the first Collective Unity, or Phalanx, which will be the germ of the combined social order throughout the globe. Industrial Association is a practical matter, of immediate and pressing interest to all who despair of man's fulfilling his true social destiny in such society as Civilization offers; and it is for clearer notions about that, about Industrial Association, doubtless, that our readers look to Fourier.

It is in view of this demand, that we have undertaken these translations. But preliminary to this, we have deemed it desirable to give in one bold sketch, a bird's eye view, a sudden glimpse, (which is all that ordinary human powers can bear) of his whole vast system of the Universe, his conception of human destiny and the destinies of worlds, in a word, his doctrine of Universal Unity. The locality of Boston could not be understood

by a knowledge of Boston and its immediate vicinity alone; we must know the whole shape of the globe and distribution of its lands and waters; hence very properly, the "Map of the World" comes first, as an indispensable preface to the intelligent study of any point of local geography.

Accordingly, before presenting the works in which Fourier discusses the immediate question of Association, the works in which he proceeds from the first elementary unit, or Phalanx, through the ever ascending, widening scale, to the full Hierarchy of Social Harmony; we give, by way of magnificent prelude and overture to the whole, one of those bold, gigantic, and impatient essays, in which he has tried to sketch, upon the grandest scale, a portion of the vanishing outline of that great infinity of Unity implied in his analysis of man, his classification of man's attractions or passions, and the corresponding organization of the groups and series of a single Industrial Association. We give, as it were, a Map of the World, or rather of the worlds; for Fourier's view comprizes all things; he sought not only the law which regulates the distribution of human passions, functions, affinities and societies, but even the law which presides over the distribution of the planetary orbs in space; and not only does he assign to men their places in the unitary functions of the race, and to the race its mission on the globe, but also to the globe its place in our solar system, and to our solar system its place in a still vaster universe composed of many systems, and so on, through universes of universes, up to God, the fountain of all movement, the centre of all Attraction, the living Soul of Unity.

The doctrine of Association, therefore, is not a mere expedient, an ingenious invention, an isolated, independent thought; but it is a point in the history of the unfolding of the universal unitary Order, through all creation, through all time. Some faint conception of this Order, therefore, is necessary to a true appreciation of what is most immediate and practical in the Associative movement. Shrink not from the vast perspective which this manuscript opens before you. In it are many things new, many things strange, many things which only Imagination was ever bold enough to touch before; but there is nothing which is not consistent, nothing which is not reverent, nothing which is not elevating to Thought and encouraging to all better Faith, nothing which does not bear upon the immediate purposes of life, if remotely, yet as really as the stars by their attractions, by their light and by all their unceasing influences.

Something of the idiosyncrasy of the

author, no doubt, appears; his keen, good-humored satire upon human guides and human short-sightedness thus far; his somewhat wanton provocation of one-sided moralistic spiritualists by abrupt displays of a certain seeming materialism, which, if he stopped to explain it, would be found to be a part of the holiest conception of the redemption and sanctification of matter and the senses by bringing them into harmony with the Soul.

There are some gaps and imperfections in the text, as in all his voluminous Manuscripts. It is not as a complete statement, but only as a worthy introduction to what it must take a long series of readings to complete, and as a good rough sketch of the man in some of his intellectual phases, that we publish this "Cosmogony." We propose to follow it up with a translation of his most concise, methodical, and popular statement of the construction of an industrial association and the philosophy of passionary harmony, his treatise called, "The New Industrial World," supplying with extracts, by the way, from his other works, the parts which seem too briefly treated.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

President Polk has submitted his first Annual Message to the Congress of the United States. It is the prologue, and quite artistical and finished too in its composition, to the grand political drama which the leading stars among public actors have assembled at Washington to represent for the edification, and we wish we could seriously add, the glory of our countrymen. Mr. Polk is almost or quite as voluminous as any of his predecessors, a fault that seems to be grafted on all American state papers, by a necessity which none of our authorities are willing or able to escape. The customary practice of introducing the affairs of the nation by a little preliminary courtesy or compliment to the Deity, which we have always esteemed in bad taste in the documents of these mere politicians, and which is sometimes made the occasion of a disgusting display of cant, hypocrisy and misrepresentation, is duly observed in the Message, but with a neat and creditable brevity.

It is by no means our purpose to discuss or even to give a synopsis of the Message; it is multiplied and distributed in so many forms, and is analysed and commented on so thoroughly, in its *civilized* aspects, that there is not a person in the land who may not possess himself of its contents, if so disposed. But we notice it as an important feature in our national concerns. To present our views fully of this document as an emanation from the head of a nation, would require us to institute an

examination into the true theory of government, its functions, internal and external, and the duties of its officers, as well as a critical review of the existing condition of the world, but for this statement there is no call at the present moment; it would be attended with no benefits; and we fear our readers are not generally prepared to understand or accept it. When the public mind has become more completely indoctrinated with the principles of a true social order, we may then venture upon searching criticism and a lofty and comprehensive examination of the views of public functionaries and the courses of government. Until then we must conform to existing modes of thought about government, when we do speak of it, directed only by a determination to be free from partiality and prejudice, with as enlightened a judgment as we can bring to the subject.

The general tone and character of the Message are moderate and dignified. Our foreign relations, so far as they are noticed, and that is with a remarkable omission of some of the greatest nations on the earth, are treated temperately. The disposition is evinced of friendship and fairness with foreign powers. But we dislike the exhibition of *Americanism*, the narrow spirit of nationality, which passes for the much abused sentiment of Patriotism, and which our rulers seem to consider a part of their official duty constantly to parade, in a manner insulting to other nations and offensive to all truly independent minds who feel that gasconade about foreign aggression, real or supposed, is an admission of weakness or something worse. Except for something of this kind in the Message, there is no fault to be found with its temper.

The questions of Texas Annexation and the Oregon boundary are the leading and only prominent topics of discussion, which relate to foreign affairs. The first is pressed to a speedy consummation with all the warmth of a slave-holding rapacity, and backed as the desire of annexation is, which pervades a large portion of our people, by the weakness of Mexico and the advanced stage of the steps for its accomplishment, we see no possibility of averting this shameless usurpation. Viewed in some lights, we hold the act of Annexation to be a high-handed crime, which stamps upon the National Escutcheon an indelible stigma and reproach. In another aspect we consider it one of the great onward movements in the march of Humanity, ordered by a wisdom more profound than we can penetrate, which we should acquiesce in, endeavoring so to shape our future course as to render it a blessing instead of a curse.

The Oregon question is now in a posi-

tion of extreme delicacy, and if we did not feel convinced that our relations of amity with England cannot be disturbed at this age of commercial ascendancy, by any serious military operations, we should even say that the question assumes a dangerous attitude. Nothing, however, but the most wanton and rashest acts of government agents can involve the United States in a war with England about the possession of a strip of territory mostly barren and worthless; and of this we have no fear. The difficulty will be settled in these days of financial rule, like the Maine boundary, by compromise, for a consideration. The politicians will squabble over it as long as they can draw from it any political capital, and when this is all exhausted, or it becomes really alarming through diplomatic manœuvring, Commerce will step in for the sake of her money bags and close the matter by direct negotiation.

The Message presents again the independent treasury scheme, without, however, making any specific proposition regarding the form it shall take. This currency question, like the tariff, which is also brought up to be cast into the arena of partizan strife, is a perpetual puzzle to our Solons, which they can never unravel or explain to the satisfaction of themselves or others. The falseness of present social relations is not demonstrated by any thing more clearly than the ever recurring perplexities and adverse views connected with the two questions of tariff and currency. The views held upon them are but the reflected images of the conflicting interests which divide society into contending factions. Politicians represent merely local and partial interests, and hence they are but the organs or the instruments to express opinions that coincide with them. The questions will never be settled on a permanent basis until the voice of united interests prevails in legislation.

THE WORKINGMEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION.

One of the first fruits of the Industrial Convention held a short time ago, in New York, is a society formed in Boston called the Workingmen's Protective Union. In the resolutions of that Convention, it was recommended that organizations of this kind should be formed among the producing classes throughout the New England, Middle and Western States, preliminary to a Common Union, which shall enable them to act in concert for the general good, and for the special object of mutual assistance and support under misfortune, in their respective localities. Both objects are extremely desirable, and we trust that the Workingmen will follow out the suggestion generally, as has al-

ready been done in Boston. There is an urgent necessity for the producing classes of the land, to unite themselves together as a band of brothers, to resist under a common standard, the legions of oppression which threaten to overwhelm them, and reduce them to a state of utter helplessness. They should do so while they have time and power, and not supinely wait until they are completely prostrated. That the tendency is downwards, to a state of abject vassallage among the masses, more degraded and painful than that of the dark ages, is too apparent for denial, whatever may be the outside show of a temporary prosperity, the venal representations of parties interested in the triumph of Capital over Labor, and the craven concessions of those who already wear the brass collar of Gurth. The Workingmen must help themselves, or we fear there are none to help them. Union, then, must be their watchword! Union of neighborhoods into Societies for mutual protection, which will bring them together as friends embarked in a common and a righteous cause, that they may learn each other's grievances, counsel and instruct, aid and encourage one another. Union of Societies into one general league, for a more extended sympathy and effective political action.

Even in our isolated modes of life, we can apply the principles of Association as far as possible, to mitigate evil—we can do no more—and prepare the way for a more integral and perfect application. There are so many ways in which the principles are applied in civilization, that the benefit of Capital alone, to the injury of Labor, by banking, trading and manufacturing corporations, that countervailing measures are demanded for the protection and welfare of Labor. And what way can be better than a *Union of the Producing Classes*? We care not even if the notions at first entertained of the results to be attained, are crude, and the views of the methods of proceeding are incomplete and conflicting, the great object is gained when the Workingmen recognize a *solidarity* of interests, and are joined in the bonds of sympathy, under an organization that will enable them to act in concert. When they are united and act together, their power will be irresistible, and they can accomplish all they desire.

Of the details of management in the protective Societies, we will express no opinion at present. They must be left to the wisdom and particular needs of those immediately concerned. The Boston Society has adopted the principle of Guarantee or mutual insurance, similar to that of the institution of Odd Fellows, with an additional provision which will give the members the benefit of wholesale purchases. If there is vitality enough among the

Workingmen to form them into living bodies, that will grow and act with unremitting vigor and devotion to the objects in view, the principle of *guaranteeism* will be of immense benefit, and lead to a success equal to that of the Odd Fellows, of whom it is the real support and benefactor. The success of the other provision depends on the practical wisdom of the officers of the society. Projects of intervening between the producer and the consumer, to cut off the extortions and speculations of commercial agents, have been tried in London, New York and elsewhere, and have failed; but the failures may have been the result of bad management, or defective *uniting principles*, which may be remedied in the Protective Unions of the Workingmen.

We understand that the prospects of the Boston Society are promising. We republish the Preamble to the Constitution.

"Whereas, there are many of our fellow workingmen who have so small an equivalent returned them for their toil—although laboring excessively, to the deterioration of health as well as to the neglect of the intellect—that in very many cases no surplus remains after the purchase of the necessaries of life; hence indigence, and in the event of sickness, not only destitution, but the absence of that kindness and sympathetic attention to which their case lays claim,—and

Whereas, many evils arise from the way in which the laborer, as a man of small means, has to purchase the necessaries of life; therefore, to unite the little fund of the producers, and purchase in reason, as do the wealthy class, their groceries, would, it is obvious, give the brothers a larger share of the fruits of their labor than otherwise can be,—

"Whereas, we most firmly believe it is the imperative duty we owe one another and ourselves, to give all the information in our power to the procuration of sure, steady and profitable employment, that we may have deeds of genuine sympathy, which not only manifest themselves in relieving the destitute, administering to the sick, but those which strike at the root of poverty; such as will secure good pay and fewer hours of labor, and thereby in no ordinary degree remove the cause of poverty and sickness:

"Therefore, for the better securing of these principles and the obviation of the fore-mentioned ills, we resolve ourselves into an Association, and agree to be governed by the following Rules and Regulations."

VARIETIES.

From the Deutsche Schnellpost.

All France has now only one heart, whose pulses beat through all her veins. This is The Exchange; the rising and falling of stocks absorbs the whole attention of the nation. Every one aims to become suddenly rich; every one is speculating in railroad shares, from the banker to the porter. Capital rushes with fiery haste to the joint-stock compa-

nies, which spring up every night like mushrooms; more than thirty millions of the deposits in the savings banks have been drawn out since the first of January last. Five hundred millions, one sixth of the whole currency of France has been lying dead for months in the funds of the various companies that are competing for the right to build roads, ten companies for one road! Money is wanting for ordinary circulation, the rate of discount is rising, the retail trade is destroyed, failures grow daily more numerous, a fearful commercial crisis is at hand. Truly this is not dancing but speculating and stock-jobbing upon a volcano. The great development of industry has created new relations and brought up problems, whose solution our old politicians and political economists are not equal to. The same absorption of capital, the same money pressure, the same crisis appears in England and Germany; add to this the failure of the harvests, the disease of potatoes, the daily rise in provisions, and it will be seen that a happy winter is to be expected.

DARMSTADT. The government has adopted an extraordinary measure against a product of the new social literature, from which it seems that similar works are hereafter to be subjected to a strict pervision. Recently a police officer entered the house of the bookseller [redacted] in order to seize the *Rhine Chronicle of Social Reform*, by the written order of the Minister of the Interior. Some copies were confiscated, and the [redacted] was forbidden to issue another [redacted] without laying it before the proper authorities, under penalty of five hundred florins, or even a severer punishment. It appears that the freedom of the press for works of more than twenty sheets, which has hitherto been undisputed, is now to be limited.

"Hear, my friend! you are drunk."

"Drunk! certainly! I am now—have been for two years," was the answer, "my brother and I,—we belong to a temperance mission,—he goes about lecturing, and I,—I am the horrible example."

The emigration from Germany to Texas is greatly on the increase. A transport sails from Koningsburg in November, and the citizens of Breslau have also established a "Texas Society."

A few complete sets of the 1st volume of the Harbinger, reserved for binding, may be had by immediate application.

The Index is accidentally delayed till next week.

THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

DUBLIN, Oct. 24, 1845.

DEAR FRIEND GREELY: Although not accustomed to write for the Press, yet I feel constrained to send you a letter at this time, on a subject in which I know your heart (as also all your readers,) must be deeply interested. I allude to the appalling prospects of a *horrible famine in Ireland*. You are apprised ere this, from English and Irish papers, of the probable failure of the Potato crop in this country. Every day brings sad confirmation (from various sections) of these fearful apprehensions. My heart is moved in the deepest solicitude, as these deplorable tidings come in almost every hour, and I ask myself whether I can feel guiltless without at least attempting to do something to arrest these portending evils. Society is so selfishly and antagonistically organized, that men generally try to keep their souls at ease, while pursuing their legitimate callings, yet the excitement here daily grows more intense, and the time is not distant when a terrific outbreak must be the consequence.

The American people are doubtless generally aware, that from the extortionate manner by which lands are held in this country, (by the few,) and whence follow the exorbitant and most accursed Rent System, the peasantry of Ireland are reduced to a mere pittance, bordering on absolute beggary and starvation. For generations past, their food has consisted principally of potatoes, being obliged to sell off their wheat, cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, eggs, butter, cheese, milk, fruit, and vegetables, to pay unrighteous tithes. Judge, then, how deplorable and pitiable must be the condition of this year, under the horrible prospect of a failure in the Potato crop. Accompanying this, I enclose a Dublin newspaper to you, containing a letter upon this subject from N. McEnay, Catholic Rector of [redacted].

I believe his manly and Christian appeals will not be lost to the American ear, as they will most assuredly awaken deep sympathy and determined action among the humane of this old country. I am fully aware of all the obligations and difficulties connected with this subject, such as the despotism of the Government, cruel and unjust taxes of the poor, high Tariff, &c. &c. Yet, nevertheless, there is no excuse whatever to be offered in defence of starvation. While our own country is absolutely groaning under a superabundance of all the productions of the earth, thousands, ay, millions of the poor of this country are on the very verge of *universal famine*, and Winter coming fast upon them. I ask my countrymen, shall these things be? Shall any obstacle, whether in the shape of Corn Laws, or what not, prevent us from doing our duty to our fellow man, of whatever country or kin? *Know the humanity of America will answer, No!* "But what shall we do?" This is the question. May I suggest what may be done. Let public meetings be called immediately, in our cities and towns, (or private subscriptions raised,) and let there be chartered forthwith, scores of vessels, laden with the staff of life, and sent over here as swift as our fierce North-Westerns can waft them. Don't stop to ask what the English Tariff duties will be. Do your own duties: Americans, in this matter, and your very acts will *shame* the English Government into compliance with your humane project.

The Corn Laws would assuredly quail before the invincible appeals of *free bread stuffs from America*, and the Ports would be opened from one end of the kingdom to the other, ere the indignation of the world should be riveted upon the Nation. Sir Robert Peel himself could not resist such an appeal. O! most fervently do I wish that such a step could be taken forthwith. Friend Greeley, can you not, dare you not, will you not move instantly in this matter? I know you can, you dare, and you will.

Ere this letter shall have reached you, the *famine will actually have commenced*, and whatever may be done in the interim here to avert its evils, immense suffering must ensue. Could I detail to you the many cases of wretchedness and want daily coming under our observation, I believe it would rouse our country to immediate and energetic action. But I need not detail them. Is it not enough that *six millions of human beings in Ireland and England are within eight weeks of starvation!* But I cannot pursue the awful subject. Help! O, help! ye who can! *Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, friends of humanity, children of a common Father, your brothers and sisters are starving!* Here I leave the entire matter, mournful as it is, for the profound and solemn consideration of the American People; and may God open their hearts to do unto others as they would under reversed circumstances have others do to them.

Yours, truly,

J. H. Jr.

Tribune.

WEST ROXBURY OMNIBUS!

Leaves Brook Farm at 8 A. M., and 1 1-2 P. M., for Boston, via Spring Street, Jamaica Plains, and Roxbury. Returning, leaves Doolittle's, City Tavern, Brattle Street, at 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 P. M. Sunday excepted.

N. R. GERRISH.

Oct. 18, 1845.

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

III.

The fear of betraying by her emotion a secret which she had until then so well concealed in the depths of her soul, restored to Consuelo the power of constraining herself, and of letting Albert believe that the situation, in which he had surprised her, was by no means extraordinary. At the moment, when the young Count received her in his arms, pale and ready to faint, Anzoleto and his guide had just disappeared in the distance, among the firs, and Albert could attribute to himself, the danger which she had run, of falling over the precipice. The idea of that danger, which he had doubtless caused by terrifying her with his approach, so troubled him, that he did not notice the incoherence of her answers, in the first instance. Consuelo, in whom he sometimes inspired a certain superstitious terror, at first feared, lest he should divine a part of the mystery, by the power of his presentiments. But Albert, since love had made him live the life of other men, seemed to have lost those faculties, in some sort supernatural, which he had before possessed. She was soon able to master her agitation, and the proposition which he made, to conduct her to his hermitage, did not at that moment cause her the displeasure, she would have felt some hours before. It seemed to her that the austere soul, and the gloomy habitation of that man, so seriously devoted to her fate, opened themselves before her, like a refuge in which she could find the calmness and strength, necessary to struggle against the recollections of her passion. "It is Providence, who sends me this friend in

the midst of my trials," thought she, "and that dark sanctuary, whither he wishes to draw me, is there, like an emblem of the tomb, in which I ought to bury myself, rather than follow the trace of that evil genius, whom I have just seen pass. O! yes, my God! rather than attach myself to his footsteps, wilt thou order the earth to open under me, and never again restore me to the world of the living!"

"Dear Consuelo," said Albert to her, "I came to tell you that my aunt, being obliged this morning to receive and examine the accounts of her farmers, is not thinking of us, and that we have, at last, the liberty of accomplishing our pilgrimage. Nevertheless, if you still feel any repugnance, at again seeing a place, which must recall to you so many sufferings and so many terrors—"

"No, my friend, no," replied Consuelo; "I feel, on the contrary, that I have never been better disposed to pray in your church and to join my soul with yours, on the wings of that holy chant, which you have promised to let me hear."

They took together the road to the Schreckenstein; and as she buried herself in the wood in a direction opposite to that which Anzoleto had taken, Consuelo felt herself solaced, as if each step she took away from him, destroyed, more and more, that fatal charm, the attacks of which she had just felt. She walked so quickly and resolutely, though grave and reserved, that Albert might have attributed her child-like earnestness to the sole desire of pleasing him, had he not perceived that distrust of himself and his own destiny, which formed the foundation of his character.

He conducted her to the foot of the Schreckenstein, to the entrance of a grotto filled with still water, and obstructed by an abundant vegetation. "This grotto, where you can remark some traces of a vaulted construction," said he to her, "is called in the country, the cave of the Monk. Some think that it was the cell

of a monastery, at the time when there was a fortified town in place of these ruins; others relate, that it was, afterwards, the retreat of a penitent criminal, who became a hermit, from the spirit of repentance. However this may be, no one dares to penetrate it, and all pretend that the water, with which it is filled, is deep and mortally poisonous, in consequence of the veins of copper, through which it has forced a passage. But this water is, in fact, neither deep nor dangerous; it rests upon a bed of rocks; and we shall pass it easily, if you will once more, Consuelo, confide in the strength of my arms, and the holiness of my love for you."

While speaking thus, after having ascertained that no one had followed, or could observe them, he took her in his arms, that she might not wet her feet, and entering the water, about half leg deep, he opened a passage through the shrubs and garlands of ivy, which concealed the bottom of the grotto. After a very short distance, he deposited her upon a dry and fine sand, in a place completely dark, where he immediately lighted the lantern, with which he was provided, and after some turnings, through subterranean galleries, quite similar to those Consuelo had before traversed with him, they found themselves at a door of the cell, opposite to that she had entered the first time.

"This subterranean construction," said Albert to her, "was originally destined to serve as a refuge in time of war, either to the principal inhabitants of the town which covered the hill, or to the Lords of Giant's Castle, of which this town was a fief, and who could reach here secretly, by the passage you are acquainted with. If a hermit occupied the cave of the Monk afterwards, as they say, it is probable that he knew of this retreat; for the gallery, through which we have just passed, seemed to me quite recently cleared, whilst I found those that lead to the chateau, encumbered in many places, with earth and rubbish, which cost me

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

much labor to clear away. Besides the vestiges which I found here, the fragments of a mat, the pitcher, the crucifix, the lamp, and finally the bones of a man, lying upon the back, the hands still crossed upon the breast, in the attitude of a last prayer, at the hour of the last sleep, proved to me that a solitary had there piously and peaceably terminated his mysterious existence. Our peasants believe that the soul of the hermit still inhabits the bosom of the mountain. They say that they have frequently seen it wander about, or flutter upon the summit, in the clear moonlight; that they have heard it pray, sigh and groan, and that a strange and incomprehensible music has sometimes come, like an almost imperceptible breath, to expire about them, on the wings of the night. I myself, Consuelo, when the exaltation of despair peopled nature about me with phantoms and prodigies, have thought I saw the gloomy penitent prostrate beneath the *Hussite*. I imagined I heard his plaintive voice, and his heart-rending sighs ascend from the depths of the abyss. But since I discovered and inhabited this cell, I do not remember ever to have found here any other recluse, than myself, to have met any other spectre, than my own figure, nor to have heard other groans, than those which escaped from my own breast."

Consuelo, since her first interview with Albert in this grotto, had not again heard him utter any insane discourse. She had therefore never dared to remind him of the strange words, he had said to her on that night, nor the hallucinations, in the midst of which she had surprised him. She was astonished to see, at this instant, that he had absolutely lost the memory of them; and not daring to recall them to him, contented herself with asking him, if the tranquillity of such a solitude had completely delivered him from the agitations of which he spoke.

"I cannot tell you precisely," replied he; "and unless you require it, I do not wish to compel my memory to the task. I verily believe that I must have formerly been a prey to actual insanity. The efforts which I made to conceal it, betrayed it the more from exasperation. When, thanks to Zdenko, who possessed, by tradition, the secret of these subterranean constructions, I at last found a means of withdrawing myself from the solicitude of my parents, and of concealing my fits of despair, my existence changed. I recovered a sort of control over myself; and certain of being able to hide from unwelcome witnesses, whenever I was too strongly attacked by my disease, I succeeded in playing before my family, the part of a tranquil man, resigned to all things."

Consuelo saw very well that poor Al-

bert deceived himself on some points; but she felt, that this was not the moment to disabuse him; and congratulating herself on his speaking of his past life, with so much *sang froid* and freedom, she began to examine the cell with more attention than she had been able to do the first time. She now saw, that the kind of care and neatness, which she had then remarked, no longer prevailed there, and the dampness of the walls, the coldness of the atmosphere, and the mouldiness of the books, proved on the contrary a complete abandonment. "You see that I have kept my word with you," said Albert, who with much difficulty, had just succeeded in lighting a fire in the stove; "I have not put foot here, since you tore me hence by the effect of the almighty influence you possess over me."

Consuelo had upon her lips a question, which she hastened to repress. She was on the point of asking, if the friend Zdenko, the faithful servant, the jealous guardian, had also neglected and abandoned the hermitage. But she remembered the profound sadness, she had awakened in Albert, every time she had hazarded asking what had become of him, and why she had never seen him, since her terrible meeting with him in the subterranean passage. Albert had always eluded those questions, either by feigning not to hear them, or by requesting her to be tranquil, and not to fear any thing, on the part of the *innocent*. She was at first persuaded, that Zdenko had received and faithfully obeyed the order never to present himself before her eyes. But when she resumed her solitary walks, Albert, to reassure her completely, had sworn to her, with a mortal paleness on his brow, that she would not meet Zdenko, because he had departed on a long journey. In fact, no one had seen him since that time, and people thought, that he had either died in some corner, or had left the country.

Consuelo had never believed, either in that death or that departure. She knew too well, the passionate attachment of Zdenko, to look upon an absolute separation between him and Albert as possible. As to his death, she could not think of it without a profound terror, in which she did not dare confess to herself, when she remembered the terrible oath that, in his exaltation, Albert had made to sacrifice the life of that unhappy one, to the repose of her whom he loved, if it became necessary. But she repelled the frightful suspicion, when she recalled the tenderness and humanity, to which the whole of Albert's life bore witness. Besides, he had enjoyed a perfect tranquillity, for several months, and no apparent demonstration, on the part of Zdenko, had

again excited the fury, which the young Count had for an instant manifested. Besides he had forgotten that melancholy moment, which Consuelo endeavored to forget also. He had preserved, of the events of that night, only the remembrance of those, in which he had been in possession of his reason. Consuelo therefore concluded that he had forbidden to Zdenko, the entrance and approach to the chateau, and that, from spite or from sorrow, the poor man had condemned himself to a voluntary captivity, in the hermitage. She presumed, that he perhaps came out only at night, to take the air, or to converse on the Schreckenstein with Albert, who, no doubt, must at least watch over his welfare, as Zdenko had so long watched over his. On seeing the state of the cell, Consuelo was compelled to believe, that he was vexed with his master, and no longer took care of his deserted retreat; and as Albert had again affirmed to her, on entering the grotto, that she would not find there any subject for fear, she seized the opportunity, when she saw him engaged in laboriously opening the rusted door, of what he called his church, to go on her side, and try to open that, which led to Zdenko's cell, where she would, doubtless, find recent traces of his presence. The door yielded, as soon as she turned the key; but the darkness, which reigned in that cave, prevented her from seeing any thing. She waited, until Albert had passed into the mysterious oratory, which he wished to show to her and which he went to prepare for her reception; then she took a torch, and returned, with precaution, towards Zdenko's chamber, not without trembling a little at the idea of finding him there in person. But she did not find even a relic of his existence. The bed of leaves and of sheep-skins had been carried away. The rude seat, the tools, the felt sandals, all had disappeared; and from the moisture which made the walls glisten when the light of the torch fell upon them, one would have said, that vault had never sheltered the slumber of a living being.

A sentiment of sadness and of fear seized upon her at this discovery. A gloomy mystery enveloped the destiny of the unfortunate, and Consuelo said to herself with terror, that she was probably the cause of a deplorable event. There were two men in Albert; one wise, the other crazy; one kind hearted, charitable and tender, the other strange, wild, perhaps violent and pitiless in his decisions. That kind of strange identity which he had dreamed between himself and the sanguinary fanatic, Jean Ziska, that love for the traditions of *Hussite* Bohemia, that mute and patient, but absolute and profound passion, which he nourished for

Consuelo, every thing which, at the moment, recurred to the mind of the young girl, seemed fitted to confirm the most painful suspicions. Motionless and frozen with horror, she hardly dared to look at the bare and cold soil of the grotto, as if she feared to find there marks of blood.

She was still plunged in these gloomy reflections, when she heard Albert tune his violin; and soon the admirable tones of the instrument chanted the ancient psalm she had wished to hear a second time. The music was so original, and Albert expressed it with so pure and broad a feeling, that she forgot all her anguish and softly approached the spot where he was, drawn, and as if charmed by a magnetic power.

IV.

The door of the church had remained open; Consuelo stopped upon the threshold to examine both the inspired virtuoso and the strange sanctuary. This pretended church was no other than an immense grotto cut in the rock, or to speak more properly, irregularly broken by the hand of nature, and in a great measure worn by the subterranean working of the waters. Some scattered torches fixed on gigantic blocks, illumined the greenish sides of the rock with fanciful reflections, and flickered before dark recesses, in which floated the vague forms of long stalactites, like spectres who by turns sought and fled the light. The enormous deposits which the water had formerly made upon the sides of the cavern, presented a thousand capricious aspects. Sometimes they rolled like monstrous serpents who interlaced and devoured each other, sometimes they rose from the floor and descended from the roof in formidable needles, whose meeting made them resemble colossal teeth, bristling at the yawning mouths, which were formed by the black depths of the rock. In another place they might have been called misshapen statues, giant images of the barbarian gods of antiquity. A vegetation appropriate to the grotto, great lichens rough as dragon's scales, festoons of scolopendrias with large and heavy leaves, groups of young cypresses recently planted in the midst of the enclosure, on artificial mounds which resembled graves, all gave a sombre, grand, and terrible character to the place, which vividly struck the young artist. To the first sentiment of affright soon succeeded admiration. She approached and saw Albert erect beside the fountain which rose in the centre of the cavern. The water, though abundant in its spring, was contained in a basin so deep, that no boiling was perceptible on its surface. It was smooth and motionless, like a block of dark sap-

phire, and the beautiful aquatic plants, with which Albert and Zdenko had surrounded its margin, were not agitated by the least movement. The spring was warm at its source and the tepid exhalations which spread through the cavern preserved a soft atmosphere that favored vegetation. It left its basin by many ramifications, some of which were lost under the rocks with a dull noise, while others spread themselves silently in limpid streams through the interior of the grotto, to disappear in the obscure depths which indefinitely extended its limits.

When Count Albert, who till then had only been trying the chords of his violin, saw Consuelo advancing towards him, he went to meet her, and helped her to cross the meandering of the stream, over the deepest places of which he had thrown trunks of trees. In other parts scattered stones above the level of the water offered an easy passage for practised feet. He stretched out his hand to aid her, and sometimes raised her in his arms. But this time, Consuelo felt fear, not of the torrent which flowed silent and dark beneath her feet, but of her mysterious guide towards whom she was drawn by an incomprehensible sympathy, while an indefinable repugnance at the same time, repelled her from him. Arrived at the margin of the fountain, she saw upon a large stone jutting some feet into it, an object little calculated to re-assure her. It was a kind of quadrangular monument, formed of bones and human skulls, artistically arranged, as they are seen in catacombs.

"Do not be agitated," said Albert, who felt her start. "These noble remains are those of the martyrs of my religion, and they form an altar before which I like to meditate and pray."

"What then is your religion, Albert?" said Consuelo with melancholy simplicity. "Are those the bones of Hussites or of Catholics? Were not both the victims of an impious fury, the martyrs of an equally earnest faith? Is it true that you have chosen the Hussite belief in preference to that of your parents, and that the reforms posterior to that of Jean Huss do not appear to you austere or energetic enough? Speak, Albert, what am I to believe, of all they tell me about you?"

"If they have told you, that I prefer the reformation of the Hussites to that of the Lutherans, and the great Procope to the vindictive Calvin, as much as I prefer the exploits of the Taborites to those of Wallenstein's soldiers, they have told you the truth, Consuelo. But what can you care for my belief, you who by intuition have a presentiment of the truth and know the Divinity far better than I do. God forbid that I should have drawn you to this place, to fill your pure soul and trou-

ble your peaceful conscience with the meditations and torments of my reveries! Remain as you are, Consuelo! You were born pious and holy; moreover, you were born poor and obscure, and nothing has tended to alter in you the integrity of reason and the light of equity. We can pray together without discussing, you who know all, without having learnt any thing, and I who know little, after having studied much. In whatever temple you raise your voice, the notion of the true God will be in your heart, and the sentiment of the true faith will fill your soul. It is therefore, not to instruct you, but that revelation may pass from you to me, that I desired the union of our voices and our spirits before this altar, built with the bones of my fathers."

"I was not deceived then, in thinking that these noble remains, as you call them, are those of the Hussites, precipitated by the sanguinary fury of the civil wars into the cistern of the Schreckenstein, at the epoch of your ancestor Jean Ziska, who took, they say, a horrible vengeance. I have been told also, that after having burned the village, he caused the well to be filled up. It seems to me that I see, in the obscurity of the vault a circle of cut stones which informs me that we are precisely under the spot where I have several times seated myself after being fatigued with seeking for you in vain. Say, Count Albert, is that, in fact, the spot which they tell me you have baptized the Stone of Expiation?"

"Yes, it is here," replied Albert, "that punishments and violent atrocities have consecrated the asylum of my prayer and of my sorrow. You see enormous blocks suspended above our heads, and others scattered upon the banks of the fountain. The strong hands of the Taborites cast them there, by order of him who was called the *redoubtable blind man*; but they only operated to throw the waters back towards those subterranean beds, in which they tended to clear themselves a passage. The construction of the well was destroyed, and I have hidden its ruins under the cypresses I planted; a whole mountain would have been required to fill up this cavern. The blocks, which were heaped up in the mouth of the cistern, were stopped there by a winding stair case, similar to that you had the courage to descend, in the well of my garden at Giants' castle. Since then the natural pressing of the earth has closed and restrained them more and more. If a piece even falls, it is only in a severe frost of the winter nights. You therefore have nothing to fear now from the falling of these stones."

"It is not that of which I am thinking, Albert," returned Consuelo, again directing her looks towards the ghastly altar

on which he had deposited his Stradivarius." "I ask myself why you render an exclusive worship to the remains of these victims, as if the crimes of the one party had been more pardonable than those of the others." Consuelo spoke this in a severe tone and looking upon Albert with mistrust. The remembrance of Zdenko returned to her mind and all her questions were connected in her thought with a sort of interrogatory of a high criminal court, which she would have made him undergo, if she had dared.

The sorrowful emotion which suddenly seized upon the Count, seemed to her like the acknowledgement of a remorse. He passed his hands over his brow, then pressed them against his chest, as if he felt it bursting. His face changed in a frightful manner and Consuelo feared lest he had too well understood her meaning.

"You do not know the pain you have given me!" cried he at last, supporting himself upon the pile of bones and bending his head towards those dried skulls, which seemed to look at him from the bottom of their hollow orbits. "No, you cannot know, Consuelo! and your cold reflections awaken in me the memory of the fatal days I have passed through. You do not know that you speak to a man, who has lived through ages of sorrow, and who, after having been in the hand of God the blind instrument of inflexible justice, has received his recompence, and undergone his punishment. I have so suffered, so wept, so expiated my savage destiny, so atoned for the horrors into which fatality had drawn me, that I at last flattered myself I could forget them. To forget, that was the necessity which consumed my burning bosom! it was my prayer and my vow at all moments! it was the sign of my alliance with men and of my reconciliation with God, which I have implored for years, prostrate upon these bones! And when I saw you for the first time, Consuelo, I began to hope. And when you had pity upon me, I began to think I was saved. Here, see this crown of flowers, withered and ready to fall into dust, with which I surrounded the skull that tops the altar. You do not recognize it; but I have bathed it with bitter and delicious tears: it was you who gathered them, it was you who sent them to me by the companion of my misery, the faithful guardian of my sepulchre. Well I covered them with kisses and with tears; I anxiously asked myself if you could ever feel a true and deep affection for a criminal like me, for a fanatic without pity, for a tyrant without mercy."

"But what are those crimes which you have committed?" said Consuelo forcibly, divided between a thousand different feelings and emboldened by Albert's deep

dejection. "If you have a confession to make, make it here, make it now, before me, that I may know if I can absolve you and love you."

"Absolve me! yes, you can; for he whom you know, Albert of Rudolstadt, has led a life as pure as that of a little child. But he whom you do not know, Jean Ziska of the Chalice, was driven by the anger of heaven into a career of iniquities!"

Consuelo saw what an imprudence she had committed in rekindling the fire which slept under the cinders, and in recalling the sorrowing Albert, by her questions, to the wanderings of his monomania. It was no longer time to combat them by reasoning; she endeavored to calm him by the same means which his insanity indicated.

"Enough, Albert," said she. "If all your actual existence has been consecrated to prayer and repentance; you have nothing more to expiate and God pardons Jean Ziska."

"God does not reveal himself directly to the humble creatures who serve him," replied the Count, shaking his head. "He depresses or encourages them, while he employs some for the salvation, or for the punishment of others. We are the interpreters of his will, when we seek to console or reprimand our fellow men in a spirit of charity. You have no right, young maiden, to pronounce upon me the words of absolution. The priest himself has not this high mission, which ecclesiastical pride attributes to him. But you can communicate divine grace to me by loving me. Your love can reconcile me with heaven, and grant me the forgetfulness of days which are called the history of past ages. — You might make me the most sublime promises, on the part of the Almighty, and I could not believe you; I should see in it only a noble and generous fanaticism. Place your hand upon your heart, ask it if the thought of me inhabits it, if my love fills it, and if it answers yes, that yes will be the sacramental formula of my absolution, the bond of my restoration, the charm which will bring down upon me repose, happiness, *forgetfulness*. It is thus only, that you can be the priestess of my worship, and that my soul can be unbound in heaven, as the catholic thinks his is by the mouth of his confessor. Say that you love me!" cried he turning towards her passionately, as if to clasp her in his arms. But she recoiled, terrified at the oath he demanded; and he fell back upon the bones, uttering a deep sigh, and crying: "I knew well that she could not love me, that I should never be pardoned, that I never should forget those cursed days in which I did not know her."

"Albert, dear Albert," said Consuelo,

deeply moved by the sorrow which affected him, "listen to me with a little courage. You reproach me with wishing to deceive you by the idea of a miracle, and yet you ask me for a still greater. God who sees all, and who appreciates our merits, can pardon all. But can a feeble and finite creature, like me, above all, comprehend and accept, by the sole effort of her thought and her devotedness, so strange a love as yours? It seems to me that it is for you to inspire that exclusive affection which you ask, and that it does not depend upon me to give it to you, especially when I know you so little. Since we are now speaking that mystic language of devotion, a little of which was taught me in my childhood, I will tell you, that you must be in a state of grace to be freed from your faults. Well! the kind of absolution which you ask of my love, do you merit it? You claim the most pure, the most tender, the most gentle affection; and it seems to me that your soul is neither disposed to gentleness nor tenderness. You nourish in it the darkest thoughts, and, as it were, eternal resentments."

"What do you mean to say, Consuelo? I do not understand you."

"I mean to say that you are still the victim of fatal dreams, of ideas of murder, of sanguinary visions. You weep over crimes which you think you committed ages ago, and of which you still cherish the remembrance, for you call them glorious and sublime; you attribute them to the will of heaven, to the just anger of God. In fine, you are terrified and proud at the same time, at playing in your imagination, the part of a kind of exterminating angel. Supposing that you may have really been in the past, a man of vengeance and destruction, one would say that you had retained an instinct, a temptation and almost a taste for that horrible destiny, since you are always looking beyond your present life, and weeping over yourself as over a criminal condemned still to be one."

"No, thanks to the Almighty father of souls, who receives and retempers them in the love of his bosom, to restore them to the activity of life!" cried Rudolstadt, raising his arms towards heaven; "no, I have preserved no instinct of violence or ferocity. It is certainly enough to know that I have been condemned, sword and torch in hand, to traverse those barbarous times, which we, in our fanatical and hardy language, call *the times of zeal and of fury*. But you are not acquainted with history, sublime maiden; you do not comprehend the past; and the destinies of nations, in which you have doubtless always had a mission of peace, a character of consoling angel, are like enigmas before your eyes. Still you ought to know something

of those appalling truths, you ought to have an idea of that which the justice of God sometimes requires of unfortunate men."

"Speak then, Albert; explain to me what there can be so important, or so sacred in vain disputes upon the ceremonies of the communion, on one side or the other, as to induce nations to destroy each other in the name of the divine Eucharist."

"You are right in calling it divine," replied Albert, seating himself near Consuelo on the bank of the fountain.— "That image of equality, that ceremony instituted by a divine being among all men, to immortalize the principle of brotherhood, merits no less from your mouth, you who are the equal of the greatest powers, and of the most noble creatures, in whom the human race can pride itself! And yet, there are vain and senseless beings, who will look upon you as of a race inferior to theirs, and who will think your blood less precious than that of the kings and princes of the earth. What should you think of me, Consuelo, if, because I am descended from those kings and princes, I should, in my thought, elevate myself above you?"

"I should forgive in you, a prejudice which all your caste regards as sacred, and against which I have never thought to rebel, happy in being born free and equal to the little whom I love more than the great."

"You would forgive me, Consuelo; but you would no longer esteem me; and you would not be here, alone with me, tranquil at the side of a man who adores you, and certain that he will respect you, as much as if you were proclaimed by right of birth, Empress of Germany. O! let me believe that without this knowledge of my character and principles, you would not have felt for me that celestial pity which led you here the first time. Well! my beloved sister, recognize then in your heart, to which I address myself, (not wishing to fatigue your mind with philosophical reasonings) that equality is holy, that it is the will of the Father of mankind, and that the duty of men is to endeavor to establish it among themselves. When the people were strongly attached to the ceremonies of their worship, the communion represented for them all of equality which the social laws permitted them to enjoy. The poor and the weak found therein a consolation and a religious promise which enabled them to support their evil times and to hope, in future ages, better days for their descendants. The Bohemian nation had always wished to observe the same eucharistic rites which the apostles had taught and practised. That was indeed the old and fraternal communion, the symbol of the kingdom of God, that is, of the life in community,

which must be realized upon the face of the earth. One day, the Roman church, which had reduced the people and the kings beneath her despotic and ambitious laws, wished to separate the Christian from the priest, the nation from the sacerdotal, the people from the clergy. She put the chalice into the hands of her minister, in order that they might hide the Divinity in mysterious tabernacles; and by absurd interpretations, those priests erected the Eucharist into an idolatrous worship, in which the citizens had no right to participate, except according to their good pleasure. She seized the keys of consciences in the secrecy of the confession; and the holy cup, the glorious cup, in which the indigent could change and retemper his soul, was shut up in coffers of cedar and gold, whence it never issued but to approach the lips of the priest. He alone was worthy to drink the blood and the tears of Jesus Christ. The humble believer must kneel before him, and lick his hand, in order to eat the bread of angels! You can understand now, why the people cried out with one voice: *The cup, restore to us the cup!* The cup to the little, the cup to children, to women, to sinners and the insane! the cup to all the poor, to all the weak in body and soul; such was the cry of revolt and of rallying throughout all Bohemia. You know the rest, Consuelo; you know that to this first idea, which contained in a religious symbol all the joy, all the noble wants of a proud and generous people, became attached in consequence of persecution in the midst of a terrible struggle against the surrounding nations, all the idea of patriotic liberty and national honor. The conquest of the cup carried with it the most noble conquests, and created a new society. And now, if history, interpreted by ignorant or sceptical judges, tells you that the fury of blood or the thirst of gold alone, enkindled those fatal wars, be assured that it is a lie against God and against mankind. It is true that individual hatred and ambition sullied the exploits of our fathers; but it was the old spirit of domination and avarice, which still possessed the rich and the noble. They alone compromised and ten times betrayed the holy cause. The people, barbarous but sincere, fanatical but inspired, were incarnated in the sects whose poetical names are known to you. The Taborites, the Obérites, the Orphans, the Brothers of the Union, these were the people, martyrs for their belief, refugees upon the mountains, observing in its rigor the law of distribution and of absolute equality, having faith in the eternal life of the inhabitants of this terrestrial world, awaiting the coming and the festival of Jesus Christ, the resurrection of Jean Huss, of Jean Ziska, of Procope Rase,

and of all those invincible chiefs who had preached and served the cause of liberty. This belief is not a fiction, in my opinion, Consuelo. Our parts upon this earth are not so short as is commonly supposed, and our duties extend beyond the tomb. As to the narrow and puerile attachment for the practices and formulas of the Hussite worship which the chaplain and perhaps my good and weak parents are pleased to attribute to me; if it be true that in my days of agitation and fever, I have appeared to confound the symbol with the principle, the figure with the idea, do not despise me too much, Consuelo. In the depth of my thought, I have never wished to revive in myself, those forgotten rites, which can have no meaning at this day. Other figures and other symbols would be fitted for the more enlightened men of this age, if they would consent to open their eyes, and if the yoke of slavery would permit people to search for the religion of liberty. They have harshly and falsely interpreted my sympathies, my tastes, my habits. Tired of seeing the sterility and vanity of the intelligence of the men of this age, I needed to refresh my pitying heart by an intercourse with simple or unhappy spirits. I took pleasure in conversing with those fools, those vagabonds, all those children disinherited from the goods of the earth and the affection of their kind; in finding amidst the innocent wanderings, of those who are called insane, fugitive, but often striking glimpses of divine wisdom; in the avowals of those who are called culpable and reprobate, the deep though sullied traces of justice and innocence, under the form of remorse and regret. From seeing me act thus, seat myself at the table of the ignorant man, or at the bed-side of the bandit, they have charitably concluded that I was addicted to heretical practices and even to sorcery. What could I answer to such accusations! And when my spirit, excited by reading and meditating upon the history of my country, was betrayed into words which resembled delirium, and perhaps proceeded from it, they were afraid of me, as of a frantic man, inspired by the devil. The devil! do you know what that is, Consuelo, and shall I explain to you that mysterious allegory, created by the priests of all religions?"

"Yes, my friend," said Consuelo, who reassured and almost persuaded, had forgotten that her hand lay in those of Albert. "Explain to me what Satan is. To tell you the truth, though I have always believed in God and have never openly revolted against what has been taught me of him, I have never been able to believe in the devil. If he existed, God would chain him so far from himself and us, that we could never know him."

"If he existed, he could only be a monstrous creation of that God whom the most impious sophists have rather preferred to deny, than not to recognize as the type and ideal of all perfection, of all wisdom, of all love. How could perfection have given birth to evil; wisdom to falsehood; love to hatred and perverseness? It is a fable which must be attributed to the infancy of the human race, when the plagues and torments of the physical world made the timid children of earth think that there were two Gods, two creative and sovereign spirits, one the source of all goods, the other of all evils; two principles almost equal, since the reign of Eblis was to endure for numberless ages, and not to cease until after formidable combats in the spheres of the empyrean. But why, after the preaching of Jesus and the pure light of the Gospels, did the priests dare to revive and encourage in the minds of the people this gross belief of their ancient forefathers? The reason is, that, whether from insufficiency or wrong interpretation of the apostolic doctrine, the notion of good and evil had remained obscure and incomplete in the minds of men. They had admitted and consecrated the principle of absolute division in the rights and destinies of the spirit and the flesh, in the attributes of the spiritual and temporal. Christian asceticism exalted the soul and debased the body. Little by little, fanaticism having pushed to excess this reprobation of the material life, and society having retained the ancient regime of castes, notwithstanding the doctrine of Jesus, a small portion of men continued to live and to reign by intelligence, while the greater number vegetated in the darkness of superstition. It happened then in reality, that the enlightened and powerful castes, especially the clergy, were the soul of society, and that the people were only the body. Who then was, in this sense, the true partizan of intelligent beings? God; and of the ignorant? the devil; for God gave the life of the soul and proscribed that of the senses, towards which Satan continually attracted the weak and brutal. A mysterious and singular sect, among many others, dreamed of restoring the life of the flesh, and of re-uniting in one sole divine principle these two principles so arbitrarily divided. They wished to sanction love, equality, the community of all men, the elements of happiness. It was a just and holy idea, no matter what were the abuses and excesses. It sought therefore to raise from its abject condition the pretended principle of evil, and to render it, on the contrary, servant and agent of the good. Satan was absolved and restored by these philosophers to his place in the choir of celestial spirits; and by poetical

interpretations they affected to regard Michael and the archangels of his militia as oppressors and usurpers of glory and of power. This was truly the figure of the pontiffs and princes of the church, of those who had buried in fictions of hell the religion of equality and the principle of happiness for the whole human family. The sombre and sad Lucifer issued therefore from the abyss, in which like the divine Prometheus, he had roared in chains for so many ages. His liberators did not dare to invoke him openly; but by mysterious and profound formulas, they expressed the idea of his apotheosis, and of his future reign over Humanity, long dethroned, debased and calumniated like him. But doubtless I tire you with these explanations. Pardon me for them, dear Consuelo. I have been represented to you as the anti-christ and worshipper of demons; I wished to justify myself, and exhibit myself to you a little less superstitious than those who accuse me."

"You do not in the least fatigue my attention," said Consuelo, with a gentle smile, "and I am well satisfied to learn that I entered into no compact with the enemy of the human race by using, on a certain night, the formula of the Lollards."

"I consider you very learned on that point," returned Albert. And he continued to explain to her the elevated sense of those great truths called heretical, which the sophists of Catholicism have buried under accusations and decrees of bad faith. He became animated by degrees in revealing the studies, the contemplations, the austere reveries which had led him to asceticism and superstition in days which he thought more distant than they really were. By endeavoring to render this confession clear and simple, he arrived at an extraordinary lucidity of mind, and spoke of himself with as much sincerity and judgment as if he referred to another person, and condemned the miseries and the failings of his own reason as if he had been a long time cured of those dangerous attacks. He spoke with so much wisdom, that apart from the notion of time, which seemed inappreciable by him in the details of his present life (since he even blamed himself for having formerly believed that he had been Jean Ziska, Wratislaw Podiebrad and many other personages of the past, without remembering that half an hour before he had again fallen into this aberration) it was impossible for Consuelo not to recognize in him a superior man, enlightened by more extensive information, more generous, and, consequently, more just ideas, than any of those whom she had before met.

Little by little the attention and the interest with which she listened to him, the living intelligence which shone in the

large eyes of that young girl, quick in comprehending, patient in following every thought and powerful in assimilating to herself every element of elevated knowledge, animated Rudolstadt with a more profound conviction, and his eloquence became entrancing. Consuelo, after some questions and some objections to which he replied happily, no longer thought so much of satisfying her natural curiosity for ideas, as of enjoying the kind of intoxication of admiration which Albert produced in her. She forgot all that had agitated her during the day, Auzoleto, Zdenko, and the bones before her eyes. A species of fascination seized upon her; and the picturesque place in which she was, with its cypresses, its terrible rocks, and its dismal altar, seemed to her by the moving light of the torches, a sort of magical Elysium, in which august and solemn apparitions were passing to and fro. She fell, though wide awake, into a kind of stupor of those examining faculties which she had kept in too high a state of tension for her poetical organization. No longer hearing what Albert said, but plunged in a delicious ecstasy, she was affected by the conception of that Satan which he had presented to her as a great misunderstood idea, and which her artistic imagination re-constructed as a beautiful figure, pale and sorrowful, sister to that of the Christ, and gently inclined towards her, a daughter of the people and proscribed child of the universal family. Suddenly she perceived that Albert was no longer speaking to her, that he no longer held her hand, that he was no longer seated by her side, but was erect before her, near the altar of bones, and was playing upon his violin the strange music which had before surprised and charmed her.

To be Continued.

GENUINE ELOQUENCE. One man, whom I saw sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a degree of squalor in his appearance, which I had rarely observed even in Ireland. His clothes were ragged to indecency—a very common circumstance, however, with the males—and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I passed by; but, having gone a few paces, my heart smote me and I turned back. "If you are in want," said I, with some degree of peevishness, "why do you not beg?" "Sure it is begging I am," was the reply. "You do not utter a word." "No! is it joking you are with me, Sir! Look there!" holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat; "Do you see how the skin is speaking through the holes of my trousers! Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my eyes! Man alive! isn't it begging I am, with a hundred tongues!" — *Leigh Richie's Ireland.*

☞ The Order of Odd Fellows in the United States numbers 50,000 members.

COSMOGONY.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE AROMAL HARMONY OF THE PLANETS.

Some moderns have suspected, with reason, that there existed among the planets other bonds of harmony, besides those of weight gravitation. I have read in a poem (*The Martyrs*, of Chateaubriand,) "that various of the elect occupy themselves in the other life with studying the mysteries of the harmony of the celestial spheres." Now, as the number of the elect will be very small, according to the prediction in the Gospel: *For many are called, but few are chosen*, nine tenths of us may fear that we shall not participate after death in the information of the elect about the sidereal harmony, but that we shall be plunged rather into Gehenna, where there is only weeping and gnashing of teeth. Consequently, it will be prudent in the lovers of science to seek to initiate themselves during the present life into these mysteries of the harmony of the celestial spheres, the knowledge of which must be very interesting, since it forms the recreation of the most learned among the elect.

Those who have taken the planets for inanimate bodies, without functions, and limited to certain geometrical promenades, resemble somewhat the idiots who should think the brain inanimate, because it has no visible function, or the belly idle, because it performs no visible labor, like the members. We have always reproached the civilizees with believing nature limited to known effects. If the planets were not creatures animated and provided with functions, then would God be the friend of idleness; he would have created universes filled with great inert bodies passing eternity in promenading up and down, like our idle gentry. They found this opinion on the fact that the planets have no other employment known to us: it is like supposing that the leaves of a plant have nothing to do with fructification, because we see, no outward sign of their elaboration of the juices.

The creatures of the different degrees of the Polyversal scale all have the use of the twelve radical passions, but they differ as to the mode of exercising them. It is gross with man, who is a creature of transition, since he is the last in the scale. Thus man seeks nourishment in coarse substances, but the planet in substances more subtle, which we call Aromas. The vulgar notion that the sun drinks up comets is doubtless a great error, but it is less ridiculous than that of the learned world who believe that the

stars feed on nothing, that they have not, like us, the use of the five senses, sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch: they have them in a much more perfect degree than we have.

There has been much speculation upon the nature and properties of comets; almost nothing has been ventured upon that of planets. Silence is commendable when one has nothing to teach. Might it please God that men would be silent about so many subjects which they have made more and more perplexed, such as the uncertain sciences, so called!

It is only within a short time that they have begun to attribute some functions to the planets, such as the shedding of aromas upon the sun. It has required ages to obtain this slight concession: so then the moderns have come to believe that the planets are not altogether inert, and that God has not created universes of idlers. It seems to me that Messieurs Mankind might, without any great stretch of liberality, have accorded to the great planetary body which bears them on its surface, those faculties at least which man enjoys. They have not even granted the planets a soul; a refusal by no means surprizing on the part of our century, which has tried to retrench that from man and from the universe itself, since they have wished to suppress God, who is the pivotal soul.

Every planet has, not only, like us, the twelve radical passions, but it has, what we have not, twelve radical aromas analogous to those passions, and susceptible, like them, of combinations without number. By aromal communications are effected all the relations of these great bodies, which execute labors as active as they are varied, although invisible to us; but we may acquire about these mysteries very interesting knowledge, which has been absurdly supposed reserved to the elect.

The theory of the aromal movement will dissipate numerous prejudices, and in the first place those against comets, which so alarm people. They are an aromal troop, whose mission it is to nourish the sun and the planets, and their approach is a subject of joy for all the heavenly bodies. They never can cause the slightest evil. Every star imbibes from them various juices, and sheds upon them others necessary to their temperament.

The planets and comets shoot forth jets or fuses of aromas as rapidly as light, which travels more than 4,000,000, of leagues per minute. Light is the only visible aroma; it holds among the radical aromas the same place with the passion Unityism, which is the compound of all the others. This aroma contains other colors besides the seven visible rays. It can furnish thirty-two, without including

white; but our globe is not in a condition, to obtain them. It is at the minimum of communication. Hence it comes that it extracts only seven colors; it will not obtain a larger number until its atmosphere is regenerated.

Every planet has, according to its degree, one or more dominant aromas, besides tonics. The distribution in this regard, is the same with that of characters.

A planet of the first or lowest degree, like the moons of Jupiter, Saturn, or Herschel has but one dominant aroma. The planets of the second degree, like those three cardinals and our globe, have two dominant aromas of which one is pivotal. These classes of stars correspond to the characters indicated by the name *monogynus* and *dygynus*. Our sun is of the degree *pentagynus*, and has four dominant aromas. Mars, Venus, Bellona, and Sappho, are of the degree *mono-mixt*, which has a mixture of aromas. Let us remark that the predominance of one aroma does not prevent the star from having the eleven others, and from making certain uses of them.

The sidereal aromas have a perfume with which man is acquainted: in the jonquille we have the pivotal aroma of Jupiter; the violet contains the pivotal aroma of our globe; the rose gives the dominant aroma of Mercury. Each of these plants was created by the star whose aroma it transmits to us. We shall see in the sequel how the stars execute these creations; it is the most interesting part of their mechanism.

I have promised that I would limit myself to satisfying curiosity, without subjecting myself to methodic formulas: in the mean time, without violating at pleasure the rules of method, I have commenced with a subject, the aromal movement, which was not the first one to be treated: I shall be obliged to follow it and devote to it at least the entire section.

I anticipate many questions which people will make haste to put to me; and first, about the generation of the stars: "How do the planets reproduce their species! We do not see them engender little planets (*planctons*.) Why do they not grow in size, as we do! and are they fixed in dimension! If they are indeed animated bodies, they ought to be subject to the phenomena of growth, reproduction, death, &c.; but we do not see a shadow of these modifications."

I reply. These are not the most important notions to be acquired; there are others that more nearly touch our interests; among them, those concerning the labor of the planets, of which I shall speak in the following chapter. Meanwhile, I give the present article, which is

out of course, and which will help to keep the reader in patience.

The germs of stars are deposited and nursed in the Milky Way, whence they come forth in swarms of comets, which travel for a long time, and usually gravitate about various suns, before they become fixed in a plane in one system.

The aforesaid germs are engendered by the aromal communication of the planets with one another and with their sun. It is not yet time to enter into these details.

We see generation effected in various manners under our own eyes: a dog, a hen, a carp, a bee differ widely in the details of generation and education. A planet follows still other methods. Nature is infinitely various in means, but the functions are essentially the same; it is always generation under different forms, and we cannot too often repeat, upon this subject, that we must not believe nature limited to effects known to us, nor think that the planets do not raise up offspring, because we are ignorant of their processes in this.

It is the same with respect to education and growth, the forms of which vary: we do not see a planet grow, and yet it waxes and wanes, but in its aromal capacity. Let us use a comparison. A strong liquor is not worth on the first day what it will be after being kept ten years bottled. Yet it will not have increased in volume: it will have become more refined in quality. A violin, fresh from the maker's hands, is worth little; in twenty years it acquires much power, without augmenting its volume. It is the same with a planet: it is a body immovable in dimension, though variable in qualities (*titres*) which have their increasing and decreasing periods. The quality of ours was one of the most gross at the epoch of the primitive creations; thus its offspring were excessively vicious, witness the one hundred and thirty species of serpents. You cannot, with bad aromas, produce good creations. The planet has since become refined, and in the next creations it will give a very precious inventory. Our planet, in spite of this original vice, is of a vigorous species. It may be compared to those children covered with eruptions in the cradle, which disappear with time, and are succeeded by a good humoral system.

The planets, without changing their dimensions, undergo modifications of atmosphere, adjacent or transjacent. I call adjacent atmosphere that which is contiguous to the planet, as the air which we breathe. The transjacent atmosphere is composed of fluids annexed to the planet and placed at a distance from it in a circular, spherical, or other form. The

rings of Saturn, and the crystalline sphere of the sun are transjacent atmospheres, detached from the body, and at a great distance from it. Our little globe will have two rings like that of Saturn, of which it is the conjugal planet in the major octave. * * *

CHAPTER III.

OF THE LABOR OF THE PLANETS.

Philosophers and superstitious people have given us such absurd ideas of God, that it is no wonder that our age mistakes Him. So far from creating the stars for idleness, he employs them in immense labors of graduated harmony; that is to say, one star elaborates juices for the two orders of creatures above and below itself; it furnishes aromas for its universe which is one degree higher in the scale; it also furnishes them for the men of each planet, although man is of a degree inferior to the star; but all is united in the system of movement, and the different creatures aid one another in every sense. Jupiter, Saturn, &c., who seem to have no relation with us men, do labor very actively for us. They hold in reserve certain aromas, destined especially for the service of our planet and of us, aromas whose contributions we shall be able to receive, whenever it shall please us to enter into communion with the stars by the organization of Harmony.

The part of these aromas, which is assigned to the service of man, will be consumed in creations of the four kingdoms; at present we have only a creation, of which we should be very weary; for it keeps us in an extreme poverty, obliges us to war incessantly against the atmospheric scourges, against the vices of temperature, against destructive animals and parasitical plants. This is only a provisional outfit, such as could be made with the gross aromas which the planet furnished at its origin.

Each substance of the different kingdoms is the product of an aroma, shed by one of the stars, and combined with that of the planet. The ox is born of an aroma shed by Jupiter; the horse of an aroma shed by Saturn; the rose of an aroma shed by Mercury; the pink of an aroma shed by Hebe, the eighth satellite of Herschel. The operation is nearly the same with that of our gardeners: we sow seeds, which contain a germ that will combine in fermentation with the juices of the earth. Thus, when Jupiter shed upon us the seeds of the ox, they had to be received and elaborated in the bosom of the planet, then thrown out at different points of its surface, where they produced the first herds of oxen.

Thirty thousand plants, which we enjoy, were the product of thirty thousand in-

fluxes (*co-plantations**) received into the earth from different stars. It takes time for the planet to receive and elaborate the germs. The tradition which pretends that the creation was made in six days, would have done better to have estimated the duration of the work at six centuries, at least. It would be no benefit to the planets to have the toil abridged, since it is for them a source of pleasures, a struggle of ambition, of self-love, in which each displays its ability in competition. Each of their products is seen and judged by the other planets. Saturn, the creator of the flea, had to undergo censure upon this object, as well as upon the horse.

If the creations had been achieved in six days, or in six weeks, the planets would soon have been reduced to the negative pleasure of idleness, so praised in our times. *Bella cosa far niente*, say the Italians. They have reason, so long as Civilization lasts; there is certainly more pleasure in doing nothing, than in toiling excessively, like our peasants and our mechanics, and getting neither bread, nor wine, nor clothing; but the planets, which are bodies constituted in harmony, have as much pleasure and ardour in their labors as the groups which we have described, so that it would be very irksome for them to have nothing to do; there is always something to be created on some one of the thirty-two globes, and especially upon the interior Sun, which has no holiday in this respect. If our globe is excluded for the moment from coöperation in this labor, there remains a vast field for industry in the other stars, of which the cardinals and mixt ought to receive, each, twenty-four creations, besides the pivotal one. As to the moons, they have only twelve creations, and the pivotal. This number should be extended to sixty for the Sun. We may presume, then, that the stars have commonly three or four creations in full labor, and others just commenced or nearly finished. They hasten those which are disagreeable, like the two whose productions we see upon the globe (I will class them hereafter,) and for which the sidereal cohort had to operate upon vitiated or gross aromas; but they are not precipitous with those that are executed upon aromas of a good quality. Hence it comes, that the creations 3 and 4, which will take place in rapid succession upon our globe, soon after the foundation of Harmony, will be ac-

* I use the word *co-plantation* to signify the active intervention of two animated creatures, identical in species, one of which ex-plants and the other implants; whereas in our plantations and cultures, the earth which co-operates with us by its surface, and the sun, which co-operates with us by its rays, are not creatures of the same species with ourselves.

accelerated, while the beautiful creation 5 (major transition,) which will commence about 400 years after Harmony, will go on more deliberately.

The creations being the furnishings of the globe, which have to be renewed from time to time, and which are no longer of use after a certain lapse of centuries, every globe, or rather, every *monoverse*, or *human race* upon a globe, is free to preserve those of its productions which may be usefully combined with the new furnishings; for example, it is very certain that our globe will retain the horse after the next creation, although that will furnish new species of carriers; but it is doubtful whether it will retain the ass, except as a curiosity, because the said creation will give for the same kind of service porters more agreeable and not so vicious. The ass, by his sobriety, may suit in a society of mendicants and beggars, like the civilizees, who dispute the very bones with the dogs to make soup of them for their citizens; but in a society, in which extreme abundance will reign, and in which the dogs of the court yard will fare better than our mechanics, they will have no farther need of animals in which the useless merit of sobriety will not balance their numerous defects. Hence I presume the asses will be suppressed from the service of Harmony, which, however, will preserve the zebras from this creation, and know how to tame them. For the rest, this is a rough calculation, which may apply to all the animals and plants of little value. As to the asses, I do not pretend that the horoscope of their suppression is a judgment without appeal, for I have no desire to discompose the Brotherhood of Asses, which is said to be numerous and powerful in Civilization.

On the subject of creations, let us dissipate some of the ridiculous prejudices which the civilizees carry into every study relative to movement. I have already remarked upon the absurdity of believing that the creation produced only a single man, a single ass, a single cabbage, a single radish. There is another foolish notion, into which every one thinks it would be irreligious not to fall: it is the attributing to God all the labor of the creations, and supposing that he has left nothing to be done by the creatures themselves, by men, planets, &c. Ask a civilizee: Who created cabbages? He will answer: God.—Well, who created asses?—God.—Did he then create every thing, even men?—Undoubtedly. Who else should have created them?—With this stupid answer, you behold him more learned than they will be in Harmony after a century of studies; for it will require at least that time to disentangle and classify the work of actual creation,

which is very complicated, especially in the vegetable kingdom, where about thirty thousand problems of origin present themselves. Some of them I shall resolve in the part which treats of application.

Let us reason about this strange prejudice that God has created every thing. It would follow that God is a despot, and the stars legions of drones. I shall follow my custom in such matters, and prepare the mind by a comparison.

Let us suppose ourselves in the country, a hundred leagues from the residence of the king, and having the following conversation with a laborer: Who has the care of this grain?—The king.—Ah! well, who planted these vines?—The king.—You are joking! the king, then, has all the work to himself here. Was it he who planted this orchard, this garden?—Without doubt. Who else did?—Who! why the cultivators, you and your neighbors. It is their work.—What audacity! do you not recognize the authority of the king, then?—Certainly; but I do not confound his authority with his functions, which are to watch over and direct the aggregate of the labors of the kingdom, and to distribute them by gradation from ministers to governors, and so down to laborers.—But the king has all power!—Agreed. Nevertheless, if he can do all, he does not do all; he leaves a portion of the work to each of his subjects, he limits himself to governing the whole, and occupying every body as much as possible; and although he has the right to sow and to plant, it was not he who planted your cabbages.—How! you deny the omnipotence of the king! you are a conspirator.—And you are but half-witted. Adieu.

The stupidity of this laborer would be the same with that of the civilizees who pretend that God has created every thing. What would remain for the planets to do, if God did every thing? Why does he not come to till and sow our lands and reap our harvests? The act by which thirty two families sow and cultivate their canton, is the same, in the scale of movement, with that by which thirty-two planets elaborate and furnish one of their number with aroal germs, from which a creation springs. The farmers, every year, recommence their operation and vary it in divers ways; and just so the planets, after some interval, say four or five thousand years for our globe, reiterate and vary the work of creation, which furnishes them, as well as men, with the germs of harvests; for the aroal of eatable and other plants which a globe sheds upon different planets, are of a quality proportioned to the perfection of the germs with which it is furnished, as well in the aroal kingdom, as in the an-

imal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. All is united in the system of movement. A planet, badly organized in its four kingdoms,* is for the other planets, what a wild tree is for us, which bears inedible fruit; it is like a patch of garden covered with bad herbs, and entirely unproductive. Such is our planet, a useless member for the aroal support and for all harmonic intercourse with the others. The other planets are burning with impatience to be able to put ours under cultivation, and re-furnish it with a new creation more profitable for themselves and for us; an effect impossible since the first creation, when the aroal of the globe, still altogether vitiated, made it necessary to adopt the subversive system, or creation in counter-type, which yields the useful products only by way of an infinitely small exception.

To be Continued.

REVIEW.

Festus, a Poem. By PHILIP JAMES BALLEY. Barrister at Law. First American Edition. Boston: Benjamin B. Mussey. 1845. pp. 413.

What is the inmost prayer of every man! The wish renewed forever from the bottom of the heart! It is that he may *live* for once, in every sense; that he may bend his will to something with a certainty and a force, that shall release all his imprisoned energies, illumine all the dark caves of mystery within him, give himself to himself, that he may give his whole self away in action, and make his act transcend in swiftness and in fulness the criticism of his thought; it is that he may do a thing that is worthy of himself, that shall leave out no part of him, but take in both him and all that the world means to him; that he may crowd his past, his present, and his future, sensations, feelings, judgments, ideals, aspirations, into one expression. Life, and expression:—these two words sum up the infinitude of man's desires. In no single human work, we might almost say, certainly in no literary work, does this seem so completely realized as in the poem now before us. It is the intensest book we ever read. We do believe that no man ever laid out his whole life so in a work, and kept up the glow so long, that no man ever so nearly touched the flying horizon of his possible, before. "Life is at blood heat, every page doth show." Commenced "ere twenty summers had imbrowned his brow," it was the concen-

* Observe, the pivot is never counted in movement. This is why we only count four kingdoms, without mentioning the pivotal, or passional kingdom which is superior; just as we only count thirty-two planets, without speaking of the sun, which is the principal.

tration and consecration of all the fire of three full years of life.

—“He spake inspired:

Night and day, thought came unhelped, undesired,

Like blood to his heart. The course of study he

Went through, was of the soul-rack. The degree

He took was high: it was wise wretchedness.

He suffered perfectly, and gained no less

A prize than, in his own torn heart, to see

A few bright seeds: he sowed them — hoped them truth;

The autumn of that seed is in these pages.”

Most men have lightning flashes now and then, in which they catch and lose grand glimpses of unspeakable things; but here the flash was as prolonged as it was bright; or the vibrations of consciousness were accelerated till it could count three years within one flash of lightning. Well, it was enough for one life. They say he has not written since, or written only tamely. It may be. Some trees exhaust themselves with one full fruitage. But we believe the blade but slumbers in the scabbard, and is not consumed nor even dimmed.

“Festus” is another “Faust,” only a great deal more. Like Goethe’s poem, and like the book of Job, it opens with a scene in Heaven, and the giving over of one soul to Lucifer, the prince of darkness, to be tempted. Like Faust, it describes a youth of splendour and universal powers, full of passion that survives the sated appetites, and takes him through all scenes, both natural, conventional and supernatural, making him drink deep of love, of knowledge and of power, and meet the infinite in these things, as well as in truths reasoned or inspired, or in hallowed rites and places; and leading him through evil to the triumph over evil and to unity with God. It is, however, far more theological than “Faust;” and its doctrine seems to be, that Evil is indispensable to good, as is Variety to Unity, and that all must sin in order that all may be saved. Lucifer, the evil one, stands by our side, so soon as we gaze enraptured upon Lucifer the Morning Star, the star of love — a frightful contradiction, if Lucifer himself be not destined to be saved, which he is in the conclusion of the poem. And this is the grand thought with which this age is teeming. In Sue’s “Wandering Jew” the curse is taken off from the wanderer, and with it labor is redeemed and human passions purified, not extinguished. The best minds have begun to recognize that good and evil flow out of the same source; in other words that the very faculties and impulses which work evil in us are but the elements of good; that man cannot escape his own nature; that his own nature is his proper

destiny, whereby God ultimately draws him to Himself, or (to express it in the shortest formula) that “attractions are proportional to destinies,” and that so surely as there is Chaos, so surely shall there be Order, the subversive action of the passions being the indispensable preliminary, or ascending transition, to their life in Harmony.

We mention this only to show how far the book is in unison with the best aspiration and with the last science of to-day. But we have not room to analyze its theology, nor are we at all anxious where to class it. A stream so full and strong can float a thousand systems, without injury to itself; and where the heart and soul are sound, the dogmas will come right. While passion is alive, the mind is always servant and follower; if it kings it ever, it is only over the dead. We will not say the book is free from theological faults. It is safer to take for granted that it has them. The Unitarian will choke to meet the number Three so often; the Calvinist will demur at “too much of a good thing” in the doctrine of universal salvation, and at such an unceremonious robbing of the elect of one of their prerogatives, their anticipated triumph over the damned; the Churchman and the Pharisee will be shocked by the irreverence which uses certain words in other than the places set apart therefor, as churches, litanies, &c., and which dares to think of God on common occasions; some will have no faith in such excess of works, and others shake their heads and doubt the working of such faith. We leave it to others to pick up the driftwood on the noble stream, and find what fault they will with it; yet even they perchance, if they will only wait, will find some logs come floating down the stream with the rest, in which they may recognize their own dear hobbies, which let them mount and ride here at a livelier rate than their own sluggish life-current ever could impart. Enough for us that the poem is so full of life, so full of aspiration after unity with God, and harmony with all things, so full of love, of deep experience, of clear intuition of the essential divinity of the soul, and forefeeling of the great destiny of man. In it all the springs are open, and the soul comes gushing, thrilling forth, and while we read we are surrounded with the purest crystal atmosphere, fresh and bracing, and lit with the loveliest and sublimest constellations; we are buoyed up from earth, as if with wings; we feel the same infinite in the heart’s individual love and in the heavenly congresses of vast planetary worlds about God’s throne, and are fatigued with nothing but the “exceeding weight of glory.”

“Faust” is very much expanded here

in Festus, which is a less true work of art, perhaps, but with a boundless profusion of materials. The characters are all more generalized, idealized and abstract than in Faust, but not less real or engaging; the scenes more vast and vague, but not less vivid; and the parts more purely imaginary are never romantic, never in the vein of Faery or Walpurgis Night, but elemental, philosophic, cosmogonic, vast, in which souls of planets speak, and hierarchies of shining worlds sweep over the scene in chorus, and the sun’s very centre offers a cool grotto for a tete-a-tete. It is one lengthily complicated tissue of abstractions and subjective histories, and yet as palpable, as interesting and as refreshing as Goethe’s best daguerreotypes of outward fact.

His Lucifer is not another Mephistopheles, not the denying spirit of this heartless civilization. His views are not belittling; like Milton’s Satan, he maintains a proud remembrance of his former state. He is even a believer at bottom. He can fall in love; he can worship God afar off through the necessity which makes him evil for the time. His own bright star of beauty hangs still in the heavens, pledge of his former state, to be regained when evil shall have wrought out its mission. He tempts, to teach, rather than to destroy; he grants power to a mortal, to show the nothingness of power.

The progress of the poem is not shortly told; we have not even space for a review of it cut out from the heart of the poem itself, for, besides every thing else, it contains a criticism of itself, anticipates the criticisms of others, defines the character and office of a poet, and in short takes its own measure as it flies, and yet the critic does not cramp the youth, nor do his poet wings soar any the less gracefully and easily after so much detention in the sober second thought of prose. The variety and boldness of its scenes are almost overwhelming; you seem to clasp the universe; the excitement never flags, its fever is only cooled by the refreshing vastness of those scenes in which you lose yourself, in which involuntary awe tempers the madness of the overcrowded mind, reverence relieves the too strong, throbbing impulse, and great calm thoughts station themselves before you, and overhang you like gigantic crags, dwarfing you to a sense of littleness which is repose after such exultation of activity,—scenes in which the presence of God takes all the weight from your own consciousness.

There is perfect unity between these scenes in Heaven, or in space, and those upon the earth. It is always a transparent earth, and the soul shines through every form which moves upon it. The whole is spiritualized by its very intensi-

ty. Festus, in his terrestrial delights, for which his senses are heightened and the barriers of time and space removed by his demoniacal friend, still feels the infinity of the soul and the need of union with God. Hence every interview with nature, or with tempting forms of human loveliness, every adventurous observation of men and things, like that "bird's eye view of all the nations" in an hour's ride with Lucifer round the earth, every festive rout or

— "scene of song, and dance, and mirth, and wine,

And damsels, in whose lily skin the blue Veils branch themselves in hidden luxury," is heightened to the most ecstatic pitch of enthusiasm, and reveals continual glimpses of the infinite. Man is never severed from his relationship with spirits of a higher grade. Each earthly transaction suggests its correspondence in Heaven. On the other hand, the more abstract scenes, in which worlds and angels speak, though wonderfully sustained, are never monotonous, but have all the dramatic interest of things secular and familiar.

In all this, as we have said before, we do not even look for any complete and settled philosophy. The interest of it lies in this intense life and earnestness of a young and splendid nature, boldly and in perfect trust and with most inspired determination, in the act of *making* its first acquaintance with God and with the universe, and pressing into the very heart of every experience, as eagerly as the humming-bird buries himself in the flower. This is better than systems of philosophy or faith. It is long ere it completes itself; but all, as far as it goes, is real and from the life.

The secret of all poetry lies in this same earnestness of life. The difference between prose and poetry is this: that the one is a portrait taken after death, while the other paints the life, which you may call a miracle if you will. And the difference between true and false poetry is, that the one is real, the other merely galvanized, life. Of this latter kind is most of the so called poetry of the day. But "Festus" is a living poem; not a remembered inventory of thoughts past, but the body of the life now passing, as much so as the unconscious light in the eye, or flush upon the cheek, of enthusiasm. Hence all its wealth and splendor of imagery, its continually new-born beauty, its grand, deep, admirable rhythm. There are more original and magnificent images on a single page of Festus, than would endow a dozen of the handsome volumes most in vogue. It is in vain to quote by way of specimen; the conclusion you come to as you read on is, that his wealth of imagination is absolutely illimitable, and that you might as well

cut a cloud out of the purple sunset atmosphere, as a figure from the boundless atmospheric beauty of this poem. In short, what does not the mind see, when the man is *alive*? and is not a *living* product of the imagination just as inexhaustible as Nature? Of the rhythm of the poem, whether in stately blank-verse colloquy of heavenly powers, or in the subtlest variations of some song of love, or ballad, or mad cantata of a ride round the globe, we feel that it transcends art. To be sure there are rough lines, and abundant signs of careless affluence; but the thoughts always rhyme; what if they bear with them some luxuriance of unpruned foliage as they wave to and fro in the wind? As the choirs of star-eyed spirits sweep past you, their robes may flutter and their smooth hair be ruffled, but it disturbs not the deep interior rhythm of their movement.

In trying to say any thing of "Festus" in so short a space, we have perhaps said worse than nothing; there has been a constant quarrel between the scale and the proportions of our picture. What shall this poet do? what may the world expect of him? All human spheres of action, which society now offers, must be miserably tame to him, whose first work leaves the whole world lagging behind it in point of quickened energy. If new spheres be not preparing: if a new hope has not risen; if the poor fragmentary lives of individuals are not about to enter into some unity, wherein the smallest individual office shall be no longer the isolating and losing of, oneself, but the finding of oneself in a realizing sense of the infinite harmony of all things, all revolving, as it were, in circles which are concentric; if the redemption of evil, which this poet dreams of, is not to be made fact in the rising of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth, and the solution of these primitive and necessary discords into the long accord of the Harmonic Ages; if the mighty harmonies and hierarchies, which exalt the poet's imagination, are not soon to visit all men in their daily labors and duties, and make all men poets while they stand in their right places;—then genius might as well die. Its very dreams must prove its exhaustion. But the age is full of prophecy. Philosophy, religion, poetry, and art, and the more grotesque and foolish forms of popular fanaticism, all, in their way, preach the coming of the true Social Order, the entrance of Man into unity with Man, with Nature and with God. With no slight inward exultation do we count over the increasing list of these forerunners, these great Souls of the Future. In religion we have Swedenborg; in social economy, Fourier; in music, Beethoven; and shall we not say, in poetry, "Festus?"

The American Review: a Whig Journal of Politics, Literature, Art, and Science. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

The December No. of this Journal in point of merit is on the level of its predecessors, and of our magazine literature generally. It contains a tolerable article on the position and duties of the Whig party; one of those stories of Mr. Poe's which seem written mainly to disgust their readers; a poem called "The Flight of Helle," the ambition of which makes its senseless jangle only the more amusing; a rather interesting "Chapter on Chatham," a strong and excellent article on the anti-rent movement in New York, treating it from the conservative side; No. IV. of "Adventures on the frontier of Texas and Mexico; a piece of pedantic prosing on "The Spirit of Liberty," which descends quite out of sight into the abyss of "things in general;" one of those harmless contrivances which Mr. W. Gilmore Simms supposes to be poems; an article on "Heraldry," the chief excellence of which is that it covers four pages; a good chapter of Prussian History; a review of Colton's Life of Clay; "The Figures and Figuratives of Tobacco," covering ten pages,—the sort of writing that a man of decent education might do against time before breakfast, but which is wholly unfit for a place in a publication which aims to "diffuse through the land a higher order of taste in letters and the arts;" three pages of shabby wit under the title of "Angels and Ministers of Grace," against the Locofocos, which ends with an eruption of scurrility that would disgrace the lowest partisan newspaper; a so-called poem, "No Rest;" a review of Mr. Lester's "Artist, Merchant, and Statesman," which in many words says little, and some rather tame literary notices.

This Journal does not do justice to the talent of the Whig party. We looked for its appearance with interest; we supposed that as the organ of a party embodying so great an amount of intellectual power as the whigs, it would be a valuable addition to our current literature. Some fatality however seems to attend the efforts of our whig friends in this line. Their political articles are apt to be most dull and unreadable; their philosophy is not remarkably lucid or instructive, though it is certainly profound, and their literature is nothing to boast of very loudly. Still the American Review has given us some things to be grateful for; chief among them to our mind, is Mr. Headley's article on Marshal MacDonald, one of the finest pieces of historical narrative that we remember.

In the whole range of American *Magazines*, the careful critic seeking for signs of life, for a high ideal of art, or

for noble and comprehensive ideas, finds little satisfaction. Over this field we design some day to lead our readers; we only wish that it offered a more attractive prospect.

The O'Donoghue: A tale of Ireland Fifty Years Ago. By CHARLES LOVER: Author of *Harry Lorrequer*. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. pp. 136. (Boston, for sale by Redding & Co.)

We wish all our countrymen to read Charles Lover's works, not for the amusement and gratification they will certainly derive from them, but that they may form a true idea of the character of the Irish nation, in all its classes, for this we are convinced is portrayed by his pen. In the book before us, the reader may also discover the reasons of the failure of the various attempts of the Irish to shake off the English yoke, for we believe they have always had one and the same cause, the treachery of many who had the confidence of the people.

We love the Irish, the Irish people, and though our sympathy may be of little avail to them, we like to cherish it. Especially in such a time as the present, when the direst calamity is impending over the whole nation, when perhaps their very nationality is to be sunk in more absolute misery than even they, probably the most suffering people on the face of the earth, have yet endured, we like to refresh our recollections of what they have been, not in seasons of glory and prosperity, if such have ever existed, but in the very depths of their subjugation, while yet they had energy and determination enough to turn against the heel that crushed them.

But what a horrible condition are they now, or soon to be, reduced to. We cannot help, how much soever it may appear out of place here, referring to an extract from a petition lately presented to her British Majesty's Ministers, in behalf of the Irish people.

"Whilst you hesitate—if hesitate you shall—the people of Ireland are about to perish in countless numbers. May we respectfully refer you to Lord Devon's report of last session, where you will find, or indeed, whence we take for granted you are already informed, that the Irish agricultural laborers and their families are calculated to amount to more than four millions of human beings, whose only food is the potato, whose only drink is water, whose houses are pervious to the rain, to whom a bed or blanket is a luxury almost unknown, and who are more wretched than any other people in Europe. We respectfully call your attention to the fact, that the foregoing description of the state of the Irish peasantry was published long before there was or could be the least suspicion of the most afflicting visitation of Providence in the destruction of the present crop. If, then, such was the condition of a large portion of the Irish people, even in favorable harvests, you will, in your

humanity, easily judge what must be the horrors of their situation, if the approaching famine be allowed to envelope the entire population."

And her Majesty's ministers did hesitate, nay, at last accounts refused altogether, while no doubt "there is already a large increase in the Bills of Mortality," such being the received expression of the fact that men women and children are dying by hundreds and thousands, of starvation.

Would that our countrymen could, by a knowledge of the true Irish character, rid themselves of the prejudices they have derived from the conquerors and plunderers of the Irish. Would that they would freely and heartily welcome all who come to seek a refuge and a shelter on our broad spreading plains, and not by the exhibition of distrust and prejudice, raise up barriers between those who should be one in interest and so create in the midst of us a nation whose affections have been turned from us by our own act.

If our people choose, and choose they may, sooner or later, to confine the elective franchise to native born citizens of our country, and those who have heretofore been naturalized, there can be no hardship in this, while the voice of kindness and the hand of welcome will ensure the education of the aliens' children in the spirit of those institutions among which they are to live.

We would have our countrymen appreciate and love the nationality of the various people who come and are to come among us, and that they may do this with regard to those who make their appearance here under the most unfavorable circumstances, we again recommend to them to read, and to read carefully, "*The O'Donoghue*."

The White Boy: a Story of Ireland, in 1822. By Mrs. S. C. HALL. New York: Harper & Brothers. (Boston, for sale by Redding & Co.)

Here is another Irish story from a different quarter. The wrongs of Ireland, her cruel miseries, her free and brave-hearted people, their struggles for deliverance from the oppressor and tyrant, are all themes suited to awaken and fire the imagination, to inspire the efforts of genius as well as philanthropy. These subjects are as yet by no means exhausted; they are still fruitful and full of life and interest; and while they continue to call forth such vigorous pens as that of the writer of the present work, we shall not be apt to be weary of their repeated presentation. It is a tale of uncommon dramatic effect, though the plot is simple and inartificial: the characters are drawn with such vivid coloring, so expressive of the riches and variety of nature, and surrounded with

scenes of such thrilling interest, that we seem almost to have lived and acted with them ourselves, and can scarce be persuaded that they are merely ideal creations. No doubt, however, their prototypes are found in reality. So much truthfulness of painting could come only from experience. The writer, we are sure, is not giving us the impressions of hearsay or conjecture, but of actual knowledge. Her strongest sympathies are with the suffering and oppressed; she loves the very soil of Ireland so well that she cannot brook the thought of its green and beautiful surface being polluted with so much social wretchedness as she has been called to witness; yet she has a clear perception of the truth,—indeed, the chief purpose of the book is to illustrate it,—that no permanent advantage can be gained by sudden acts of violence and blood. She would trust for reform to the higher sentiments of our nature, and not seek the attainment of justice, the restoration of lost rights, by the dagger of the assassin or the torch of the incendiary. In reading this powerful story, we are irresistibly impressed with a sense of the evils which grow out of the present antagonistic relations between man and man. Look at Ireland, with her immense industrial resources, her magnificent domain, her affluent productions, and a great portion of her population, at this moment, known to be on the brink of starvation; and consider, whether an order of society, which admits even the possibility of such a condition of things, can be in unison with the divine plan, and is not destined, by its very nature, to give place to a state of general abundance, mutual support, sincere friendship, universal harmony. The condition of Ireland proclaims the doom of civilization. We welcome therefore, a work like the present, which brings her condition so forcibly before the mind. It furnishes abundant food for contemplation: we might say for sorrowful thought, did we not believe in the final triumph of good, and the introduction of a glorious order of society, in which every human being will find his true destiny.

The Jesuits. Translated from the French of M. M. Michelet and Quinet, Professors in the College of France. Edited by C. EDWARDS LESTER.

The Roman Church and Modern Society. Translated from the French. Edited by C. EDWARDS LESTER. New York: Gates & Stedman, 114 William St. near John.

These books have accidentally been lying upon our table for a fortnight waiting for notice. They are upon most important subjects and are written with talent. Of the translation we cannot say much in praise. It is often careless and has the air of not always conveying the precise

meaning of the original, but as we have not the French at hand we cannot speak decisively upon this point.

We have long had a word to say upon both the Romish Church and the Order of Jesus, and shall take the first opportunity to say it. We shall perhaps speak of these labors of Mr. Lester at some length. Meanwhile, we can say that with the faults we have spoken of, they are well worth reading.

The Foster-Brother: A Tale of the War of Chiozza. Edited by LEIGH HUNT. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff St. 1845, pp. 148. (Boston, for sale by Redding & Co.)

A dull, heavy story, but not without touches of power. There are scenes which give promise of better things, and of love, something is said which shows that the author has the soul of a man and a poet. The student of History can find in this book, much minute information, upon points beyond the range of ordinary reading.

La Aurora, Periodico dedicado a Politica y Literatura; en Espanol and English.

This is the title of a new weekly paper published in Boston. It is devoted to the dissemination of liberal political principles among the Spanish Americans, upon whose support it must mainly depend. It is edited with spirit and intelligence, and we trust will be amply successful. Students of the Spanish language may also find their advantage in reading it. Price \$5 per annum. Communications to be addressed to "Estevan P. Andrews, Editor of the Aurora."

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

ATHANASIA.

All things sing a roundelay —

Love and Life are under us,

Not a mote can pass away,

Nought from joy can sunder us!

Dying but in outer forms,

Losing color but a day,

Even in death the spirit warms

Into newer life our clay.

Flowers die not, for a spirit

Lurks within each cell and vein:

The lily feels its spirit near it,

The dying rose shall bloom again.

The stricken bird, — music just heard —

The sunset passed — the dried up stream, —

The friends in the cold earth interred,

Again shall pass with joyous gleam.

The buried truth no sage yet finds,

The poet's long forgotten lays,

The imperfect word of struggling minds,

Shall far outshine these feeble days.

The fire that heaved a nation's heart

Which gilded Wrong had steeped in wo,

Shall spring to life with lightning start,
And live the faith of long ago.

Only the present garments fall,

As the tired servant sleeps.

The great Spirit is in all;

Close within his vigil keeps.

Though Orion drop his belt,

And heaven shrivel as a scroll;

Though the universe should melt,

Yet the everlasting Soul,

Underneath the dying form,

Burns with quickening joy forever;

Flows the life blood red and warm,

As a great unending river.

We shall die, but we shall live;

Death is but a twilight shade.

Upward to the light we strive,

For our spirits never fade.

Sing then — Sing a roundelay!

Who from Joy can sunder us?

Not a mote shall pass away,

For Love and Life are under us.

C. P. C.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

OUR PRESENT ATTEMPT.

We speak no less for the whole Associative movement in this country than for ourselves, when we beseech our friends who are looking upon our operations, not to judge of our principles or our purposes, by any immediate results, which they may have witnessed. The question is often asked of us, Whether our present mode of life answers our expectation, — whether Association is found to be as valuable in practice, as it seems to be correct in theory, and the like. But all such inquiries betray an ignorance of the actual condition of the enterprise. They suppose that the organizations which have gone into effect, in different parts of the country, are true specimens of the plans of Association. This is far from being the case. We do not profess to be able to present a true picture of Associative life. We cannot give the most remote idea of the advantage, which the Combined Order possesses over the ordinary arrangements of society. The benefits which we now actually enjoy, are of another character. The life, which we now lead, though, to a hasty and superficial observer, surrounded with so great imperfections and embarrassments, is far superior to what we have ever been able to attain under the most favorable circumstances in Civilization. —

There is a freedom from the frivolities of fashion, from arbitrary restrictions, and from the frenzy of competition; we meet our fellow men in more sincere, hearty, and genial relations; kindred spirits are not separated by artificial, conventional barriers; there is more personal independence, and a wider sphere for its exercise; the soul is warmed in the sunshine of a true social equality; we are not brought into the rough and disgusting contact with uncongenial persons, which is such a genuine source of misery in the common intercourse of society; there is a greater variety of employment, a more constant demand for the exertion of all the faculties, and a more exquisite pleasure in effort, from the consciousness that we are laboring not for personal ends, but for a holy principle; and even the external sacrifices, which the pioneers in every enterprise are obliged to make, are not without a certain romantic charm, which effectually prevents us from envying the luxuries of Egypt, though we should be blessed with neither the manna, nor the quails, which once cheered a table in the desert. So that for ourselves, we have great reason to be content. We are conscious of happiness which we never knew, until we embarked in this career. A new strength is given to our arms, a new fire enkindles our souls. But great as may be our satisfactions of this nature, they do not proceed from the actual application of Associative principles to outward arrangements. The time has not yet come for that. The means have never yet been brought together to attempt the realization of the Associative theory, even on the humblest scale. At present, then, we are only preparing the way for a better order. We are gathering materials, which we hope one day to use with effect; if otherwise they will not be lost: they will help those who come after us; and accomplish what they were intended for in the designs of Providence. No Association as yet has either the number of persons, or the amount of capital, requisite to make a fair experiment of the principles of attractive industry. They are all deficient in material resources, in edifices, in machinery, and above all, in floating capital; and although, in their present state they may prove a blessing to the individuals concerned in them, such as the whole earth has not to give, they are not prepared to exhibit that demonstration of the superior benefits of Associative life, which will at once, introduce a new era, and instal Humanity in the position for which it was created. But, brothers, patience and hope! We know what we are working for. We know that the truth of God is on our side, that he has no attribute which can favor the existing order of fraud, oppression, car-

nage, and consequent wretchedness. We may be sure of the triumph of our cause. The grass may grow over our graves before it will be accomplished; but as certain as God reigns, will the dominion of justice and truth be established in the order of society. Every plant which the Heavenly Father has not planted will be plucked up; and the earth will yet rejoice in the greenness and beauty of the garden of God.

THE IVORY CHRIST.

In a former notice, we recorded the impression we received from a brief sight of this statue. We now give the somewhat different results of a careful analysis of both its real and artificial merits. The story of its fabrication has been for some time the common talk of those circles which are interested in such matters, and has met with a more general belief than such a statement seems entitled to, considering its miraculous and mysterious character, and the absence of all proof to authenticate it. Indeed such a relation seems better adapted to gain credence from a blind and superstitious Faith, than from an inquiring and sagacious understanding. It savors too much of miracle-making, and reminds one too much of the old monkish juggleries, to claim any serious belief. Every one interested in the subject has read Mr. Lester's account of the miraculous mode in which the statue was made, and the curious and romantic means by which he acquired possession of it. That Mr. Lester believes all that he states is quite possible, but he himself will probably admit, that if the adventure recounted by him had not been his own, he would not have believed it without proof. But it is scarcely of consequence whether he admits it or not; the story is at least a very unusual one, and is also quite improbable. Why then should we believe it? Mr. Lester says so, to be sure, but who knows that he has not been (we are sorry to resort to the word, but it is exceedingly to our purpose,) humbugged! There are two kinds of evidence by which the truth of the story is to be tested. One is external evidence, and the other is internal evidence. As to external evidence, none appears except the *ipse dixit* of Mr. Lester. As to internal evidence, from the work itself, there is abundance of it to prove that the story of its origin is incorrect.

As to the internal evidence then. The statue is unquestionably a clever work. It is cut with spirit, and from an uncommonly fine piece of ivory; but it is by no means entitled to the praise which has been lavished upon it. It is not however wonderful, that it has seemed to many a divine work. The subject in the first place is one which is calculated to awaken

the deepest emotion, and to excite the sensibilities of the imagination to their extreme point; then the mysterious origin of the work lends a factitious charm and heightens the pleasure; and lastly, the substance in which the statue is carved is very beautiful and rare. But we cannot but think that the subject and the story have constituted the charm, and created a feeling which the work, considered purely as a work of art, does not at all warrant. The mist of the imagination has often obscured the sight and the judgment, and the excitement of the feelings has unfitted the faculties for a critical analysis. Again, many persons may have been induced to believe in the high-sounding eulogies which have been bestowed upon it, upon the faith that Mr. Powers considered it wonderfully fine. No one rates more highly than we do the genius of Mr. Powers; he is not only a great sculptor, but the sculptor of this age. But where is the proof that he thinks the work remarkably fine? Simply here: it seems from Mr. Lester's account, that in the ardor of his enthusiasm, after his purchase of the work, he sent it to the studio of Mr. Powers, that the latter might retouch it and improve it. Mr. Powers, after keeping it a week or so, returned it to Mr. Lester, saying that he could not alter it so as to improve it. This is the heart of the story, as it seems to us, deprived of Mr. Lester's rigmarole. Well! what does this prove? Simply nothing. It may be that Mr. Powers thought the statue so bad that nothing could be done to remedy its defects, or so good that it could not be improved, or what is the only simple and natural supposition, that it was a work of talent, but was another man's conception wrought out in a peculiar manner, finished to a certain point, and that he could not meddle with it to improve it by retouching parts. Mr. Powers did not say that it could not be re-carved so as to be better, or could not be improved in design and expression in a new model. What else would Titian or Raphael have said if an enthusiastic "quidam" had brought him a very tolerable picture by Giovanni Smithi, and asked him to retouch it, would he not fairly say — "I cannot touch it so as to improve it; it is very good as it is; my style is so different, the picture is so far advanced, that I can do nothing for it." After this, our friend "quidam" could have gone forth and proclaimed — "This exquisite picture has been greatly admired by all connoisseurs, and the celebrated and divine Raphael has declared that he could not improve it." We think Mr. Powers requires thus much at his hands at least, for he has placed himself at the mercy of a most injudicious friend.

But to return to the statue. We again state that the work is a work of talent, entitled to consideration and done in an artistical mode. But that it was carved by a monk, in the solitude of his cell, from the image of his crucified Saviour existing in his imagination alone, and so done as a first work, and without teaching and study and practice, we will not believe, and for these reasons. In the first place, the statue is carved with greater boldness and freedom than could have been exercised by one, who, while he worked, was *learning*. It is besides very manneristic in its treatment, and is evidently the production of a man of talent, who has been educated in a certain school, and who has a certain knack of cutting. Take the drapery round the loins, for instance, — it is cut as if the artist completely understood the nature of his materials and the mode in which it split and broke under the chisel; and besides, it is bold, sketchy, and effective in mass, rather than nice in detail or true to nature. So also the broad pectoral muscles look as if they were chiseled out with a broad tool and a free hand. Now these are precisely the qualities which a skilful and practiced worker in ivory would unquestionably have given to the work, but which would never have been produced by a learner or a faithful but unexperienced hand striving to represent exactly what was before him.

Again, the anatomy has been pronounced to be perfect by many who know nothing about anatomical action. It is one thing for muscles to be in their place, and quite another for them to be properly in action, and harmoniously proportioned. A figure may have its muscles in their proper place; and yet though it be suspended, the muscles may indicate action; or though it be lifeless, they may be strained and swollen, as if by the tension of great exertion. So also the legs of a Hercules may be joined to the arms of an Apollo or a Venus. This is the species of faults which are apparent in this statue. The anatomy is good enough for a general work; not specially good, not specially bad. There are, however, many evident mistakes in the anatomy of particular parts, besides a general exaggeration and a want of harmonious relation and proportion throughout the whole work. But however easy it would be to specify particularly the defects in the anatomy, were we so inclined, we have neither space nor time to do so at present.

To some persons this may seem to be a low and critical view to take of such a work, but it seems to us to be the only view to which it is entitled as a work of art. One cannot say of this figure that the design is so noble, or its originality

and force so great, as to overbear all analytic criticism and content us with its total effect; for it is only as a piece of modelling that it is to be considered when we regard it as a work of art. The conception is in fact not original, and the attitude is perfectly stereotyped; there is nothing new, peculiar and original, unless it be in the artistic treatment, and it is in respect to this quality, therefore, that we have considered it. The subject has been so continually and repeatedly handled by good and bad artists as to have become common, and to require originality and force in its treatment, to awaken enthusiasm. When an artist creates such works as the Day and Night of Michael Angelo, we gladly give him great praise as a wonderful artist, and we surrender ourselves to enthusiasm for the work itself, for therein we see a new and original conception, teeming with life and soul, warmed by the being of its creator and fashioner, and so vigorous that it demands our admiration despite its defects, and commands us by its greatness. But the artist of the Ivory Christ has been a fashioner and a modeller, not an originator or creator; and, being but a copyist, he must be content with Michael Angelo's remark: "He who walks behind others can never go ahead of them; and the man who cannot do well without foreign aid can never do any thing great even with the help of others." We have great respect for those persons whose feelings are pierced and stimulated by this work, and who invest it with superhuman attributes, but we consider it as a work of art. We examined it not as a miracle nor wonder, leaving ourselves free to be affected as it might affect us. The impression it made was vague, and it excited our critical perceptions, without warming our feelings. Upon analysis, we find, that such an effect ought fairly to be produced by such a work as we conceive this statue to be.

It is very plain moreover that more than one person has touched this statue. Quite a different hand is apparent in the finishing of the face from that which appears in the body and drapery. This is the work which we think it very possible that the monk was doing when Mr. Lester found him. It seems to us to be quite probable, that the whole work was wrought in a free bold style by some practised worker in ivory; that the mysterious and romantic monk got possession of it and took it to his cell, and, persuaded that by elaborating and *niggling* out the features, and polishing the whole surface he could improve it, he set himself to work. Our reason for so thinking is that the face is scraped and smoothed and be-littled in its execution, as the body is not, and that the cautious care with

which the lips are scraped and the beard picked out and the eyelids smoothed, does not seem in keeping with the rest of the work. Besides, it is quite evident that the forehead has been chipped away by mistake or accident, or by an ignorant hand in order to develop the muscles of the brow. So also the polishing of the whole body, which is certainly not in the best taste, seems to us to be the work of an after hand, though we do not feel so sure of this, as it has been the practice of some sculptors to polish their statues in order to preserve them.

The expression of the face is by no means satisfactory to us. It wants, what is essential to every great work of art, — Unity. One passion and expression do not inform, and breathe through, the features. On the contrary, you immediately see (and if you do not, the attendant points it out to you,) that the expression attempted in the brow is agony and complete pain, while that attempted in the mouth is resignation and sweetness. This we protest against, as a folly and stupidity. The soul is only one thing, and whatever inward emotion exists, exhibits itself equally on all the features. If there be a contradiction of feeling, there is a contradiction of feeling in each minute portion and in every feature of the face; but one feeling does not monopolize one feature and a different feeling monopolize another. In nature, what the mouth expresses, the eyes express, and the nose expresses, and the brow expresses. All tend to enforce one idea, — all centre to one point. But in this statue, if the mouth be covered, the face expresses pain; if the brow be covered, the face expresses resignation. And this is pointed out as a beauty, while in fact it is a monstrous blemish. If in seeing one feature you cannot predict the others, the work is not like nature's; for nature is always a unity. And in like manner as the comparative anatomist can construct from one bone the habits and general form of the whole animal, so from the expression of one feature in the human countenance, the expression of all the rest of the features and of the whole frame is predicable. Again, the mouth of this statue is not resigned, but rather inclines to be sugary and simpering, and the forehead is so cut away as to be behind the line of the nose, which is the characteristic of the simpleton, and not of the highest and purest being that ever illuminated earth.

We have but a word or two more, and then shall leave the subject. The whole narration of this production seems to indicate a belief of the part of the writer, that Genius may at once accomplish a perfect work of art — isolated, uneducated, unexperienced, and unpractised,

and without models. This we deny. The motto which Michael Angelo attached to a design made by him in the last part of his long life, "*Ancora imparo*," is true of all Genius. Genius is always learning, and no one, however great may be his powers, can at once, unpractised, compete successfully in the arts with him whose powers are completely trained. Art is not a trifle or a toy; nor is it by any "*hey presto*!" change, that the dead block of marble or the yellow tusk of ivory assumes the garb of Humanity, and breathes with ideal life. Before a great work of art can be wrought by the hand of man, his burning head must have pressed many a sleepless pillow; his tired frame and exhausted brain must have given way many times. He must, like Dante, have "grown lean" with his imaginings; nor only this, he must also have searched long and inquired earnestly and worked hard and practised much; must have mastered the means of his art, and have schooled his hand indefatigably, and taught it to obey the thought and to seize the feeling, and he must have learned by repeated failures how to fashion out his idea. It is not in the solitude of his cell, afar from man, without model, solely from an ideal image in the mind, that any man, however great may be his genius, can at once, and in his first work, achieve success in art, and win the palm over all who for centuries have labored. Nor did any ideal image ever stand before any man, while he was in such a condition of mind as is requisite for the artist while he works, with that certainty and distinctness and detail, which is necessary to make it an available model to an inexperienced hand. The greatest artists who ever lived, who have known all the means of art, and who have trained their hand by long practice, and their mind and eye by deep study, have been able indeed to draw from the stores of their knowledge and experience, the figures in which they have made their idea to live; but even these have ever sought to assist themselves by living models, and have always been loving children of nature. With such a fact as this before us, it seems too late in the day to believe in Mr. Lester's story. We are too truly American to put faith in it, and the next time we commend him not to make it quite so romantic, and to stir in a little less hocus pocus.

¶ We thank the friends, who have taken occasion of the commencement of a new volume, to forward the names of new subscribers. We hope for a large addition to our present subscription list; and we trust that all our readers, who deem our paper worthy of patronage, will aid us in extending its circulation.

LIFE IN ASSOCIATION.

- The highest life, of which the nature of man is capable, is rarely witnessed, and then forms a signal exception to the general rule.

It is no wonder that theologians have so generally maintained the doctrine of innate, hereditary depravity. This was the only way, by which they could account for the universal prevalence of limited, distorted, noxious forms of character. The idea, on which their dogma was based, sprung from experience, from observation, from a correct knowledge of human action.

For what is every man soon taught by the intercourse of life? Certainly, the subjection of the world to the dominion of evil. He learns to calculate on selfishness, more or less disguised, on falsehood, however glossed over with the appearance of truth, on fraud, which though in fear of public opinion, is always ready to entrap the heedless.

It is an easy inference, that these monstrous evils are the true growth of human nature, that they belong to man as man, that they will never cease while his passions and propensities remain unchanged. A more profound view, however, shows us that the fault is not in the intrinsic elements of human nature, but in the imperfect institutions under which that nature is trained and developed.

The savage is not guilty of the frightful acts of cruelty, which make our eyes start from their sockets, because there is a necessary tendency to brutal ferocity in human nature, but because all the influences that have acted on him, all the excitements that have been applied to his passions, have been adapted to cherish the warlike spirit, to give him a taste for blood, to make revenge a deep joy to his soul, to convert all the sweet emotions of humanity into the spirit of the tiger and wolf. Place the savage in a different situation; let the first words that fall upon his ear be those of Christian gentleness and peace; let him be surrounded by generous and loving hearts; another spirit will be manifested; and you would almost say that he had been endowed with another nature.

The man who is so devoted to gaining wealth, that he appears on 'Change like a walking money-bag, with no ideas beyond his ledger and cash-book, with no hope but that of becoming a millionaire, and no fear but that of being surpassed in property by his more lucky neighbor, was not born to be a muck-worm; if he has not the faculties of an archangel, as some one has said, folded up within his bosom, he has the elements of goodness, disinterestedness, a sincere devotion to the common weal, and under more favorable influences, might have been a worthy,

useful, and happy man, instead of being a little above the vilest reptile.

We cannot believe that the selfishness, the cold-heartedness, the indifference to truth, the insane devotion to wealth, the fierce antagonisms, the pointed hypocrisies, the inward weariness, discontent, apathy, which are every where characteristic of the present order of society, have any permanent basis in the nature of man; they are the poisonous weeds that a false system of culture has produced; change the system and you will see the riches of the soil; a golden fruitage will rejoice your eye; but persist in the mode, which the experience of a thousand years has proved defective, and you can anticipate no better results. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles. But if you would rear the vine, and the fig-tree, so that you may enjoy their products in full luxuriance and beauty, you must not plant them in the hot sand, deprive them of the rain and dew of heaven, expose them to destructive insects, or violent animals; but ascertain the cultivation which is adapted to their nature, and surround them with the influences, which God who made the vine and the fig-tree, made also essential to their perfection.

So with the influences of modern society. They do not give fit nutriment to the noblest forms of character. They do not make man what he is intended to be by the constitution of his nature. They help him not to fulfil the destiny which is assigned to him by the Creator. It is because we are convinced that the Associative Order is the Divine Order, that life in Association is the only true life of the soul, just as harmony with outward nature is essential to the true life of the body, that we are unwilling to give sleep to our eyes or slumber to our eyelids till we witness the commencement of the great and solemn work, which is to emancipate man from the terrible scourges of a false order of society, and reinstate him in the glorious life for which a benignant Providence has adapted his nature.

VARIETIES.

From the Deutsche Schnellpost.

According to the *Trieste Gazette* an artillery officer in a garrison of Westphalia was recently denounced by a comrade for having intercourse with some citizens who had a tendency to communism.

POSEN. Nov. 8. A number of arrests have just taken place, accompanied by extraordinary military preparations. Patrols occupy the streets. More than thirty persons of various ranks have been imprisoned. There is a great discrepancy

in the accounts, so that we can give nothing positive concerning the affair. Most say, however, that the police have discovered a so-called communist conspiracy, which is said to be very extensive. We hear, also, that the discovery has led to many arrests in other parts of the province. The leaders are said to be men high in station. It is also declared that Communism is used only as a pretence and that political designs are at the bottom. The fact will soon be known.

Prof. A. FOLLEN of Zurich, wishing to live in Heidelberg, having found a residence, asked permission of the Government to purchase it. His request the Minister of the Home Department refused.

☞ A concert has been given in Berlin, with the title "Recollections of a Journey." Its programme was as follows: "The wife teases for the journey; consultation of the physician; departure; sleepless nights; letter from home; journey to the Rhine; meeting of the King of Prussia with the Queen of England; Baden-Baden; gaming table; interesting acquaintance; arrival in Berlin."

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N. R. GERRISH.

Oct. 18, 1845.

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MISCELLANY.

COSMOGONY.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

I have sufficiently shown that a creation is the concurrent work of all the planets, in which each one intervenes according to its qualities; the details I will give hereafter. I will show by what method we discern the work of each. Till then, if we ask of the civilizees: Who created cabbages? Who created plums? they ought to answer: We know nothing at all about it. We are ignorant of the laws of Aromal movement, of the origin and distribution of the primitive germs. They should beware of answering: It was God who created the plums. He did, without doubt, create the germs or original aromas; they were distributed among the highest beings in the scale, the milliveres, who again divided them amongst the centiveres; these, amongst the deciveres, noniveres, octiveres, down to triveres or univeres; these distribute them to the biveres or planets, and these to monoveres or men, who cultivate them. But, if every thing comes from God, it does not follow that God made every thing; and when we see "*in the name of the King*" on a proclamation, it does not follow that the king made the paper and the paste, that he composed the contents, printed and posted up the placard; but only that every act is made under his supervision and in the name of the royal officers. It is just so with every property and function assigned to the planets; the whole emanates from God through degrees of superior functionaries, who regulate the harmonic manœuvre according to the instructions and primordial will of God; but it is necessary to refer each subaltern operation to the one who has executed it. If they ask you: Who created cabbages? answer: Herschel. And who created

plums? The satellites of Herschel, each one modelling according to its dominant passion.

I will not stop to give an aromal catechism after this fashion, which would lead us too far, since the vegetable kingdom alone would furnish thirty thousand questions of origin, and a thousand times more, thirty millions of questions, about the properties and modifications of each vegetable species. What would it be with the other kingdoms? Each of these questions demands studies, researches, upon which I have often run aground after long labor, although I possess the key to this science. I have in vain sought what star has made us a present of the toad; my suspicions rest upon Mars. I have all along limited myself to some few of the most remarkable problems, which will suffice to put naturalists and competent persons upon the track, and open to them a career as new as it is immense, the explanation of the causes and rules of creation, of which thus far they have only studied the effects.

Let us give an instance of this, drawn from the cabbages, or from the plums, since in these vegetables the French are connoisseurs. I continue the aromal catechism, from which I extract a quadrille of hieroglyphics concerning Love.

Who created the Reine-Claude plum?

Hebe, the eighth satellite of Herschel, (shedding an aroma in the dominant of fidelity.)

Who created the Golden Drop plum?

Cleopatra, a satellite of Herschel (shedding an aroma in the dominant of coquetry.)

Who created the Apricot, the pivotal fruit among plums?

Herschel, the Cardinal of Love (shedding the pivotal aroma of matronage.)

Who created the Peach plum, called Brugnion?

Sappho, an ambiguous planet in the Scale of Love (shedding a mixt aroma in the dominants of *Sapphusm* (sentimental love) and Prudefy.)

The questions of causes will turn first upon the general plan adopted before creating plums and all the other products which are the work of the different satellites of Herschel. How did they class the characters and functions of Love, represented allegorically by the Apricots and Plums? how did they distribute the different parts among the ten planets of the Scale of Love? how regulate the competency of each to represent such a table of the effects of Love? Why was it ordained that the fruit of Hebe should be green sprinkled with white? that the fruit of Cleopatra should be yellow, touched with a purple spot? How may we be assured that these arrangements were the regular emblems of such a species of Love? Finally, what were the discussions and calculations after which they resolved upon the forms, colors, tastes, and good or bad properties to be distributed among these different fruits, so as faithfully to represent the effects of Love in the human species, whose passions should be depicted in every created object?

On this point, our naturalists will reply that they did not "assist" at the council of amorous allegories held by these gallant planets, before the creation of plums, and that it is for me to render an account of their deliberations, if I was present. Assuredly I was not there: but, as the discoverer of the science by which the causes and rules of creation are determined, I might reply to these various questions. It is enough for me to show the immensity of this new science, which is going to give a soul to all Nature by holding up to us the portraits of our passions, our characters, our perfidies and our duperies, in all the works of Nature, every one of whose products had seemed to us an enigma not to be deciphered. Every veil shall be lifted, if you will only take the trouble to do it, and all studious men will have an ample harvest to gather in.

We are only preludeing on this subject, and combating the shameful prejudice, which supposes the univeses and their

planets plunged in idleness. Of all the injuries which can be done to God, there is none greater than to suppose him the friend and protector of laziness. The author of movement, then, knows how to create only idle worlds! and this is the opinion of a century which boasts of having carried reason to perfection! O nineteenth century! if the kingdom of heaven belongs to the poor in spirit, what an eminent rank must thou occupy in it, as a recompense for thy stupid smartness (*bel esprit*), which is so different a thing from good understanding! (*bon esprit*.)

The prejudice, which supposes God to have created every thing, justifies in fact the atheists and materialists; for a creation so vicious in its productions, engendering societies so favorable to vice, gives room for so many recriminations against God, that men are pardonable for doubting his existence rather than attribute this shameful work to him; but if we admit that creatures may create, like God, by employing the germs originally distributed by him, they may commit faults, and the universes in their operations blunder sometimes, as well as our architects and laborers. Think you, our universe, which is yet young, has never committed a mistake! I shall point some out, and you will see that it is not the fault of God if our globe is furnished with so disastrous a creation and afflicted with so many miseries. Neither is it the fault of our thirty-two planets, which have operated as well as possible; but it is the fault of our universe, which acted precipitately and without due consideration in organizing its pivotal system. We shall see hereafter that this folly caused the loss of a cardinal planet of Friendship, which held this seat before our globe, and revolved in the same orbit. The replacing it by our globe gave room for other faults; for always one mistake draws on another. Errors are difficult and slow to repair. The operations of the sidereal vault requiring several thousand years, we have labored for these eighteen hundred years past on the operation which is to repair all; I shall speak of it in a special chapter.

Thus far, we conceive that the disorders of the universe ought not to be attributed to God, but to creatures misusing their free will; and in the object which now occupies us, it is the whole sidereal vault, the whole Areopagus of fixed stars, which has committed a fault, with regard to our system and our globe; but if you suppose that God created all, then God alone must be accused, and his universes will be only monuments of despotism, fatalism and indolence. We suppose God like the lion in the fable, who divided the booty into four parts for his associates, and ate all four himself. —

Meanwhile, if there is unity in his system, why did he destine man alone to labor, while the superior creatures, the *bivoreses*, called planets, and the *trivoreses*, called universes, run their whole career in idleness!

This hypothesis plunges us into a crowd of inconsistencies; and in the first place, if the planets do nothing, cultivate nothing, produce nothing for one another, on what are they nourished, and what can be their bonds of harmony? What charms can hold them by attraction in the plane in which we see them fixed? To solve the difficulty, our savans decide that our planets do not eat; but if they do not labor, nor eat, nor perform other necessary functions, if they have not the use of the passions, sensual and spiritual, their functions are reduced to mere promenades! They are then automata, deprived of free will and mechanically applicable to any uses! In this case, the government of the universe is only an act of despotism on the part of God. He deprives himself of the chances of variety, which might spread a charm over his dominion. He imitates a king who, playing at cards with his minister, should wish to choose his hand, and leave no room for chance; the consequence would be annui for both of them; can we presume that God, the infinitely wise, would commit such a fault in reducing to the part of automata the creatures whom he governs. Our philosophical and religious dogmas, in refusing to the stars industrial and creative functions, have infected with fatalism all the theories of movement; and to this day our foolishness in this sort is equal to that of the good simpletons who cannot break a pot without exclaiming: God's will be done! They deceive themselves; it is not God's will that there should be maladress or idleness; as a wise distributor, he wishes that creatures of all degrees should participate in the labors and delights, reserving to himself only the perpetual impulse or attraction, that it may be distributed unitarily, and leaving to the creatures the free will, the power to operate harmoniously for their happiness, or incoherently for their misery; since from the sub-divisions of Harmony and of the subversive order, spring the innumerable chances which form the stimulus of all creatures and of God himself.

Our planets, faithful to his intentions, pursue their harmonic labors of creation; while we think them idle, they are ready to give us a brilliant catalogue in the place of our hundred and thirty serpents and other reptiles hatched from the two first creations. It requires all the effrontery of the naturalists to flatter nature for a work so disgusting.

I have said nothing of the other func-

tions of the planets; it is enough to have commenced with dissipating the prejudice upon a single one of these functions, that of production. In other chapters we shall treat of matters pertaining to the consumption, reproduction and passionnal mechanism of these stars, which are quite identical with our's, in spite of the variety of methods and processes. It is always, at bottom, the development of the twelve passions, subject, as to forms, to innumerable differences, as I have remarked on the subject of the reproduction of animals.

In truth, we see nothing of all this mechanism of the stars; the aroma is not visible by us. If we could perceive it, we should see the whole planetary air occupied by a crowd of aroal columns crossing it in all directions. We do not see the magnetic fluid, whose circulation about our globe is well established by the motion of the needle which it governs. We do not see the seven colors which exist in the solar ray, before the prism has divided them. We do not see certain other aromas, such as that of electricity, which nevertheless make themselves felt: is it astonishing that we do not see the agents of communication between the planets, and the transmissions of aroal and other substances which take place habitually in their society, from which our planet is excluded? The great planetary atmosphere is all furrowed by these columns of aromas, which traverse it in all directions, and cross each other like the bullets on a field of battle. The planets absorb and give out these aromas in various ways; an aroma of reproduction is absorbed by the poles, an aroma of manducation by the equator, one of plantation or of seed by various latitudes which favor its development; and so with the others, for the planet has points especially adapted to the exercise of each sense. All this mechanism, invisible to us, exists none the less, and it must be repeated for the hundredth time, that men judge nature falsely, when they believe her limited to known resources, to effects and phenomena which fall under our senses.

Is it astonishing that they have been so slow to recognize the interior mechanism of the planets? It is but yesterday that we have known that of the objects contiguous to us: the circulation of the blood, the sexual functions of plants. We believed for twenty-five learned centuries, that nothing, except nourishment, circulated in our body; that the blood, the humors and the corporeal fluids were stationary; that the veins, arteries and glands were in a state of lethargy, condemned to inactivity. Have we not, moreover, thought that the leaves of plants were without functions? It was not

known that the leaf labors as well as the root, that it absorbs the juices to carry them to the trunk, which sends them back into the wood and the fruit, after elaboration. Now if for twenty-five centuries, we were too ignorant to judge either of the mechanism of our bodies, or that of plants which we had under our hands, is it surprising that we should have erred about the mechanism of the great planetary body, which is, like ourselves and our vegetables, a collection of springs and channels, in which circulate a crowd of fluids inspired and set in operation by the star, to be again respired and distributed amongst other stars.

But how can stars so far from one another talk together? What writings, or what concert can they have? How can they do this? And how can they do that? One might soon fill a page with these questions; but am I expected to explain all in a single chapter? and is it not time to finish this one? The important point was to dissipate that grossest of all prejudices, which establishes the inertia of the stars. Our savans reason continually about the unity of analogy, without ever wishing to subordinate thereto their speculative calculations, since they know in the polyversal scale but three creatures, man or the *monoverse*, the planet or *biverse*, and universe or *triverse*. If you wish to suppose unity, let us attribute to these creatures passions and labors, as well as to ourselves. We may be deceived in the determination of the labors, it is true; but at least let us hold fast to the principle, and discuss at leisure the details, the most probable mode of passionate and industrial relations of the stars. We will examine the different problems in succession. Let us continue first upon the aroinal industry before passing to the other planetary functions.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE CREATIONS MADE AND TO BE MADE UPON THE PLANET.

Mineral Kingdom, Vegetable Kingdom, Animal Kingdom.

I have designated by the term *terrestrial furnishings* (*mobilier terrestre*) the product of the creations made upon the surface of a planet. They furnish also its interior, for new aromas may be created, which penetrate the body of the planet. We have seen that on the satellites or moons, keys of the first degree, the creations number only 12, besides the pivotal one, which is never counted. Upon the cardinal planets, like our globe, they are of the number of 24, distributed as follows:

Ascending Vibration.	1. Subversive in composite divergence,	already made, pivotally on the old continent.
	2. Subversive in simple divergence,	already made, pivotally on the new continent.
	3. Subversive in neuter simple convergence,	to be obtained at will } after the issue from the anterior <i>Lymb</i> .
	4. Subversive in neuter composite convergence,	
	5. Ambiguous direct,	after three great ages (<i>sieclades</i>), 434 years, of mixed ascending Harmony.
	6, 7, 8.	are the direct harmonic creations, which will succeed each other at intervals of about 12 <i>sieclades</i> , 1728 years.
	9, 10, 11, 12.	
	25.	
	25.	Amphiharmonic direct, or pivotal major.
	25.	Amphiharmonic inverse, or pivotal minor.
Descending Vibration.	13, 14, 15, 16.	are the inverse harmonic creations, at the distance of about 12 <i>sieclades</i> .
	17, 18, 19.	
	20. Ambiguous inverse (3 <i>sieclades</i> before the fall of Harmony), will cause the decline into mixed descending Harmony.	
	21. Neuter composite, will cause the fall into the posterior mixt <i>Lymb</i> .	
	22. Neuter mixt. Reinforcement of the said <i>Lymb</i> .	
	23. Subversive simple. (<i>Roquee</i>) Out of order, castled, as in chess, will cause a momentaneous return into the mixt <i>Lymb</i> , and, soon after, the end of Humanity.	

I have said that we can obtain at will the two creations numbered 3, neuter simple, and 4, neuter composite, because the simple (which will take place, like the second, pivotally on the American continent) is adapted to the seventh social period indicated in the table. Now as we shall omit this period, to pass immediately to the eighth, we shall be able to have the two creations simultaneously, the materials being ready. The aromas of the globe, all vitiated as its system is, exist not the less in a degree sufficient for Harmony. A very short operation, which the planet itself will execute by its boreal ring, will suffice to purge them and refine them. Once raised to the rank of the fourth creation, the third will be all the easier. For this reason they will be put together, twin-like, and will commence, one upon the new, the other upon the old continent, immediately after

the inauguration of Harmony. So, every man now living may flatter himself that he will see them; but not in their completeness, for, in spite of the extreme acceleration with which the stars will set about it, the work will occupy at least a *sieclade*, one hundred and forty-four years, but it will be urged on without regard to regular methods. The planetary system will engage in the work, every other business being suspended, because it has pressing need of reinstalling our planet in its functions, where it cannot enter fully without new furnishings or a complete equipment. They will proceed as men do where there is danger of inundation, when all hands are called out to remove in a couple of hours the crops, which ordinarily could not be gathered in less than two days.

To be Continued.

THE CORAL.

We know not a millionth part of the wonders of this beautiful world.—LEIGH HUNT.

There's a living atom in the sea
That weaves a flinty shell,
For itself a lasting shroud to be,
And a home in which to dwell.
In the briny waste of ocean waves
It builds its coral home,
And mocks at the beating surge that raves
Its dreary abode with foam.

There — there, in deep cerulean gloom,
Unnumbered myriad swarms
Are forming a coral home and tomb —
A shield to their insect forms.
And the rocky sepulchres made fast,
The leagues thus covered o'er,
They uprear a mausoleum vast
On the ocean's sandy floor.

'Neath the shallow waves of the inland sea,
Where gentler waters flow —

As bright as flowers on the upland lea,
The branches of coral grow;
And dredged from their watery element,
And wrought with skilful care,
To beauty's bower their hues are sent,
To deck the forms of the fair.

But coral rocks of the tropic clime,
Built up 'mid the ocean wave,
And form'd of the ocean's briny slime,
For the coral's home and grave;
How mean would the grandest works compare,
That pride of man can form,
With the mighty power in progress there,
The skill of the insect worm!

'Tis a wondrous work to mortal eyes,
And ocean's waves can tell
Of spreading climes that yet will rise,
From the coral's rocky shell;
On the shores the winds and waves will fling
The wealth of other lands,
And in time to come, their harvesting
Will be reaped by mortal hands.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

V.

Albert first made his instrument play several of those ancient canticles whose authors are either unknown to us, or were even then forgotten in Bohemia, but of which Zdenko had retained the precious tradition, and of which the Count had found the letter, by force of studies and meditation. He had so nourished himself with the spirit of these compositions, barbarous at first sight, but profoundly touching and truly beautiful to a serious and enlightened taste, he had so far assimilated them to himself, as to be able to improvise for a long time upon the idea of these motives, to mingle with them his own ideas, resume and develop the primitive sentiment of the composition and abandon himself to his personal inspiration, without the original, austere and striking character of these ancient chants being altered by his ingenious and learned interpretation. Consuelo had promised herself that she would listen to and retain these precious specimens of the ancient popular genius of old Bohemia. But all spirit of examination soon became impossible to her, as much on account of the dreamy disposition in which she was, as from the vagueness diffused through this music foreign to her ear.

There is a music which may be called natural, because it is not the product of science and reflection, but of an inspiration which escapes the rigor of rules and conventions. Such is popular music; that of the peasants especially. What beautiful poetry is born, lives and dies among them, without ever having had the honors of a correct notation, and without having deigned to enclose itself in the absolute version of a determined theme! The unknown artist who improvises his rustic ballad, while watching his flocks or following his plough, (there are such, even in countries which appear least poetical,) would compel himself with difficulty to retain and fix his fugitive ideas. He communicates his ballad to other musicians, children of nature like himself, and they carry it from hamlet to hamlet, from cottage to cottage, every one modifying it at the will of his individual genius. It is on this account that those songs and pastoral romances, so piquant in simplicity, or so profound in sentiment, are for the most part lost and have hardly more than a century's existence in the memory of the peasants. Musicians formed to the rules of the art, do not pay attention enough to collect them. The greater

part despise them, for want of an intelligence sufficiently pure and a sentiment sufficiently elevated to comprehend them; others are repelled by the difficulty they meet as soon as they wish to find the verifiable and primitive version, which perhaps exists no longer even for the author himself, and which certainly has never been recognized as a determined and invariable type by its numerous interpreters. Some have altered it from ignorance; others have developed, adorned or embellished it from the effect of their superiority, they never having learned from the teachings of art to repress its instinct. They do not themselves know that they have transformed the primitive work, neither do their simple bearers perceive it. The peasant neither examines nor compares. When heaven has made him a musician, he sings like the birds, like the nightingale especially, whose improvisation is continual, though the elements of its infinitely varied song may be always the same. Besides, the genius of the people has a fecundity without limit.* It has no

* If you listen attentively to the players on the bagpipe, who perform the part of minstrels in the rural districts of the centre of France, you will see that they know not less than two or three hundred compositions of the same order and the same character, but which are never borrowed from each other; and you will satisfy yourself that in less than three years, this immense repertory is entirely renewed. I lately had the following conversation with one of these wandering minstrels. "You have learned a little music." "Certainly, I have learned to play upon the bag pipe with the great drone and with keys." "Where did you take lessons?" "In Bourbonnais in the woods." "Who was your master?" "A man in the woods." "Then you know the notes?" "I should think so." "In what key do you play?" "In what key? what does that mean?" "Is it not *re* that you play?" "I do not know the *re*." "How do you call your notes then?" "They are called notes; they have no particular names." "How can you retain so many different airs?" "I listen." "Who composes those airs?" "A great many people, famous musicians in the woods." "Then they make a great many." "They make them all the time; they never stop." "Do they do any thing else?" "They cut wood." "They are wood-cutters?" "Almost all wood-cutters. We say that music grows in the woods. We always find it there." "And is it there you go to seek it?" "Every year. The little musicians do not go. They listen to what comes by the road and they repeat it as they can. But to get the true accent, one must go and hear the wood-cutters of Bourbonnais." "And how does it come to them?" "As they walk in the woods, as they go home at night, as they repose on Sundays." "And do you compose?" "A little, but hardly ever, it's not worth much. One must be born in the woods and I am of the plain. There is no one who equals me in the accent; but as for inventing, we know nothing about it and do well not to attempt it."

I tried to make him say what he meant by *accent*. He could not succeed, perhaps because he comprehended it too well, and judged me unworthy to comprehend. He was young, serious, black as a pifferaro of Cala-

* These are two different instruments called the *cornemuse* and the *musette*.

need of registering its productions; it produces without repose, like the earth they cultivate; it creates at all hours like the nature which inspires it.

Consuelo had in her heart all the candor, all the poetry, all the sensibility which is required to understand popular music, and to love it passionately.—Therein she was a great artist, and the learned theories she had fathomed had not deprived her genius of that freshness and that suavity which is the treasure of inspiration and the youth of the soul. She had sometimes said to Anzoleto, but concealed it from Porpora, that she liked the *barcarolles* of the fishermen of the Adriatic, better than all the science of *Padre Martine* and of *Maestro Durante*. Her mother's boleros and canticles were a source of poetic life for her, of which she never wearied in drawing upon her precious recollections. What an impression there must have been made upon her by the musical genius of Bohemia, the inspiration of that people of shepherds and warriors, fanatical, grave and gentle in the midst of the most powerful elements of force and activity! There were in it striking characteristics, entirely new to her. Albert expressed that music with a rare intelligence of the national spirit, and of the energetic and pious sentiment which had given birth to it. He united with it, in his improvisations, the profound melancholy and overwhelming sorrow which slavery had impressed upon his own character and that of his people; and this mixture of sadness and bravery, of exaltation and depression, those hymns of gratitude joined to cries of distress, were the most complete and the most profound expression both of poor Bohemia and of poor Albert.

It has been truly said, that the aim of music is emotion. No other art can in so sublime a manner awaken the human sentiment in the breast of men; no other art can depict to the eyes of the soul, all the splendors of nature, the delights of contemplation, the characters of nations, the

hria, went from fete to fete, playing all day, and had not slept for three nights, because he was obliged to travel six or eight leagues before sunrise, in order to go from one village to another. He was all the better for it, drank great jugs of wine, enough to stupify an ox, and did not complain, like the trumpeter of Walter Scott, of having lost his wind. The more he drank, the more grave and proud was he. He played very well and had truly reason to be vain of his accent. Let us observe that his play was a perpetual modification of each theme. It was impossible to write one of these themes, without taking notes of each one of fifty different versions. That was probably his merit and his art. His answers to my questions enabled me to find, I believe, the etymology of the theme of *bourree* given to the dances of the country. *Bourree* is the synonym of faggot, and the woodcutters of Bourbonnais have given this name to their musical compositions as master Adam gave that of *pege* to his pieces of poetry.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

tumults of their passions and the languors of their suffering. Regret, hope, terror, concentration, consternation, enthusiasm, faith, doubt, glory, calm, all these and even more, music communicates to us and again takes from us, at the will of its genius and according to the whole extent of ours. It even creates the aspect of things, and without falling into the puerilities of sounds, or the narrow imitations of real noises, it throws us, through a vapor which enlarges and aggrandizes them, those exterior objects, among which it transports our imagination. Certain canticles will cause to appear before us, the gigantic phantoms of the ancient cathedrals, and at the same time enable us to penetrate into the thought of the nations who have built them and are there prostrate singing their religious hymns. He who knows how to express powerfully and simply, the music of different people, and he who knows how to listen to it properly, needs not to make the circuit of the globe to see different nations, to enter their monuments, to read their books, and to traverse their plains, their mountains, their gardens, or their deserts. A Jewish song well rendered makes us enter the synagogue; all Scotland is in a true Scotch air, as all Spain in a true Spanish air. I have often been in Poland, in Germany, at Naples, in Ireland, and in India, and I know those men and those countries better than if I had examined them for years. It required but an instant to transport me there and to make me live all the life which animates them. It was the essence of that life which I assimilated to myself under the illusions of music.

Little by little Consuelo ceased to listen and even to hear Albert's violin. All her soul was attentive; and her senses, closed to direct perceptions, awoke in another world, to guide her spirit through unknown regions inhabited by new beings. She saw the spectres of the old heroes of Bohemia move in a chaos at once horrible and magnificent; she heard the funeral knell of the convent bells, while the formidable Taborites descended from the summits of fortified mountains, lean, half naked, savage and bloody. Then she saw the angels of death assemble in the clouds, the chalice and sword in their hands. Suspended in close ranks over the heads of the prevaricating pontiffs, she saw them pour down upon the accursed earth the cup of divine wrath. She thought she heard the shock of their heavy wings and the blood of the Christ, falling in large drops behind them to extinguish the conflagration enkindled by their fury. At one moment it was a fearful and dark night, in which she heard the bodies, abandoned on the field of battle, groan and rattle. Then it was a

glowing day, the brightness of which she dared not endure, and in which she saw pass like lightning, the redoubtable blind man in his chariot, with his round casque, his rusty cuirass, and the bloody bandage which covered his eyes. The temples opened themselves at his approach; the monks fled into the bosom of the earth, carrying and hiding their treasures in the lapets of their gowns. Then the conquerors brought emaciated old men, beggars covered with sores like Lazarus; idiots came laughing like Zdenko; executioners stained with livid blood, little children with pure hands and angelic brows, warlike women with bundles of pikes and resinous torches, all seated themselves around a table; and an angel, radiant and beautiful as those whom Albert Durer has placed in his apocalyptic compositions, came and offered to their greedy lips, the cup of wood, the chalice of pardon, of restoration and of holy equality.

This angel re-appeared in the visions which passed at that instant before the eyes of Consuelo. On looking at him intently, she recognized Satan, the most beautiful of the immortals after God, the saddest next to Jesus, the boldest among the bold. He dragged after him the chains he had broken; and his fawn-colored wings, stripped and hanging, bore the marks of violence and captivity. He smiled mournfully upon the men stained with crimes and pressed the little children to his breast.

Suddenly it seemed to Consuelo that Albert's violin spoke and said by the mouth of Satan;—"No, the Christ my brother has not loved you more than I love you. It is time that you should know me, and that instead of calling me the enemy of the human race, you should recognize in me the friend who has sustained you in the strife. I am not a demon, I am the archangel of legitimate revolt and the patron of great struggles. Like the Christ, I am the God of the poor, the weak and the oppressed. When he promised you the kingdom of God upon the earth, when he announced his return among you, he meant to say that after having endured persecution, you would be recompensed, by acquiring liberty and happiness with him and with me. It was together that we were to return and it is together that we do return, so united each to the other that we no longer constitute more than one. It was he, the divine principle, the God of spirit, who descended into the darkness, into which ignorance had cast me, and where I underwent, in the flames of desire and indignation, the same torments which the scribes and pharisees of all ages have made him endure. I am henceforth forever with your children; for he has broken my chains, he has ex-

tinguished my burning pyre, he has reconciled me with God and with you. Hereafter craft and fear will no longer be the law and the lot of the weak, but boldness and strong minded will. It is he, Jesus, who is merciful, gentle, tender, and the just: as for me, I am the just also, but I am the strong, the warlike, the severe, and the persevering. O people! do you not recognize him who has spoken in the secret of your hearts, during the whole of your existence, and who, in all your distresses, has comforted you by saying to you: Seek for happiness, do not renounce it! Happiness is due to you, demand it and you will have it! Do you not see upon my brow all your sufferings, and upon my wounded limbs the scars of the chains which you have worn. Drink of the cup which I bring you: you will there find my tears mingled with those of the Christ and with your own; you will find them quite as warm, and they will be quite as salutary to you!"

This hallucination filled the heart of Consuelo. She thought she saw and heard the fallen angel weep and groan before her. She saw him grand, pale, and beautiful, with his long hair disordered upon his brow scarred by lightning, but always bold and raised towards heaven. She admired him, while still shuddering from the habit of fearing him, and yet she loved him with that fraternal and pious love which is inspired by the sight of powerful misfortune. It seemed to her that in the midst of the communion of the Bohemian brothers, it was to her that he addressed himself; that he gently reproached her for her mistrust and her fear, and that he drew her towards him by a magnetic look which it was impossible to resist. Fascinated, transported out of herself, she rose, and rushed towards him with open arms, her knees bending beneath her. Albert let fall his violin, which gave out a plaintive sound as it fell, and received the young girl in his arms, with a cry of surprise and transport. It was he whom Consuelo listened to and looked upon, when dreaming of the rebellious angel; it was his figure, every way similar to the image she had formed, which had attracted and subdued her; it was against his heart that she had pressed her own, saying in a smothered voice: "Thine! thine! angel of sorrow; thine and God's forever."

Hardly had Albert's trembling lips breathed upon her's, when she felt a mortal coldness and piercing pains freeze and burn by turns her breast and brain. Suddenly snatched from her illusion, she experienced so violent a shock in her whole being, that she believed herself about to die; and tearing herself from the Count's arms, she fell against the

bones of the altar, a part of which crumbled upon her with a terrible noise. Seeing herself covered with these human remains, and looking upon Albert, whom she had pressed in her arms and made in some sort master of her soul and her liberty in a moment of frenzied exaltation, she experienced so horrible a terror and anguish, that she hid her face in her disordered hair, crying out with sobs: "Away from here! Far from here! In the name of God, air, daylight! O my God! deliver me from this sepulchre, and restore me to the light of the sun!"

Albert, seeing her grow pale and delirious, rushed towards her and wished to take her in his arms and carry her out of the grotto. But in her fright, she did not comprehend him; and rising strongly, she began to fly recklessly towards the bottom of the cavern, taking no note of the obstacles, of the sinuous arms of the fountain which crossed before her, which in many places presented great dangers. "In the name of God!" cried Albert, "not that way! stop, stop. There is death under your feet! wait for me!"

But his cries only increased Consuelo's fear. Twice she passed the stream, leaping with the lightness of a doe, and yet without knowing what she did. At last, in a dark place, planted with cypress, she stumbled upon a raised mound and fell, her hands forward, upon the fine and freshly stirred earth.

This shock changed the disposition of her nerves. A sort of stupor succeeded her terror. Suffocated, panting, and understanding nothing of what she had experienced, she allowed the Count to approach and rejoin her. He had rushed quickly after her and had retained presence of mind enough to seize hastily, in passing, one of the torches planted on the rocks, in order that he might at least light her steps amidst the windings of the stream, if he did not succeed in overtaking her before she reached a place which he knew to be deep, and towards which she was hurrying. Terrified, overpowered by such sudden and contrary emotions, the poor young man dared neither speak to her nor raise her. She was seated upon the heap of earth which had made her stumble, and dared as little to address him. Confused, with her eyes cast down, she looked mechanically upon the soil where she was. Suddenly she perceived that the eminence had the form and dimensions of a grave, and that she was in fact seated upon a trench recently filled up, covered with dried flowers and branches of cypress hardly withered. She rose precipitately and in a fresh attack of terror, which she could not conquer, cried out: "O Albert! whom have you buried here!"

"I have here interred that which was most dear to me in the world before knowing you," replied Albert, displaying the most sorrowful emotion. "If it be a sacrilege, as I committed it in a day of delirium and with the intention of fulfilling a sacred duty, God will forgive me. I will tell you bye and bye what soul inhabited the body which reposes here. Now you are too much agitated and have need of the fresh air. Come, Consuelo, let us leave this place where in one instant you have made me the most happy and the most miserable of men."

"O! yes," cried she, "let us go hence! I know not what vapors exhale from the earth; but I feel myself dying, and my reason abandons me."

They went out together, without saying another word. Albert walked in front, stopping and lowering his torch at every stone, that his companion might see and avoid it. When he was about to open the door of the cell, a remembrance far removed in appearance from the frame of mind in which she was, but connected with it by an artistic association, was awakened in Consuelo.

"Albert," said she, "you have forgotten your violin near the fountain. I cannot consent that that admirable instrument which has awakened in me emotions unknown before, should be abandoned to certain destruction in that damp spot."

Albert made a motion which indicated the little value he should thenceforth attach to any thing which was not Consuelo. But she insisted: "It has caused me great pain," said she to him, "and yet—"

"If it has only caused you pain, let it be destroyed," replied he with bitterness; "I do not wish to touch it again in all my life. Ah! I long for its annihilation."

"I should lie if I said that," returned Consuelo, restored to a sentiment of respect for the Count's musical genius. "The emotion exceeded my strength, that is all; and the rapture was changed into agony. Go and seek it, my friend; I wish myself to replace it in its case, while waiting until I have courage enough to take it thence to restore to your hands and again listen to it."

Consuelo was affected by the look of thanks which the Count addressed to her on receiving this hope. He re-entered the grotto to obey her; and remaining alone some instants, she reproached herself for her foolish terror and her frightful suspicions. Trembling and blushing she remembered that feverish movement which had thrown her into his arms; but she could not help admiring the modest respect and the chaste timidity of a man who adored her and who did not dare profit by such a circumstance to utter

even a word of his love. The sadness which she saw in his features and the languor of his faltering steps, sufficiently announced that he had not conceived any audacious hope either for the present or the future. She felt obliged by such a great delicacy of heart, and promised herself that she would soften by the kindest words, the sort of leave they were about to take of each other on quitting the grotto.

But the remembrance of Zdenko, like a vengeful shade, was to follow her even to the end and accuse Albert in spite of herself. On approaching the door, her eyes fell upon an inscription in Bohemian, of which she easily understood all the words, excepting one, since she knew them by heart. A hand, which could only have been Zdenko's, had traced with chalk upon the black and deep door: "*May he who has been wronged—thce.*" The other word was unintelligible to Consuelo, and this circumstance caused her intense anxiety. Albert returned, shut up his violin, without her having either the courage or the thought to help him as she had promised. She again felt all the impatience she had before experienced to leave the grotto. As he was turning the key with difficulty in the rusted lock, she could not help putting her finger upon the mysterious word and looking at her host with an air of interrogation.

"That signifies," replied Albert, with a kind of calmness, "May the misunderstood angel, the friend of the unhappy, he of whom we spoke just now, Consuelo—"

"Yes, Satan; I know that; and the rest?"

"May Satan, I say, pardon you!"

"Pardon what?" returned she, becoming pale.

"If sorrow need pardon," replied the Count with melancholy serenity, "I have a long prayer to make."

They entered the gallery and did not break their silence until they had reached the Cave of the Monk. But when the light of outward day fell with its bluish reflections through the foliage upon the Count's face, Consuelo saw two streams of silent tears flowing gently down his cheeks. She was affected; and yet, when he approached with a timid air to carry her to the entrance, she preferred wetting her feet in the brackish water, rather than permit him to raise her in his arms. She alleged as a pretext the state of fatigue and depression in which she saw he was, and had already put her delicate shoe into the basin, when Albert said, extinguishing his torch: "Farewell, then, Consuelo! I see by your aversion to me that I must again enter everlasting night, and like a spectre, evoked by you

for an instant, return to my tomb, after having succeeded only in terrifying you."

"No, your life belongs to me!" cried Consuelo, turning and stopping him: "you made me an oath not to re-enter that cavern without me, and you have no right to take it back."

"And why do you wish to impose the burden of life upon the phantom of a man? The solitary is but the shadow of a mortal, and he who is not loved is alone every where and among all."

"Albert, Albert! you rend my heart. Come, carry me out. It seems to me that in the full light of day, I shall at last see clearly into my own destiny."

To be Continued.

REVIEW.

The True Grandeur of Nations: an Oration delivered before the Authorities of the City of Boston, July 4, 1845. By CHARLES SUMNER. Boston: J. H. Eastburn, City Printer. 1845. pp. 104.

Remarks upon an Oration delivered before the Authorities of the City of Boston, July 4, 1845. By A CITIZEN OF BOSTON. Boston: Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols. 1845. pp. 31.

It was our misfortune as well as that of our readers, that our columns were silent upon Mr. Sumner's Oration at the time it was published. To a friendly hand that has more than once laid us under such obligations, was assigned the duty of noticing it, but an indisposition by which the cause of letters and other interests of higher moment are large losers, disappointed us. Meanwhile other subjects engaged ourselves until it seemed almost too late to take this one up.

We are, however, not altogether sorry that what we have to say has been postponed to the present time. The "Oration," with its impregnable statistics and generous and eloquent spirit, has been spread over the land; the critics, big and little, have said their say about it; its principles, which to all truly liberal and enlightened minds need no commendation, have been discussed in many places, and we may fairly hope for a partial and candid hearing for some most important conclusions, which the advocates of Peace do not generally arrive at. For this reason we return our thanks to the writer of the "Remarks," which have but lately fallen under our eye, for giving occasion to this notice.

About these "Remarks" a word or two. Their author is, we are informed, an ardent votary of that kind of military glory which is earned in the streets and public squares on holidays; whose splendor a rabble of dirty boys and loafers always attest, and whose triumphs the daily papers never fail to bray through their columns.

The age of chivalry, somebody has said, is gone; but the author of this saying never saw an American militia training. We do not mean such a free and easy performance as sometimes happens in the country, where ramrods or even good cornstalks arm the jolly warriors, but the exhibition which occasionally takes place in Broadway or Washington Street. On some summer day when the thermometer is at its utmost, and all peaceful things seek the friendly shade, you shall hear at a distance, bursts of music so loud and defiant that you might fancy it to announce the approach of some great general or of the "thick embattled squadrons bright" of that gallant Brigadier whom the gods and the ladies all admire. On they come; the motley vanguard crowding the whole street, more happy, if not as handsome, as the heroes that follow; then the band, about midway in point of numbers, between the mob and the soldiers; the captain follows, a grave, nay, a solemn spectacle,—sweating under his heavy cap and thick padded coat, tight buttoned to his chin, but still more under the immensity of the occasion and of his own high duties; then come the rank and file, some twenty or more, mostly youths of the age which Carlyle says should be kept safe in barrels, fortified all over, from cauteen to bayonet, sweltering and ready to faint with heat, yet valorously holding themselves upright for the glory of their country and a champagne supper. We do not need to look at them very closely to discover that, notwithstanding appearances, they are by no means voracious as fire-eaters, and that their true emblem is not that old symbol of military ferocity, the tiger, but some more sober and peaceful animal. They may have skill and spirit enough for the conflicts that are carried on across merchants' counters and in lawyers' offices, but little taste and less knack for those of bloody fields. To this comparatively harmless order of martial spirits, our "Citizen of Boston" belongs. He is a military man himself,

"A train band Captain eke was he
Of credit and renown."

No wonder then that a proposal to abolish war should call him to the field, or that the idea of disarming the nations seem to threaten his own occupation and honors. Where then would be the training days and muster days, who would be "Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms," what would become of all that pomp and pride which is of such untold service to the country? Patience, O fiery-souled and sanguinary "Citizen!" The times come when there shall be embattled fields for other purposes than for human butchery, with other trophies than mangled corpses and whitened bones; when gorgeous banners and gold and flashing steel

shall mock the living sun with no deadly and lying splendor; when music, that might thrill the angels of Heaven, shall be the prelude to grander deeds than the fierce, hot struggle of embroiled rage; when the flower of the nations, the very pride of Humanity, adorned with all the magnificence of the earth, shall be poured forth, host upon host, to conquer nature, to array the world in beauty, to make it blooming and fruitful as the Garden of God, the fit abode of a race of his loving and beloved children.

It must be admitted that petty and even contemptible as the spirit of these "Remarks" seems when contrasted with the broad and humane enthusiasm of the production they attack, they contain some rather smart things among many foolish ones. The writer hits with a sort of pettifoggery dexterity upon some imperfect points which weaken the Oration, and excite in us a lively regret that its social and political philosophy is not as complete as its moral tone is elevated and noble. Of some of these defects we shall speak in the course of our remarks, as well as of others, which we believe have not yet been noticed.

We do not admit that Mr. Sumner spoke out of place, or that he insulted his audience, and we are happy to see by the resolve of the Board of Aldermen that the Boston "authorities" had no idea that they had sustained any serious affront. But they are only ignorant civilians, and have not the exquisite high sense of honor which military men cultivate.

Looking upon the Fourth of July with reverence and gratitude because it is the birth-day of our country, because it is connected imperishably with the memory of our Fathers, but more than all because we believe it to mark an important and happy epoch in the life of Humanity, we cannot conceive that any sincere plea for progress could on that day be inappropriate, or even that Americans should tolerate any thing else. We thank Mr. Sumner, though he needs no thanks of ours, for having thus done justice to the occasion and to his own reputation, and for having pointed us forward to what is still to be done, instead of occupying himself, according to the fashion, with empty praises of what was long ago accomplished.

Mr. Sumner treats his subject under the following heads. First, definition of war; second, its character and origin; third, its consequences and effects; fourth, its inefficiency in gaining its end; fifth, influences and prejudices in favor of war, the belief in its necessity, the practices of the nations, the influence derived from the Christian Church, the point of honor, selfish and exaggerated love of country;

sixth, the immense cost of war and its preparations; seventh, the use of the standing army of the United States, its navy, its fortifications, and its militia; eighth, falseness of the idea that in peace we must prepare for war; ninth, review of the whole subject, nature of true national greatness.

The facts and arguments, of which we have above given the skeleton, are presented with great vigor and clearness. We do not recollect that we have ever seen them stated in so powerful and impressive a manner. The argument from Christianity and the example of the early church is urged with peculiar force, and we might suppose would have an irresistible weight with all those who profess to be Christians, had we not learned that habit, personal interest, prejudice, and intellectual indolence are ten-fold proof against the plainest deductions from the most evident principles.

We presume however that there can be little difference of opinion as to war considered in the abstract. All parties will admit that it is one of the extremest evils that can afflict the earth. Even the "Citizen of Boston" says as much, and we have heard others who had nobly and indisputably earned their right to be called "military men," speak of it with the most sincere horror. So far all are agreed. But now arises one of the most difficult questions, upon which, as well as upon other similar questions, there are two great parties. First, the Reformers, among whom Mr. Sumner, by his learning and talents, now assumes an eminent rank, who declare that the whole military establishment of the world ought to be abolished at once, except perhaps so much as may be absolutely needful for the purposes of National Police, the suppression of pirates, and so forth. All disputes between nations should be settled by a permanent Congress and National High Court, by Arbitration or by Mediation. The other party are our old and well known friends, the Conservatives, in this case perhaps not so numerous as usual, who stoutly maintain that at least the preparations for war are necessary, and that the Peace Society is a body of impracticable theorists, well meaning enthusiasts, but not very wise in the affairs of this world. They tell us that in the present stage of national relations such a change, even though dictated by every motive of abstract right, is out of the question. Disband your armies, tear down your forts and turn your ships of war into merchantmen, and what will protect you from aggression, what will keep weak states from becoming the prey of the strong? Besides, on what can your Congress of Nations depend for the enforcement of its decrees, if there is no

ultimate appeal to force? How too will you get your Congress instituted? When England has no China or India to prey upon, and Russia no Poland; when the great powers have got possession of all the earth, they will perhaps think about such a measure, but while their lust of dominion is unsated you might as well talk to the wind.

These we believe are the main arguments of those who oppose the Peace movement. To them Mr. Sumner replies, "The true reliance of a people is not on brute force, but on moral power, which is infinitely stronger and cannot be appealed to in vain, so that the appeal be alloyed by no resort to aught baser. A cause committed simply to the Right shall never be conquered; Justice is the surest of all things, but with armies and battles nothing is sure except misery and evil." To this the answer is, "Your theory is fine; we wish it were practicable. It may do a thousand years hence, but now the world is not good enough."

Now we are constrained to believe that in this controversy, as in most of those which take place between the same parties, neither side is exclusively in the right. The Reformers are invincible with their abstract truths, their solid columns of figures, and above all, the Spirit of the Age is on their side; but on the other hand the Conservatives demand certain conditions of which they see no satisfactory guarantee. They wish to have positive assurance that the nations can be disarmed with safety, before they will assent to it. They must know how in the present state of the world, we can, without armies and navies, maintain universal security, and preserve what Mankind, at great cost, have gained. Could the advocates of peace propose any practicable method of putting war forever out of the question, we imagine their opponents would not long resist. But while they go no farther than to show its horrors and absurdities, and to suggest the way in which it may in the majority of cases be avoided, while in the minority its possibility or even necessity yet remains, their progress must be slow. The universal disbanding of armies and cessation of military works, is a consequence, but hardly a preliminary of the establishment of universal Peace, and unless some means are discovered and applied, by which this can be done upon a more secure and permanent basis than ordinary national alliances, the earth will long continue to grieve under the tread of warlike armies and the weight of fortifications.

Undoubtedly the whole tendency of the world's policy, is to settle national differences by arbitration and negotiation, where formerly the sword would have

been resorted to at once. This results in a great degree, from the growing consciousness of human brotherhood, and the feeling that war is a hideous sin in the sight of God, but far more from the omnipotence of Mammon. This is the Divinity that now shapes the ends of human affairs, that governs cabinets, and controls kings.

Governments may still be necessary parts of the general ceremonial, but their power is fast becoming subordinate. The true government is that of the Market and Exchange, the real potentates are bankers and merchants. The time too, is swiftly approaching, when this new power will more completely and evidently manifest its supremacy; when from some imperial Rothschild or Baring, sighing like the victorious Alexander for a new world to subjugate, down to the simple owner of a village or a manufactory, where some thousands of starving creatures daily sell their pitiful lives, the great feudal empire of Money will be fully organized, and at the meridian of its career. God grant that we may be enabled to use the means of averting a crisis so fatal to the best interests of Humanity!

But while trade and stock-jobbing instinctively oppose their powerful influence to war, they are far from sufficient to create what Mr. Sumner must regard as the first condition for disarming the nations. This is their Union, and the establishment of a common head of some kind, with power to compel obedience, a thing perhaps not impossible even while the present elemental form and structure of society remain; but so difficult, and requiring so great a length of time for its consummation, that were there no brighter and nearer hope, we should fear that the aspirations, the yearnings, the sublime thoughts, that move the Age and show that a great crisis is at hand, were but dreams and illusions.

We do not understand the advocates of Peace as teaching what is commonly called Non-Resistance. They do not lay down as a fundamental principle, that the employment of force among men is a moral wrong in all cases. Thus Mr. Sumner expressly says, that it may be used "under the sanction of Justice in the conservation of the Laws and of domestic quiet." Justice having given her decision, force may, if necessary, be called in to execute it. Thus, nations have perfect right under the strictest construction of moral principles, forcibly to suppress the slave trade, since Justice most obviously condemns it. So too, we do not see why according to this view, a Congress of Nations might not legitimately enforce its determinations by military power, if they were not otherwise respected. Here, as in the case of the State restraining the indivi-

dual within the bonds of good order, a higher authority acts on nations after careful and impartial consideration, with a view to exact justice and the general good. This is entirely a different thing from war, in which equal parties contend for the advantage. The one is like the quarrel of children where chance and superior strength determine the victory, the other like the calm and resolute exercise of paternal authority. As a State has a right to control its members, so a Congress or Union of States could rightfully control individual nations, and preserve order among them.

It is true that Mr. Sumner, in the argument from the power of sympathy and from the Christian law of Love, lays down his premises in so broad and unqualified a manner, that a strict logic must lead him to deny the absolute rightfulness, not only of physical force but of constraint of any kind, — a true principle, though entirely false when applied to the present Social Order. We know no method of reasoning by which the Oration (pp. 67—73) can be reconciled with the usual compulsory processes of civil government. We presume, also, that Mr. Sumner would not attempt to reconcile things so entirely opposite, but would abandon his high theoretic ground for the more common argument of "Necessity;" though he does not admit that argument in defence of war. He has here got into a dilemma which we regard as a serious defect in the Oration.

But the vital defect of this and similar treatises is, that they do not go profoundly into the subject. They do not lay bare the efficient cause of war, of course, still less the means for its removal. Their tone and spirit are of the highest character, but for want of a sufficient understanding of human history and the laws of human society, they fail to grasp the matter in its breadth and depth. Not perceiving that war results from *Universal Hostility of Interests and Social Discord*, and that its real abolition can result only from the opposite, the leaders of the Peace movement labor to produce a superficial change which will still leave Humanity toiling in the wilderness. Those grand ideas, universal Peace and the Unity of the Nations have entered their hearts and fired their imaginations indeed, but have failed wholly so to seize upon their minds as to produce any creative effects. Accordingly, like temperance lecturers who convert men from gin and brandy, only that they may resort to opium, they merely aim to remove the more brutal and external collision, but leave the battle to be fought by the craft of diplomatists and the intrigues of politicians. To ourselves, this seems a most unsatisfactory and incomplete object. — We yield to no man in zeal for the estab-

lishment of indestructible peace all over the earth, but it must be perfect, integral, real peace, or it cannot excite our enthusiasm. For neighbors to cease fighting every day, and to burn their clubs is something, but if instead of it they cheat each other in trade, take advantage of each others necessities and keep their houses bolted against each other, our ideas of good neighborhood are by no means answered. We wish to see their hearts expanded as well as their hands tamed, and their *interests made one*, so that there can be no conflict between them whatever, and each shall naturally and constantly seek the other's good while he seeks his own.

It is not that our friends whom we now in all humility, but with all earnestness, presume to criticise, lack any thing of that soul-filling ardor in the cause of Humanity which at this time is the noblest inspiration communicated to men, but because they fail to carry the idea of peace to its legitimate consequences, because they remain in its outermost form, as it were, that we cannot add ourselves, in every sense, to their ranks. To our minds the case is briefly this: Real Peace requires Unity of Interests among Nations; but it is impossible for nations to be organized into One on this basis, until they are themselves organized upon it, that is, until it is the foundation of the separate communities or townships of which they are composed. We do not understand how a man of ordinary vigor and logical sequence of thought can reflect upon the nature and conditions of peace without being led by irresistible necessity to see that the preliminary to it is the introduction of its principles into the primary organization of society; in other words, that the Peace Reform must be radical and thorough Social Reform.

Mr. Sumner, in that part of the Oration before spoken of, (pp. 67—73) which we trust is with him more than a flight of imagination or a mere burst of feeling, lays down that divine law which should be supreme in society, though he elsewhere substantially admits that it cannot be put in force in the present social order; in which we agree. We mean the law of Love, the only law whose action can produce peace and harmony. But, what does this law demand? No military establishments doubtless, but also no gaols, no police, no penal statutes, *no labor from either physical or moral compulsion*. These conditions may seem difficult, but they can be fulfilled.

We have seen, though in a manner so brief as to be entirely inadequate to the subject, that the establishment of peace, requires the law of Love to govern society; we have also seen what are some of the conditions of that law.

It then becomes a matter of unspeakable interest to know how these conditions can be realized, and society, in its greatest and least forms, organized according to that law. We can conceive of no question which, to a philanthropist in the true sense of that much abused word, can have so immediate and momentous a significance. This question, the doctrine of Association professes to answer in the fullest and most explicit manner. It promises a state of society in which Attractive Industry and Moral Harmony will realize all that the Christian idea of human relations can possibly demand. It affirms, and that not on hypothesis or from fanciful theorising, but from scientific proofs and the most exact and careful investigations, that, by an experiment in which, with judicious management, there need be no risk whatever, and which at any rate will require no greater outlay of money than an ordinary cotton factory, it can convince the world of its own truth, past all denial. It says, "Let the social order for which God destined Man, and to which he adapted the impulses and affections of his nature, once be seen in action, and all men, beholding those divinely paternal blessings which Providence has attached to that Order, in the freedom, justice, and material splendor of which are symbolized his own Love and Wisdom, will be led to conform themselves and their societies to its model, and to seek, in the adaptation of all institutions to perfect Love and exact Truth, for goods which they had not before thought possible on earth."

This is a claim which, made as it is, men who have the good of Humanity at heart cannot wisely overlook, and we solemnly appeal to the advocates of Peace in the name of Peace herself, to do it justice. They, least of all men, can dismiss it without examination, as only visionary and impracticable. Aside from the peculiar interest it must have for them as a plan for the speedy and complete establishment of universal peace, the sacred motto which it wears upon its front, "For all Humanity," ought to ensure it no stranger's reception at their hands.

But we ask also that it may receive the most just and searching scrutiny. We desire nothing for it so much as that it should be candidly but thoroughly examined. We wish in its behalf for no effort of imagination or act of credulity, but for the unprejudiced exercise of reason, not on detached or unessential points, but on the whole. We court, nay we urge almost as a sacred duty, a complete, unbiased, patient investigation of the doctrines which we count it our highest glory and privilege to serve to the utmost of our power. Especially do we

urge it upon our friends who have devoted themselves to the Peace movement, because their minds are already expanded by great hopes, and prepared for a studious and manly "contemplation of things that are not temporary or local in their character, but which belong to all ages and all countries; which are as lofty as Truth, as universal as Humanity."

If we have criticised the Peace movement with frankness, we cannot be thought to have done so in a spirit of fault-finding. We have remarked on its imperfections because our reverence for the thought which is in the inmost bosom of its advocates, would let us do no less, and because we would fain see them laboring for the realization of that idea in what we cannot but regard as a better and surer way. But we are far from blind to the great good they have done, or to the elevating tendency of the cause they are engaged in. There is no one of the many partial reforms which now occupy the hearts and hands of so many noble men that is so catholic in its nature, or has been prosecuted in so happy a spirit as this. There is none too, as far as we know, which so enlarges and opens the minds of its advocates. They seem to enfold the whole earth in their embrace and to feel the truth of Universal Unity, though they may never have heard the words. Whether they seek their end in our way or in their own, God bless them! They bear a seed which cannot be scattered in vain.

We had marked several things in the Oration for criticism; minor faults, errors in philosophy, misunderstanding of the human passions, but our room is exhausted. Nor indeed are we in the mood for any thing like that. With the great Destiny of Humanity standing like an angel before us, and the vision of a perfect, beautiful, regenerate earth in our soul, we have no disposition but to echo to our readers the lofty and prophetic words of Mr Sumner.

"To this great work let us summon you. That Future which filled the lofty visions of the sages and bards of Greece and Rome, which was foretold by the prophets and heralded by the Evangelists, when man in Happy Isles, or in a new Paradise, shall confess the loveliness of Peace, may be secured by your care, if not for yourselves, at least for your children. Believe that you can do it, and you can do it. The true golden age is before you, not behind you. If man has been driven once from Paradise, while an angel with a flaming sword forbade his return, there is another Paradise, even on earth, which he may furnish for himself, by the cultivation of the kindly virtues of life, where the confusion of tongues shall be dissolved in the union of hearts, where

there shall be a perpetual jocund spring, and sweet strains borne on the 'odoriferous wings of gentle gales,' more pleasant than the vale of Tempe, richer than the garden of the Hesperides, with no dragon to guard its golden fruit."

Geraldine: a Sequel to Coleridge's Christabel; with other Poems. By MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, Esq. M. A., author of "Proverbial Philosophy," etc. Boston: Published by Saxton & Kelt, 133 Washington St. pp. 216.

Mr. Tupper in his preface makes becoming apology for "taking up the pen where Coleridge has laid it down, and that in the wildest and most original of his poems." Sympathies go always with the knight who starts upon the holdest enterprise, provided he be in other respects a sensible and sober man, which the author of the "Proverbial Philosophy" certainly is. His success in this case has been equal to his courage, equal to his genius, but only miracle could have made it equal to the demand of the readers of Coleridge and "Christabel."

So much might have been said beforehand. But Mr. Tupper was attracted to do it; he loved the poem; the mystical, romantic fragment chimed with something of a similar vein in himself, and he could not help trying to complete it. His task was two-fold; first, to restore the wanting parts of the story, to carry out the first design of the half-finished statue; and secondly, to do it in the spirit, and in the style, and with the masterly finish of the original, so that the parts might not only fit, but harmonize and show one life.

In the first point he has, perhaps, succeeded. That is, he has made out a consistent story, such as satisfies and solves the hints which so excite and disappoint our curiosity in the two first parts of "Christabel." And yet we feel as if that mystery *should not* have been solved; as if the bare idea of definiteness suggested a discrepancy with the mood in which the poem was conceived, and was the very thing which frightened away the airy phantom and cheated Coleridge of the conclusion. If so, still we should accord to our proverbial philosopher, (besides the just claims of his own poetic feeling, invention and expression in the work,) the merit of a happy critical analysis of the vision.

And now comes the main question: has he written like Coleridge? Has he wrought from the same spirit, under the same mood, in the same element, through the same habits, and with the same artistic conscience brooding over him? No. Nor was it possible. The new poem abounds in very vivid spectacle, tinged with a wild romantic hue, described in bold, impressive and quaint terms, and

sung to something of the same tune, though now and then it seems to weary of itself and the measure is changed. But it has not the brevity, the subtlety, the "more meant than expressed" tone, the purely visionary consciousness and deadness to every fact of our waking hours, which we remark in Coleridge's poem. It wants that subjective mysteriousness; it describes mysterious events, but not that *birth* of mystery in the mind, which is the true material of the wildly poetic. In Coleridge it is full as much the light you see them by, as it is the forms themselves, which makes them impress you. Of this we have occasional glimmerings in "Geraldine," but not sustained; the garish day breaks in and spoils it.

Then as to the versification. The melody is happily imitated; he seems to have caught it before he begun, and to have been moved by that, perhaps, to begin it. But we said it changed; and it is precisely there that all resemblance with the style of Coleridge ceases, and the poem rambles on in a half sentimental, half reflective style, which would suit Leigh Hunt's "Rimini," or Byron's "Parasina" better.

All this is no more than might have been predicted, with great certainty, of the best attempt. We are far from denying that it is a very powerful poem, considered as Martin Farquhar Tupper's; but Coleridge, though he may have prompted, never inspired it. The tale, we said, is consistent, and sufficiently marvellous; and though we complained of its too rude clearing up of mystery, yet it must be owned it does resolve it into the most mysterious of familiar facts, namely a "horrid snake!" and thereby hangs a tale! The secret spell is jealousy; the jealous one is Geraldine, the poor bird fascinated, Christabel; and the termination—that waving line of beauty which makes one shudder. We quote the transformation, for that is the main point, and perhaps the best piece of description in the book:

"Her mouth grows wide, and her face falls in,
And her beautiful brow becomes flat and thin,
And sulphurous flashes gleam and singe
That sweetest of eyes with its delicate fringe,
Till, all its loveliness blasted and dead,
The eye of a snake blinks deep in her head;
For raven locks flowing loose and long
Bristles a red mane, stiff and strong,
And sea-green scales are beginning to speck
Her shrunken breasts, and lengthening neck;
The white round arms are sunk in her sides,—

As when in chrysalis canoe
A May-fly down the river glides,
Struggling for life and liberty too,—
Her body convulsively twists and twirls.
This way and that it bows and curls,
And now her soft limbs melt into one
Strangely and horribly tapering down,
Till on the burnt grass dimly is seen

A serpent monster, scaly and green,—
Horror! — can this be Geraldine?"

Horrible surely is this fully developed monstrosity, but less so than the mere intimation of it in Coleridge, where the jealous beauty is about to lie down to sleep with the innocent Christabel, (and here is just the difference of the two poems.)

"Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shudder'd, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side —
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!"

We have not allowed ourselves room to examine fairly the "other poems." Suffice it to say that, covering a great variety of moods and topics, they are elevated in thought, tender in feeling, rich in imagery, and have a fine charm of expression. Many are of a philosophical cast, as these titles witness: "An Inquiry concerning the Souls of Brutes;" "The Stammerer's Complaint;" and two rows of "Contrasted Sonnets," as "Ancient," "Modern;" "Nature," "Art;" &c. They make you love the man. He has more thought than fire, and so the rhythm, which is the heart-pulse of emotion, is regular and tame, yet not without its charm.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Beethoven Collection of Sacred Music.
By E. IVES, JR., W. ALPERS, and H. C. TIMM. New and improved edition.
New York; Paine & Burgess, 62 John Street. pp. 192.

This book is of too high a character to be widely known at once. If it succeeds, it is an era in our Psalmody. For it aims to satisfy more than the demands of habit, of sanctified prejudice, or of superficial taste; it would raise the music of the place of worship above the character it has for the most part held, of being the lowest, dullest and most mechanical of styles, the least inspired, the least expressive, and far from always the most dignified. Here is an attempt to draw from the purer and loftier sources of Art for those common Sabbath uses, which constitute, more than all other agencies, the musical education of our people, and which might be a large and invaluable part also of their spiritual and moral education, if the music were better.

An American Psalm-Book is a very peculiar compound, and a very difficult thing to make, or judge, when made. Great is the demand therefor, an appetite, indeed, that will put up with any thing,

provided it be a new variety of pretty nearly the same old thing; and plenty there are who ambitiously busy themselves to satisfy it. It is our national music; that is to say, it is *national*, whether it be *music* or not; — for are not the majority of tunes in use, of bona fide domestic manufacture? Has any other people made so many psalm-tunes? has any other the knack of turning them out with so little expense of thought and science, and so free from all moonshine of the imagination? Could any but genuine Yankees do the impossible, and make a thing that shall be old and new at once, so new that Copy Right can't pounce upon it, and yet so like the old, that old fashioned folks are flattered with the perpetual reproduction of their early associations? Whoever would compete and would contribute to our annual supply of such wares (if they would only *wear*!) will find the task by no means simple. Indeed who can tell how many motives prompt, how many ends are aimed at, how many opposite, if not incongruous, ideals preside in the making of one psalm-book, like too many persons trying to get under one umbrella? To give good music, good in itself, intrinsically, may be passed over as the least consideration; for though that element is always invited to attend in the preliminary consultation, yet it is soon silenced or crowded out by the more forth-putting, business-like speeches of the other elements. Then, the editor has got in the first place, or thinks he has got, to air his own creative faculties, and produce some *scores* of his own inexhaustible originals; then he must pay sufficient deference to time-honored usage, and give his book the authority and unction of some grand old psalm; then he must steer adroitly amongst all manner of religious, sectarian, moralistic prejudices and partialities; then he must consider all uses, and while putting as much of himself and of his hobbies as he can into it, he must take care that every body shall find what he wants in it, that it shall furnish something for every variety of legitimate occasion or sentiment, as so many chorals, so many doxologies, so much of the sublime, so much of the pathetic, so much of the didactic, &c.; then he must make it new, at all events, and if he adopt a good old tune, whether it be Gregorian Chant, or Lutheran, or out of Handel, Haydn, or Mozart, he must be sure to alter the harmony and revise it in some way, and by no means to let the same thing go out twice alike in two editions; and that for two reasons, to keep the right side of Copy Right, and to put the old books *hors du combat*, as they do the fashions in hats and coats, of which you cannot buy the same style twice; then he must keep within the

compass of the common voice and also of the common taste (this is placing the two things in the right order, we hope!); and finally, he must make it sell at any rate, and prepare the way for a new one as soon as he can get it ready.

In the "Beethoven Collection" this is reversed. It simplifies the problem, and yet places it higher. First of all, (having all due regard, of course, to appropriateness of style and sentiment, adaptation to sacred uses &c.) it secures the point of really good, deep music. For this end it draws largely from the classic sources, opens streams as fresh as they are authentic, that is, free from hum-drum false associations. It brings out pure ore from the instrumental mines of the great masters; these are the true hidden veins of music; their expression is altogether lofty, and sincerely pious; if parts therefrom can in any way be made available in connection with words, it is a great thing, though by no means easy. In point of numbers, this Collection does not vie with its contemporaries. It contains, in all, about 140 tunes, together with some chants and anthems. Of these about half are of the character above described, and half are original, as appears from the following classification, in which we omit the anthems, &c.

From Beethoven,	11
" Mozart,	5
" Haydn,	3
" Pleyel,	7
" Steibelt,	8
" various German authors, . .	15
German Chorals, some by Rink, .	17
From Viotti, Bellini, and other	8
Italian and French masters, }	
By E. Ives, Jr.	28
" W. Alpers,	22
English, anonymous, &c. . .	13

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It will be seen that the tone of the book is essentially German. We naturally look to the selections from Beethoven, as the crown and cream of the whole, inasmuch as the title bears his name. Some of them we recognize as from his piano-forte Sonatas, and the rest we presume are from his Quartettes, and vocal works; we recall no such passages in the Symphonies, though there seems some allusion thereto in the preface where the object is to justify this sort of selection. In many cases the key had to be transposed, and the harmony simplified, to suit the voices, which we must regret. But they are noble themes, and the expression, the electricity of Beethoven are in them, and infallible, even in this shape. Those from other masters are all good. Indeed it is all solid, genuine and inspired music. The melodies all have meanings; they sang themselves before they were made, and were felt before they were thought out. The harmony is uniformly rich, refined and learned, and yet simple

enough for use. Indeed this is the great quality of the whole book. The peculiar harmony of any music is like the peculiar tone and spirit of any circle of society; it indicates refinement, depth and purity, or the contrary. As a collection of good sacred music, we have never had one so rich. Nor do we know of any work on the same plan, except a very large and costly collection made by Gardiner, the author of the "Music of Nature," which we should rejoice to see popularized.

So far good. We gratefully accept what the book gives us; but there are some things which it does not give us, which we were excited to hope for, when we saw its plan. Is it not singular, that a selection from the most sacred masters should contain not one note of Handel's? Of Mozart, too, it gives a small allowance. And yet in the chorusses of the one, and the Masses of the other of these masters, there is more of the true piety of music, than almost in the world beside. Then, why not throw in for ballast, at least, some of the good old foundation melody of Gregorian and Lutheran hymns, some of the indispensable and never-forgotten heir-looms of every Christian people? In the whole book we find but one old tune, namely "Old Hundred," and that newly and strangely harmonized, and attributed to some author whom we had not known. It is even shorn of its title, the absence of which unnecessary and uncouth appendages in the rest of the book we think very well. We suppose, however, that the editors will say, their book is not intended to answer every end, but only to furnish a new and valuable addition to our psalmody; and that if it be all good in itself, we must not complain that it is not something other than itself.

We come now to the original composition by the American editors. The name of Mr. Tinn appears only in some of the chants. The works of Mr. Alpers, a German, who has since left the earth, possess sterling merit. They are indeed original in spirit and conception, and equally so in treatment; his harmonies must grow upon our liking; if we mistake not, his hand, at any rate his influence, his spirit, is manifest in the harmonizing of the whole collection. Mr. Ives is an American, drawn to music by a pure enthusiasm, boldly acquainting himself with the best masters, so far as one can do it in America, and indefatigable in the theoretic and practical labors of his art. Of course you will feel in him the want of that atmospheric musical culture which every German and Italian has. But we freely say, that his compositions, here and elsewhere, strike us as far above what has been realized before by Americans undertaking to compose. He has

not communed with those great models in vain, and though perhaps there may be a little dogmatism in his "Prefaces" and "Methods," there is certainly the evidence of a reflecting mind, of general intelligence, and of much elevation of sentiment and taste; and we hope his multitude of classes and publications will do something to create the taste which can appreciate them.

As we said, the book cannot be soon popular. It is too refined, too artistic, and too entirely new. But there is another thing to interfere with its success. The parts range generally too high for average voices. It is done intentionally and justified in the preface, on the ground that greater purity of tone is thus brought out. It may be with Italian singers; but where high voices of either sex, and especially Tenors, are so very rare as in this land, why not descend to what is practicable? Was there ever heard a more distressing sound than a row of sub-Tenors trying to sustain a monotonous E or F through two thirds of the tune? It is true, Beethoven and the rest write high; but a Psalm-Book must be available for the many.

Prefixed to the Collection, in deference to custom immemorial, like a President's Inaugural, is a "New Method of Instruction," flanked with some good solid maxims, about the relations between Theory and Practice, from Aristotle and other deep-mouthed oracles, never before encountered in a Singing Book. Mr. Ives' "Method" is certainly philosophical, and in the hands of a true teacher must undoubtedly work well. It combines exercise with thinking, from the first, and leaves the student no rest, but takes him firmly through the circle of the keys, and over the whole ground, so necessary to a good understanding of a part of it. It is not so minute in the first explanations, nor so full in the first exercises, nor does it cut the matter up into so small doses at the first, as the Pestalozzian Manuals; its tendency is to yield rather to the upward attraction of broad and generous theory, than to the less ideal necessities of detail and adaptation. Some of its peculiarities, too, we question; for instance, in the naming of the degrees of the Scale, it is certainly less clear to distinguish the *Sharp Fourth* from the *Fourth* by simply adding an unsingable *n*, as *Fan*, than is the usual mode of changing the vowel so as to give a distinct and appropriate syllable to every note. Again, on the practice of "Sol-Fa-ing by mutation," he comments at length, and advocates applying the same syllable to the same positive sound always, so that *Do* shall mean always *C*, and *Sol* always *G*, &c. The reasons given are, that they do so in Europe, of

which we cannot judge; and that it helps the pupil to remember the positive pitch of sounds, with us, at least, a very rare attainment. If it can do this, it is a great thing, though we doubt it. On the other hand, we would ask: is it not desirable so to name the notes, that the name shall always indicate the harmonic relations of the note, and describe its relative place in its scale, of whatsoever tonic? We have always fancied *Do*, *Re*, *Mi*, to be only the more articulate form of 1, 2, 3; and to notice whether the same sound be 1, or 3, or 7, in other words to keep in mind its relation to the key-note of its proper scale, is of the greatest consequence to one who would read music understandingly.

We dismiss the "Beethoven Collection," now, with the feeling that we have not explored the half of its treasures. It must take time and a good choir, to do that. We shall take an early occasion to notice other publications from Mr. Ives.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE AND ASSOCIATION.

We are sure that every one must be impressed with the candor and independence of this widely-circulated Journal, in relation to the Associative movement. No matter how strong may be the prejudice against the enterprise,—hopeless and chimerical as the purposes of its advocates may be deemed,—sincere as may be the regret with which many a staunch politician witnesses the devotion to this cause of one of the most popular and powerful organs of his party,—no one can call in question the manly frankness, the tone of earnest conviction, the genuine liberality, and the freedom from extravagance with which the Editor of the Tribune speaks of a movement, which he has been led to believe is identified with the progress of society and the best interests of his fellow men.

It is by no means uncommon for Editors, and other writers for the periodical press, to allude to the Associative movement with a flippancy, and sometimes an asperity, which can find no excuse but in their entire ignorance of the subject. They have taken no pains to examine into the facts, on which they dogmatically pronounce judgment. The most superficial

and one-sided impressions are received by them, with the authority of truth. In their eyes, the elevation of industry, the union of labor and capital in more equitable relations, the organization of society in a manner that shall do justice to the whole nature of man, and to every individual of the race, are questions in which none but cracked-brained visionaries and fanatics can be supposed to take any interest. Why should people make such a fuss, they ask, about the establishment of attractive industry, the introduction of a system which shall ennoble labor, and emancipate man? They, good souls, are well enough off already; they have their hewers of wood and their drawers of water, now; they need not stain their white hands with any coarse drudgery; they can sit all day over a good fire, and at night roll in a coach to the theatre or fashionable party; and rejoicing in the virtues of champagne and oysters, wonder that any body can be such a fool as to wish for a social change. So with their great, oracular words of wisdom, they pass sentence on the deluded mortals who believe in a better organization of society, according to the designs of Providence; and the good, easy public receives without a question, the verdict which they have vouchsafed to render, without evidence, without examination, without the faintest perception of the system, on which they presume to speak.

It is not a little grateful, we confess, to witness the opposite course which the Editor of the *Tribune* has faithfully pursued for several years. He does not permit himself to condemn a theory, without looking at the arguments by which it is supported. He does not deem it sufficient to sneer at a movement, in which earnest men are engaged, before he has examined the motives which have impelled them to act; and aware that a sarcastic or contemptuous epithet is no indication of truth, he prefers inquiring as to the grounds of their hope and faith, to taking it for granted that they are nothing but addle-pated devotees. It was no doubt a fortunate event for the cause of Association when it was so presented to the attention of Mr. Greeley, as to awaken the interest and command the conviction of so sincere and enlightened a mind. Since that time he has been a firm and intelligent advocate of the enterprise. He has given it the influence of his conspicuous position, his varied talents, his private fortune, and his personal character. He has done this not from a capricious impulse, but from rational conviction. His experience of life, his observation of society, his insight into first principles, his deductions from history, all show him the evils of our present state of antagonism, and the blessings that would be enjoyed, under a true

social organization, founded on the eternal principles of justice and love. With such a belief, he speaks what he thinks. He uses no politic concealment. He does not shuffle off responsibility by ambiguous phrases. He is not afraid of compromising any valuable interest by sincerity. Though the Associative movement is regarded with indifference or dislike by the powers that be, the reigning authorities in society, it does not affect the freedom or the frequency of his expressions of devotion to the cause. He sees in it an effectual remedy for the social scourges that now desolate the world, and he does not hesitate to announce his convictions, through a craving for popular favor, or the dread of being before the age. This course, pursued without ostentation, but with firmness and consistency, could not fail to produce the most beneficial effects. It has attracted attention to our doctrines and purposes, diffused information on our practical endeavors, excited the minds of many to reflection on the ills of society, and first inspired some of the most devoted friends of the movement with the ardor, which has since kindled into a deep and permanent zeal for its progress.

We are aware that the advocates of doctrines, with which the public are not familiar, must undergo a severe ordeal. This, as far as we know, is the unchanging law of nature. It has been verified in every age. The wisest and noblest men of their times have always been sufferers from this cause, and often victims. They are doomed to meet with ridicule from men whose pretensions to superiority are not the most obvious, with impeachment of their motives from those who cannot be regarded as angels, and, usually, with external misfortunes, poverty, neglect, and the consciousness of powers devoted to unprosperous truth. These experiences should ever be welcomed as omens of good. They place the seal of worth and future glory on the cause from which they come. At the same time, we rejoice that we are able to refer the enemies of our enterprise to an example like the present. Here is a man, on whom many of you rely as a tower of strength, whose words you look to as oracles, who you know never speaks without authority; yet who, from the fulness of conviction, in the exercise of a cool, intelligent judgment, is devoting all his influence to the promotion of a movement, on which you look down with scorn, or dread for its fancied hostility to some interest of your own.

But we will not continue these remarks, which were suggested by an article in a recent number of the *Tribune*, in which the Editor gives his own views of his relation to the Associative movement, and the influence which it is destined to exert

on society. We know that our readers will be gratified to see it here, although there are probably few of them who have not perused it already.

"ASSOCIATIVE MOVEMENTS. We lately received a letter from a firm renewing its subscription to our Daily, of which the burden was something like this—'We like the *Tribune* very much, all but its talk about *Association*—that we wish you would give up. Several Associations have been started in this County, all of which have broken up or failed, ruining those who embarked therein. The scheme won't work, and should be discountenanced.'

"This letter reminds us of our unfaithfulness to the highest earthly interests of the Human Race in saying *so little* about Association—hardly mentioning the subject once a month. The topics of inferior but *immediate* interest pressing on the columns of a newspaper—matters which won't *keep* till next month or next week, perhaps not a day—must be our excuse. Daily Newspapers are mainly taken in order to learn the prices of Stocks, the range of Markets, the prospects of Crops or Business, &c. &c. from day to day—or if any thing relating to Moral or Intellectual advancement is tolerated, it must run exactly in the channel which the reader's own prepossessions have indicated. To tell him that something else is more important than his darling hobby—that he has overlooked some of the dearest interests and most pressing needs of our Race—that he has entertained views not entirely correct on all points—is to offend and alienate him. Men usually take newspapers not that they may imbibe new ideas therefrom—not that they may learn the Right from the Wrong—their notion is rather that the Editor is a man they have hired to study out reasons, collect and arrange arguments in support of that which they have determined beforehand is right and shan't be any thing else. Such being the general truth, we are deeply obliged to the mass of our patrons for the patience with which they have borne our occasional presentation of considerations urging the expediency and necessity of a thorough Social Reform.

"—A word now to our subscribing friends aforesaid. It appears that in their County (Ontario,) or near it, there have been four attempts to found Associations, three of them with some deference to Fourier's ideas and one on the antagonistic basis of Robert Owen. These (they say) have all failed, and we admit it, for the argument's sake, though we believe the fact is otherwise. What then? Has the objector ever inquired how they were constituted and *why* they failed? Does he know whether any of them embodied

any of the elements of success according to the doctrine of Association? Does he understand that any one of them fulfilled the fundamental conditions insisted on by Fourier and his disciples? We can assure him that no attempt has yet been made any where of which Fourier would not have unqualifiedly predicted the failure from the outset. An Association, such as he described and commended, consists of not less than 400 (properly 1,800) persons, inhabiting a spacious, commodious, well planned, fire-proof, well warmed, lighted, ventilated edifice, in the midst of a Domain three miles square, owned in shares by the members, surrounded by Mills, Granaries, Store-houses, &c.; prosecuting all the various branches of Industry by the help of the most perfect Machinery under the most agreeable circumstances, and with the most thorough economy of means and efficiency of results. This Association would have its Schools, its Lyceum, its Library; it would be a University not merely for scholastic but for all industrial and practical acquirements. Now, so far from anything like this having failed, we expect to labor many years yet before one shall be commenced. Meantime, a thousand partial, fragmentary efforts will be made, the greater number under circumstances which render failure inevitable. A huddle of fifty or a hundred human beings, without experience, business talent, industrial organization or pecuniary resources, on a tract of land bought at credit prices and loaded with a heavy mortgage, is not an Association, nor is it likely to grow into one, though it may. The early and steadfast friends of the Cause have usually endeavored to discourage such beginnings, but when commenced they have done what they could to give them a chance for success. The failures have thus far been fewer than a scientific Associationist would have predicted, yet there have been some and doubtless will be more. The history of each experiment, fairly written, would be of great value hereafter, and would rank with the history of the first attempts to colonize the region which is now the United States, the first experiments toward the Steamboat, &c. These efforts, however obstructed and thwarted in the outset, are paving the way for a grand and beneficent success."

PROGRESS AT THE WEST.

The above article in the Tribune is introductory to extracts from two letters, which have been received, one from the Associative experiment now some eighteen months in progress in Fond-du-Lac county, Wisconsin,—the most Western attempt yet made; known as the Wisconsin Phalanx. Our readers will find in

another article the encouraging report of that Phalanx for 1845.

"CERESCO, W. T., Nov. 13.

"... Whilst writing to you for the above purpose I will add a few lines on the prospects of the Phalanx here. We are still progressing, our crops have done well, our improvements are going on as fast as we can drive them. We will not be able to get a grist mill in operation until next Summer, as we could not detach labor sufficient from the other groups to complete it this Fall, and we have not the means to hire labor. We have, however, excavated for the foundation, and built a basement and the wheel-pit walls of stone from two to four feet thick, on which is now raised a good substantial frame, which will be completed next Spring. Our Winter's work will consist chiefly of getting out rails for four or five miles of fence; these, with what we have up, will enclose about two sections of land, which we hope to have under cultivation by the close of next year. But what is of more consequence for the friends of Association to know is, that our members are very desirous to improve our condition by progressing nigher to the true principles of Association.

"If we had capital to go on with improvements we would be in a condition in five years to provide useful employment and support for one thousand persons, old and young, and then could commence an edifice that might do honor to the cause. But should we not receive sufficient capital for that purpose, our purpose is onward—it may be slow, but still it shall be onward, God being our helper. We are living in good spirits and bright hopes.

"Respectfully, yours, J. S."

"From an early and tried friend to the Cause in

"Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 23.

"I have delayed writing until this time that I might have some definite news to communicate. An attempt has been made here to organize a Phalanx near Pittsburg, a location having been offered on very easy terms. A Committee was sent on to visit it, who reported unfavorably. Thus ends this operation.

"We have once more disbanded, to come together again in the year 184—, the exact date I cannot suggest.

"We have now realized what I have for a long time dreaded—that the 'time' of Association is not yet. There are men enough, good and true, women in every way qualified, and money enough at their command, to go on gloriously, but circumstances are against a concentration of these elements upon one effort.

"We have in Pittsburg unusually 'good times'; I know not one man fitted for the Association movement who is not doing well; some are amassing wealth. To induce these to abandon a comfortable certainty for a brilliant uncertainty (for they have not learned by experience, as we have, that Association is practicable) cannot be done; efforts have been made to accomplish this, which have failed—as all like efforts must both here and every where.

"But though we are doing little practically, the Cause is progressing rapidly. We daily hear of converts—men who see that Civilization is not Man's destiny—that there is a Divine Social Code, which only needs to be understood and entered into, bodily and spiritually, to ensure

general happiness. Two years ago our plans of organizing labor seemed as the invention of man—a temporary arrangement by which we might escape from care, hard labor, and be blessed with plenty of money and all that it can command. Now, however, men take higher views. Many appear to be Associationists from inspiration—it is becoming the religion of a class. Phalanxes may fail—they may even fail from the lack of harmony among members, (and none are in danger from this cause), yet the doctrines of Fourier cannot die. The impression already made upon the world cannot be effaced. As well might we suppose that because a schoolmaster abandons his duties for lack of means, that therefore it is very uncertain whether two twos make four. The Phalanx is man's true home—Association is his destiny in this world, though the numerous attempts now making at a harmonic organization may prove futile.

"But do not misunderstand me. I do not at all despair of the success of any of the Associations now organizing, and which you know are merely in the painful transition from Civilization to the next higher order of society. I have great faith in those in the East. * * * *

As to those in the West, I feel sanguine. The latest news from all of them is encouraging; and it is peculiarly gratifying to find that they have a prospect of overcoming the great obstacle that has threatened them with destruction—I refer to a want of means. The Trumbull is doing well; so is the Clermont; so is the Columbian. Williams has at last found a home for the Integral, and from the accounts given me by private letters of their plans and circumstances, I am full of hope that this new movement will furnish a model Phalanx that will prove essential in the great cause of Social Regeneration. We all say to those who have taken the pledge of the Integral Phalanx, God speed!

"Here in Pittsburg, amid the din of business, the rattle of drays and roar of machinery, we can see clearly the commercial convulsion ahead. The experience of the past, and a fair estimate of the future, prove beyond all doubt that a great change is to come over the affairs of men in this country, and, indeed, in the world, and that right speedily. There will be a crash as sure as life, and then we be to those who have not taken advantage of the circumstances at present existing, and laid by something for the Reign of Terror that is so swiftly approaching us!

"You may have observed in the Commercial Journal that Van Amringe is about to publish a work on Association. It will do good service to the cause, as every thing from him must. He will have a long bill against Humanity when the day of settlement comes. He has made more sacrifices for the cause of Social Reform than any other man in the West, and it is gratifying to his friends—those who sympathize in his labors—that a sure reward is in store for him in the Future. Who would not rather have the substantial fame of Van Amringe, than the ephemeral glory of our most successful politicians. He works for the future, while they are merely battering upon the offal of decaying institutions. J. D. T."

We fully coincide in the views expressed in the above letter, although we regret that our friends at Pittsburg have not suc-

ceeded in making arrangements for practical operation,—that is, if they had the prospect of resources which could have enabled them to commence an experiment with ample materials, and on a scale large enough for the organization of attractive industry in groups and series,—for we should deprecate any new attempt at Association, under other circumstances.—However, let them bide their time. The end is not yet. Six days were required to create the world; Association will not be formed in one. If this age does nothing more than gain a hearing for the doctrine, it will have taken a great step in the progress of Humanity. The truth has got spoken at last; it cannot be crushed, or smothered, or choked; it will go onward; it will win all hearts; it will triumph gloriously. The present order of society is now summoned for trial; it can make no defence; it will plead guilty; it must be condemned. New life will grow out of the dead Past. But Divine Providence cannot be hurried. If we are unable to do every thing we could wish at once, we still act in unison with the Supreme Will by speaking his truth and watching our occasion.

"Thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest,
They also serve who only stand and wait."

WISCONSIN PHALANX.

It gives us sincere pleasure to be able to present our readers the interesting Report of this prosperous and growing Association. We have read it with no ordinary satisfaction; as an evidence of the power of combined industry, under favorable circumstances, and we earnestly commend it to the attention of those who are looking for a remedy for the ignorance, want, and degradation that abound in modern society. It gives the testimony of experience to the fact, that the union of interests by a collection of families is adapted to produce harmony, elevation of morals, purity of manners, efficient industry, and of course, an abundance of material wealth.

We are not fully acquainted with the organization of this Phalanx, nor how far they have succeeded in establishing groups and series, in a scientific order, which is the fundamental condition of attractive and profitable industry; but the result of their labors shows, that they have managed their affairs with sound judgment, and have laid a foundation for future progress, which nothing but some signal calamity can overthrow. We shall continue to look at their operations with the deepest interest, and confidently hope that they will demonstrate the beauty and excellence of Associative life, in a manner which shall disarm opposition, attract universal attention, and com-

mence a peaceful, bloodless, and most benign social revolution on the teeming prairies of the West.

They are in possession of many peculiar advantages, which if wisely used, cannot fail to result in success and prosperity, which will leave no questions to be asked as to the practicableness or the benefits of Association. They are free from debt. This is a great thing. May they never be tempted, by any rash spirit of enterprise, to assume its burdens. They have no interest to pay on loans, mortgages, and so forth; but only on the stock held by members of the corporation. We see no valid objection on the part of capitalists to investments. To say the least, they would be as safe in this Association, as in the average of banks and Insurance companies, and far more profitable. The land on their domain is fertile, in good condition, and abundance of it for all present operations. The climate is healthy, as free from fevers, we understand, as New England; and so far North, as to remove the serious objections which many feel to the debilitating influences of a South Western residence. The situation is attractive to emigrants, and certainly holds out great inducements to the friends of Association in the Eastern States, who prefer a broader field for the experiment than they can find at home. A difficulty may be apprehended on the score of markets for produce; but we do not believe this can long occasion any serious inconvenience. A more important objection to the present state of the Association is the large number of unproductive persons compared with the whole population. Seventy-two persons under fifteen years of age, out of one hundred and sixty, forms a burden which must be severely felt in the commencement of an Association. As a general rule, a family with more than one or two children, must possess uncommon qualifications, in point of industry or of capital, to justify their admission, until all branches of industry are so arranged as to provide suitable employment for the young, and to ensure a systematic provision for their attendance and education, without interfering with the industrial operations, on which the material existence of the Phalanx depends.

We trust that our brothers at the Wisconsin Phalanx will keep up the intercourse with us, which has been so agreeably commenced, for we assure them their voice of encouragement, as it comes to us from the distance, is welcome and cheering to our hearts.

Annual Statement of the Condition and Progress of the Wisconsin Phalanx, for the fiscal year ending December 1, 1845.

In compliance with the Act of Incorporation of the Wisconsin Phalanx, the

following is presented as a general statement of the affairs, and present condition of the Association.

For convenience the subject is divided into four parts, viz. Moral, Social, Physical, and Financial.

1. The moral condition of the Society is far in advance of the new settlements, and small villages in the western country. Intoxicating liquors have never been used on the domain, as a beverage; and were they as free as water, I believe no member of the corporation could be induced to use them—with the present prevailing sentiment on this subject, we read no "by-law" to prevent this evil from creeping in among us.

We have had no quarreling among our members; the warmest debates have never failed to subside entirely, within forty-eight hours, and leave perfect good feeling among those who have been accustomed to discuss warmly, different subjects; and what is still more surprising, there has been no quarrel among the children, during our residence here, which has enlisted the feelings of parents or guardians.

We have had no *law-suits* among our members, and not the first word of difficulty has occurred in the settlement of the private accounts between individuals; so sure were we that nothing of this kind would occur among us, that we neglected to insert its prohibition in our By-laws.

A word of vulgar or profane language is so seldom dropped by any of our members, that it amounts to an almost entire abandonment of this *civilized* vice. But there has not been, perhaps, so great a reformation in our language and modes of expression, as in most other departments; and it is to be hoped that much caution in selecting proper language, will be used by all the members, that noble thoughts and generous impulses may find utterance in all their native purity and beauty.

These four great evils with which the world is afflicted—Intoxication, Law-suits, Quarreling, and Profane Swearing—never have, and with the present character and prevailing habits of our members never can, find admittance into our society. The moral condition of the members has greatly improved during our residence here, and it is confidently hoped, that no effort will be spared by any member, to still improve in this highly important branch of Social Reform; for without a corresponding elevation in this department, our pecuniary advantages will be but poorly realized.

2. Socially our condition is so far in advance of the world around us, that the truth might scarcely be credited by those unacquainted with the facts.

There is but a very small proportion of the tattling, backbiting and criticisms on character, usually found in neighborhoods of as many families; perfect harmony and concert of action prevail among the members of the various churches, and each individual seems to lay aside creeds, and strive for the fundamental principles of religion. Many have cultivated the social feeling by the study and practice of vocal and instrumental music; in this there is a constant progress visible. Our young gentlemen and ladies have occasionally engaged in cotillions, especially on wedding occasions, (of which we have had three the past summer.) This amusement, disconnected with the vices usually attendant

on such assemblages, is deemed by us a harmless and agreeable recreation.

Our facilities for meeting, for social intercourse, for rendering assistance to each other in sickness, &c., are superior to the best condition in the isolated household: in cases of sickness, the public table relieves families from a great burden of care and expense, in providing for the well members of the family.

Our convenience for schools, the limited expense, &c., is known only to those acquainted with Association. We have done but little in perfecting this branch of our new organization, but having erected a school-house, we are prepared to commence our course of Moral, Physical, and Intellectual Education.

For want of a convenient place, we have not yet opened our reading room or library, but intend to, during the present month.

There are twenty-four different papers and periodicals regularly taken by the corporation and the members, and this list will soon be increased. At present a constant interchange is kept up, but when this department is regulated, the most valuable papers and periodicals will be furnished by the corporation, and all have access to its files, that all may have the means of knowledge within reach.

The family circle and secret domestic relations are not intruded on by Association; each family may gather around its family altars, secluded and alone, or mingle with neighbors without exposure to wet or cold.

In our social and domestic arrangements we have approximated as far towards the plan of Fourier, as the difficulties incident to a new organization in an uncultivated country would permit. Owing to our infant condition, and wish to live within our means, our public table has not been furnished as elegantly as might be desirable to an epicurean taste. From the somewhat detached nature of our dwellings, and the consequent inconveniences attendant on all dining at one table, permission was given to such families as chose, to be furnished with provisions, and cook their own board—but one family has availed itself of this privilege.

3. The Physical condition of the Phalanx is yet weak. We have been unable to erect much labor-saving machinery, as we were under the necessity of expending most of our strength in the Agricultural department. We have been unable to erect dwellings to accommodate more than about thirty families, which has prevented the increasing of our number to that extent, which our vast field for labor requires. We have now resident thirty-two families, and twenty single male members, fifty able-bodied men, thirty-seven females over fifteen, and seventy-two children under fifteen. Whole number of persons, one hundred and sixty.

We have lost by death the past year four, viz., two by consumption, (one, a married lady aged thirty-nine, and a boy aged two,) one young lady aged nineteen, by typhus fever, and a girl aged five, by congestion of the brain. We have few protracted diseases, and in proportion to our number, a limited amount of sickness.

In the various departments of physical labor, we have accomplished much more than could have been done by the same persons in the isolated condition. We have broken, and brought under cultiva-

tion three hundred and twenty-five acres of land, have sown four hundred acres to winter wheat, harvested the hundred acres which we had on the ground last fall, plowed one hundred and seventy acres for crops the ensuing spring, raised sixty acres of corn, twenty of potatoes, twenty of buckwheat, and thirty of peas, beans, roots, &c., built five miles of fence, cut four hundred tons of hay, and expended a large amount of labor in teaming, building sheds, taking care of stock, &c.

We have nearly finished the long building commenced last year, (two hundred and eight feet by thirty-two,) making comfortable residences for twenty families, built a stone school-house, twenty by thirty, a dining room eighteen by thirty, finished one of the twenty by thirty dwellings built last year, expended about two hundred days' labor, digging a race and foundation for a grist-mill thirty by forty, three stories high; and for a shop twenty by twenty-five, one story; with stone basements to both, and erected frames for the same, built a wash house sixty by twenty-two, a hen house eleven by thirty of sun-dried brick, an ash-house ten by twenty of the same material, kept one man employed in the saw-mill, one drawing logs, one in the blacksmith shop, one shoe-making, and most of the time two about the kitchen.

The amount of labor necessary to be done the ensuing year, will require double the present number of efficient men; but we shall not let our need of laborers induce us to admit any but true Associationists; and with the present arrangement and prevailing sentiments, there is little danger in this respect. We have laid out our labor and commenced our improvements with reference to, and perfect confidence in our perpetuity and rapid increase as an Association, and have ample room for the true friends of Social Reform, who have means and strength to aid us.

4. Financially, our condition and progress are no longer dependent on stock subscriptions. We can sustain ourselves, if no new subscribers join us; yet a few thousand, or even a few hundred dollars could be very advantageously appropriated.

We own in fee simple 1,553 acres, on which there are four distinct mill-sites, with sufficient water power on each to propel four run of mill-stones. About two hundred acres of this land is timbered, three hundred, openings, one hundred, meadow, and the remainder prairie; all of it is an excellent quality of soil. We have also a lease for four years, of four hundred acres on the school-lands, which we have now covered with wheat.

The estimated amount of property on hand is \$27,725 22, wholly unincumbered; and we are free from debt, except about \$600 due to members, who have advanced cash for the purchase of provisions and land; but to balance this, we have over \$1,000 coming from members, on stock subscriptions not yet due. The whole number of hours labor performed during the past year, reduced to the class of usefulness, is 102,760; number expended in cooking, &c., and deducted for the board of members, 21,170; number remaining after deducting for board, 81,590, to which, the amount due labor is divided. In this statement, the washing is not taken into account, families having done their own.

Whole No. of weeks board charged

members, (including children graduated to adults,) 4,234. Cost of board—provisions 44 cents, and 5 hours labor per week.

Whole amount of property on hand, as per invoice, \$27,725 22. Cost of property, and stock issued up to Dec. 1, \$19,589 18. Increase the past year, being the product of labor, &c., \$8,136 04; one fourth of which, or \$2,034 01 is credited to capital, being 12 per. cent. per. annum, on stock, for the average time invested; and three-fourths, or \$6,102 03 to labor, being 7 1-2 cents per hour.

The property on hand consists as follows:

1,553 acres of Land, at \$3,	\$4,659 00
Agricultural Improvements,	1,522 47
Mechanical Improvements,	8,405 00
Personal Property,	10,314 01
Advanced members in board, &c.	2,824 74
	\$27,725 22

The Agricultural Improvements are as follows:

65 acres plowed once,	\$150 00
160 " " twice,	642 50
15 " " thrice,	75 00
17,759 Rails in fence,	443 97
Fruit Trees,	110 00
Bridges, Sheds, &c.,	101 00
	\$1,522 47

The Mechanical Improvements consist of—

1 Dwelling House, 208 feet by 52,	\$3,500 00
West Block, 120 by 20,	1,265 00
1 Saw Mill,	2,000 00
1 School House,	400 00
1 Grist Mill, Frame, Race, &c.,	1,000 00
1 Carpenter's Shop Frame,	40 00
1 Blacksmith Shop,	25 00
Wash-house and other out-houses,	175 00
	\$8,405 00

The Personal Property consists in—

400 acres of Wheat on the ground,	\$1,800 00
Improvement on School lands,	800 00
100 head neat Cattle,	1,823 30
4 Horses,	155 00
109 Sheep, at \$1 75,	190 75
52 Hogs,	225 00
400 tons Hay, at \$2 75,	1,100 00
679 bushels Wheat, at 75,	509 25
930 " Corn, at 50,	465 00
190 " Buckwheat, at 87 1-2,	71 25
40 " Beans, at \$1,	40 00
40 " Peas, at 87 1-2,	35 00
1,280 " Potatoes, at 25,	320 00
Other Agricultural Products,	135 25
Farming Tools,	1,155 42
Mechanical Tools,	632 22
Kitchen and Dining-room Furniture,	852 68
Miscellaneous Property,	503 89
	\$10,314 01

W. CHASE, President.

THE HARBINGER

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

VI.

Albert obeyed, and when they began to descend from the base of the Schreckenstein towards the lower valleys, Consuelo did in fact feel herself become more calm.

"Forgive me the pain I have caused you," said she to him, supporting herself gently upon his arm in walking; "it is very clear to me now that I had an attack of insanity a little while ago in the grotto."

"Why recall it, Consuelo! I should never have spoken of it; I know you would like to efface it from your memory. I also must succeed in forgetting it!"

"My friend, I do not wish to forget it, but to ask your forgiveness. If I should relate to you the strange vision I had while listening to your Bohemian airs, you would see that I was out of my senses when I caused you such a surprise and such an affright. You cannot believe that I could have wished to play with your reason and your repose—My God! heaven is my witness that I would even now give my life for yours."

"I know that you do not care much for life, Consuelo; and I feel that I should care for it very earnestly if——"

"Finish then!"

"If I were loved as I love!"

"Albert, I love you as much as is permitted me to do. I should love you perhaps as much as you deserve to be loved, if——"

"Finish in your turn!"

"If insurmountable obstacles did not make it a crime."

"And what are those obstacles? I seek for them in vain around you; I find

them only in the depths of your heart, only in your recollections, doubtless!"

"Do not speak of my recollections; they are odious, and I would rather die at once, than recommence the past. But your rank in the world, your fortune, the opposition and indignation of your parents, where can you expect me to find the courage to accept all these! I possess nothing in the world but my pride and my disinterestedness; what would remain to me if I should sacrifice them!"

"There would remain your love and mine, if you loved me. I know that it is not so and I will only ask of you a little pity. How could you be humiliated by bestowing upon me the alms of a little happiness! Which of us would then be prostrate before the other! In what would my fortune degrade you? Could we not throw it very quickly to the poor, if it troubled you as much as it does me! Think you that I did not long since take the firm resolution to employ it as accords with my belief and my tastes, that is to say, by getting rid of it, whenever the loss of my father shall add the sorrow of inheritance to the sorrow of separation. What! do you fear being rich! I have made a vow of poverty. Do you fear being made illustrious by my name! It is a false name and the true one is a proscribed name. I shall not resume it, that would be an injury to my father's memory; but in the obscurity into which I shall plunge, no one will be dazzled by it and you cannot reproach me with it. In fine, as to the opposition of my parents—O! if there were only that obstacle! tell me that there is but that and you shall see."

"It is the greatest of all, the only one which all my devotedness, all my gratitude to you cannot remove."

"It is not true, Consuelo! Dare to swear that it is! That is not the only obstacle."

Consuelo hesitated. She had never lied, and yet she could have wished to repair the evil which she had done to her

friend, to him who had saved her life and who had watched over her several months with the solicitude of a tender and intelligent mother. She had flattered herself that she could soften her refusal by calling to her aid obstacles, which she considered to be in fact insurmountable. But Albert's reiterated questions troubled her, and her own heart was a labyrinth in which she lost herself; for she could not say with certainty if she loved or hated that strange man, towards whom a mysterious and powerful sympathy had impelled her, while an invincible fear and something which resembled aversion, made her tremble at the simple idea of a betrothal.

It seemed to her at this instant as if she hated Anzoleto. Could it be otherwise, when she compared him, with his brutal egotism, his abject ambition, his baseness, his perfidiousness, with Albert, so generous, so humane, so pure, so grand in all the most sublime and romantic virtues! The sole cloud that could obscure the conclusion of the parallel, was the attempt upon Zdenko's life, which she could not help presuming. But was not that suspicion a disease of her imagination, a nightmare which could be dissipated by an instant's explanation! She resolved to try; and pretending to be absent and not to have heard Albert's last question: "My God!" said she, stopping to look at a peasant who was passing at a distance, "I thought I saw Zdenko."

Albert started, let fall Consuelo's arm which he held under his, and made some steps forward. Then he stopped and turning towards her, said: "What a mistake, Consuelo! that man has not the least look of——" He could not resolve to pronounce the name of Zdenko; his countenance was agitated.

"Still you thought so yourself for an instant," said Consuelo, who was examining him attentively.

"I am very near-sighted, and I ought to have remembered that such an encounter was impossible."

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

"Impossible! Then Zdenko must be very far from here!"

"Far enough to prevent your fearing his insanity any more."

"Could you not tell me whence arose his sudden hatred, after the evidences of sympathy he had given me?"

"As I told you, from a dream he had the night before your descent into the subterranean. He saw you, in his dream, follow me to the altar, where you consented to plight to me your faith; and there you began to sing our old Bohemian songs with a wonderful voice which made the whole church tremble. And while you sang, he saw me become pale and sink into the pavement of the church, until I was entombed and laid out dead in the sepulchre of my ancestors. Then he saw you quickly cast aside your bridal crown, push with your foot a tile which instantly covered me, and dance upon that funereal stone, singing incomprehensible things in an unknown language, with all the signs of the most unbridled and the most cruel joy. Full of fury, he threw himself upon you; but you had already disappeared in smoke, and he awoke bathed in sweat, and transported with anger. He awoke me, for his cries and imprecations made the vault of his cell ring again. I had much difficulty in making him relate his dream, and more still in preventing his seeing in it a real sense of my future destiny. I could not easily convince him, for I was myself under the dominion of an entirely diseased exaltation of mind, and I had never till then attempted to dissuade him when I saw him give faith to his visions and his dreams. Still I had reason to believe, on the day which followed that agitated night, that he did not recollect, or attached no importance to it, for he said no more about it, and when I asked him to go and speak to you of me, he made no open resistance. He did not imagine that you would ever have the thought, or the possibility of coming to seek me where I was, or his delirium was not awakened until he saw you undertake it. At any rate he did not manifest to me his hatred against you, until the moment when we met him on our return through the subterranean galleries. It was then he told me laconically, in Bohemian, that his intention and his resolution were to deliver me from you (that was his expression), and to *destroy* you, the first time he found you alone, because you were the bane of my life, and you had my death written in your eyes. Forgive me for repeating to you the words of his insanity, and understand now why I was obliged to remove him from you and from me. Let us talk no more of him, I beseech you: this subject is very painful to me. I have loved Zdenko as another self. His madness was assimilated and

identified with mine to such a degree, that we had spontaneously the same thoughts, the same visions, and even the same physical sufferings. He was more simple and therefore more poetical than I; his temper was more equal, and the phantoms which appeared to me under frightful and menacing forms, he saw under gentle and sad ones, through his more tender and more serene organization. The great difference which existed between us was, the irregularity of my attacks and the continuity of his enthusiasm. While I was by turns the victim of delirium, or a cold and terrified spectator of my own misery, he lived constantly in a sort of dream, in which all exterior objects took symbolical forms; and this wandering was always so gentle and so affectionate, that in my lucid moments, (assuredly the most sad to me,) I needed Zdenko's peaceful and ingenious insanity to re-animate me and reconcile me with life."

"O my friend," said Consuelo, "you must hate me and I hate myself, for having deprived you of that friend so precious and so devoted. But has not his exile lasted long enough? By this time, he must certainly be cured of a temporary attack of violence——"

"He is cured of it——*probably!*" said Albert, with a strange smile, full of bitterness.

"Well then," returned Consuelo, who sought to repel the idea of Zdenko's death, "why do you not recall him? I should see him again without fear, I assure you; and between us both, we would make him forget his prejudices against me."

"Do not speak thus, Consuelo," said Albert, dejectedly; "that return is henceforth impossible. I have sacrificed my best friend, him who was my companion, my servant, my support, my far-sighted and laborious mother, my simple, ignorant and submissive child; him who provided for all my wants, for my innocent and sad pleasures. him who defended me against myself in my fits of despair, and who employed force and craft to prevent me from quitting my cell, whenever he saw me incapable of maintaining my own dignity and my own life in the world of the living and in the society of other men. I have made this sacrifice without looking behind me and without remorse, because it was my duty; because by encountering the dangers of the subterranean, by restoring me to reason and the consciousness of my duties, you were more precious, more sacred to me than Zdenko himself."

"That was an error, a blasphemy perhaps, Albert! An instant of courage should not be compared with a whole life of devotedness."

"Do not believe that a wild and selfish love counselled me to act as I did. I

should have been able to stifle such a love in my bosom and shut myself up in my cavern with Zdenko, rather than break the heart and the life of the best of men. But the voice of God had spoken clearly. I had resisted the attraction which mastered me; I had fled from you, I wished to cease seeing you, so long as the dreams and the presentiments which made me hope in you as the angel of my salvation, were not realized. Until the disorder introduced by a lying dream into Zdenko's pious and gentle organization, he partook my aspirations towards you, my fears, my hopes, my religious desires. He unfortunately misunderstood you on the day when you revealed yourself! The celestial light which had always illuminated the mysterious regions of his mind, was suddenly extinguished, and God condemned him by sending him the spirit of dizziness and madness. It was my duty to abandon him also; for you appeared to me surrounded with a ray of glory; you descended towards me on the wings of a miracle,—you found, to unseal my eyes, words which your calm intelligence and your artistic education had not permitted you to study and prepare. Pity, charity, inspired you and under their miraculous influence, you said to me what I needed in order that I might know and conceive human life."

"What then did I say to you so wise and so powerful! Truly, Albert, I know nothing of it."

"Neither do I; but God himself was in the sound of your voice and in the serenity of your look. By your side I understand in an instant, what I could not have discovered alone in my whole life. I knew before that my life was an expiation, a martyrdom; and I sought the accomplishment of my destiny in darkness, in solitude, in tears, in indignation, in study, in asceticism, in mortifications. You made me perceive another life, another martyrdom; all of patience, of gentleness, of tolerance, of devotedness. I had forgotten the duties which you clearly and simply traced out for me, beginning with those towards my family; and my family, through excess of kindness, kept me ignorant of my crimes. I have repaired them, thanks to you; and from the first day I have known, by the calmness which was produced in me, that this was all which God required of me at present. I know that it is not all, and I wait until God shall reveal to me the continuation of my existence. But I have confidence now, because I have found the oracle which I can interrogate. You are that oracle, Consuelo! Providence has given you power over me, and I will not revolt against its decrees, by seeking to resist it. I ought not, therefore, to have hesitated between the superior power

invested with the gift of regenerating me, and the poor passive creature who had hitherto only shared my distresses and borne my storms."

"Do you speak of Zdenko? But how can you know that God had not destined me to cure him also! You saw that I had already some power over him, since I succeeded in convincing him by a word, when his hand was raised to kill me."

"O my God! it is true, I wanted faith, I was afraid. I knew what were the oaths of Zdenko. In spite of me, he had made that of living only for me, and he had kept it during my whole existence, as well in my absence as before, and since my return. When he swore to *destroy* you, I did not even think it possible to prevent the effect of his resolution, and I took the part of offending him, of banishing him, of breaking, of *destroying* him, himself."

"Of *destroying* him, my God! What does that word mean in your mouth, Albert! Where is Zdenko!"

"You ask me as God asked Cain: What hast thou done with thy brother!"

"O Heaven, Heaven! You have not killed him, Albert!" Consuelo, in letting this terrible word escape her, clung with energy to Albert's arm and looked at him in terror mingled with a sorrowing pity. She recoiled affrighted at the proud and cold expression of his pale countenance in which sadness sometimes seemed petrified.

"I have not killed him," replied he, "and yet I have taken away his life, assuredly. Would you dare to accuse me of it as a crime, you, for whom I would perhaps, kill my own father in the same manner; you for whom I would brave all remorse, and would break the dearest ties, the most sacred existences! If I have preferred the regret and repentance which now consume me, to the fear of seeing you assassinated by a mad-man, have you so little pity in your heart as to bring this sorrow continually before my eyes and to reproach me for the greatest sacrifice I could possibly make for you? Ah! even you have sometimes moments of cruelty! Cruelty cannot be extinguished in the bosom of whosoever belongs to the human race!"

There was so much solemnity in this reproach, the first that Albert had ever dared address to Consuelo, that she was penetrated with fear, and felt, more than ever before, the terror with which he inspired her. A kind of humiliation, puerile perhaps, but inherent in the heart of woman, succeeded the sweet elation she could not but feel on hearing Albert depict his passionate veneration. She felt herself humiliated, misunderstood without doubt; for she had endeavored to discover his secret only with the desire of re-

sponding to his love if he justified himself. At the same time she saw that in the mind of her lover, she was culpable; for if he had killed Zdenko, the only person in the world who had no right to condemn him irrevocably, was she, whose life had required the sacrifice of another life otherwise infinitely more precious to the unhappy Albert. Consuelo could not answer; she wished to speak of something else, but her tears cut short the words. On seeing them flow, Albert, repentant, wished to humble himself in turn; but she prayed him never to recur to a subject so painful to her mind, and promised him with a sort of bitter consternation, never to pronounce a name which awakened in her as in him the most frightful emotions. The remainder of their walk was full of constraint and anguish. They attempted another conversation in vain. Consuelo neither knew what she said nor what she heard. Still Albert appeared calm, like Abraham or like Brutus, after the accomplishment of a sacrifice commanded by the unyielding fates. This sad but profound tranquility with such a load upon his breast, seemed like a remnant of madness; and Consuelo could only justify her friend by remembering that he was crazy. If in a combat of open strength against some bandit, he had killed his adversary to save her, she would have found therein only an additional motive for gratitude; and perhaps of admiration for his vigor and his courage. But that mysterious murder, accomplished without doubt in the darkness of the subterranean; that tomb in the place of prayer, that savage silence after such a crisis; that stoical fanaticism with which he had dared conduct her to the grotto, and give himself up there to the charms of music; all that was horrible, and Consuelo felt that the love of that man could not enter her heart. "When could he have committed this murder!" she asked herself. "I have not seen on his brow, for three months, a line so deep as to indicate any remorse! Could he have had drops of blood upon his hands, any day when I extended mine to him! Horror! he must be of stone or ice, or must love me even to ferocity. And I, who have so desired to inspire a love without bounds! I, who regretted so bitterly to have been loved feebly! This then is the love which heaven reserved for me as a compensation!" Then she again began to search for the moment in which Albert could have accomplished his horrible sacrifice. She thought that it must have been during that serious illness which had made her indifferent to external things; but when she recalled the tender and delicate attentions which Albert had lavished upon her, she could not reconcile these two faces of a being

so dissimilar to himself and to all other men.

Lost in these gloomy reveries, she received with a trembling hand and absent air the flowers which Albert was accustomed to gather for her as they walked; for he knew that she loved them much. She did not even think of leaving him, to re-enter the chateau alone, and so conceal the long tête-à-tête they had had together. Whether Albert did not think of it, or had determined to dissemble no longer before his family, he did not remind her of it; and they found themselves at the entrance of the chateau face to face with the canoness. Consuelo, (and without doubt Albert also,) saw for the first time anger and disdain inflame the features of that woman, the goodness of whose heart prevented her from being usually ugly, in spite of her thinness and deformity. "It is quite time that you returned, young lady," said she to Porporina in a voice trembling and husky with indignation. "We were very anxious about Count Albert. His father, who was unwilling to breakfast without him, desired to have a conversation with him this morning, which you have thought proper to make him forget; and as for yourself, there is a young man in the saloon who calls himself your brother and who is waiting for you with an impatience far from polite."

After saying these strange words, poor Wenceslawa, affrighted at her own courage, turned her back abruptly and ran to her chamber, where she coughed and wept for more than an hour.

To be Continued.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE BENJAMIN RUSSELL. The worthy editor of the *Columbian Centinel* was always a model of enterprise and industry. For years after he commenced the publication of that paper, he not only acted as the sole editor, and reporter, but also worked considerably at the case, in setting type, and performed a goodly share of the press-work. It is related of him, that once having published an article which was considered personal, and highly offensive, by a certain individual of high standing in the community, the aggrieved person visited the unfortunate printer, armed with a cowskin, and fully determined to give him a sound thrashing. According to the custom of the time, he was arrayed in white kerseymere small clothes, white silk stockings, and white vest. Mr. Russell was at the time busily engaged, with his coat off and shirt sleeves rolled up, in handling the press balls for distributing ink, *rollers* were not known in those days, and his astonishment may be easily imagined when he saw a well-dressed gentleman enter the office abruptly, in a towering passion, and aim a blow at him with a cowskin! The printer fronted his antagonist and very naturally made a pass at him with his press balls, which took effect, one on his snowy fest, the other on the left cheek and forehead. Another blow with the

cowekin—another thrust with the balls—which served admirably well the purpose of both sword and shield. In a few minutes the advocate of lynch law, who, when he entered the office, looked as neat and trim as if he had just been taken from a band-box, was covered with ink—printer's ink—black and oily, from head to foot—his hat was knocked off in the melee—his gay costume was transformed into a suit of mourning, and his face was as black and glossy as a native of Tombuctoo. He soon found he was playing a losing game, and beat a retreat, followed by the printer, who had now got his hand in, and gave his assailant a last furious push between his shoulders, as he sprang into the street, mentally resolving never again to molest a printer when engaged in his calling.

AN ECCENTRIC PHILANTHROPIST. We find the following in the "Presse":—Monsieur du Petit Manteau Bleu seems to have found a rival, or rather an emulator, with this difference, that our new philanthropist has hitherto preserved the strictest *incognito*, by assuming the garb, the tone, and language of the lower orders. About a week or ten days ago, a few minutes before two in the afternoon, a man dressed in a blouse entered the shop of a traiteur in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where hundreds of workmen come at fixed hours to take what they call their ordinary. He was served with a plate of soup, which he swallowed like a famished man, and then a portion of the beef, which he devoured with equal appetite, and lastly, a cup of wine, which he drank at one draught. This done, he got up and went to the bar, demanding what he had to pay. The landlady summed up—"An ordinary 7 sous, wine 3 sous, and 2 sous for bread, in all 12 sous." "Good," replied the guest. "Now tell me how many workmen come here to get their dinner." "Dam! you see there are sixteen tables for four each, and in a very few minutes they will all be filled, that will make sixty-four." "Good! that makes thirty-eight francs, and adding my score it will amount to thirty-nine francs. Here is forty francs, and you will tell all these good fellows that their dinner is paid for to-day;" and, throwing eight five-franc pieces on the counter, he disappeared. At daybreak the next morning a man entered one of the numerous lodging-houses for workmen in the Rue de l'Hotel de Ville, frequented by journeymen joiners, and cried out, "Well, companions, how many of you are in want of work?" Ten men jumped up together and preferred their claims. "Well," continued our eccentric but humane friend, "pick up your legs, and I will get you engaged for the whole winter. But you must make haste, for I am in a hurry." Believing that they had to do with a brother chip, the ten men lost no time in following him to a master joiner in the Rue de Cherche Midi. Here, addressing the master, he said, "I have brought you ten good workmen, and you must employ them." "But I am not in want of any, for I can hardly find work for my own people." "Good! good! still engage these, and you shall not find work fail you. In the first place you must make for me fifty school desks of heart of oak, five metres long by one and a half wide, and as many benches of the same stuff, and then we will talk of more." The

worthy joiner, however, stammered and hesitated. "O! you don't know me. True—true, therefore you must have something in hand." Taking out a dirty pocket-book and producing a bank note for one thousand francs, he thrust it into the joiner's hand and decamped. For three successive days in last week the same person put in requisition all the women who earn their living by carding mattresses, and paying each her day's work in advance; he divided them into squadrons, and ordered them to go and card gratis all the mattresses in the lodging-houses for workmen in the neighborhood of the Place de Greve.

PRAYER OF A DESPONDING HEART

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Lord grant me stronger faith! My soul is turning
With weary pinion from the world away,
And in its depths there broods a deathless yearning
For clearer glimpses of the Land of Day!
'Tis dark around! Faith's starry beacons flee me,
Or, veiled in storms, no longer guidance give—
'Tis dark within!—O, God, I cannot see Thee!
Show me Thy face once more that I may live.
Give me more light, 'tis fearful thus to wander
Amid the graves of lost and buried hopes;
Fearful thus lone and in the dark to ponder
Where all dismayed my spirit blindly gropes.
O, for that ray, so steady and unclouded,
Which on my childhood's clearer vision smiled!
Where is it now? In darkness I am shrouded
O, Father, pity me, Thine erring child!
Have pity, Father! lest the ray of reason
Which Thou hast kindled in my bosom fail,
And my unconscious lips should murmur treason,
Or boldly dare Thy judgments to assail!
Have pity! Aid me! See me lowly kneeling,
And hear the pleadings of my stricken heart;
Through all its chambers pour Thy precious healing—
Give me but light, and let the gloom depart!
Thou hearest, Father! Lo! like doves descending,
Peace softly enters in my bleeding breast;
Faith by my side, above her anchor bending,
Smiles on my soul and sweetly murmurs,
"Rest!"
Darkness my spirit is no longer shrouding;
Once more the radiance of Thy face I see!
O for a tongue to breathe the rapture crowding,
The thanks uprising, Father, now to Thee!

TOO MANY COPPERS. One of the Western papers tells a good anecdote of a Methodist preacher, who, after sending round the contribution box at a Camp Meeting and exhorting the congregation to be liberal in contributing, looked into the box and on seeing the money mostly made up of cents, exclaimed with great gravity, "*I perceive that Alexander the coppersmith hath done us much harm.*"

COSMOGONY.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

CHAPTER IV. (Concluded.)

I. Mineral Kingdom.

A globe which should not periodically receive new creations, would fall into the same exhaustion with a field which is over-cultivated and never manured. We should see the vegetation degenerate into a bastard growth. Such is the state of our globe: it is a field run out. The creation which we are using will be sufficient to serve during the course of the obscure Lymb, provided the duration of this Lymb do not exceed a certain time, and they do not force the matter, as has happened. Thus the actual creation can no longer suffice for our globe. Let us examine its unsuitableness in the different kingdoms.

In the Mineral kingdom, we soon shall have no more gold and silver. We are stripped of diamonds and precious stones: we are stripped of various minerals very useful in industry, as platina, zinc, antimony, and even tin and mercury. America, for three centuries, has supplied the world with metals and diamonds, because she was yet virgin; but she is already a faded beauty. Potosi today is only Potosi in name: it is a mine in its last agonies. Mexico still yields, but she is sensibly in a decline. They count upon the interior of Africa; it is certain that it conceals more than one Potosi, thanks to the absence of civilization; for the civilizees soon use up the mines. Moreover Africa has mines in the shape of sand, containing gold, upon the surface of the earth, as abundant as the iron in the fields of Franche-Comté. Africa is the *corps de reserve* of the globe in mineralogy. The English know that very well, and send there swarms of travellers under the pretext of philanthropy and geographical explorations. It is evident that the secret end of these philanthropists is to discover the Potosi of Africa, after which it will be easy to enter into understanding with the petty kings of the country for the exploitation: inasmuch as the cannon law, in addition to the means of seduction and of intrigue, would soon bring them to terms; and England would find brilliant resources in Africa; she would succeed there sooner or later, and venturing some caravans with presents, she would finish by immersing herself in the very midst of its wealth.

This perspective is nothing but a subject of alarm, in a mineralogical, and still more in a political point of view. The poor continentals are already slaves enough of the commercial Minotaur; and

once let England get possession of the mines of Africa, mines untouched and consequently very fruitful for two or three centuries to come, and soon, of necessity, the whole continent will be reduced to a slavery still more horrible, if that be possible. Europe to-day does service, like a day-laborer, who sells himself for a determinate time, for the harvest or the vintage, in other words as long as the funds hold out: but if England gets hold of the mines of Africa, miserable Europe will finish like the poor villagers, who abandon the plough and go into domestic service.

Let us view this subject on a larger scale; let us abstract the three centuries of domestic servitude which this event would cause for Europe, and suppose ourselves arrived at the epoch when the mines of Africa shall be in as declining a state as those of America, and soon after exhausted, as Mexico will be within a century. Five hundred years will suffice for this. Then there will remain nothing in the way of precious mines upon the globe; the only resource left will be the 400,000 volumes of philosophy, which teach that gold and silver are vile metals, perfidious metals, which ought to be sunk in the bottom of the sea; still, they are less perfidious than copper, which poisons us, and causes sometimes the death of a whole family by the use of a copper kettle overlaid with verdigris. Gold, vile as they may call it, cannot play us such a trick. It is permissible, therefore, to esteem gold, whatever the philosophers may say of it, and to contemplate with alarm the time when the gold and silver of the globe shall begin to fail. So many people are alarmed already at the idea of wanting these vile metals! What will it be when all the mines are exhausted; when the goldsmith's uses, and meltings down, when the mania for burying treasures in the ground, so common in India and in Europe since the revolutions, when shipwrecks and other absorbents shall have consumed the whole!

Then shall we have to resort to Spartan virtues, to money of iron or copper? But copper itself will be exhausted; the mines of Coperberg and Ekaterniburg are not far from their decline, if they have not already reached it; and what will become of our globe within a thousand years, if it is to receive no new creation in the Mineral as well as other kingdoms! So, as long as we occupy ourselves only with scientific moonshine, with the perceptions of sensation, of intuition, of cognition, it is too certain that all which pertains to the solid goods will go on declining; and it is no trifling damage, this speedy loss of the precious metals, already so rare even during the fertility of the mines! They never yet have

furnished wherewithal to meet the demands of urgent utility, such as the table service of silver. Nine tenths of the human race are reduced to spoons of tin, iron or wood. What poverty! Diogenes and Seneca will not persuade us that a service of iron is as convenient as one of silver; that a copper tea-pot, liable to verdigris, is worth as much as one of silver, which cannot hurt us; and on this point, as on so many others, we must feel the want of a new creation, which will give us in abundance the pure metals, so necessary to domestic uses. The actual creation has given us the good only as the exception; in the next it will predominate; it will furnish us with gold and silver sowed in grains, like the iron on the surface of certain countries, which will have foundries of gold, as they have now of iron. Then, (and this may commence within five years,) the whole of the poorer class of the human race, composing two thirds of the population, will be served, for economy, in solid plate. Iron fixtures, as those pertaining to harness, locks, arms and kitchen utensils, in short every thing which man will have to handle, will be wrought only in the pure metals, brilliant, and exempt from rust or poison, as gold and silver and platina are to-day, as many other metals will be, which the creation will afford us in as great abundance as this present creation has afforded iron, copper and other impure substances: how could it have failed to lavish upon us these unclean productions in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, since it had to represent, hieroglyphically, the effects of the passions, which engender nothing but political uncleanness during the obscure Lymb, or the civilized, barbarous and savage chaos!

The same observations apply to diamonds and precious stones, to pearls, marbles, and whatever precious things the mineral kingdom produces. The primitive creation has given us these various objects with a parsimony truly ironical. It seems as if Nature meant to say to us: "I could create the good, but I limit myself to merely showing it to you, that you may feel that you are deprived of it. Gold, diamonds, marble, so useful for the adorning of your persons and the structure of your habitations, shall be hidden away in inaccessible places, whence you can extract them only by unheard of pains. I give you but the shadow of these things, to convince you that you are disgraced and reduced to general indigence."

I hear the philosophers reply that we have nothing to do with marble or pearls, and that it is enough for an austere republican to have bread, iron, salt-petre and virtues, (in the phrase of 1793,) and

a wife to prepare his radishes, dressed with water, as the house-keeper of Phocion did for her worthy spouse! They will think very differently in Harmony, and, independently of good cheer, upon which I have discoursed, they will be of the opinion that, by virtue of that *unity of system*, so much demanded by philosophers, man ought to be clothed and adorned like the universe. The universe is sprinkled with suns; man should be sprinkled with diamonds; and of all our fashions the most judicious is that of spangled and embroidered dresses. It is the costume of Gods and Kings upon the stage. Such is the purpose of the Deity, and the destiny of Humanity: a purpose to which philosophy itself adheres, without perceiving it; for it says that man is the mirror of the universe: he ought, then, for the fidelity of the portrait, to be, like the universe, clothed with stars, and dwelling in splendor. A single bath of unitary aroma will suffice to whiten the interior of certain chains of rocks, to coagulate their grain and form marbles of every species.

Other baths of aroma will give us gold, silver, diamonds and pearls in profusion, not in inaccessible places, not in the bowels of the earth, but on its surface. In the chapter on the Animal Kingdom we shall see in what relations of counter-type the new creations will be distributed.

II. Vegetable Kingdom.

Passing to the Vegetable kingdom, I shall have more than one assault to make upon the naturalists, who will begin by boasting of the gentle presents of Flora, Ceres and Pomona. Poor dupes, these three divinities are mocking you: Flora gives you play-things at the very moment when you need subsistence. The vegetable system is organized in such a manner, as to satirize the civilizee in the periodical famines to which he is subjected. Three long months of the beautiful season roll away before man reaps the slightest food, for I count as nothing some little trifles, radishes and other minutæ which the Spring affords. Famine, when it steps upon the stage, as in 1812 and 1817, remains famine in spite of Flora; and during the whole reign of Flora our famished people see roses flourishing in May, which are like thorns and thistles for the wretches, dying of hunger, who want fruits and not flowers.

"Ah! but must not the flower precede the fruit? Must not nature have an order, an established method? We must regulate our necessities accordingly, and husband our provisions, &c. &c." Admirable reasoning! The civilized order, and all the societies of the obscure Lymb, have not the property of laying in provisions in anticipation; they are necessarily the

victims of a vegetable system which does not begin to yield until after the equinox, and which furnishes nothing *en roquee* (nor by diffraction.)

We see so many plants which give the flower before the leaf, why have we none which give a fruit, an eatable substance, before they give the blossom? To support us in this way, nature might have created certain vegetables out of the regular order (*roquees*), growing under the snow, and furnishing an aliment to man, in the same manner as the mosses of Lapland, the lchors of the Cordilleras, are stored up under the snow for the reindeers and vigognes. Nature, in the black truffle, shows us the infinity of her means as to transitions: she gives us a fruit without leaves, or stalk, or root, and more than that, without sowing. The truffle, far more remarkable than the mush-room, proves that nature has ways of effecting bonds and transitions of every sort, even seed-plots of aromas, for the truffle has no other origin. How could nature, so ingenious in binding together her whole system, neglect to bind together winter and summer by some fruits *roquees*, or anterior to the season of flowers? The creation might provide us thus in two manners; first, by eatable plants with fleshy leaves, which should have their leaves in spring before the flower, without inverting the established order; and then by roots which, sowed like wheat at the end of autumn, should be ripening under the snow (or in the water) and furnish their tubercles in the season of the freshets (*fontes*.) By these provisions we should have been sheltered from famine; for as soon as we should see a danger of famine, (and any empire may assure itself of that after, the month of October, by looking at an inventory of its harvests,) we should sow an abundance of the two classes of vegetables above mentioned, and we should reap an ample supply therefrom in the months of March and April, at the time of the vernal equinox, when famine first makes itself felt after any scarcity in the grain harvests.

Thus is our vegetable kingdom doubly deficient in products which may be gathered before the general season. There are some for animals, but none for man. Now, an operation is defective when it does not unite itself with the pivot of movement, which is man. Out of 30,000 vegetables one ten thousandth would have sufficed, or four plants formed of fleshy roots or leaves, which might be eaten in the Spring, and growing under the snow like the mosses. Let us add that, if the creation were regular, man would have at his service not four, but forty plants at least of this kind. This, then, is the *wise and provident Nature*, which has made no pro-

vision of guarantees against famine. Is it for want of means? Certainly not. If we could explore a planet as well organized as Jupiter, we should find these premature plants as numerous and as various as the fruits of our orchards. Our globe is completely destitute of this sort of vegetables, and it is evident that this creation is only an abortion in the movement called *roquee*, notwithstanding its pretended wealth of 30,000 species, 29,000 of which are worse than useless. This I shall prove hereafter.

Were the planets ignorant that it is necessary in a regular system to contrive a movement *roquee*, an anticipation of the harvest! Undoubtedly not. This anticipation (*roquage*) is one of the fundamental rules of movement; a rule which characteristic minds* divine by inspiration. Thus the inventor of the game of chess has made use of it, though with too much restriction; but he has at least the honor of having recognized a great principle of movement in a game, which, among amusements, is the most beautiful conception of the human mind.

I limit myself to this complaint against the amiable Flora. I might lay a thousand other sins to her charge, and change her crown of roses into a crown of thistles, but beautiful women require to be managed. This flower-goddess bamboozles us with her sweet Spring, which regales only the eyes! I can only compare it to a feast given at Lyons by a certain general, who made a great flourish of trumpets about this soiree for a month beforehand. People canvassed for admission, and various speculators, they say, took medicine and clysters the night before to prepare their stomachs. We may say without exaggeration that several arrived there with appetites of twenty-four hours standing, a very common calculation with certain guests. The *début* was brilliant for the eyes: the young danced, the old conversed and waited for the supper. Midnight arrives; the clock strikes one, and there is nothing heard of it. The impatient guests scarcely find a few glasses of lemonade, which only serve to

deepen the abyss. They judge the supper to be altogether too much deferred. Finally it strikes two; all the oracles decide that it will not do to delay the supper a moment longer, and in all frankness they intimate as much to one of the chiefs of the house; but, Osad and dolorous discomfort! He replies that it is a dancing party, and that there is no supper! I leave the reader to imagine what an impression this thunder-clap produced upon the assembly. Every one would have betaken himself to the restorateur, but in the provinces the restorateurs are all asleep by that time, especially in winter. The majority of the assembly deserted and went to wake up whom they could, to give them refreshments. The gourmands next day had the laugh upon them for their disappointment, and even the most sober declared themselves mystified; for there is no good feast, where there is no table set; and I wished to bring this complaint against the ridiculous season of Flora, who nourishes with vapor the poor human race, after a winter passed most commonly in privations.

Then comes Ceres with her sad harvests. What pains it costs to reap and to prepare this miserable bread! Well did the God of the Jews say to our first father: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou earn thy bread!" The Scriptures, in representing this cultivation of wheat as a punishment inflicted upon man, do not exaggerate. It is not possible to accumulate more fatigues and disgusts than are experienced in the labors necessary to this cheap nourishment. And yet it is the pivot of the alimentary system of man. Fine trophy for those who first imagined this creation, so much boasted by our naturalists! The stars who made it, take compassion on us for it. The aromal grossness of the globe does not permit this epoch to operate better; but it will be seen after the next creation how the stars operate upon a globe which furnishes them with good materials! and then the gifts of Ceres in grains will be appreciated at their mediocre value.

I say as much of the gifts of Pomona, which, for the most part, shine only in a negative sense, for the same reason that one-eyed men are kings among the blind. There are undoubtedly some pleasant fruits, but too many insects with whom we have to dispute the title. Besides, their duration is too short, their preservation too difficult, and their distribution very unseasonable. The temperate zone wants fruits in the very season when they are most needed, in the great heats. There is a whole month's cessation between the red fruits and those of autumn; the plum and the apricot, which occupy the interregnum, are feverish and repugnant to many.

* I use the words *characteristic minds* as a correction upon the word *inspiration*. I am far from believing in inspirations; but it is evident that certain minds are inclined by character to this or that kind of labor, and that they divine ingeniously, or mechanically if you will, its natural methods; witness Homer in Epic poetry, witness Archimedes and Pascal in geometry. A mendicant, three thousand years before us, and in an age of ignorance, determines the rules of a transcendent style of poetry, unknown to his own time, a style to which our savans, with all their study, cannot attain, in spite of the artificial aids which have been lavished upon them? After that, how can we doubt that there are characters in whom the excess of natural aptitude is equivalent to inspiration? And am not I, in the theory of Harmony, what Homer was in the Epic? I appeal to posterity. — *Note of Fourier.*

I speak here of the popular consumption. Without doubt the rich, by getting the first pick, are always well provided; Prince Potemkin ate cherries at St. Petersburg in the month of January, by paying a crown a piece for them; but in discoursing of the abundance or scarcity of an article of food, it is understood that we speak with reference to the people; and in this view it may be said that the inhabitant of London has no melons, although the rich may at a great expense procure them.

In fact, if we observe how few varieties the 30,000 plants furnish for our tables, we cannot fail to be astonished at the poverty of this creation, and to desire that the human race should exert itself to replace it as soon as possible, preserving only the better and more distinguished vegetables, which after the new creation will be far more precious than before, since it will furnish us, in the animal kingdom, with counter-types or destroyers of these legions of insects which devour our garden vegetables and fruits. In agriculture, as in other functions, the honest industrial toils only for knaves; and nature, who has surrounded him with a legion of knaves in the human form, should, by analogy, by unity of system, assail his granaries, fields and gardens with knaves, who, in the shape of insects, carry off the fruit of his labors in all directions. What was the need of creating thirty-three species of weevils to devour our wheat! When the God of the Jews condemned Adam to reap this wheat by the sweat of his brow, he might at least have left him in possession of the wheat so painfully obtained, and not have unloosed against him thirty-three species of the same genus of ravagers! One must be an enemy of good sense, to see the work of a beneficent God in a creation so odious, and to refuse to recognize in it a provisional monstrosity, compelled by circumstances, and which authors are impatient to replace!

I have said that the creations grow old and become in time unsuitable for a globe; our own furnishes a proof of this, it gives us nothing good for the great majority: it reduces the villagers to gross dishes, cabbages, and kidney-beans and peas. On the other hand, this paltry creation, in depriving the poor man of wines and perfumed tonics, reduces him to the use of garlic, which corrupts his breath.

A corruption of the composite order, which transforms the civilizee into a walking dunghill; worthy fruit of a creation so well distributed for the aromal perfection of man! These gross productions could suffice in the primitive ages of industry, when kings, like Ulysses, lived upon the product of their flocks, and when the princess Nausicaa was proud of

going out to wash her own robes. The times are changed; the progress of intelligence has created more wants for the middling class, than the class of kings had in the age of Homer. Meanwhile the creation has not augmented its productions: the new tributes of the two Indias, sugar, coffee, &c., are not diffused among the people, and it is evident that our people live more poorly than the people of antiquity, who devoured great quarters of meat, while ours have often only vegetables and bad bread. The creation therefore has grown old, inasmuch as it no longer coincides with the wants of the social world; it would be still more out of proportion if we had arrived at the sixth period, or guaranteeism.

From the earliest ages the creation has presented inexcusable omissions, among others that of fruits. It has been seen that they fail us in the heat of summer, and that the feverish cohort of plums and apricots is equivalent to a veritable destitution. During the hot season, the cities, well provided in their environs with skilful gardeners, can prolong the duration of the red fruits, accelerate the pear, and nearly cover the interval. But the country has nearly six weeks holiday and suspension of fruits in midsummer; the melting pears, the melons and the grapes, which would be so desirable in July, do not arrive until the end of August, when the weather is cooler. In September the fruits offer the same superabundance with the flowers in May, every thing in one season, and nothing in another: the pear does not hold out till November, the grape is over in December (for the people); there remains in January only the apple, which seems to linger to remind us of the absence of fruits: it is the exception which confirms the rule.

We are only precluding upon the subject, and I shall take up again the vices of this odious creation, which seems, and which really is a system of organized treachery against man, even in the most seducing gifts of nature. There is nothing more tempting than the gooseberry; you think to refresh yourself with a beautiful bunch, and instantly you taste the noisome little bugs concealed between the berries, and whose color has deceived the eye. If you would believe the naturalists, they would find in all these abominations a theme for a panegyric upon beneficent Nature; but, to speak plainly, let us confess that our globe is furnished with an infernal creation, the vices of which I shall explain more regularly in the following chapter.

III. Animal Kingdom.

Tigers and wolves! wasps and bed-bugs! rats and vipers! it is for you to reply to the apologists of good and simple

Nature; and I have been waiting to bring you upon the stage to describe her work.

In the scale of general harmony, an animal, a subaltern who attacks the chief, or man, is a monstrosity, as much as an assassin who stabs the king. Habituated to a *divergent* creation, in which all nature is in war against man, we have not observed the absurdity of such an order. It is all regular enough, if you please to consider it according to our political prejudices, according to our laws, which consecrate only violence and falsehood; but on a globe harmonically furnished, the creations ought to give only creatures friendly to man, with the exception of one eighth, of a mixed or unsocial character, without being in rebellion against man. Such is the swallow, which does us no harm, but which is incompatible with us, and from which we derive no service; for neither its flesh nor its plumage can be useful to us; while the partridge and the quail, although not associated with us, are negative servants who furnish us a very precious subsistence.

To estimate the poverty of the animal kingdom upon our globe, it is necessary to analyze the proportion of creatures useful and useless to man; it gives the following:

Domesticated Quadrupeds.

[Here the manuscript is broken off, and as to the section on the *Aromal Kingdom*, indicated in the summary, it was never even commenced.]

RELIGION OF THE DOG. The following original anecdote of Burns is in a work entitled the "Philosophy of the Seasons," by Rev. Henry Duncan:

I well remember with what delight I listened to an interesting conversation which, while yet a school boy, I enjoyed an opportunity of hearing in my father's manse, between the poet Burns and another poet, my near relation, the amiable Blacklock. The subject was the fidelity of the dog. Burns took up the question with all the ardor and kindly feeling with which the conversation of that extraordinary man was so remarkably imbued. It was a subject well suited to call forth his powers, and when hailed by such a man, not less suited to interest the youthful fancy. The anecdotes by which it was illustrated have long escaped my memory; but there was one sentiment expressed by Burns with his characteristic enthusiasm, which, as it threw a light into my mind, I shall never forget.—"Man" said he, "is the God of the dog. He knows no other; he can understand no other; and see how he worships him! With what reverence he crouches at his feet; with what love he fawns upon him, with what dependance he looks up to him, and with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him. His whole soul is wrapped up in his God; and the powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to his service; and these powers and faculties are exalted by the intercourse. It ought to be just so with the Christian: but the dogs put the Christians to shame."

REVIEW.

Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches: with Elucidations. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. Parts I. and II. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1845. pp. 580. (Boston, for sale by Redding and Co.)

Here are the first fruits of a long and favorite labor on the part of Mr. Carlyle, a labor of love, yet fraught with those anxieties, perplexities, long sufferings and disappointments, best known to love in whatsoever sphere. OLIVER CROMWELL has long been an idea with him. To do justice to that man, to seize the living fact of him and of the great historic drama in which he moved the principal person, we have understood to be his settled purpose and his principal study since he wrote the history of the French Revolution. A characteristic work! Everlasting praise to heroes and death to sham! these are the perpetual mottoes on his banner. Nearly all literature now is swallowed up in history and criticism; that is to say, it is all reflective; even poetry grows critical; and pure creation, as well as the simpler thing, pure confession of one's experience, is becoming more and more banished into the sphere of the Fine Arts. Thomas Carlyle is the chief of historian-critics. As a historian he is *Anti-Dryasdust*, to use his own term; and as a critic he sees by conscience, not by any pedant's spectacles. History to him is an old smoked and blackened painting, which he restores, cleans up, brings out the heads of heroes bright and strong, and scatters the clouds of nothingness and confusion, the time-honored prejudices which have usurped the place of seeing, the shams and emptiness which cover up the meaning of life both past and present. The light of such a mind, when turned upon the dark domain of history, cleaves through it like lightning, gleaming beautiful and long upon the white colossal statues of the saints and heroes, the single-minded ones, as they stand there in severe tranquility, and striking terror into the coward heart of universal falsehood.

This we take to be the great secret of this writer's influence; an influence hard to estimate, hard not to write under it, while trying to estimate it. Certainly it is, practically, the most vital influence now felt in literature. It quickens more young minds, provokes and terrifies more false and formal ones, colors more books and conversations, and re-appears under more forms, from hearty response to apish imitation, than any influence now got by reading what is new. This we may say is owing to the man's clear-sighted, deadly detestation of all sham. Looking around him he sees this first of all, that Truth

and Belief alone are countenanced of God, and that their genuine foot-prints are hardly any where to be found upon the earth, false images and formulas thereof being by most men deemed sufficient. He sees no other thing to do but to go about sounding the world, listening if any where it will ring out one genuine tone of truth. To him all history illustrates this one moral. The French Revolution, the English Puritan Rebellion, are great focal points of history in this regard; and Mirabeau and Cromwell, they are model men, because they each believed something, which they did not hide or compromise, but went to work to do with all their might, finding that all their powers could work from such a centre.

Others may settle the question of *affections in style, &c.* It is precisely because there is no affectation here that this writer has such influence. This uncovering of sham to its inmost nakedness and weakness seems to be the very meaning of his life, at least until he gets it done; it is no affectation, no cheap complaining; it comes from the very heart of him; it gives him force, and clearness, and inventiveness, and wit, and pathos, and all the range of keys through which the soul, when most warmed up, can modulate. He is quaint because he has not leisure tamely to consult the fashions; they are hot times with him, and life goes swift, and thoughts come crowding, and he must speak as the business prompts, a certain heat-lightning of the fancy always playing pretty fast on such occasions.

But he loves heroism too much for its own sake. Heroic in what? he does not stop to ask, thankful to find a hero, an evidence of power from singleness of purpose, of any sort. This second, positive phase of the Carlyle Gospel, this "Hero-worship," has in it something of partiality and of wilfulness. It looks too much like another version only of "Might makes Right." Power, where it resides in the person, and not in his position and accidents, is the miracle before which he always uncovers his head. He would seem to take it for granted that power, power of one man over others, in short success, is the surest token of God's presence. He is the ready worshipper of all commanding men; thinks they must be true; thinks they must be greatest, the quantity of their strength making unnecessary any consideration of its quality.

But do men never exercise power because not great enough to refrain from it? Are there not instances of men who command, only through the absence of certain finer qualities which should forbid them to assume that attitude? Are the unscrupulous to be called great? To take authority among men, assuming it to be one's own mission and destiny, is it not

the same thing in principle, with taking an undue share at table, or the best seat at the fire, simply through the permission of others' better manners, which would not by any possibility allow them to do the same! Great faculties, alone, great genius, if you please, can explain the phenomenon of an Alexander or a Napoleon. But what would the poor world do, if it had not here and there a man too great to claim such greatness? Was there ever a great soul that could justify to itself an arbitrary act? Yet to such the chances of immediate success are always greatest.

In the present work Mr. Carlyle holds up the Puritan Revolution as the last expiring act of faith in England, the sublimest epoch of her history. Since then, have no men acted from belief, from innermost conviction, certainly not from belief in the Highest. Formulas have taken the place of faith, selfishness of enthusiasm, and Mammon, Respectability and Co. of God. Then, for a little time, did men believe in Truth and Justice, and set about it in good earnest to make God's word the supreme law of the land, to judge both rulers and subjects by the Bible. Then whole armies prayed, and the commander could summon forts to surrender in good set Bible phrase, and put all taken to the sword, by thousands at a time, with enthusiastic and stern confidence that he was really executing God's judgments against evil doers. Then something more than love of ease, or place, or pelf, undoubtedly did actuate men. If they did work cruelty, they spared not themselves. They knew well what they meant in all of that, at least one man knew, the Cromwell of "that Cromwelliad;" they spared no pains or sacrifice of blood to carry the thing through thoroughly, to get at the very reality and kernel of their purpose, and suffer no poor compromise, no amalgamation of half-principle and half-policy to satisfy them in its stead. This, thinks our historian, is an example to the ages. This takes strong possession of him. Above all, the man who was most prominent in all that, becomes to his mind the God-inspired and chosen leader of the truest movement in all history. The severities, the tedious homilies, the inquisitorial watchfulness of those stiff Puritans he puts aside, awed by the interior splendor of such perfect faith and self-forgetfulness. Cromwell, as the fullest embodiment, the clearest brain and most effective right arm of that faith, becomes his hero. To write his history, is to trace the nucleus of the whole blazing system.

This he does by arranging all the letters and speeches of Oliver, in short, whatever written words of his are extant, in chronological order, flanked and surrounded each with his own comments, sup-

plying the wanting parts of the history, and pointing the moral to his tale. The whole are classed into several great divisions, as, Part I. Before the Civil War; II. First Civil War; III. Between the two Civil Wars; IV. Second Civil War; V. Campaign in Ireland; VI. War with Scotland; and here ends the thus-far-published portion of the work. An Introduction is prefixed, consisting of, first, *Anti-Dryasdust*, which tells of the confused mountains of pamphlets, letters, and other rubbish, which are left of those times, and complains that the patient literal historian, Dryasdust, has not sorted, arranged and indexed them for the seeing mind which should come after; then a passing review of the various *Biographies of Oliver*, which it appears are little better than worthless; then an account of the *Cromwell Kindred*; then a summary of the *Events in Oliver's Biography* previous to the date of his first letter, comprising the first 37 years of his life, told in the way of old chronicles, year by year, which brings it down to A. D. 1636; and finally, an account of the condition in which the letters were found, and what had to be done to make them readable.

The work is therefore exceedingly minute and thorough, for so philosophical a historian, and threatens to be a long time ere it reach its end. Three things are presented for our judgment, the letters themselves, and speeches, very few and short; the comments thereupon; and the historical fillings-up.

Certainly these letters mark a wonderful man. Hard and uncouth and ungrammatical in style, written with no eye to literature, but only to get out a meaning, in the few moments that could be snatched from most intense and often terrible action, they convince you, and that before you have read many of them, that there was indeed a meaning in the man, which he knew how to sculpture out in the unmistakable characters of action. A language, too, of silence, where that is both most difficult and most effective. They do convince us of his sincerity. Not however that he was the highest order of character, nor by any means the noblest incarnation of the God-like in those times, as Mr. Carlyle evidently esteems him. He was a man of one idea; a man of overweening confidence in his own purpose and mission; a man who revered justice at the expense of a thousand qualities and sentiments which it would be truer justice to regard, and who did not scruple to dignify his own most arbitrary and most cruel acts by calling them God's justice. Yet he was by no means the heartless monster, the perfect hypocrite, the merely angular, cast-iron man, which it has been fashionable to suppose

him. He could write tenderly upon family and personal matters, he could do deeds of charity, and we verily believe he knew in his heart the sweetness of prayer, and the peace which passeth understanding. We can go as far as that with Mr. Carlyle. In the midst of those terrific letters, in which he coolly informs the Parliament of his slaughtering three thousand Irishmen "at one fell swoop," and ends with glorifying God, there are passages now and then of quite unearthly beauty, gleams as of pure still lightning, unconscious and unstudied revelations of the deepest and serenest feeling. There was certainly a sort of piety in him. It made him calm and self-possessed on all occasions; and the uniform success of him and his party is unaccountable almost by ordinary human causes. When was ever a body so united, so strained up to the highest acting point of faith in a good cause! What could not those men do? Yet they were bigots generally; and Cromwell not the least of bigots. However we have read worse cant than his. He generally looks at the heart of the matter; he goes for essentials and is no slave to forms; and there is always a moral weight in the so called sanctimonious passages of his writing.

The fault we find with all his comments is, that in Cromwell, as in all his heroes, Mr. Carlyle makes one or two great virtues stand for all. If Cromwell was sincerely bent on having a reign of justice established in England, if he had faith in the word of God, if he could give his whole strength unwaveringly to one end, if he was clear-sighted enough to see through the pedantic formulas of the Presbyterian party, and not stay his arm till the principle was acknowledged in its length and breadth, the principle of civil and religious liberty (of liberty to do right however, not to do wrong!)—yet was not he sufficiently narrow in his ideas of right? did he extend liberty to Papists? and was he not unscrupulous of measures and of consequences in the energy with which he did his work? The "Cromwell Curse" can never be forgotten in Ireland; though Mr. Carlyle may deem it proof of a strong stomach and a clear head, that he did not attempt to sprinkle "rose-water" upon the wounds of that bleeding country, but had force of character enough to resort to more "terrible surgery."

Then again, the absorbing of every thing around the hero into him, as if he were it all, is an interesting art of effect, which will hardly stand the test of reason. Your hero, according to this, is the one believing man, the one that has got a meaning in him, and proceeds by God's impulse to act it out. These, however, are very rare, one or so, only, in an age. Yet does not all the virtue of it in these

one or two, reside in the fact, that it ought also to be the virtue of all men? You call them manly! How, O Thomas Carlyle! was it, then, the design of Providence that there should be only one man, the rest not men, but shams, or good, easy, simple, faithful followers of that one, to be always rebuked contemptuously, or praised contemptuously, by history, if history be of thy mind! Here is the danger of Hero-Worship. It ends in something too like contempt for Humanity, too like lack of faith in the elevation of mankind as a whole, and utter coolness towards all inquiries, which have for their end to determine the true condition of society on earth, and the means to its attainment. Here is truth of character, dignified as it should be, but at the same time made the predestined monopoly of one; here is principle, bright and glorious in its chosen representative, but casting all the blacker shadow from him over all the rest of his fellow men. It is not always the highest order of character or mind, which leads visibly in the world's great movements. Talent may climb to the central post of command, where genius has too great a work to do, to be thus putting itself forward. Cromwell was not the only great man in those days. A greater man, we apprehend, was one John Milton, who might not get the control of Parliament, pull down the king, subdue all Ireland and Scotland, and become Lord Protector of the Commonwealth; but without the bigotry, he had the earnestness; without the sanctified cant, he had all the purity and elevation; and by far the largest and most liberal view of those politico-religious friends of liberty, and an influence, then and now, a silent one, which it would be an irreverent paradox to name with Cromwell's.

As to the historical portions of this work, they are above praise. Nothing could be more graphic, more clearly connected, more complete, and at the same time concise and unencumbered with superfluous matter. A most faithful sifter of old rubbish is Carlyle; and he does the work of a true historian in separating the little that is worth remembering from the heaps of nothingness, which pass through long series of the old-fashioned Dryasdust histories without much sensible reduction. The style, too, while it is simpler for the unlearned reader, chiefly English, and free from so many words of Greek and German and technical scientific coinage, is equally quaint, picturesque, and humorous with that of the French Revolution. The everlasting detail of battles, so monotonous to one who has got beyond the fighting days of boyhood, becomes both readable and visible with our historian; you see the men and mark their faces; and it is as if you were there.

The History of Silk, Cotton, Linen, Wool, and other fibrous substances, including Observations on Spinning, Dyeing, and Weaving. Also an Account of the Pastoral Life of the Ancients, their Social State and Attainments in the Domestic Arts: with Appendices on Pliny's Natural History; on the Origin and Manufacture of Linen and Cotton Paper; on Felting, Netting, &c. Deduced from copious and authentic sources. Illustrated by Steel Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. pp. 461. 8vo. (For sale by Redding and Co., Boston.)

The most important part of the history of antiquity,—the history of its Industry and laboring classes,—is unwritten. It never will be written, except so far as it may be gleaned in fragments from records of conquest and tyranny and the fictions of the old poets. The historians of antiquity, who saw no world but that of royalty and despised labor and laborers faithfully celebrated the deeds of the oppressors and spoliators of mankind, but recorded little or nothing of the achievements of the real benefactors of the race. But they could not entirely omit a reference to them, either to add a lustre to the renown of a prince or a hero, or to adorn by a brilliant illustration their own pages. The History of Carnage, which is the history of the world, at least of the ancient world, throws a very small light, however, on the Industry of antiquity. We must gather all the knowledge we can have of ancient manufactures, their origin, the progress of improvement and the processes of art, and the conditions under which labor was prosecuted, by inferences and scraps of indirect information. Like wool torn from the backs of sheep by the briars and bushes of the pasture, the accounts we have of ancient manufactures are scattered only here and there on the thorny records of those days; we can never have the whole fleece.

The principal design of the book before us, is to collate the vestiges of the earliest manufactures of cotton, linen, silks, and so forth, to exhibit them in an orderly manner, and make their history as perfect as possible. The task was not a slight one; it demanded learning and laborious research over a vast range of writings entirely foreign to the subject in hand, and a patient consultation of every source from which information could be drawn:—the habits and traditions of nations, monuments, sculptures, inscriptions, and the accidental preservation of specimens of different kinds of ancient fabrics. As a collection of interesting facts, the task of the author is well executed; it is a tissue of quotations, in prose and poetry, of ancient authors, admirably woven together. We are surprised that out of such scant and widely diverse materials so beautiful,

though imperfect a history of ancient manufactures has been constructed.

Although ancient history is sadly deficient in its records of Industry, and it is highly desirable that every fact throwing light upon it should be brought forward, we have no idea that the moderns are practical losers. We are not among those who believe in the high perfection of art at an early stage of human progress. Industry had no high development in antiquity. Man excelled in producing works of a nature exhibiting the two extremes of human ingenuity and skill,—colossal monuments, like the pyramids, and gossamer fabrics, so fine that if laid upon the grass to bleach, they could not be discerned in the morning when wet with dew. But these were alike the products of the most cruel and protracted labor, and the most wonderful handicraft; designed merely to minister to the pride and pomp of royalty. The immense price set upon some kinds of stuffs, single garments, mantles, shawls, tunics, and so forth, reckoned by thousands of golden coins, shows that they were not very common, and were produced only by the expenditure of a vast amount of human exertion. The dress of the great mass of mankind in antiquity was only skins and the very coarsest stuffs, united in the rudest manner. Even the Roman populace wore nothing better than coarse wools next the skin, (when they could get them,) and history relates that constant bathing was the only security against the most loathsome diseases being generated among them from the filth of their unchanged clothing.

Except, then, a few amazingly fine fabrics executed by the skill of the hands, with the simplest and most uncouth instruments, the ancients could not boast of their manufactures. There were no Manchesters and Birminghams, and Lowells and Pittsburgs, in their day. These are the splendid achievements of modern power,—more wonderful than the most superlative story of Oriental fancy. Babylon and Tyre were famous for their manufactures; but, except for the brilliant dyeing of a few primitive colors, and the barbaric glitter of some tinselled stuffs, they bear no comparison with the seats of modern inventive genius and skill.

The ancients, however, understood one art perfectly, which the moderns, with all their successful ingenuity, have hardly excelled them in—the art of robbing the producer. They did it perhaps in a more manly way; but the change in the mode of committing the robbery corresponds with the change in the method of prosecuting Industry—from the direct to the indirect, from a system of brute force to one of complicated machinery.

The typographical execution of the "History" is beautiful—too good for popular patronage, which is almost to be regretted, as this kind of reading should be encouraged as extensively as possible among the people, in preference to the trashy light literature with which they are inundated.

The views of the author are so much in accordance with our own in regard to the claims of Industry upon the attention of historians and its neglect for mere political superficialities, that we make an extract of a striking passage from the Preface.

"History, until a recent period, was mainly a record of gigantic crimes and their consequent miseries. The dazzling glow of its narrations never lighted the path of the peaceful Husbandman, as his noiseless, incessant exertions transformed the howling wilderness into a blooming and fruitful garden, but gleamed and danced on the armor of the Warrior as he rode forth to devastate and destroy. One year of his labors sufficed to undo what the former had patiently achieved through centuries; and the campaign was duly chronicled while the labors it blighted were left to oblivion. The written annals of a nation trace vividly the course of its corruption and downfall, but are silent or meagre with regard to the ultimate causes of its growth and eminence. The long periods of peace and prosperity in which the Useful Arts were elaborated or perfected are passed over with the bare remark that they afford little of interest to the reader, when in fact their true history, could it now be written, would prove of the deepest and most substantial value. The world might well afford to lose all record of a hundred ancient battles or sieges if it could thereby regain the knowledge of one lost art, and even the Pyramids bequeathed to us by Egypt in her glory would be well exchanged for a few of her humble workshops and manufactories, as they stood in the days of the Pharaohs. Of the true history of mankind only a few chapters have yet been written, and now, when the deficiencies of that we have are beginning to be realized, we find that the materials for supplying them have in good part perished in the lapse of time, or been trampled recklessly beneath the hoof of the war-horse.

In the following pages, an effort has been made to restore a portion of this history, so far as the meagre and careless traces scattered through the Literature of Antiquity will allow.—Of the many beneficent achievements of inventive genius, those which more immediately minister to the personal convenience and comfort of mankind seem to assert a natural preëminence. Among the first under this head may be classed the invention of Weaving, with its collateral branches of Spinning, Netting, Sewing, Felting, and Dyeing. An account of the origin and progress of this family of domestic arts can hardly fail to interest the intelligent reader, while it would seem to have a special claim on the attention of those engaged in the prosecution or improvement of these arts. This work is intended to subserve the ends here indicated. In the present age, when the resources of Science and of Intellect have so largely pressed

into the service of Mechanical Invention, especially with reference to the production of fabrics from fibrous substances, it is somewhat remarkable that no methodical treatise on this topic has been offered to the public, and that the topic itself seems to have almost eluded the investigations of the learned. With the exception of Mr. Yates's erudite production, "*Textrinum Antiquorum*," we possess no competent work on the subject; and valuable as is this production for its authority and profound research, it is yet, for various reasons, of comparative inutility to the general reader."

Montezuma, the Last of the Aztecs: An Historical Romance on the Conquest of Mexico. By EDWARD MATURIN. In Two Volumes. New York: Paine and Burgess. 62 John Street. 1845. pp. 270 and 287.

We took up this book with the hope of finding in it something to recall to us the brilliant though unbalanced and erratic genius of the elder Maturin. We sought in it, instinctively, for some trace of that fire and concentrated force of passion so familiar to us in Melmoth and Bertram. In this we are altogether disappointed. Montezuma cannot be accused of any kind of extravagance, but is safe within the limits of mediocrity; it never oversteps the modesty of nature, it neither tasks too severely the imaginative faculty of its reader, nor leaves him in a state of exhaustion from the intensity of its interest. It is thus a safe book to put into the hands of invalids or others who cannot bear strong excitement, and if read aloud might serve a good purpose as a soporific.

But it is far from being without other merits. It shows a commendable degree of industry on the part of its author in the writing and printing of so many pages in such excellent English. It also contains much information upon the history of the Conquest of Mexico, drawn mainly if not wholly from the labors of Mr. Prescott.

We lay it down with the impression that it is written by a man of some talent and literary dexterity, but with no more right to the lofty title of ARTIST than to that of the Great Mogul.

Local Loiterings and Visits in the Vicinity of Boston. By a LOOKER ON. Boston: Redding & Co. 1845. pp. 147.

This is a collection of little narratives by the author of "Pen and Ink Sketches," written in a pleasant, superficial, rambling manner, and will no doubt be highly popular. The author glides gently over the surface of things, has no eye except for the bright side, knows how to flatter with a certain plausible grace, and is shrewd enough never to offend a prevailing prejudice. The beautiful typography of the book is worthy of all praise. We cannot refrain from giving the following paragraph, which is introduced to

wind up a panegyric on "factory life" in Lowell.

"Look at these young persons," said the estimable gentleman who accompanied me through the mill which I first alluded to—"there is not one bad-looking face in it"—and it was so—every eye was bright with virtue and intelligence—there were no down looks, nothing to make you think of the line—

"Dark vice would turn abash'd away;" but every face was open and fair as the day. Honest independence was inscribed on every brow, and it did my heart good to hear the same gentleman say, "I am under as much obligation to these girls, as they are to me—they give me the full value for what I give them."

No wonder that a cotton-mill in Lowell is such a Paradise, when the services of its inmates are so graciously appreciated!

Chances and Changes; or Life as it Is. By CHARLES BURDETT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. pp. 156.

The design of this book is "to inculcate sound practical lessons of morality and religion," and it is well adapted for that purpose. It illustrates, in a forcible manner, the fraud, oppression, want and suffering which are produced by the indulgence of selfish propensities; and will suggest, to the reflecting mind, the influence of the existing order of society to quicken and nourish these propensities.

Rambles by Land and Water: or Notes of Travel in Cuba and Mexico, including a Canoe Voyage up the River Panuco, and researches among the ruins of Tamaulipas, &c. By B. M. NORMAN. New York: Paine and Burgess. 1845. pp. 216.

A rather interesting book, though written in a clumsy style, and somewhat too abundant in prosy philosophising, and in a peculiar kind of wit, which is, we hope, more amusing to its readers generally than it has been to us. But the field of American Antiquities is so new, that even an indifferent investigator commands our careful attention, and Mr. Norman carries into it so buoyant and healthy a zeal, that we gladly pardon him many faults that criticism might not otherwise overlook.

The long vexed question of the origin of the American races, is here discussed anew, and the hypothesis of Asiatic immigration by Bhering's Straits maintained at some length. To us this seems a most unsatisfactory account of the matter. We can see no reason why races of men should not have been created in America as well as in Asia or Africa. The notion that all the varieties of the human family have sprung from a single pair,—arising from a false interpretation of the Scriptures,—is too absurd to be entertained at present by men of common sense, to say nothing of science.

The Grouping of Animals: a paper read before the Veterinary Medical Association, Thursday, May 16, 1845. By JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON, M. R. C. S. London: printed by Compton and Ritchie, Middle St. Cloth Fair. pp. 13.

The learned author of this little pamphlet suggests, in an unpretending manner, the principles of a really scientific classification of Animals, and shows the falseness of that which now obtains among naturalists. It is remarkable that with the vast amount of facts which have so long enriched the stores of Natural History, some successful attempt has not before been made to arrange them in the true order of nature, and that savans, without regard to the compound method which prevails in all parts of creation, should have continued to classify the different orders and genera of animals according to the simple principle of analogy in form and structure. Mr. Wilkinson, as we should have expected from him, counsels a departure from this profitless course, and hints, for in his limits he could not do more, at doctrines which must be fruitful of the most valuable results. We give his concluding paragraph.

"I have endeavored to prove to you that the naturalist adopts one kind of arrangement, and nature another; that the classification of the naturalist is based upon the principle of uniformity, the grouping of nature upon the principle of variety; that uniformity alone produces apposition, and not unity; but that the harmony of varieties determined by use produces unity and apposition as well; that by the very bond of nature, the bond of want and sympathy and fact, the domestic animals are allied to man; that, therefore, according to the dictates of reason and common sense, they, under man, are the primates of creation; and the rest of animated nature is to be grouped round, on the principle of harmony or its opposite, in the same manner as they are grouped round man; and that when this is done, and not till then, natural history will be a mirror of actual nature."

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

DIRGE.

Time laid within an early grave
Those hopes, so delicate and sweet,
I wondered not I could not save,
But that they did not sooner fleet.

Life has its fading summer dream,
Its hope is crowned with one full hour,
And yet its best deservings seem
Buds all unworthy such a flower.

How well that happy hour is bought
By an after life of Sorrow!
The golden sunset yields a thought
Which adorns the dreary morrow.

We meet no more as we have met;
 Thy heart made music once with mine,
 Which now is still, and we forget
 The art that made our youth divine.

One glance reaps beauty, nevermore
 It wears a lustre as at first:
 We come again — the harvest o'er
 To no new flow'ring can be nursed.

For the Harbinger.

THE BANKRUPT.

With what a deep and ever deeper joy
 Upon that hope my life I periled all,
 Thoughtless if wo which might that life de-
 stroy,
 Or Heaven's own blessedness should thence
 — byfall;

Like as a venturesome mariner that sails
 To seek those unknown Islands of the Blest;
 Heedless that he who on that voyage fails,
 Desolate seas and tossing storms must breast,
 Till in his agony he gladly hails
 The yawning wave that gulphs him down to
 rest;

So have I ventured thy dear love to gain,
 And failing that I fail of all beside,
 To my wrecked heart all voices speak in vain,
 Duty and Hope, Friendship and even Pride,
 As sad, alone, indifferent, I wait
 Invoking the last gloomy stroke of Fate.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

TO OUR EXCHANGES. Several of our exchange papers come so irregularly, as to occasion us no small inconvenience. We have also sent the Harbinger from the beginning to some offices, from which we have received only one or two numbers of their paper in return, and in some instances none at all. We shall erase all such from our list; and if any that wish for the Harbinger, find that it does not come hereafter, they must forward us a copy of their paper, and we will cheerfully make the exchange.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW AND ASSOCIATION.

We find an article on the Wandering Jew, in the December number of the Democratic Review, which for barefaced and atrocious misrepresentation of the Association movement in this country, is without a parallel among the productions of a partizan and bigoted press. Such an appeal to the most shameful prejudices, such an excitement of blind and infuriated passion, would disgrace the most vulgar writer who could be hired to serve the cause of a vindictive, personal contro-

versy. We are not, however, surprised at the appearance of such an effusion of malicious calumny. The present social order, by the constant nutriment it administers to the selfish propensities of our nature, by the low estimate it places on practical truthfulness, by the immense stimulus it supplies to low cunning, is constantly producing characters, in which the sense of justice holds a subordinate rank, and which scruple at no means to promote their own objects, to secure success to their own infamous purposes. The walks of literature are infested by writers of this description. With no intellectual conscientiousness, no accurate perception of facts, no cautious and delicate discrimination of thought, no reverence for the suggestions of natural modesty, they boldly rush into every field of discussion, and lay about them like maniacs, heedless of the devastation which the most precious and beautiful objects may suffer from their lawless violence. We have no right to expect that the great industrial reform, which is now becoming a subject of such intense interest with our countrymen, will escape from their assaults. We are aware that a movement, which cuts so deep into the very heart of existing abuses, which has no soft words at command for the palliation of destructive errors, and which trusts to the divine weapon of sincere speech for its loftiest triumph, is exposed to the hostility of those, who would not hesitate to peril the dearest interests of humanity, in the indulgence of their own prejudices, or the advancement of their own ends. From attacks of this character, we do not hope to be exempted, nor do we fear to suffer. We will confess our regret and astonishment, however, at the insertion of such an article, in a Journal sustaining so high and enviable a reputation, as the Democratic Review. In previous numbers of that work, the merits of Association had been calmly and candidly discussed; it was treated in a manner worthy the dignity of the subject; nor did it fail to receive that catholic appreciation, which might naturally be expected from a periodical, devoted to the largest liberty of thought and expression, and by the very motto on its title page, announcing its belief in the superiority of the principle of attraction to the law of force. We can only account for the appearance in the Democratic of an article so unworthy of its pages, by the temporary absence of its liberal and accomplished Editor, who we are sure would scorn to lend the influence of his name to such a tissue of error and misrepresentation.

This reckless assault on the Association movement is the more extraordinary, from the fact, that the writer not only admits, but sets forth in bold and glowing

colors, those evils in the present organization of society, which the advocates of the Combined Order would remedy by the arrangements which they propose. Indeed, the description which he gives of the actual state of civilization is enough to make the flesh creep with horror, and to secure for every plan which asserts the power of giving relief, the deliberate and respectful consideration of all who have the welfare of Humanity at heart.

According to this writer, the misery and destitution, the vice and crime, which are exhibited by all the large cities of Europe, present a most appalling spectacle; though in the midst of national prosperity, there has been nothing to equal it in the darkest ages; it is daily increasing and has assumed a most alarming aspect. This torrent of misery is sweeping over every land. It threatens to overturn all institutions, and to break down all barriers, human and divine. It is unchecked by legislation. It is unimproved by the beneficent influences of Christianity. It is undiminished by the sincere and earnest efforts of philanthropists and philosophers. It spreads like a malignant canker, the more perilously from the touch of the knife that should remove it. The appalling fact every where stares us in the face, that as the rich become richer and more luxurious, the poor become poorer and more desperately wretched. It is thus clearly shown that there is something rotten in the social state; some tremendous and direful disease, which no government, no legislation can remedy; and from which, even our own favored country with all its natural and social advantages can promise itself no exemption.

These are, certainly, astounding admissions. They surpass in their dark and desperate shading, the representations of the Associationists themselves, for with their high faith in the universality of Providence, they cannot recognize unmingled evil even in the most fearful circumstances, and must regard the errors and imperfections, and consequent misery, of the Past, as the necessary steps in the progress of Humanity from infantile ignorance and weakness to the completion of its glorious destiny. But with this dreary spectacle before his eyes, with the terrible conviction, that the whole social order is in a state of degradation and suffering, from which neither the efforts of the most devoted benevolence, the provisions of legislative wisdom, nor the beneficent influence of the Christian religion, can afford the faintest prospect of relief, it would seem as if the writer, if not ready to welcome a reform, which promised to alleviate these evils, would at least be disposed to treat it with candor and fairness, instead of attempting to thwart its progress by an appeal to popular prejudice.

He coldly looks on the bleeding victim by the wayside, pronounces the case to be past remedy from the resources of either God or man, and then assails the good Samaritan who is hastening with oil and wine for the relief of the sufferer, as an enemy to public morals, and dangerous to the decencies of life.

Divested of all extraneous matter, the charge which this writer brings against the Associative movement, is that it aims at universal licentiousness, seeks to abolish the institution of marriage, and free the relations of love from the restraints of order and propriety. A more indecent calumny was never invented. The man who permits himself to utter it, without his words choking in his mouth, is too shameless for our rebuke; yet as the public are often sickened by poison from the meanest hands, it is our duty, in this instance, to present the antidote.

The evidence, by which he attempts to sustain this charge, is derived from the character of Eugene Sue's popular novel, the *Wandering Jew*. In that work, the writer contends, a system of licentiousness is openly avowed; Sue is himself a disciple of the Associative School; and therefore the whole Associative movement in this country is to be held responsible for what are considered his dangerous and abominable doctrines.

In regard to the spirit and tendency of the *Wandering Jew*, every reader will of course judge for himself; but we are persuaded, there are not many who will put the same construction even upon the most suspicious passages as that advanced by the present writer. As we understand Eugene Sue, he is an advocate of marriage, in the pure and high sense of the term, as a union of two souls in the sight of God; where this truly exists, exclusive devotion is secured by the depth of affection; and any thing short of this, falls below the requirements of genuine love, is not entitled to the sacred name of marriage, and though sanctioned by human law is an abomination before God. We defy the most jealous moralist to point out a passage in the *Wandering Jew*, favorable to what the writer calls a system of promiscuous concubinage,—a system, which needs only to be named to call forth the reprobation of every pure and generous spirit,—a system, which would disenchant the most beautiful passion of our nature of the sentiment which renders it holy, reduce the highest aspirations of the soul to the brutal impulses of sensuality, and spread gloom and uncleanness over the most sweet and tender relations of life. Sue is a believer in the reality of love, in the marriage union of souls,—a doctrine which is not universally admitted in his country, nor to so great an extent, as we are apt to imagine, in our

own,—and would destroy the illusion, that any form, pretence, or habit can be accepted as a substitute for this, that human law can unite those who by the decree of God inscribed on their nature are doomed to be separate.

But we need not pursue these remarks. Allowing that the *Wandering Jew* is open to the criticisms made by the writer, it proves nothing as to the character of the Associative movement. It does not profess to be a scientific treatise, but a work of the imagination. It was not written with the design of illustrating any system, of sustaining any theory, of advancing any cause; but to express the personal feelings and convictions of the author. Eugene Sue speaks in the name of no sect; he is not the leader of a party; he is not charged with expounding the doctrines of a school; but he appears in his own name, relies on his own authority, and announces the ideas and hopes, which he has gained from the action of his own fervid mind and the experience of a crowded life. It is only of recent date, that he has been known to incline to the views of the Associationists; and however highly we honor him for his noble defence of the rights of labor, and his fearless exposure of the abominations of a corrupt order of society, we are as far from holding ourselves responsible for any peculiar opinions which he may express, as he is from acknowledging our claim to dictate to him, his principles of belief or action. Suppose,—what no man who is not blinded by prejudice can suppose for more than a moment,—that Eugene Sue is the advocate of licentiousness? What does it prove in relation to the Associative movement? Nothing more than that the possession of truth on one point does not guarantee a man from error on another. He may have seen the evils of society so clearly, as to be persuaded that nothing but a radical change in the organization of industry can present an effectual remedy; and, certainly, his convictions on this point are not vitiated by the fact that he has failed to perceive the true character of other relations between human beings. He must therefore stand or fall on his own merits; and whatever verdict may be pronounced by an impartial judgment on the tendency of his writings, the doctrines and purposes of the advocates of Associated labor will not be affected by the result.

It may, however, be alleged that Charles Fourier, in connection with the industrial reform proposed by him, brings forward many speculations in relation to the intercourse of the sexes, which a sound morality must condemn, and which if adopted would lead to the introduction of social disorder and licentiousness. These speculations, it may be supposed,

are the source of what is deemed objectionable in the writings of Sue; and the Associative school, accordingly, are justly held responsible for their character and influence. This charge has often been made, and has as often been met. We will repeat the reply, perhaps for the thousandth time. We trust the public will one day understand, that as advocates of Association, Fourier is not our Master, but our Teacher. We do not receive any thing because it is set forth in his writings, any further than it is sustained by conclusive evidence and facts. We believe in his system of Associated Industry, because it is confirmed by the soundest reasoning, by observation, by experience, by the constitution of human nature, and by the analogies of the universe. The Associative school is formed for the study and understanding of this system, and for its practical realization, so far as our circumstances and resources permit. Its sole purpose is the establishment of a system of efficient, attractive, and productive industry, in accordance with what is believed to be the constitution of human nature and the design of the Creator. With the speculations of Fourier, which are admitted to be of the boldest character, we have no practical concern whatever. They are independent of his views concerning a reform in the relations of commerce and industry; and in no respect, do we hold ourselves responsible for their character. We may study his daring speculations on cosmogony, on the relations of the planets, on the movements of sidereal harmony, with no purpose but that of mere literary curiosity; and in like manner, we may read his descriptions of the possible condition of society in future ages of harmony, as if they were nothing but the dreams of the imagination, or the brilliant fictions of a too ardent enthusiast. In the discharge of our duty, as the advocates of industrial reform, we have nothing to do with them. As we leave the past, without fruitless lamentations or reproach, so we leave the future without anxiety, to hands that will work when ours are dust.

Nor should it be forgotten that this was the idea of Fourier himself. He deprecates any change in existing institutions, until industry shall be arranged in its true relations. He believes that in the course of human progress, after ages of improvement shall have established the reign of harmony, purity, and truthfulness, all the relations of life will be adjusted in a manner more in accordance with the will of God than is possible in the present chaotic and confused order of society; that the relations of love, as well as of labor, will be subject to the law of attraction, not of compulsion; that the

affections of the soul, under a culture adapted to call forth the greatest refinement, modesty, tenderness, and truth, will develop more beautiful fruits, in freedom of action, than are now produced under legal restraints; but until that time shall come in its fulness, until the wisest and noblest of the land, the priesthood, the matronage, and the parental instinct, shall coincide in the importance of individual freedom, in the conviction that the law written upon the heart should have supremacy over all arbitrary regulations, he insists, strongly and constantly, that every thing in this respect should remain unchanged. The violation of existing institutions he denounces as a crime; and protests against the enlargement of social freedom in the present social order.

It will be perceived by every candid mind, from the statements which we have now made, what is the true ground held by the Associative movement in regard to what are justly considered the most important and delicate relations of life. It will be seen that while we are the earnest and zealous advocates of Fourier's system of industrial organization, we do not adopt his speculations on other subjects, and especially those which he brings forward, not as the results of scientific research, but as conjectures and probabilities. At the same time, it will be seen that Fourier himself proposes no change in the present relations of marriage, but only anticipates the results which will follow from the collective wisdom of ages of harmony and truth. We have said enough to explain our position to every honest and sincere inquirer; we have the fullest confidence in the justice of our countrymen, and do not fear the influence of calumny on a movement which aims at the advancement and happiness of man; but we do not hope to conciliate the bigot, nor to soften the prejudices of those whose ephemeral interests may be perilled by the progress of society.

We ask no exercise of partiality or favoritism towards our opinions. We wish no one to accept the Associative plan of social reform, without the most satisfactory examination. We have always appealed to the reason and common sense of men, and relied on the convictions of the intellect, for the strength of our cause. In the midst of acknowledged, unmitigated social disorder and wretchedness, we have suggested a remedy that science has brought to light; but we have abstained from any attempt to arouse popular prejudice, to array one class of society in opposition to another, or by rash and precipitate innovation, to endanger any thing valuable and sacred in the present arrangements of society. Our course, in this respect, we are deeply conscious, entitles us to exemption from

unjust assaults. In the calm expression of our intellectual convictions, in our patient and unobtrusive attempts to commence the realization of a better social order, we claim from all men, both the justice and courtesy, which we would exercise ourselves. We record our indignant protest against misrepresentation and abuse. We shall brand as unprincipled calumniators, those who circulate against us charges which they know not to be true, and which they have taken no pains to examine. Let the enlightened and honest minds in the country, whose opinion alone is worthy of consideration, judge between us.

EDUCATION.

Great discussions on this matter have been going on in the Teachers' Convention at Worcester, serving as a nucleus for innumerable lesser circles of discussion in parlor, and hall, and rail-road car, throughout the land. Better ideas, no doubt, have in a considerable measure superseded the old practice; many improvements have been made in all our schools; and earnest, philanthropic, and enlightened minds are lending their whole strength to prove the importance and unfold the means of rightly educating the young. And yet we have given little heed to the details of the discussion, because Education, we know, with all the best efforts of its friends, does and must travel in a circle, so long as the very organization of society counteracts its purer influences; so long as the child is educated for one sphere, the highest which his teacher's philosophy and love can guess out for him, and is doomed all the while to seek his living in another, and an altogether false and artificial, sphere; so long as society generates motives in him, as well as surrounds him with obstacles, all counter to that which he has learned in youth, when in the carelessness of his school days he has had only to think of what was true, and beautiful and worthy in itself, and not of what was politic and essential to a position in the world; so long, in short, as the higher any one aspires in youth, the more must he come down in manhood, there being no convenience, no reception, no success for him, unless he will set about as speedily as possible to unlearn the best things which he has learned.

This is a serious matter. Education, all our best teachers will tell you, means the development of man's faculties, according to their special bent in each child's individual God-given nature. Education, all the preachers say, aims above all temporal, partial, artificial uses. Its scope is even infinite; to make the most of man, to make him what God meant him, to satisfy his inmost conscience of what he ought to be, to develop all his

highest possibilities, to do justice to every instinct, sensibility, affection, thought and aspiration of which his soul conceals the germs,—in a word, to direct him to ends altogether sublime, holy and universal, as if the Universe were his home, Eternity his period, and all souls from Man up to God destined to be society to him:—this, and nothing less than this, is the implied design of all liberal education; this is the heart and kernel of all those philosophies, classics, poems, arts and gospels which every ambitious parent wishes, from one lobe of his heart, his child to learn, while from the other lobe he looks out well and holds himself in readiness to stop all this, so soon as he sees it likely to interfere with his dear boy's worldly prospects.

Such being the spirit of education, of education pure of all venal considerations, how eagerly the generous youth rushes over its flowery paths, or up its faith-challenging difficult Alps, exulting in a destiny which knows not the soul-pinch of selfishness, and impatient to be in the thick of the great enterprise of life, and act his part sublimely among the other gods and heroes! This illusion lasts (good God! ought it to be an illusion?) till he is about through college, if he should happen to enjoy that privilege, or curse, with only occasional east-windier warnings and forebodings of what comes after, which however his heroic heart flings back, determined to ignore them, till the time comes that he must *look about for a place for himself in the world!* Ah! then "a change comes o'er the spirit of his dream." Then he must go to work and unlearn it all, smother those fine aspirations as he can, hide them at all events, renounce them and postpone their consideration to another life. He has been nourishing his soul with thoughts of what life ought to be, and disciplining himself for that, and now he has got to live at any rate. He was preparing himself for one thing; but another thing is what the world offers him to do. His success and his principles beckon different ways; only to the latter it is hard to see that there is left one foot of ground on this fair earth. They told him he should make himself a poet, a philosopher, an artist, a lover of God and man, a priest of the beautiful and the holy, in his way; and he has got to be a huckster, a broker, a speculator, an office-seeker, a time-server and a hypocrite, for that is not too strong a word.

Now this, we say, is owing to the organization of society. It is the necessary result of the whole frame-work. It follows, as shut doors follow cold weather, from the principle of competition and *laissez faire* in business, from the multiplication and solitary withdrawal of small, isolated social centres, and from

the fact that we do not invest our private interests in one another's success. Independence of interests, carried to the ultra-civilized perfection of the thing, results universally in the worse sort of slavish mutual dependence, as the history of the world proves. Does not competition put false values upon all products and all offices and functions? Does it not distribute falsely what the abused goodness of our mother earth produces, making famine where there should be plenty, and surfeit where there is no need? Does it not create fictitious bases for the short time they will last, and add for sole apology: "the devil take the hind-most?" Does it not adulterate the wines and flours men sell each other, the forms they do it by, the consciences by which they justify it, the very atmosphere which sees them do it, thus tainting in their turn, first trade, then politics, and then society, nay, sparing not the inmost privacy of home, but corrupting all, even to the whole atmosphere of life? Does it not make genuine worth in man unmarketable, and so multiply chances to the easiest conscience, that all the chances are soon bought up, and little left for honesty and noble self-respect? A few of course, succeed, splendidly and out of all proportion; the rest must buy their smaller successes of them, and often sign away their souls for it; but the greater mass are swallowed in the nether darkness of failure, out of which these struggling eager gas-flames of ambition chase each other up continually and escape, lighting up a scene of rather painful sublimity, it must be confessed.

Education is an uncomfortable companion in this struggle; a very heavy blessing, and in sooth a mill-stone about one's neck. All its crowns are crosses. Its solid benefits are unwieldy bullion, like a Spartan ox-load of iron coin to buy a dinner with, in this swift paper-circulation business. Verily it sometimes swamps a fellow. If a man is *too much* of a man here, wo be unto him! The absence of the finer qualities is the thing here wanted; he may almost pray to bountiful Heaven to take them back; he has no use for them, they are in his way—(his way, *whither*?) The heart must shrink, the skin must thicken, the brain must determine its most vigorous and electric juices into the one little calculating tribe of organs; the nobler chambers of the brain and the body, which education has tried so hard to brighten up and furnish, are all useless, at the most a dim dull reservoir of vitality in the background, without which, however, even in its most neglected state, this busy life of the extremities would soon die out. The fact is, we are over-educated. We have all learned so much, that we grow up

critics upon ourselves, when the world gives us no chance to help the matter. We feel a contemptible *halfness* in all we do; our acts are all reluctant ones, done in spite of heart and faith and conscience, which will be heard, but at the same time necessity will be obeyed. Our education, supposing the word to mean the unfolding of our better nature, all the time is at odds with our interest, which we have not even room or time to wave. Could a worse night-mare settle down upon the breast of poor Humanity? The savage lives in a perpetual hostility to his neighbors, of a rougher form, though much the same in principle as our's. But then his education corresponds; he has had no faculties stimulated which he does not use, no passions roused for which there is not a sphere; his life-ideal looms always ahead of him in the path which he has got to travel, not behind him, as with us, though bending over our shoulders now and then and looking down into our faces most reproachfully, like the shunned ghost of one we loved and fear to love again. There is a harmony of theory and practice with the savage; his conscience is no more refined than he is, and his acts are hearty, unbeset with doubts, and backed by the whole of him; which gives his life the merit of consistency, at least, and the health, which is a luxury to itself, and a charm to others. That we have lost, irrevocably lost; and education as yet makes poor shift to supply its place.

This, we say, is the fruit of competition; or rather it is the barren soil which competition has exhausted, fit now only to bear these ugly conscious weeds, close followers and comments upon man, where nature would have had at least her spontaneous noble forests and fresh clean grass, if not alone adequate for profitable fruits and crops. Christianity, to be sure, is in the world, and is every body's theory. But the working rule, and therefore the principle of society, is competition, whereby the social unity has burst asunder into an infinity of little separate and obstinate spheres, each having its individual interest which is paramount to the Universe. Each man uses the world, as far as he can contrive to make it available, first for himself, and then for his family, which he instituted for himself, as some small expansion of himself, and beyond that his interest can no farther go, except in the holiday and Sabbath way of charity and occasional enthusiasm; for as to this spirit of party, sect, or nationality, these things are not really interests of his, but only his external and politic alliances.

Now society itself, as we have said, not merely prescribes, but in itself constitutes the principal education of its members. No one was ever so taught by

books and schools, that he did not after all reflect more of what was around him, than of what had been thus scientifically infused into him. We are all the creatures of our age. Where competition is the spirit of the age, and dissolves the unity of society, education too must needs be partial, controlled by accidents of place and fortune, by an eye to narrow private ambition, and in nearly every case entirely unadapted to the individual nature, nature's poets and artists having butchers' or brokers' education, and vice versa. Not until society itself shall offer to every competitor the place which he can best fill, not until there shall be a sphere for every one, that is to say, not until competition shall be superseded by some true principle of association of interests, can this curse of barrenness be taken off from the whole field of education, in which so many noble laborers are throwing away their pains. You may surround the child with purest, choicest influences, you may teach him to appreciate his nobler destiny, you may call out his innate genius and find the promising and happy side of him,—but all must gravitate back to this great, central, massive influence of society, first or last; the child has got to be a man of the world, and of the world as he finds it; his early hot-house nurture may be very beautiful and accordant with his germs of being; but he has got to be removed from the hot-house, and planted out in the world, perhaps by the side of the dusty highway, where neither the climate nor the soil know anything of him, and where the passers by subject him to rude treatment.

We see no remedy for this, of which the first step must not be *Industrial Association*. Society frustrates the very education which it pays for, because it is not in fact society, not a living harmonious unity, but a confused aggregation of elements which tend continually to fly apart. Education presupposes union, and a sphere for every body, not such as he may chance to gain by fighting, or by stingy allowance of the victors who pre-occupy all before him; but such as in his very soul and faculties is preordained and promised to him. Union, then; and first of all, *Industrial* union,—the only stepping-stone to all the rest. For industry is what supports society; and it behoves men first to be agreed in that which supports them. Differing, as they do now in that, striving each to snatch his pittance from those who have already snatched too much, there is neither the leisure, nor the humor, nor the power, for other higher union. Associate all interests, let each produce for all, and share according to the elements of production which he furnishes, according to his labor, skill and capital; then industry becomes attractive,

intelligent and honorable; a place is opened unto every one; expansive, generous views find room in the broad harmonies of his life, now so contracted, so discordant; and on this material pedestal, Humanity, as one body, one fair consent of many members, may stand erect in beauty and in majesty, the very image and expression of all the love and purity of God.

VARIETIES.

From the Deutsche Schnellpost.

The library at Göttingen has been enlarged by the addition of the lower part of the former University Church, there having been no longer space for the yearly increasing number of books. The library now contains over 350,000 volumes.

SOLID QUICKSILVER. M. Vanni has communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, that he has discovered a process for rendering quicksilver so solid, that medals can be struck from it without any addition of other substances.

The botanist Gaubert, in a recent sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, attributed the remarkable mortality of the trees in the Parisian Boulevards to the nightly illumination with gas, since the trees as well as living creatures need to repose at night.

A new book, it is said, may be expected from Henry Heine, whose health is in a very wretched condition. With his left side lamed, his left eye blind, he contends with unshaken courage and unalterable cheerfulness against disease, doctor, and apothecary, an infernal trio. He has spent the whole summer in the romantic Montmorency, where J. J. Rousseau adored nature and mocked at men; he will soon return to Paris.

The profits of the house of Rothschild, for this year, in stocks alone, are estimated at one hundred and twenty millions of florins, — about fifty millions of dollars.

What Napoleon said of the French Republic, that like the sun it would complete its course around the earth, has now happened to the Polka. It has already arrived in Calcutta.

According to the most recent estimates some 50,000 persons in Germany have gone over to "German Catholicism." They are still far inferior to the "Jansenist" Catholics in Holland, who number some 70,000.

Moritz Ledekauer, a Jewish merchant, died recently at Prague, aged 81

years. About 50 years ago he came to that city on foot without a farthing in his pocket. At the time of his death, by energy and economy, he had accumulated a fortune of nearly six millions of Thalers, — four and a half millions of dollars, which he has devoted to the encouragement of the arts, sciences and industry, as well as to the assistance of the unfortunate of every rank without distinction of country. About two and a half millions are left to the leading charitable institutions of the first cities of Bohemia.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY appear to have met with good success in their Concerts at Liverpool. The Mercury says: On Saturday and Wednesday evenings last, these interesting strangers from America gave vocal entertainments at the Mechanics' Institution, Mount street, to unusually large audiences. Their simple, unaffected, and pleasing, because natural style of singing, was, as it must ever be by an intelligent and discriminating audience, highly appreciated. Nothing can surpass in sweetness the harmony of properly cultivated human voices blending together; and with the subjects of this notice much care seems to have been taken to perfect their vocal powers. As we have, on a previous occasion, said, their singing is not amusement merely; it combines also instruction — and instruction imparted in a delightful manner. There are intellect, depth, feeling, sentiment, pathos, mirth, joyousness, wit, and humor, displayed in their selections and original compositions, whilst there is little, if any thing, of a frivolous or unbecoming nature; and their unpretending manner at once ensures for them that indulgence from an audience, to which, as strangers, they would be otherwise entitled. Many of their pieces would, perhaps, admit of a greater infusion of spirit or archness, but when they shall have become longer acquainted with English audiences, and feel more at home, any minor defect of this kind will, there is little doubt, be remedied.

NEW INVENTION. Church bells can now be made of steel, as has been proved by an ingenious American mechanic in Ohio, from a suggestion in an English newspaper. A bell weighing fifty pounds, made of steel will cost about thirty dollars, and can be heard two miles or more. The advantages of this invention are said to be two fold; first, it is so cheap that every church may have a bell of a clear, brilliant and musical tone; second it is so light, and being stationary, that even a slight belfry will sustain it. This newly invented bell is rung by a crank, and any boy can do it as well as a regular parish bell-ringer. For about two hundred dollars a chime of seven bells can now be had.

FATHER MATHREW ON THE POTATO. The only way to preserve the potato for food in the present emergency, is to cut them into two or more slices, and to dry them on a kiln or griddle. I have partaken of the potatoes thus preserved at the Duke of Leinster's table, and they were as well flavored at the end of the year as if fresh from the earth. His grace al-

ways preserves a portion of his potato crop in that way. The complaint of the badness of the potato crop reminds me of Mr. O'Connell's story about a horse, whose owner complained that he could not fatten him, though he had tried every mode. "Have you (enquired his friend) tried oats?" Now I would advise a trial. Oats would supply the want of potatoes. There are oats enough in Ireland to feed the whole population until the next harvest. If landlords allow their tenants to thrash their oats, postpone their demand for rent, and let distillation from grain be prohibited, all anxiety and fear lest there should be a famine, will vanish. The distillers can manufacture rotten potatoes into brandy, and leave grain, the merciful gift of a good God, to be used for the purpose designed by Divine Providence.

SEEDING TREES. Many trees which are entirely hardy when grown, are very tender during the first and second winters of their seeding estate. They should be slightly protected for one or two winters, therefore, with straw, refuse garden gatherings, leaves, &c. Sometimes it is best to raise them and lay them in by the heels, by which those gardeners designate the operation of laying the trees in trenches or excavations, and covering the roots and a part of the stems. This will not be extra labor in all cases — when the young trees are to be reset, at any rate, the second year, in nursery rows.

WEST ROXBURY OMNIBUS!

Leaves Brook Farm at 8 A. M., and 1 1-2 P. M., for Boston, via Spring Street, Jamaica Plains, and Roxbury. Returning, leaves Doolittle's, City Tavern, Brattle Street, at 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 P. M. Sunday excepted.

N. R. GERRISH.

Oct. 18, 1845.

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

VII.

"My aunt is in a singular state of mind," said Albert to Consuelo, as they ascended the steps of the porch. "I ask your pardon for her, my friend; be sure that this very day she will change her manners and her language."

"My brother!" said Consuelo, stupefied at the tidings which had been announced to her, and without hearing what the young Count said.

"I did not know that you had a brother," replied Albert, who had been more struck by his aunt's bitterness than by that incident. "Doubtless you will have much pleasure in seeing him again, dear Consuelo, and I rejoice —"

"Do not rejoice, sir Count," returned Consuelo, whom a sad presentiment suddenly seized; "perhaps a great misfortune is prepared for me and —" she stopped, trembling; for she was on the point of demanding his advice and protection. But she feared to confide too much in him, and daring neither receive nor avoid him who introduced himself by means of a falsehood, she felt her knees bend and, becoming pale, she clung to the balustrade for support at the last step of the entrance.

"Do you fear some bad news from your family?" asked Albert, whose anxiety began to be awakened.

"I have no family," replied Consuelo, gathering strength to continue her advance. She had almost said she had no brother; a vague fear restrained her. But on crossing the eating room, she heard creaking upon the floor of the saloon the boots of a traveller who was impatiently walking to and fro. By an

involuntary movement, she approached the young Count, and pressed his arm into which she clasped her own, as if to find a refuge in his love from the approach of the sufferings which she foresaw.

Albert, struck by this movement, felt mortal apprehensions awakened in him. "Do not enter without me," said he to her in a low voice; "I divine, by my presentiments, which have never deceived me, that this brother is your enemy and mine. I am chilled, I am afraid, as if I were about to be compelled to hate some one."

Consuelo disengaged her arm which Albert had pressed closely to his breast. She trembled at thinking that he might perhaps conceive one of those implacable resolutions, of which Zdenko's supposed death was a deplorable example for her. "Let us leave each other here," said she to him in German, (for their conversation could already be heard from the neighboring room). "I have nothing to fear for the present; but if the future threatens me, believe, Albert, I will have recourse to you."

Albert yielded with a mortal repugnance. Fearing to want delicacy, he dared not disobey her; but he could not resolve to withdraw from the hall. Consuelo, who understood his hesitation, closed both doors of the saloon as she entered, so that he could neither see nor hear what was about to happen.

Anzoleto (for it was he; she had but too well divined his audacity, and but too well recognized the sound of his steps) was prepared to approach her impudently with a fraternal embrace in the presence of witnesses. When he saw her enter alone, pale, but cold and severe, he lost all his courage, and threw himself stammering at her feet. He had no need to feign joy and tenderness. He experienced both these sentiments, really and violently, on again finding her whom he had never ceased to love, notwithstanding his treachery. He burst into tears; and as she would not let him take her hands,

he covered the border of her dress with kisses and with tears. Consuelo had not expected to find him thus. During four months, she had thought of him as he showed himself on the night of their separation, bitter, ironical, despicable and hateful above all men. That very morning she had seen him pass with an insolent bearing and an almost cynical thoughtlessness. And here he was on his knees, humbled, repentant, bathed in tears, as in the stormy days of their passionate reconciliations; handsomer than ever, for his travelling costume, somewhat common, but well fitting, became him wonderfully, and the tan of his journey had given a more manly character to his admirable features.

Palpitating like a dove which the vulture has just seized, she was compelled to seat herself and hide her face in her hands, in order to be freed from the fascination of his glance. This movement, which Anzoleto mistook for shame, encouraged him; and the return of evil thoughts soon infected the simple burst of his first transports. Anzoleto, on flying from Venice, and the disgusts he had there experienced in punishment of his faults, had no other thought than that of seeking fortune; but at the same time, he had always cherished the desire and the hope of again finding his dear Consuelo. So wonderful a talent could not, in his opinion, remain long concealed, and he had no where neglected to obtain information, by questioning the tavern-keepers, guides, or travellers whom he encountered. At Vienna he had met persons of distinction from his own nation, to whom he had confessed his last act and his flight. They had advised him to go further from Venice and to wait until Count Zustiniani had forgotten or forgiven his escapade; and promising to do what they could in effecting this, had given him letters of recommendation for Prague, Dresden and Berlin. On passing Giants' Castle, Anzoleto had not thought of questioning his guide; but after an hour's rapid riding, having slackened his pace to let the horses breathe, he

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

had renewed the conversation by asking him for some details respecting the country and its inhabitants. The guide naturally talked to him of the lords of Rudolstadt, of their style of living, of the eccentricities of Count Albert, whose craziness was no longer a secret to any one, especially since the aversion which Doctor Wetzeliuss had very cordially sworn towards him. The guide did not fail to add, in order to complete the scandalous chronicle of the province, that Count Albert had crowned all his extravagances by refusing to marry his noble cousin, the beautiful baroness Amelia of Rudolstadt, and by being bewitched with an adventuress, only moderately handsome, but with whom all the world fell in love when she sang, because she had an extraordinary voice.

These two circumstances were so applicable to Consuelo, that our traveller immediately asked the name of the adventuress, and learning that she was called Porporina, no longer doubted the truth. He retraced his steps on the instant; and after having rapidly improvised the pretext and the title under which he could introduce himself into so well guarded a chateau, he had drawn still more slanders from his guide. The man's gossip made him regard it as certain that Consuelo was the young Count's mistress, while waiting until she became his wife; for the story was, that she had enchanted the whole family, and instead of driving her away as she deserved, they paid more respect and attention to her in the house, than they had ever done to the baroness Amelia.

These details stimulated Anzoleto quite as much, and perhaps even more than his real attachment for Consuelo. He had indeed sighed for the return of that sweet life she had procured for him; he had truly felt that in losing her advice and direction, he had destroyed, or for a long time compromised the success of his musical career; in fine he was strongly drawn to her by a love at once selfish, profound and unconquerable. But to all this was added the conceited temptation of disputing Consuelo with a rich and noble lover, of snatching her from a brilliant marriage, and of causing it to be said in the country and in the world, that the girl so well endowed, had preferred to follow his fortunes, rather than become Countess and châteline. He therefore amused himself by making the guide repeat that the Porporina reigned as sovereign at Reisenburg, and pleased himself with the puerile hope of making this same man say to all the travellers who should pass after him, that a handsome young stranger had entered the inhospitable manor of the Giants on a gallop, that he came, saw, and conquered, and that a

few hours or a few days afterwards, he again left, carrying off the pearl of cantatrices from the very noble, the very powerful lord, the Count of Rudolstadt.

At this idea he buried his spurs in his horse's sides and laughed in such a manner as to make the guide think that the most crazy of the two was not Count Albert.

The canoness received him with mistrust, but did not dare dismiss him, in the hope that he would perhaps carry away his pretended sister with him. He learned that Consuelo was out walking, and that vexed him. They served breakfast and he questioned the domestics. Only one understood a little Italian, and intended no harm in saying that he had seen the signora upon the mountain with the young Count. Anzoleto feared to find Consuelo reserved and cold in the first instance. He said to himself that if she was still only the virtuous betrothed of the heir of the house, she would have the haughty bearing of a person proud of her position; but if she had become his mistress, she would be less sure of her standing, and would tremble before an old friend who could ruin her prospects. Innocent, her conquest was difficult, but so much the more glorious; corrupted, it was the contrary; in the one case or the other, there was room for enterprize and hope.

Anzoleto had too much penetration not to perceive the ill humor and the anxiety with which the Porporina's long walk with her nephew inspired the canoness. As he did not see Count Christian he had reason to believe that the guide had been misinformed; that the family saw with fear and displeasure the young Count's love for the adventuress, and that she would lower her head before her first lover.

After waiting four mortal hours, Anzoleto, who had time to make many reflections, and whose morals were not pure enough to imagine any good in such a circumstance, regarded it as certain that so long a tête-a-tête between Consuelo and his rival testified an intimacy without reserve. He became more bold, more determined to await her without being rebuffed; and after the irresistible emotion which her first appearance caused him, he believed himself secure in daring every thing as soon as he saw her become agitated and fall powerless upon a chair. His tongue was therefore very quickly loosed. He accused himself for all the past, humbled himself hypocritically, wept all he chose, recounted his remorse and his sufferings, depicting them in a much more poetical light than disgusting distractions had allowed him to feel them; finally he implored her forgiveness with all the eloquence of a Venetian and a consummate actor.

Moved at first by the sound of his voice, and more and more terrified at her own weakness than at the strength of the temptation, Consuelo, who, during four months, had herself reflected much, recovered enough clearness of mind to recognize in these protestations and in this passionate eloquence, all she had so often heard at Venice in the last periods of their unfortunate connection. She was wounded at perceiving that he repeated the same oaths and the same prayers, as if nothing had occurred since those quarrels, when she was still so far from imagining his odious conduct. Indignant at such audacity, and at such fine discourses where there ought to have been only the silence of shame and the tears of repentance, she cut short his declamation by rising and replying with clearness:

"Enough, Anzoleto; I forgave you long since and am no longer angry with you. Indignation has given place to pity, and the forgetfulness of my wrongs has come with the forgetfulness of my sufferings. We have nothing more to say to each other. I thank you for the good feeling which induced you to interrupt your journey in order to be reconciled with me. Your pardon was granted in advance, you perceive. Farewell then and resume your journey."

"I depart! leave you, lose you again!" cried Anzoleto, really frightened. "No, I would rather you would order me to kill myself immediately. No, I never will resolve to live without you. I cannot, Consuelo. I have tried and know that it is useless. Wherever you are not, there is nothing for me. My detestable ambition, my miserable vanity, to which I in vain wished to sacrifice my love, have become my punishment and never give me an instant of pleasure. Your image pursues me every where; the remembrance of our love, so pure, so chaste, so delicious, (where can you yourself find one like it?) is always before my eyes; all the chimeras, with which I strive to surround myself, cause me the deepest disgust. O Consuelo! recall our beautiful nights at Venice, our boat, our stars, our endless songs, your good lessons and our long kisses! and your little bed, where I slept alone, while you said your rosary upon the terrace! Did I not love you then? Is the man who always respected you, even during your sleep, shut up tête-a-tête with you, incapable of loving? If I was a wretch with others, was I not an angel with you? and God knows what it cost me! O! do not forget all that! You said you loved me so much and yet you forget it! And I, who am an ingrate, a monster, a dastard, I have not been able to forget it for a single instant! and I do not wish to renounce it, though you do so without regret and without ef-

fort! But you never loved me, though you were a saint; and I adore you, though I am a demon."

"It is possible," replied Consuelo, struck by the accent of truth which accompanied these words, "that you may have a sincere regret for that happiness lost and stained by you. It is a punishment which it is your duty to accept and which I ought not to prevent you from undergoing. Success has corrupted you, Anzoleto. You require a little suffering to purify you. Go and remember me, if the bitter draught is salutary to you. If not, forget me, as I, who have nothing to expiate or repair, forget you."

"Ah! you have a heart of iron!" cried Anzoleto, surprised and offended at so much calmness. "But do not think that you can drive me away thus. It is possible that my arrival troubles you, that my presence is a clog upon you. I know very well that you wish to sacrifice the remembrance of our love to the ambition of rank and fortune. But it shall not be so. I attach myself to you; and if I lose you, it shall not be without a struggle. I will recall to you the past, and I will do it before your new friends, if you constrain me to it. I will repeat to you the oaths which you made at the bedside of your dying mother, and which you renewed to me a hundred times upon her tomb and in the churches, where we went to kneel close to each other among the crowd, to hear the beautiful music and whisper together. Prostrate before you, I will humbly recall to you alone, things which you will not refuse to hear; and if you do, we to us both! I will say before your new lover things which he does not know! For they know nothing of you, not even that you have been an actress. Well, I will inform them, and then we shall see if the noble Count Albert will recover his reason to contend for you with an actor, your friend, your equal, your betrothed, your lover. Ah! do not drive me to despair, Consuelo, or else —"

"Threats! At last I discover and recognize you, Anzoleto," said the young girl, indignant. "Well! I like you better thus, and I thank you for having raised the mask. Yes, thanks to heaven, I shall have no more regret nor pity for you. I see the gall in your heart, the baseness in your character, the hatred in your love. Go on, satisfy your spite. You will do me a service. But unless you are as accustomed to calumny as you are to insult, you can say nothing of me to make me blush."

Speaking thus, she moved towards the door, opened it, and was going out, when she found herself face to face with Count Christian. At the aspect of this venerable old man, who advanced with an affa-

ble and majestic air, after kissing Consuelo's hand, Anzoleto, who had rushed forward to retain the latter, by good will or by force, recoiled intimidated, and lost the audacity of his manner.

VIII.

"Dear Signora," said the old Count, "pardon me for not having given a better reception to your brother. I had given orders that I should not be interrupted, because I had unusual occupations for this morning; and they obeyed me too well in leaving me ignorant of the arrival of a guest who is welcome in this house to me, as to all my family. Be assured sir," added he, addressing Anzoleto, "that I see here with pleasure a so near relation of our beloved Porporina. I therefore request you to remain here, and pass all the time which may be agreeable to you. I presume that after so long a separation you must have many things to say to each other, and much pleasure at finding yourselves together. I hope you will not fear being indiscreet in enjoying at leisure a happiness which I partake."

Contrary to his custom, Count Christian spoke with ease to a stranger. His timidity had long since disappeared beside the gentle Consuelo, and on this day, his countenance seemed illumined by a ray of life more brilliant than usual, like those which the sun sheds upon the horizon at the hour of his setting. Anzoleto was confused before that kind of majesty, which recititude and serenity of soul reflect upon the brow of a respectable old man. He knew how to bend his back very low before the great nobles; but he hated and mocked them internally. He had found only too many reasons to despise them, in the fashionable world in which he had for some time lived. He had never before seen dignity so well borne, and politeness so cordial, as those of the old chatelain of Reisenburg. He was troubled in thanking him, and almost repented having obtained by an imposition the paternal reception with which he was greeted. He feared above all, lest Consuelo should unmask him, by declaring to the Count that he was not her brother. He felt that, at this moment, he could not repay her with impertinence and endeavor to avenge himself.

"I am much gratified by the goodness of my lord Count," replied Consuelo after an instant's reflection; "but my brother, who feels its whole value, cannot have the happiness to profit by it. Pressing business calls him to Prague and he has at this moment taken leave of me."

"That is impossible! you have hardly seen each other an instant," said the Count.

"He has lost several hours in waiting for me," replied she, "and now his mo-

ments are counted. He knows very well," added she, looking at her pretended brother with a significant air, "that he cannot remain here a minute longer."

This cold pertinacity restored to Anzoleto all the hardihood of his character, and all the ease of his heart. "Let happen whatever pleases the Devil — God, I mean to say!" said he recovering himself; "but I will not leave my dear sister so precipitately as her reason and prudence require. I know of no business which is worth an instant of happiness; and since my lord the Count permits me so generously, I accept with gratitude. I remain! my engagements at Prague must be fulfilled a little later, that is all."

"That is speaking like a thoughtless young man," returned Consuelo, offended. "There are some affairs in which honor calls more loudly than interest."

"It is speaking like a brother," replied Anzoleto; "and you speak always like a queen, my good little sister."

"It is speaking like a good young man!" added the old Count, extending his hand to Anzoleto. "I know of no business which cannot be put off till the morrow. It is true that I have always been reproached for my indolence; but I have always found that more is lost by precipitancy than by reflection. For example, my dear Porporina, there are many days, I might say many weeks, that I have had a request to make to you, and I have delayed until now. I believe I have done well and that the moment has come. Can you grant me, to-day, the hour's conversation I was coming to ask of you, when I was informed of your brother's arrival? It seems to me that this happy circumstance has occurred quite apropos, and perhaps he would not be out of place in the conference I propose to you."

"I am always, and at every hour, at your lordship's command," answered Consuelo. "As to my brother, he is a young man to whom I do not admit without examination into my personal affairs."

"I know that very well," returned Anzoleto impudently; "but as my lord the Count authorizes me, I do not require any other permission than his to enter into the confidence."

"You will please allow me to judge of what is proper for you and for me," replied Consuelo haughtily. "Sir Count, I am ready to follow you to your apartment, and to listen to you with respect."

"You are very severe with this young man, who has so frank and cheerful an air," said the Count smiling; then turning towards Anzoleto: "Do not be impatient, my child," said he to him, "Your turn will come. What I have to say to your sister cannot be concealed from you; and

soon, I hope, she will permit me to place you, as you say, in the confidence."

Anzoleto had the impertinence to reply to the expansive gaiety of the old man, by retaining his hand in his own, as if he wished to attach himself to him, and discover the secret from which Consuelo excluded him. He had not the good taste to understand, that he ought at least to leave the saloon, in order to spare the Count the necessity of doing so. When he found himself alone, he stamped with anger, fearing lest that young girl, become so much mistress of herself, should disconcert all his plans, and cause him to be dismissed in spite of his address. He had a desire to steal through the house, and listen at all the doors. He left the saloon with this design, wandered in the gardens for some moments, then ventured into the galleries, pretending, whenever he met a domestic, to be admiring the beautiful architecture of the chateau. But, at three different times, he saw pass at some distance, a personage dressed in black, and singularly grave, whose attention he was not very desirous of attracting; it was Albert, who appeared not to remark him, and yet never lost sight of him. Anzoleto, seeing that he was a full head taller than himself, and observing the serious beauty of his features, comprehended that, on all points, he had not so despicable a rival as he had at first thought, in the person of the madman of Reisenburg. He therefore preferred returning to the saloon, and exercising his fine voice in that vast hall, as he passed his fingers absently over the harpsichord.

"My daughter," said Count Christian to Consuelo, after having led her to his study and drawn out for her a large arm chair of red velvet with gold fringes, while he seated himself on an easy chair by her side: "I have a favor to ask of you, and yet I know not by what right I can do so, before you understand my intentions. May I flatter myself that my white hairs, my tender esteem for you, and the friendship of the noble Porpora, your adopted father, will give you sufficient confidence in me to induce you to open your heart without reserve?"

Affected, and yet somewhat terrified, at this opening, Consuelo raised the old man's hand to her lips and replied with frankness: "Yes, sir Count, I love and respect you as if I had the honor to have you for my father, and I can answer all your questions without fear and without evasion in whatever concerns me personally."

"I will ask you nothing else, my dear daughter, and I thank you for this promise. Believe me incapable of abusing it, as I believe you incapable of breaking it."

"I do believe it, sir Count. Be pleased to speak."

"Well! my child," said the old man with artless and encouraging curiosity, "what is your name?"

"I have no surname," replied Consuelo without hesitating; "my mother bore no other than that of Rosmunda. At my baptism, I was called Mary of Consolation: I have never known my father."

"But you know his name?"

"Not at all, my lord; I have never heard him spoken of."

"Has master Porpora adopted you? Has he given you his name by a legal act?"

"No, my lord. Among artists, such things are not done, and are not necessary. My generous master has no property and nothing to bequeath. As to his name, it is unimportant to my position in the world, whether I bear it in consequence of a usage, or a contract. If I justify it by some talent, it will be well acquired; otherwise, I shall have received an honor of which I was unworthy."

The Count kept silence for some instants; then taking Consuelo's hand:

"The noble frankness with which you reply gives me a still higher opinion of you," said he to her. "Do not think that I have asked these details of you in order to esteem you more or less, according to your birth and your condition. I wished to know if you had any repugnance to telling the truth; I see that you have none whatever. I am infinitely obliged to you and consider you more ennobled by your character than we are by our titles."

Consuelo smiled at the good faith in which the old patrician admired her for making so easy an avowal, without blushing. There was in this surprise a remnant of prejudice, the more tenacious as Christian opposed it more nobly. It was evident that he combated this prejudice in himself and wished to overcome it.

"Now," resumed he, "I am going to a still more delicate question, my dear child, and shall require all your indulgence to excuse my temerity."

"Fear nothing, my lord," said she; "I will answer every thing with as little embarrassment."

"Well! my child — you are not married?"

"No, my lord, not that I know of."

"And — you are not a widow? You have no children?"

"I am not a widow, I have no children," replied Consuelo, who had a strong inclination to laugh, not knowing to what point the Count wished to come.

"In fine," resumed he, "you have not pledged your faith to any one; you are perfectly free?"

"Excuse me, my lord; I had pledged my faith, with the consent, and even by the order, of my dying mother, to a young

man whom I had loved from my childhood and whose betrothed I was up to the moment of leaving Venice."

"So then, you are betrothed!" said the Count with a singular mixture of disappointment and satisfaction.

"No, my lord, I am perfectly free," replied Consuelo. "He whom I loved has unworthily betrayed his faith, and I have left him forever."

"So, you loved him?" said the Count after a pause.

"With my whole soul, it is true."

"And — perhaps you love him still?"

"No, my lord, that is impossible."

"You would have no pleasure at seeing him again?"

"The sight of him would be torture to me."

"And you never permitted — He could not have dared — But you will say that I become insulting and wish to know too much!"

"I comprehend you, my lord; and as I am called upon to confess, and do not wish to surprise you into esteem, I will give you the means of knowing, to an iota, if I merit it or not. He permitted himself many things, but he never dared more than I permitted. Thus we have drank in the same cup, and reposed on the same bench. He slept in my chamber, while I said my rosary. He watched me when I was ill. I did not guard myself with fear. We were always alone, we loved each other, we were to be married, and we respected each other. I had sworn to my mother to be what she called a *sage** girl. I kept my word, if it is being sage to believe in a man who tries to deceive us, and to give all our confidence, affection and esteem to one who merits none of them. It was when he wished to cease being my brother without becoming my husband, that I began to defend myself. It was when he was unfaithful to me that I rejoiced at having defended myself so well. It is in the power of that man without honor to boast of the contrary; that is not of much consequence to a poor girl like me. Provided I sing well, no more will be required of me. Provided I can without remorse kiss the crucifix on which I swore to my mother to be chaste, I shall not be much troubled about what people think of me. I have no family to blush, no brothers or cousins to fight for me —"

"No brothers? you have one!"

Consuelo felt herself ready to confess the whole truth to the old Count, under the seal of secrecy. But she feared to be cowardly in seeking beyond herself for a refuge against one who had threatened her in so cowardly a manner. She thought she ought to have firmness

* *Sage* means chaste as well as wise.

enough to defend and deliver herself from Anzoletto. And besides, the generosity of her heart recoiled before the idea of having the man she had so religiously loved, ignominiously expelled by her host. However polite Count Christian might be in dismissing Anzoletto, however culpable the latter, she did not feel the courage to subject him to so great a humiliation. She therefore replied to the question of the old man, that she regarded her brother as a mad-cap, and was not accustomed to treat him otherwise than as a child.

"But he is not evil disposed!" said the Count.

"Perhaps he is so," replied she. "I have the least possible intercourse with him; our characters and our views of life are entirely different. Your lordship may have remarked that I was not very anxious to retain him here."

"It shall be as you wish, my child; I have full confidence in your judgment. Now that you have confided every thing to me with so noble a frankness——"

"Excuse me, my lord," said Consuelo; "I have not told you every thing about myself, because you have not asked me. I am ignorant of your motive for the interest you are this day pleased to take in my existence. I presume that some one has spoken of me here more or less unfavorably, and that you wish to know if my presence does not disgrace your house. Hitherto, as you have questioned me upon very superficial things, I have thought I should be wanting in due modesty, if I referred to myself without your permission; but as you now appear to wish to know me thoroughly, I ought to inform you of a circumstance which will perhaps injure me in your mind. Not only would it be possible, as you have often suggested, (though I have no such desire at present) that I should embrace the career of the stage; but it is moreover certain that I made my debut at Venice the last season, under the name of Consuelo—They gave me the surname of the Zingarella, and all Venice knows my person and my voice."

"Wait a moment!" cried the Count, astonished at this new revelation. "Can you be that wonder who made so much noise at Venice the past year, and of whom the Italian gazettes made mention with such pompous eulogiums? The most beautiful voice, the most beautiful talent, which had ever been revealed, within the memory of man?"

"Upon the Saint Samuel Theatre, my lord. Those eulogiums were, without doubt, exaggerated; but it is an incontestable fact, that I am that same Consuelo, that I sang in several operas, in one word, that I am an actress, or, as is more politely said, a cantatrice. See now if I deserve to retain your good will."

"This is very extraordinary! what a strange destiny!" said the Count, absorbed in his reflections. "Have you told all this to——to any one besides me, my child?"

"I have told nearly all to the Count your son, my lord, although I have not entered into the details you have just heard."

"So Albert knows your birth, your ancient love, your profession?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Very well, my dear Signora, I cannot thank you too much for the admirable loyalty of your conduct as respects us, and I can promise you that you will have no reason to repent it. Now, Consuelo—(yes, I remember that was the name Albert gave you at the commencement, when he talked Spanish to you,) permit me to recover myself somewhat. I feel much agitated. We have still many things to say to each other, and you must forgive me a little anxiety at the approach of so grave a decision. Have the goodness to wait for me here an instant."

He went out, and Consuelo, following him with her eyes, saw him through the gilded glass doors enter his oratory, and kneel down with fervor.

Herself greatly agitated, she was lost in conjectures as to the object of a conversation which was announced with so much solemnity. At first she had thought that Anzoletto, while waiting for her had, out of spite, already done what he had threatened; that he had talked with the chaplain or with Hanz, and that the manner in which he had spoken of her, had excited grave scruples in the minds of her hosts. But Count Christian could not dissemble, and hitherto his manner and his discourse announced an increase of affection, rather than a feeling of mistrust. Besides, the frankness of her answers had affected him, as unexpected revelations would have done; the last especially, had been a stroke of lightning. And now he was praying, he was asking God to enlighten and sustain him, in the accomplishment of a great resolution. "Is he going to ask me to leave the house with my brother? Is he going to offer me money?" she asked herself. "Ah! may God preserve me from that insult! But no! this man is too delicate, too good to think of humiliating me. What did he mean to say at first, and what can he mean to say now? Doubtless my long walk with his son may have given him fears, and he is about to scold me. I have deserved it, perhaps, and I will receive the lecture, since I cannot answer sincerely the questions which may be asked me respecting Albert. This is a trying day; if I pass many such I shall no longer be able to dispute

the palm of singing with Anzoletto's jealous mistresses, my chest feels all on fire and my throat is dry."

Count Christian soon returned to her. He was calm, his pale countenance bore witness of a victory obtained with a noble intention. "My daughter," said he to Consuelo, reseating himself beside her, after having compelled her to retain the sumptuous arm-chair which she had wished to yield to him, and on which she was enthroned, spite of herself, with a timid air; "it is time that I should respond by my frankness to that which you have testified to me. Consuelo, my son loves you."

Consuelo became red and pale by turns. She attempted to answer. Christian interrupted her.

"It is not a question which I ask you," said he, "I should have no right to do so, and perhaps you would have none to answer; for I know that you have not in any way encouraged Albert's hopes. He has told me all; and I believe him, for he has never lied, nor I either."

"Nor I either," said Consuelo raising her eyes to heaven with an expression of the most candid pride. "Count Albert must have told you, my lord——"

"That you have repelled every idea of a union with him."

"It was my duty. I knew the customs and the ideas of the world; I knew that I was not made to be Count Albert's wife, for the sole reason that I esteem myself inferior to no person under God, and that I would not receive grace or favor from whomsoever before men."

"I know your just pride, Consuelo. I should consider it exaggerated, if Albert had been alone in the world; but in the belief you had that I should not approve of such a union, you ought to have answered as you did."

"Now, my lord," said Consuelo rising, "I understand the rest, and beseech you to spare me the humiliation which I feared. I will quit your house, as I would before have quitted it, if I had thought I could do so without endangering the reason and the life of Count Albert, over which I have more influence than I could have wished. Since you know what it was not permitted me to reveal to you, you can watch over him, prevent the consequences of this separation, and resume a care which belongs to you rather than to me. If I arrogated it to myself indiscreetly, it is a fault which God will forgive me; for he knows what purity of sentiment has guided me in all this."

"I know it," returned the Count, "and God has spoken to my conscience, as Albert had spoken to my heart. Remain seated therefore, Consuelo, and do not hasten to condemn my intentions. It was not to order you to quit my house,

but to beseech you, with clasped hands, to remain in it all your life, that I asked you to listen to me."

"All my life!" repeated Consuelo, falling back upon her chair, divided between the satisfaction caused her by this reparation to her dignity, and the terror which such an offer excited. "All my life! your lordship is not thinking of what you do me the honor to say."

"I have thought much of it, my daughter," replied the Count with a melancholy smile, "and I feel that I ought not to repent it. My son loves you distractedly, you have all power over his soul. It is you who restored him to me, you who went to seek him in some mysterious place which he will not disclose to me, but where he says no one but a mother or a saint would have dared to penetrate. It is you who risked your life to save him from the isolation and delirium which consumed him. Thanks to you, he has ceased to cause us horrible anxiety by his absences. It is you who have restored to him calmness, health, reason in a word. For it must not be dissembled, my poor boy was mad, and it is certain that he is so no longer. We have passed nearly the whole night together, and he has shown me a wisdom superior to mine. I knew that you were to go out with him this morning. I therefore authorized him to ask you that which you would not hear—you were afraid of me, dear Consuelo; you thought that the old Rudolstadt, encrusted with his prejudices of nobility, would be ashamed to owe his son to you. Well! you were mistaken. The old Rudolstadt has had pride and prejudices without doubt; perhaps he has them still, he will not conceal his faults before you; but he abjures them, and in the transport of a boundless gratitude, he thanks you for having restored to him his last, his only child!" Speaking thus, Count Christian took both of Consuelo's hands in his, and covered them with kisses while he watered them with tears.

To be Continued.

A YANKEE IN HAVANA. A correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, writing from Havana, tells the following story. "An amusing affair happened here some days since, that has tickled the Spaniards a good deal. It seems that an American just arrived, in his rambles over the city, strolled into the palace, and passing the different sentinels, who never interrupt approach to the Captain-General during the day, proceeded to the antechamber, where an officer met him and asked what he wished. — 'Why, I guess I want to see the Governor.' 'Can I not communicate your wishes to his Excellency?' said the officer. 'Well, I guess not—I want to see him.' Telling him to wait a moment, the officer disappeared and shortly returned, beckoned our adventurer, and ushered him into the presence.

In he marched, stiff as a drum-major. 'Wall, Governor, how d'ye du! I'm a free American citizen—I've shuk hands with six Presidents, and being as how as I was here, I didn't like to go away without seeing on yer. Got an amazin' fine house here; how much does it cost yer?' The Captain-General, in the meanwhile, looked at him, and at last getting an opportunity to speak, while the Yankee took breath, addressed him very blandly, 'Why, my friend, you see I am very busy just now, but if you will call to-morrow at one o'clock we will have a talk.' 'Oh, certainly—don't let me interrupt you. I'm a free born American and know the true vally of time. Good mornin', Governor.' 'Good morning, sir.' The Yankee did not call again—he had probably met something that was more novel to him than the Governor would have been."

THE EXPATRIATED.

No bird is singing
In cloud or on tree,
No eye is beaming
Glad welcome to me;
The forest is tuneless;
Its brown leaves fast fall—
Changed and withered, they fleet
Like hollow friends all.

No door is thrown open,
No banquet is spread;
No hand smooths the pillow
For the Wanderer's head;
But the eye of distrust
Sternly measures his way,
And glad are the cold lips
That wish him—good day!

Good day!—I am grateful
For such gentle prayer,
Though scant be the cost
Of that morsel of air;
Will it clothe, will it feed me,
Or rest my worn frame?
Good day! wholesome diet,
A proud heart to tame.

Now the sun dusks his glories
Below the blue sea,
And no star its splendor
Deems worthy of me;
The path I must travel,
Grows dark as my fate,
And nature, like man, can
Wax savage in hate.

My country! my country!
Though step-dame thou be,
Yet my heart, in its anguish,
Cleaves fondly to thee;
Still in fancy it lingers
By mountain and stream,
And thy name is the spirit
That rules its wild dream.

This heart loved thee truly,—
And, O! it bled free,
When it led on to glory
Thy proud chivalry;
And, O! it gained much from
Thy prodigal hand,—
The freedom to break in
The stranger's cold land!

LABOR IN NEW YORK.

Its Circumstances, Conditions and Rewards.

NO. XXI. — THE HATTERS.

The business of Hat-making has been regularly falling off in profitability for a good many years. In 1832 ten and twelve shillings were the regular prices for making a Hat which is now made for seventy-five and even fifty cents. The reduction in the price of finishing has been about the same. In 1836 prices had fallen to about ten shillings; in 1840 to one dollar; and now a fair average for making fine hats is not over seventy-five cents, in fair shops. There are two or three foul shops in the city where work is done at almost any price, and of course in almost any manner. We speak only of fair work and regular prices.

The causes of the great decline in the prices of Hat-making are to be found principally in the competition of country places, where living is much cheaper than in the city, and whence work is thrown into our sale shops in immense quantities. Indeed, a great proportion of the coarse work is done in the country, and most of our fashionable shops in Broadway receive their hats from Newark, Philadelphia, and other adjacent places. They keep a number of finishers on hand and thus turn out what they call their own work. So stringent is this country competition, that many old and well-tried hands in the city are out of employment, and all get too poorly paid. Formerly journeymen Hatters were better paid than almost any other branch of mechanics—making from \$16 to \$18 and \$20 per week. But as prices fell, many of the journeymen became dissipated and unsettled, and the character of the trade has suffered severely.

There are nine fair shops in New-York, for either making or both making and finishing. Two or three of the largest of these employ from twenty to thirty journeymen makers each. Altogether we suppose that there are from 200 to 250 makers in the city, and perhaps twice that number of finishers. The present list of prices was adopted as a compromise between the journeymen and employers in 1844, and is as follows:

Full Brush Hats,	87 cts.
Half " "	62 cts.
Fine Nutrias "	75 cts.
Napping sax. "	34 cts.
half spun Hats "	31 cts.
No. 1 Plain Hats "	31 cts.
No. 2 " "	34 cts.
No. 3 " "	40 cts.
No. 4 " "	44 cts.
No. 5 " "	50 cts.
Sizing sax and half sax,	9 cts.
" Spanish "	7 cts.

An average hand can make from twelve to fifteen Hats per week, and will thus earn from \$8 to \$12, according to the quality of his work and his own industry and expertness. The only person employed is the foreman of the shop, whose wages are \$12 to \$15. The manufactories have no connection with front or sales shops.

Beside the fair shops, there are three shops in the city which are ranked as "foul," or which employ irregular, incompetent or "foul" journeymen at low prices, and are shunned by journeymen in fair standing, as pests and dead-houses. The rules and regulations of the journeymen hatters are very strict and very thor-

oughly adhered to. There are but few "fouleys" out of the regular foul shops, and they are all well marked.

The finishers are paid a greater variety of prices, and it is difficult to create a list. An average price may be set down as \$3 per dozen. At this rate a good hand can make \$9 or \$10 per week.

The trimming of Hats and sewing of plush (putting in the crowns of silk Hats) are done by women and girls. For trimming the price varies from 8 to 12 1-2 cts. —generally the latter on fine work, in the city. In country places the usual price is 8 cts. A smart hand, who has been regularly apprenticed and taught the business, (it does not take long to learn,) can make from \$1 to \$1.50 per day. There are many girls employed in this business who average \$6 to \$8 per week.

A large proportion of the competition, under which our journeymen now suffer so greatly, comes from Newark and Philadelphia, where all kinds of work are done for less than half the New York prices. From a Report of the Corresponding Secretary of the Central Committee, made to the journeymen Hatters in July, 1844, we compile a brief view of the condition of the trade in the vicinity of New York:

Newark, N. J.—Fifteen employers, giving work to fifty four journeymen and thirty eight Apprentices,* complied with the bill of prices—some of them, however, with much reluctance; and consequently such compliance has not been adhered to. One large firm refused to make any arrangement or come to any understanding, and many journeymen were induced to accept employment from them.

Philadelphia.—The bill of prices was accepted by twenty four employers, giving work to one hundred and sixteen journeymen and sixty one apprentices—leaving but two foul shops in the city. Shortly afterward, however, the Corresponding Secretary received information that great deception and villainy had been practiced by employers and journeymen. "These journeymen, it seems, (says the report) had been *foul* before the Convention, and were then and still are working for *Cat-Gut Bosses*. This class of employers are a great nuisance in the trade. They are like broken gamblers: when their regular business fails they go to cutting one another's throats by underselling each other." Ten employers signed the bill of prices, but never *paid* them.

Boston.—The journeymen refused to take any action or make any exertions to get the bill of prices adopted, although it was much needed. Their own Corresponding Secretary writes: "We are all *foul*."

But in short, the condition of the trade in nearly all the country towns is very similar, and is yearly becoming worse and its consequences more disastrous to the city interest. This state of things, much as it is deplored, is perfectly inevitable and arises from an irresistible law of necessity—a law which is gradually though surely taking out of the city all the manipulatory occupations and transferring them to the country, where the prices of rent and all the necessities of life, as well as the means and opportunity for recreation and independence are fifty per cent in favor of the workman. The city will supply itself mainly with Boots and Shoes, Hats, &c. &c. from the cheap country workers—keeping only a

few finishers and extra men here to put on the gloss and polish.

The separation in feeling and interest between employer and employee is perhaps more strictly kept up in the business of Hat-making than most other branches of mechanics. Unhappily a diversity of interest has blinded the eyes of both employers and journeymen to the fact that neither of them can succeed in *opposition* to the other—that antagonism between the different interests of an integral trade or operation is as fatal as between the different members of the same body; and that it is only by mutual concession and assistance that the real interests of either can be promoted. But this is a mistake almost universally held and whose pernicious consequences have pervaded every class, grade and condition of labor—a mistake which can not be corrected until a gradual interchange of thought and feeling between all kinds of men shall have smoothed down the elements of strife and selfish struggle, and begun to elicit harmony from all the elements of life which now, inverted and mismatched, produce nothing but most painful discord.

NO. XXII.—THE BUTCHERS.

The Butchers of New York number about six hundred, and form one of the most influential subdivisions of the producing classes. Their daily acquaintance and intercourse with the people of all ranks create a kind of friendship between them which no other class of the suppliers of necessities acquire. The Butchers, however, seldom act together, and are composed of men of the most diverse habits, sentiments and opinion. About one half the Butchers in New York are Americans, and the other Germans, Irish, English, &c. &c. They are mostly men of families, of industrious habits and fair standing—lovers of peace and public order, and by no means resembling in any one respect the rowdies and "boys" with whom they are so often and so unaccountably confounded.

There is a Butchers' Benevolent Association in existence, but it does not interfere with prices or the interests of the business. There is no combination or understanding among the Butchers as to prices—every body gets the most he can and works for as little as he pleases. Apprentices go to the business at about fourteen, and sometimes even earlier—too often before they have received a proper education. They are paid from \$3 to \$5 per month, exclusive of board, &c., and beside sundry "perquisites" which they dispose of to considerable profit. When discharged or out of employment they generally stay about the Markets running of errands for the Butchers, until they obtain permanent employment again, and necessarily acquiring habits and tastes neither agreeable to others nor profitable to themselves. The Apprentices in about three years become Journeymen, and their wages are then increased to from \$6 to \$8 and \$10 per month, exclusive of board and perquisites—the latter of which now become quite an important item, and in "good markets" constitute a very nice little income—as is the case in Centre, Washington, Clinton, &c. &c. Markets, also in the numerous private Meat-Shops throughout the city: while in Fulton Market a good Journeyman will readily command from

\$15 to \$30 per month. This is owing to the very heavy work at that Market, where Butchers frequently injure themselves for life, carrying heavy quarters of Beef up the high steps.

After having learned the business—and a large number never learn it sufficiently well to succeed—the Butcher must procure a Stand; and if he has friends to advance the needful, he purchases one in the market that is already established. But if left to their own resources, they hire a "shop;" and we may here remark that by far the larger number succeed in business who have not the means to commence with, nor friends to back them with a loan. They are, however, placed in great jeopardy of losing their credit, which with them is their all, by the regulations at the Cattle Market, which are worse than tyranny, and ought to be described:

There are two individuals at the "Bull's Head" known as Brokers. These two hold in their hands the credit of two-thirds of the Butchers in New York. After negotiating with the Drover for the Cattle, the Butcher refers him to the Brokers as to his stability: and unless they without hesitation declare the Butcher good, he cannot obtain credit for the Cattle. If they consent to take the "Bill," they very modestly charge the Drover one per cent. and hand him their check twenty days ahead, (in the interim the money being *paid* by the Butcher,) and exact also security from the Drover to hold them harmless—a species of financiering worthy of these degenerate days. We will give one instance which has been related to us on good authority. A young man who had started himself in business with very fair prospects, had gone to the "Bull's Head" to purchase Cattle, and after having negotiated with a Drover for some, confident in his ability to pay, referred to one of the Brokers for information; when he casually remarked "he did not know"—but did know well, notwithstanding; whereupon the Drover drove his cattle back to the yard before the whole multitude of Drovers and Butchers, audibly remarking, "he could not have them without the cash"—thereby blasting the Butcher's credit and prospects, probably forever. This may seem a small matter to the reader, but at the Bull's Head such a transaction is very material to the parties concerned, inasmuch as that young man had to pay thereafter ten per cent. more than his neighbor to obtain the same credit. We find no fault with the Drover for not giving credit (unless he has knowledge of his own;) but it seems strange to us that the Butchers should be such slaves as to risk their credit and reputation with such persons, whose sole object seems to be to enrich themselves at the expense of others. We have been informed by those who know, that if the Butchers were called to square accounts with their creditors, one half of them would fail to pay in full. The remedy then proposed is as in other business—either to pay cash or to obtain credit for themselves, or on the recommendation of a Drover who knows them.

Formerly the Butcher was at the mercy of the dealers in Hides and Tallow, who, by a combination, reduced the price paid for them to almost nothing, thereby cutting off the only source by which the Butcher hopes to make a profit. Now, however, the Butchers have established a

"Melting Association" and a "Hide Association" in which each person that sends his Hides and Fat receives a proportion of the profits derived from their sale. These establishments occupy two large and commodious buildings on the First Avenue.

Another cause of complaint may be found in the weekly quotations of the Cattle Market, which are obtained from persons who are completely in the interest of the forestallers, improperly termed Drovers. From their directions, a list of prices is made to suit their purposes, which is published and sent to the country around. When, therefore, the farmer looks at the quotations of the Cattle Market, he finds they are very low, and thereupon very naturally declines bringing his Cattle in—thus causing a scarcity in the Market and thus enabling the forestallers to combine together to raise the price of Beef Cattle, by making the supply too small for the demand, and to purchase from the farmer at their leisure and at their own price. When, too, the Butchers' customers look at the quotations, they are led to believe that the Butcher is extorting from them an enormous price, when in reality the prices good Beef is sold at from their stalls will no more than pay the tradesman a decent profit—the surplus going into the pockets of Brokers and Forestallers. We trust that some remedy will be proposed for this state of affairs, to which we have frequently alluded heretofore.

The stalls in the different Markets were formerly sold at auction by the Corporation, and readily brought from \$500 to \$1000, according to the situation of the stand. Corner-stands being worth a great deal more than the inside ones. Beside this the Butcher pays the Corporation from \$50 to \$150 yearly rent, they guaranteeing to carry out the former Market Laws, prohibiting Meats being sold elsewhere than in the Public Markets. The Corporation, however, having violated their pledged faith by licensing shops throughout the City—thus drawing off the trade from the Public Markets—we submit whether the Corporation are not liable for the premiums paid into the City Treasury by the Butchers? The Butchers' complaints of this are "not loud, but deep"—and only inefficient from their want of a unity of action.

These Stands are the personal property of their owners and cannot be taken from them without their consent, not even by the Corporation themselves. Some few Stands even now command great prices, especially in Washington Market—around which the "shops" are not so thick as with the more unfortunate Up-towners. We heard of one Stand that was sold within a month for \$4000.

One word as regards the Navy Contract given out in this city. We are told that the price paid by the Government is somewhere near \$5 per hundred, which includes "Beef, Potatoes and Vegetables of all kinds." Now we venture to say that this is at least \$1 per hundred too high—as we are satisfied from our observations that the contract would be gladly taken by numerous Butchers at \$4 per hundred. Hitherto the person, who by his influence could secure this Contract, has been looked upon as having a fortune in his hands. Is it impossible that the Government shall be a party to any transaction without being or allowing itself to be swindled?

NO. XXIII.—THE CABINET MAKERS.

A great falling off in the earnings of Cabinet-Makers has taken place during the last ten years. In 1836 an average band could make by the piece from \$12 to \$15 per week, and the pay to those who worked by the week was about the same. In 1840 wages fell to about \$8 per week, and now probably a majority of the Journeymen in this Trade do not make more than \$5 per week. Smart hands who work in establishments where the very best kind of work is turned out, are paid \$8.

The cause of the great decrease in the wages of Cabinet Makers is in a great measure the immense amount of poor Furniture manufactured for the Auction-Stores. This is mostly made by Germans, who work rapidly, badly and for almost nothing. There are persons who are constantly on the watch for German emigrants who can work at Cabinet-Making—going on board the ships before the emigrants have landed and engaging them for a year at \$20 or \$30 and their board, or on the best terms they can make. The emigrants of course know nothing of the state of trade, prices, regulations, &c. &c. and become willing victims to any one who offers them immediate and permanent employment. This it is which has ruined the Cabinet-Making business, and the complaints on the part of the Journeymen are incessant. There is, however, no remedy for the evil, as we see. So pervading is the idea among the great purchasing classes, the housekeepers, that it must of course be good economy to buy cheap things, that good work and good prices must go a-begging. Unwarned by the rickety bedsteads, disjointed tables and calamitous chairs of their neighbors or by the bitter fruits of their own experience, they rush to the cheap Auction-Stores and pay three-quarters price for that which is literally worth nothing, while a little more would have purchased articles of value and long service. The amount of this worthless cheap Furniture sold in New York is incredible. Almost all the dwellings of the laboring classes are furnished with it—all the private boarding-houses are full (no, not full) of it—it is every where pervading—falling, on May-day, in cords and bushels, upon every sidewalk and obstructing every gutter. Our ridiculous custom of annual moving from house to house, like the land crabs of Cuba trying on in turn all the shells on the beach, united with the shackling construction of the Furniture mostly in use, make, it is estimated, a yearly loss of ten to twenty per cent on the household goods and chattels of our population. However, this is nothing;—every thing is "so cheap" at the Auction-Stores that it is an easy matter to replenish one's house with new Furniture.

Within a few years past a new branch of the Cabinet-Making business has sprung up in New York—the manufacture of Parisian Fancy Furniture. This is now done in as great perfection at several of the leading Broadway establishments as in Paris itself. Trusty and capable men are sent over to Europe to procure the models of new styles of Furniture before they are publicly promulgated, who hasten home and put the work into the hands of picked workmen. The consequence is that "the very latest style" is known and indulged in by the Millionaire of

Waverly-place as soon as by the *noblesse* of Paris. Many of the very Up-Townish Ten Thousand never think of keeping the same furniture over one season. Formerly *carte blanche*, together with the exact measurement of each room in the house, was sent to a Parisian Upholsterer and Furniture-Dealer, who returned every article necessary for the complete fitting-up of the establishment, together with a thumping bill, by the next packet. Now, much of this fashionable work is done here and done as exquisitely as any where on the globe. Some of the Elizabethan, Louis XIV., Gothic, &c. &c. styles of Furniture got up in New York during the last two years have never been surpassed.

THE CHATHAM STREET CLERKS.—As one of the "conditions" of Labor in New York we record with great pleasure the concession just made by the Furniture and Feather Dealers in Chatham-street to their Clerks, who are now free every evening after dark, except Saturdays. The Clerks held a meeting on Friday evening for the purpose of giving expression to the sense of the good feeling manifested by the employers. The proceedings of this meeting and the names of the complying employers may be seen in another part of our paper.

Sincerely do we congratulate these Clerks and their employers upon this first step taken in good faith for their mutual benefit. The Clerks will find their minds and tastes expand and grow brighter under this refreshing sense of relaxation. They will take a new hold on life and hope, finding they are no longer regarded as slaves, and that a change is clearly coming over the relations of Capitalist and Laborer. They will begin to feel like men, and their homes and the familiar faces there will glow with a new and honest pride at the reflection that this concession, trifling as it may appear, is a golden promise for larger and more liberal admissions of the great law of Liberty and Equality. The very moment that Employer and Employed begin to understand that it is their true policy as well as duty to consult *each other's* interests as well as *their own*, that moment the great work of the enlightenment of Wealth and the alleviation of Labor will commence.

The employers who have set this good example will also find how advantageous it is to have their business in the hands of men who love and respect them, who are grateful to them for a new and perpetual blessing, and who *cannot* now neglect or trifle with their interests. When shall we see a general movement of this kind among the mercantile employers and employed in New York? We have taken much pains to inform ourselves of the condition and wants of the Clerks in the City; and we have found an almost universal need of relaxation. No time to read, until the desire for knowledge becomes deadened and ceases to act—no time for healthful, innocent social recreation, which can be practiced at proper hours and in the congenial society of family and friends—and this want so eager and incessant that too often its reaction tempts to other and fatal compensations for the unnatural deprivation—such is the too general condition of that important, intelligent and valuable body of men occupied in the various subordinate departments of mercantile life.

A NEW AGRICULTURAL WRINKLE. A funny story is told of an old friend of ours—one who, sick and tired of the care and bustle of a city life, has retired into the country and “gone to farming,” as the saying is. His land, albeit well situated and commanding sundry romantic prospects, is not so particularly fertile as some we have seen—requiring scientific culture and a liberal use of guano of some sort to induce an abundant yield. So far by way of explanation.

Once upon a time, as the story-books say, our friend, being on a short visit to the city, was attending an auction sale down town, and as it so happened, they were selling damaged sausages at the time. There were some eight or ten barrels of them, and they were “just going at fifty cents per barrel,” when the auctioneer, with all apparent seriousness, remarked that they were worth more than that to manure land with. Here was an idea. “Sixty-two and a half,” said our friend. “Just going at sixty-two and a half cents—third and last call—gone!” retorted the auctioneer. “Cash takes them at sixty-two and a half per barrel.”

To have them shipped for his country seat, was the immediate work of our friend, and as it was then planting time, and the sausages, to use a common expression, were “getting no better very fast;” to have them safe under ground and out of the way was his next movement. He was about to plant a field of several acres of corn—the soil of the piny woods species—so, here was just the spot for this new experiment in agriculture, this new wrinkle in the science of geponics. One “link” of sausage being deemed amply sufficient, that amount was placed in each hill, accompanied by the usual number of kernels of corn and an occasional pumpkin seed, and all were nicely covered over in the usual style. Now, after premising that several days have occurred since the corn was planted, the sequel of the story shall be told in a dialogue between our friend and one of his neighbors.

Neighbor. — “Well, friend, have you planted your corn?”

Friend. — “Yes, several days since.”

Neighbor. — “Is it up yet?”

Friend. — “Up! yes; up and gone, the most of it!”

Neighbor. — “How is that?”

Friend. — “Well, you see I bought a lot of damaged sausages in Orleans the other day, a smooth-tongued auctioneer saying they would make excellent manure, if nothing else. I brought the lot over, commenced planting my corn at once, as it was time, placed a sausage in each hill, and—

Neighbor. — “Well, and what?”

Friend. — “And felt satisfied that I had made a good job of it. Some days afterwards I went out to the field to see how my corn was coming on, and a pretty piece of business I have made of trying agricultural experiments.”

Neighbor. — “Why, what was the matter?”

Friend. — “Matter! the first thing I saw, before reaching the field, was the greatest lot of dogs digging and scratching all over it! There were my dogs, and your dogs, and all the neighbors’ dogs, besides about three hundred strange dogs I never set eyes on before, and every one was hard at it mining after the buried sausages. Somehow or other the

rascally whelps had scented out the business, and they have dug up every hill by this time. If I could set every dog of them on that auctioneer I’d be satisfied.”

N. O. Picayune.

TRUTH’S VICTORY.

Translated from a German poem in the Ronge-lieder.

Stubborn winter still is threat’ning while the spring is hast’ning on,

And says he, “Why art thou coming?” in a rough and angry tone;

Yet the sun—a soaring eagle—rises higher ev’ry day,

And from Heav’n his fire eternal shall be never torn away.

Mark! the Judgment day approaches;—then shall God his sceptre take,

With a blow the faithless teachers to a laughing-stock shall make;—

And the trumpet loud shall thunder;—with a single mighty sound,

All the walls oppression raises shall be level’d with the ground.

Not a bolt but shall be broken,—wide shall open every door,

And the chaff the winds shall scatter, while the wheat keeps on the floor;

Life into the tomb shall totter, death shall burst his fetters all,

From the hollow face of falsehood ev’ry painted mask shall fall.

LETTER FROM BROADWAY.—NO. V.

TO THE HARBINGER:

I often stop suddenly to wonder within myself why mankind do not see and feel and understand at least some of the great and momentous truths, which the fermentation-process of this age is bringing continually in bright gleams to the yeasty surface of Life and Society. And yet I am just now discovering that I ought to be ashamed of myself, rather than wasting my time in impertinent astonishment. Before men’s attention has been fairly aroused to any new subject, no matter how important, they are perhaps pardonable for going on straight in the way they are travelling—heedless of whatever glorious prospects spread out on either side of their hedged and narrow path. But for one who has lifted his head toward Heaven, and by that motion shaken the scales from his eyes, so that he can see all around him the truth and let its light flash into his very soul—what excuse can there be if he go back again to his moldering in the musty earth? If I cannot or will not spare time from my daily and weekly drudgery—my hourly and insignificant avocations, pleasures, annoyances—to tell you that we are not all dead and buried here, in this great thundering Babylon—that there are yet a few hearts which sometimes look through the mists and fogs of a stormy life toward the little Phalanx at Brook Farm—devoted as it

is to the noble cause of Humanity—what right have I to complain at the apathy of a world that scarcely knows of your existence? or if it has by chance ever heard of you, has mixed you somehow in its fancy with those images of ogres and giant-killers which Homer makes sublime and mother Goose ridiculous. I’ll reform straightway.

We are in the midst of our Winter Carnival, and that which should be snow, but is only frozen mud, lies abroad as thick as a political editor. Cut up into infinitesimals by the perpetual grinding of hoof and wheel, the mixture assumes the hue of grisly locks, and the streets look as if newly sanded with dirty Havana sugar. People, old and young, rich and poor, (no, not the very poor, unless they could get whisky to gild their raggedness withal,) have been very, very merry. At least I suppose so. All the newspapers wished their thirty thousand readers (we have no Journals in New York with less circulation than that—the editors have told me so, fifty times apiece) a merry Christmas—every body woke up with a merry Christmas on his lips which he sent flying at the head of some lucky friend, who had just discharged a similar missile upon its errand of comfort and confectionary—and these goodly wishes all meeting in mid-air, (only think! four hundred and sixty thousand and odd, as per last census!) what a bumping of heads and breaking of noses! But it was merry Christmas, notwithstanding. The very shops (who but they?) caught the infection which broke out at the windows in a terrible rash—scarlet, blue, green, mottled, yellow, pied and purple—one monster blotch—a Kaleidoscope of violent discords which were offered up as incense to that abominably fashionable goddess, Fashion. Who can hope to see cured a disease so deep-seated and with such overwhelming variety of symptoms?

Our Courts are very merry too. Only last week they had up a poor devil without a cent of money and with only a loving wife to cling to him in all the world, and tried him for murder. It seems that he got into a drunken fight with a Dutchman and his wife who kept a groggery on the Avenue, and in the course of the quarrel the Dutchman was killed. The act was clearly proved upon him, although it does not appear in the testimony whether the whisky that made him do the deed was purchased at the counter of the slain man or not. I think it likely it was so. In that case, the capital punishment system, you see, works most beautifully. In the first place the Dutchman sold whisky to the man which destroyed his senses and murdered his soul—for which crime (for murder is a capital offence!) he was killed by a knife

thrust through his throat. Then his slayer, having committed murder too, is to be murdered in cold blood—hung up in a rope by the neck from a beam, and left kicking and sprawling in the air till he is dead—according to law. How magnificently these murders accumulate upon each other in geometrical ratio! how admirably one produces a necessity for the other! Only, I do not exactly see who is to punish the judge, the twelve jurors, and the sheriff who are guilty of the last killing. They surely should be killed as well as the other murderers!

REVIEW.

The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. First American Edition (complete:) with some Remarks on the Poetical Faculty, and its Influence on Human Destiny; embracing a Biographical and Critical Notice. By G. G. FOSTER. New York: J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall. 1845.

Our friend Foster gives us here an edition of his favorite poet on fine paper and in neat, clear type, so villainously small however, that the strongest eyes cannot approach it without danger. We presume that this is the fault of the publisher who sells and the public who buy, rather than the editor, who we do not doubt would have preferred to send forth broad, fair and legible pages.

Of Shelley Mr. Foster speaks with an enthusiasm, the spirit of which is admirable. It is so uncommon in these days of cold criticism and morbid self-anatomy to find a man who can quite forget himself in any sentiment, that in the pleasure such a man gives us, we are ready to overlook all faults as trifling, and congratulate ourselves upon the fact. Every word Mr. Foster says of Shelley is in this strain. To him he becomes grand and beautiful as a god come down to teach mortals the celestial secrets of Love and Wisdom and Beauty. He thus fills the whole horizon and occupies the day. The Poet-Prophet of the time, he is its greatest and divinest man; he utters in fine, what the Age, having long cherished in its most secret heart, now declares aloud through many organs, and will soon build into permanent immortal Acts. In short, Shelley is the first and highest of English Poets.

This demands our sympathy, as an evidence of very earnest and deep reverence for a genius so high-souled and noble as to compel the respect of all but those whom religious prejudice, the most hateful and pitiless of all the *ignes fatui* that cheat men to their own ruin, has blinded to the exalted qualities of his soul, his all-containing love of Humanity, his great sincerity, and his heroic devotion to what he had learned to be the

truth. But we fear that Mr. Foster, in his love of the man and the poet, has stated his claims upon our admiration rather too strongly. We know well that it is an ungrateful duty to put the cold water of criticism upon the fire of ardent feeling; especially, too, are we slow to object to praise of Shelley, who has long been with us a select and sacred name, but our sense of justice will not permit us to hear the dearest of men lauded too highly without an instinctive protest.

In another particular Mr. Foster seems to us to have fallen into a most serious error. We mean his assertion that Shelley's system and that of Fourier are identical. It is contained in these words:

"It is most assuredly one of those coincidences—so called in the imbecility of language—that belongs not to the unmiraculous, that the mere instincts of a young poet, living a life of seclusion at college or in the dreamy recesses of dim forests or shady lakes, far removed from even the reverberations of the loud jangling world, should have conducted to the same great and eternal scheme of practical social redemption, as was reached after years of laborious and most patient and minute investigation, by the great FOURIER. But it is nevertheless so, as is seen by an examination of the principles of social reform evolved by both; and the fact establishes that great and inevitable other fact so unhappily lost sight of, buried under the dead formulæ and paste-board phraseology of philosophy, that ideality, poetry, inspiration, prophecy, are all one and identical with immortal truth."

We confess that we are surprised at this mistake, which we can only account for on the supposition of a too eager wish to find an agreement where none exists. "It is evident," says Mr. Godwin in the best analysis of Shelley that has yet been written, and from which Mr. Foster makes some judicious extracts, "that he had not yet settled, to the perfect satisfaction of his mind, the theories of the Universe, Man and God, which perplex and disturb all thoughtful persons. He was struggling doubtfully with the great problem of existence. He saw that this life of ours was a strange mysterious life—full of wonder, of glory, and of sorrow. Wandering through the dim void of the Past, and casting blind conjectures into the dimmer Future, he returned like the dove first let loose from the ark, without having found a resting-place. He questioned earth, heaven, and the stars, to relieve the weary doubts of his soul, but they made him no response. He remained a lone spirit with noble hopes and powers, but apparently purposeless in the midst of infinite worlds."

Now a man of whom this is true cannot be said by any just use of language to have arrived at a system of thought identical with that of Fourier, who had the deepest, calmest, and most decided convic-

tions on these very points. Between Fourier, with faith in God and insight into the Destiny of man and the harmony of the Universe as immovable as the hills, and as clear as the sun-light, and Shelley, wandering in the mazes of the ideal philosophy in search of a wisdom it never contained, there was, intellectually, no agreement. No doubt they were souls of kindred nature. In both, the love of Truth and of Humanity were ardent realities. Urged by these impulses, they alike gave their days and nights to the service of a world, that repaid them with hatred, with derision, and with wrong. Beyond this, the only identity we find between them is in the fact, that each believed most firmly in a future reconstruction of Society, upon the Divine principle of Love. But Shelley, led astray by his false metaphysics, formed no other idea of a true social order than a community of property, a system just as opposite to that of Fourier as to that of nature.

Let no man imagine that we are inclined to underrate Shelley because we dwell on the imperfection of his philosophy. We confess no want of admiration for the poet, of affection for the man. We have been drawn towards him ever since we began to think. His zeal for human freedom and progress, and his anticipations of the Better Future, won us to him as to an elder and wiser brother long, long ago. We believe too, that he was a prophet, though certainly not the highest prophet, that has been given to this age. But we could not allow a wrong impression of so broad a character, concerning the works of men of such eminence, to pass uncorrected.

Nor must we be thought indifferent to the fact that we now have a complete American edition of the great poet; we are grateful to Mr. Foster for the enthusiasm, ability and success with which he has executed his work. If we have criticised his thoughts or his style, it has been in the friendliest spirit, because it was our duty, and because it seemed to us that Shelley ought almost to inspire a classic severity of expression in any one who should attempt to speak of him.

The time has not yet arrived to do full justice to Shelley; that will be when the Harmony which glowed in exciting visions through his soul, which gave life to his heart, and animation to his words shall have come upon the earth. Then mankind, knowing by daily experience more and greater joys than he foresaw, will bless the memory of their early friend. Then will exist for him a monument, glorious as his aspirations, beautiful as his essential character, and lofty as his philanthropy. Meanwhile it is for us, like him, to give our lives for the welfare of the human race. His pure and generous example

has a solemn significance. It calls every man in whom beats a human heart from the mean strife of selfishness, from the hot paths of competition, to the highest and holiest duties. Pointing imperatively away from the abodes of civilized society, it directs us towards the home of enfranchised and redeemed Humanity. That home is now, not distant; the path to it, thank God! is opened; a few wise and earnest efforts, and it can be reached. For this loftiest end are needed sacramental devotion of soul, and consecration of worldly possessions. Can a lover of Shelley offer with gladness to his memory any inferior tribute?

Sketches of Modern Literature, and Eminent Literary Men, (being a Gallery of Literary Portraits.) By GEORGE GILLILLAN. Reprinted entire from the London Edition. One Volume in Two. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton. 1846. pp. 492. (Boston, for sale by Redding & Co.)

An amateur florist, surrounding himself with some very choice plants, which it is his dainty business to observe and admire, and go from one to the other comparing and criticising with an almost equal love for all of them; is, ten to one, the most amiable and communicative of men, and will have more characteristic things to tell you of each favorite plant, than you can well spare time to hear about the universe itself. Such seems Mr. George Gillilan in his "Gallery of Literary Portraits." Jeffrey, Godwin, Hazlitt, Robert Hall, Shelley, Chalmers, Carlyle, De Quincey, Foster, Wilson, Edward Irving, Lander, Campbell, Coleridge, Brougham, Emerson, Wordsworth, Pollock, Lamb, Cunningham, Keats, Eliot, Macauley, Aird, Southey, Lockhart, — are the front figures of so many groups which hang around his mind's chamber walls, and his life feels rich with all they offer for comparison.

He describes them with great justice; speaks of them as if in their very presence; has little doubt about every face and every feature in it; remembers well what each has done, can quote from any part of them; analyzes their merits somewhat philosophically, in a very appreciating and accepting spirit; and makes good texts of them for more impersonal abstract discussions, touching the true standards of taste, the true principles of eloquence, or poetry, and the true meaning of such words as genius, talent, and the like. His philosophy is not very original; but it deals with all the profound sayings of the men he celebrates, and therefore is as suggestive as a thoughtful reader can desire. It is good to see so many mingled lights, though only reflected in a mirror. He sympathizes with his

men and that gives him a right to speak of them.

Moreover, he sympathizes with his reader. While he claims full justice for his heroes, he would wound no one's prejudices. Loving them so much, he can afford, it seems, to pass a mild, firm censure upon those errors in their conduct or opinions, which meet the condemnation of the age. If he is generous enough for justice, he is conservative enough for safety. A nobler tribute has seldom been paid to Shelley's transcendent merits as a poet, as a pure and childlike man, and one in whom the *spirit* of religion dwelt more clearly than in whole calendars of canonized and church-accepted saints; and yet he mourns a long time over his unfortunate "Atheism," as if it could be Atheism! — as if one whose deeds were godlike could be "without God in the world!" The saving clause, however, in his condemnation quite outweighs the whole. The world will not long fear such a man, as the Shelley of this portrait.

The portraits are all done with an abundance of off-hand talent; highly colored all of them; taken in effective attitudes, with strong contrasts of light and shade, far perspective backgrounds, elaborate effluence of detail, with a dash of quaintness now and then, and quite free use of paradox, (guns which can't go off) set in gorgeous frames and hung in a full glare of light. Indeed, the writer elays you with uniform excess of brilliant, happy fancies. His pages swarm with pointed, just remarks; his periods spread over the paper like long nets dragging in multitudes of wayside thoughts and images. Meet a simple proposition, or a name, and instantly you are introduced to all its relations. Such readiness and vivacity make him one of the cleverest and most entertaining writers of the day.

Yet it is only talent. It is the literature of literature, and not the literature of life, of nature, of thoughts in their first freshness. So it is too much with all of us. We look at the seers, while they look straight out through their own eyes at life. Now every seeing soul of them, or rather every recorded vision of them, is the whole capital in trade of a hundred or two of the smarter sort of popular *litterateurs*. In the present case, we have to acknowledge a rare degree of insight, and quite fine powers of analysis. It is wholly, however, of the superficial, discursive faculty, and innocent of any profound and unitary grasp of principle. Great ideas are discussed, of course, the game being already killed to his hands and served up on all tables.

One of the most formidable philosophical disquisitions in the book, is on the old boundary question between genius and

talent. Talent he defines very well: it is "the power of acute and metaphysical analysis," the "art of rendering reasons for the intuitions of the poet;" a "deeper and stronger power than cleverness;" "cleverness makes the parody, talent the dissertation and the review." "Genius, on the contrary is not one thing, but the result of many elements." "It is the highest power of reason, added to the force of imagination and passion. We have thus three results secured which are actually those of genius: first, truth, or originality of thought; secondly, impulsive power (or passion); and thirdly, a peculiar diction (imagination)." But this is only counting the limbs, not detecting the central principle which binds them all together into one living body. Is genius anything more than the highest degree of *Man-hood*, exercising itself in whatsoever sphere? Is not the man of genius the one who is most of a man? And that is he who has in him most of the divine element, the creative source of all power, the moving impulse of all action, which is Love. This is the inmost, highest sphere of being; and where this is, Thought, or Wisdom, follows of necessity, ultimating itself at last in act, in expression, in the sphere of the imagination. He whose acts or expressions flow, through the intelligence, from the deepest central fire of Passion, is the inspired man always; his words and works are whole, and beautiful, and full of influence. Without a subtle art of analysis, without theories, he does ever the right thing, and acts and speaks as from the centre.

How far our author recognizes the men of this stamp, and what rank he gives to each one in the descending scale from this, we have not time to particularize. Our readers however may have some curiosity to hear what estimate he sets upon our own literary lions. He disposes of them all under the single rubric of Ralph Waldo Emerson, mention being especially made of Edwards, Dwight, Brockden Brown, Cooper, John Neal, Moses Stuart, Daniel Webster, and Channing. The last named he compares with Chalmers, who "was fond of two or three ideas," while "Channing's mind was planted as thick with thoughts as a back wood of his own magnificent land; and, when loosened in eloquence, they moved down on the slow and solemn current of his style, like floats of fir descending one of the American rivers;" a sentence hardly above the general level of this writer's style. Emerson he calls the "most original mind America has hitherto produced." "No mind in the present generation lies more abandoned to the spirit-breath of Eternal Nature." He describes with great enthusiasm and felicity the leading qualities of his style

and thought, failing however to give any thing like a clear solution of the man; for when he says that "his province intellectually has been, to try to map out the domains of 'cloud land,' and from the thick darkness of mysticism to protrude certain sharp points and brilliant edges of meaning"—he says in fact just nothing. The "darkness" and the "brilliant edges," these a child may see;—but the meaning! One thing, however, we find here remarked about Emerson, which we set down to a plain good sense, by no means common in these days: "The key to Emerson's entire nature and philosophy is love." A far more probable account of the matter, O ye critics, then all this which you have to say about "egoism," and "impersonalism," and mere "abstract idealism!"

The Artist, The Merchant, and The Statesman, of the Age of the Medici, and of our Own Times. In Two Volumes. By C. EDWARDS LESTER. Vol. II. New York: Paine and Burgess, 62 John St. 1645. pp. 239.

As far as this book is in praise of art and artists, as far as it indicates taste and enthusiasm for all beautiful pursuits, and commends their patronage to the two joint sovereigns of the age, the Merchant and the Statesman, we continue to thank the author, as we did on the appearance of his first volume, containing the conversations with Powers. He tells us a great many facts, all on interesting subjects, and some of them interesting in themselves. He has been a busy gatherer up of every thing that the common mind can carry away from the charmed sphere of great men and consecrated places; a very Boswell among artists. Italy, and St. Peter's, and Michael Angelo, and Galileo and Americus Vespucci, &c. &c., he has dressed them all out for the Fair, produced them all in a heap at the dinner table. We like the show, but sometimes we do want to get rid of the showman.

Any one, who will take us into the old sculpture gallery of ages, and leave us there alone, will be our best friend. But save us from an unsilenceable guide! For heroes, artists, saints, and for all that we can hear of them, we are thankful; but it does strike us painfully to see genius so made capital of by literary adventurers, and tradesmen. When it is of living men, of newly risen stars, like Powers, the novelty of the facts absorbs you, and you care not who tells them. But when the same familiar showman style is applied to facts long known and sacred, to the life of Michael Angelo, for instance, you begin to feel a sickening discrepancy.

And yet this is the very book to be popular. It is lively, bustling, curious, flattering the vanity of the reader by pre-

supposing some sort of superficial interest in all the higher and choicer notabilities of life; and, like so many of the taking works of the day, at small expence of time or thought it takes one through a vast deal of country. Its title is somewhat pompous, for its contents are gleanings. The "Artist" is daguerrotyped here clearly; his little accidents and habits are caught and fixed; the "Merchant and Statesman," too, come in nominally for a share: but this is a different thing from a true portrait of these personages, painted from an inward sympathy with the idea of their life. A man cannot make himself too invisible, we fancy, when talking about Buonarrotti and the gods.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

The Handel and Haydn Society. This is the oldest musical association in Boston, and devotes itself almost exclusively to the production of great Oratorios. To its efforts we owe our blessed acquaintance with those comforting, soul-strengthening strains of Handel's "Messiah," the pure return of childhood's cheerfulness in the "Creation," as well as the sweet confirmation of life's deepest consciousness in the hearing and receiving into our inmost soul the highest utterances of so many other inspired composers. This Society have now in a good measure mastered and made themselves the possessors of an invaluable stock of noble Oratorios, which they keep to bring forth for the benefit of all who have the power to enjoy them. Imperishable music, all of it, if we except some one or two productions of the more popular sort. A proud list for them to count over: "The Messiah," "The Creation," "The Mount of Olives," "Sampson," "The Last Judgment," "St. Paul," parts, at least, of "Israel in Egypt," "David," the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini, and now by way of novelty, his "Moses in Egypt," changed from the sacred opera to the Oratorio form.

Their choruses are large, and by long familiarity grown quite effective in some of these great works. They have several good solo singers, though none great. Their orchestra, at present under the direction of Mr. Schmidt, the worthy successor of the lamented Herwig, is as good probably as could be obtained, and much superior to any known among us a few years since. The Society has acquired new life and energy under its present conductor and president, Mr. Chickering, known to the world by his admirable piano fortes, the generous friend whom all musicians in these parts know and love, and the best man to unite in enthusiastic

coöperation, the elements so numerous and so difficult to harmonize, of so large a musical association.

The present season commenced with a reminiscence of the last, with a resumption of the glorious run of "Sampson," the most successful, perhaps, of all their past performances. This speaks encouragingly for Boston; for it is music of the highest order, and holds out none of the baits so eagerly caught at by an idle, superficial taste. But it is Handel's! and he is omnipotent. He could not only write greater than any one else, but he could make the whole world feel it too. He commands his publics, like an emperor; whose is not loyal to him, virtually banishes himself from the realm of music; at all events he has never been admitted near the heart of it. Of the "Moses in Egypt," we are not yet prepared to speak. But we know the difference between Rossini and Handel. With the sound of the "Hallelujah" and the "Amen" Choruses just rolling away, we somewhat shrink from such a comparatively trivial element. The work we know has graces and brilliant effects in lavish abundance. The Songs and Quartettes are most pleasing; the "Prayer," so celebrated under many forms, is even deep and such as often visits one in solemn moods. The orchestral parts, of course, are brilliant. But the Choruses must necessarily be but the attempted eagle-flight of a far less royal bird. For the rest, the performance has proved popular, and we are pleased to know, repays the very faithful study which the Society has given it.

One thing, however, is a serious matter of regret. The prestige of this novelty entirely eclipsed the annual Christmas performance of the "Messiah." Once in a year at least should this great work be heard, in all its power, and in the fullest presence of all who have music, or piety, or any capacity of great sentiment in their souls. When Christmas comes, we hunger for this music; there is no other so true and profound expression of the meaning and the sentiment of that day; none in which so many hearts can unite. Deny us all the feastings, all the merry gatherings, all the beautiful tokens of remembrance which gild that day with a peculiar sunshine for the prosperous; but give us the "Messiah!" In the heart of poverty and loneliness it can kindle up a warmth; the dull pulse of sorrow it can make to thrill; and it reminds the lowliest and poorest of those riches with which even he may bless the world. It was attempted on last Christmas night; but the choruses were not half manned; the orchestra were scattered amongst merrier celebrations; the audience was scanty; and it was got up without rehearsal;—only a nominal discharge of the great debt

of the day. Trusting that Boston will not suffer this to be said another year, we continue to urge upon all to support the Handel and Haydn Society by their presence. It is due to the society for their faithful effort to fulfil high ends; and every lover of music owes it to himself to put himself in the way of that which is intrinsically best, and which will bear fruit in his mind the longest.

The Academy are now performing Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," of which we have already offered some analysis in our paper of Nov. 1st. Overtures, solos &c., fill out the usual programme of the concert; these, with a few exceptions, have got to be about as familiar as they will bear. We are happy however to notice at last the introduction of an instrumental Quartette, from Beethoven. The orchestra was never so good in point of numbers and proportion. The one thing wanting seems to be some central inspiring force, to give them all a unity, to infuse the meaning of each passage, as it comes along, into the souls and instruments of every performer. The elements do not seem fused and blended; it is life that is wanting; what a pity that such a rare collection of materials cannot be inspired.

The Philharmonic Society has catered hitherto to a more popular taste. We notice, however, some improvement in its selections of music. Its band has become more like an orchestra, though they have not yet attempted Symphonies. The influence of Mr. Schmidt as leader cannot be without good results.

Leopold de Mayer is still disabled from performing; he has gone to the South, leaving his pianos behind in Boston, as a pledge of a second concert as soon as he shall have recovered.

Mr. Dempster, the singer, still finds his audience, and can do nothing so profitable as to keep ringing the changes upon his own peculiar modicum of musical ideas. His songs are all alike, and therefore never disappoint or puzzle those whose fear is always of something too much or too good. He has perpetrated the absurdity of lengthening out a melody to match the whole of Tennyson's "May Queen,"—three mortal cantos, of some fourteen stanzas each!—tied for half an hour in a forced marriage with such weakly sentimental sort of melody as you may hear with little variation in all the concert rooms, find printed on the counter of every music store. It is a mistake, Mr. Dempster! Poetry like that does not need music; and music should not trust to poetry to cover its own nakedness of ideas. It should be an equal, honorable match, wherein the music should give as much as it receives.

Mr. Joseph Burke, well known some fifteen years ago as "Master Burke," a

boy of ten, whose dramatic and musical performances drew crowds upon crowds, has returned, a virtuoso of the violin, a pupil of De Beriot. We heard him with unmingled satisfaction, except for the small audience. He is undoubtedly one of the most accomplished violinists, who have visited us; and even suggests a comparison with Artot and Vieuxtemps. He has the same fresh, beaming and pure look as when a boy; his ways are manly, graceful, self-possessed, and modest, wholly free from any affectation. His style of playing is characterized by great vigor and firmness, an easy command of all the difficulties of the instrument, great body and sweetness of tone, a fine unity in all his passages and phrases, and a well connected, clear conception and delivery of the whole. An unobtrusive vein of sentiment is felt throughout, present always, though concealed somewhat by the joyous vigor of young life, and chastened at the same time by the severer excellencies of art. We promise for him a proud career. There is more in him than the merely dazzling tricks of execution, at which, however, he can play as good a game as any one. In his performance of the "Melancholia" of Prume, we recognized much of the passion and deep earnestness, though not of course the power, of Knoop's violoncello, which first made us acquainted with that true little gem among concert pieces. The "Souvenirs de Bellini" from Artot, were done with that masterly perfection, which makes a sensual pleasure spiritual.

GEORGE P. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston, has published:

1. *Grande Polonaise*, for the Piano, by C. M. VON WEBER.
2. *Selections from the New Grand Opera, "Maritana"*, composed by W. VINCENT WALLACE. No. 1, Ballad: "In Happy Moments." No. 2, Ballad: "There is a Flower."
3. *Return, Oh God of Hosts!* a Song from the Oratorio of *Samson*, by HANDEL.
4. *Spanish Galley Song*: or, *Ye Mariners of Spain*.
5. *L'Ecureuil Favorite*, (The Favorite Squirrel,) *Valse*, pour le Piano. Par H. AUG. POND.

No. 1 has all the characteristic expression of Weber, and reminds one of *Der Freyschütz*. It is introduced by a wild, dark Tremolo Andante; and then springs forth the vigorous Polonaise, full of fire, and tenderness, and dreaminess, traversing rich seas of chords, and modulating through fine moods of passion. We recommend it as one of the few really satisfactory pieces of medium difficulty for pianists, who crave more than common tunes and waltzes, yet are not adequate to a classic Sonata, or to the break-neck passages of the new school.

Of Mr. Wallace's Opera, it is not time to judge. The songs, here published, show no great originality, nor force of any kind. They are however of a chaste and quiet beauty.

No. 3 speaks for itself. Let the fine songs from the Oratorios be circulated in every practicable shape, by all means. Let us not swim in shallow waters all the time.

POETRY.

VERSES.

SUGGESTED BY THE PRESENT CRISIS.

When a deed is done for Freedom, through
the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on
from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the
soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the en-
ergy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blomed on the
thorny stem of time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots
the instantaneous throes
When the travail of the ages wrings earth's
systems to and fro;
At the birth of each new era, with a recog-
nising start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with
mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child
leaps beneath the Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror
and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of
coming ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels
his sympathies with God
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be
drunk up by the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving
in the noble clod.

For mankind is one in spirit, and an instinct
bears along
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift
flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Hu-
manity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the
gush of joy or shame;—
In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest
have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the
moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the
good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, of-
fering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the
sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that
darkness and that light.

Have ye chosen, O my people, on whose
party ye shall stand,

Ere the doom from its worn sandals shakes
the dust against our land?
Though the cause of evil prosper, yet the
Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see
around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels to enshield
her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the bea-
con-actons see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent jut
through oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low
foreboding cry
Of those crises, God's stern winnowers,
from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the
judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's
pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old
systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever
on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the Future, and be-
hind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within' the shadow, keeping
watch above his own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small
and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the
iron helm of fate;
But the soul is still oracular: amid the mar-
ket's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the
Delphic cave within,—
"They enslave their children's children who
make compromise with sin."

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of
the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who
have drenched the earth with blood,
Famished in his self made desert, blinded
by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his mis-
erable prey,—
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our
helpless children play?

Then to side with Truth is noble when we
share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit and 'tis
prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the
coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is
crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith
they had denied.

For Humanity sweeps onward: where to-
day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the sil-
ver in his hands;
Far in front the Cross stands ready and the
crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in sil-
ent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into His-
tory's golden urn;

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle
slaves

Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fath-
ers' graves;
Worshippers of light ancestral make the pre-
sent light a crime,—

Was the Mayflower launched by cowards,
steered by men behind their time?

Turn those tracks toward Past or Future,
that make Plymouth rock sublime?

They were men of present valor, stalwart
old iconoclasts,

Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue
was the Past's;

But we make their truth our falsehood, think-
ing that hath made us free,

Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while
our tender spirits flee

The rude grasp of that great Impulse, which
drove them across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them;
we are traitors to our sires,

Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's
new-lit altar fires;

Shall we make their jailor? Shall we, in our
haste to slay,

From the tombs of the old prophets steal the
funeral lamps away

To light up the martyr-fagots round the
prophets of to day?

New occasions teach new duties; Time
makes ancient good uncouth;

They must upward, still, and onward, who
would keep abreast of Truth;

Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we
ourselves must Pilgrims be,

Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
through the desperate winter sea,

Nor attempt the Future's portal with the
Past's blood-rusted key.

J. R. L.

Boston Courier.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are,
contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a
gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and
commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish
the laborer and to render every condition insecure.
Relief is to come, and can only come from the new
application of Christian principles, of Universal jus-
tice and Universal love, to social institutions, to
commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

ASSOCIATION.

What is Association? Considered as
a political and social Organization, it is
the type of the divine Union and Brother-
hood of the Human Race. The univer-
sal Association of Humanity must some
day take place, for Humanity is a child
of God, and as such, must fulfil the Laws
of its Author; and the Will and the Law
of God are Universal Unity, peace and
harmony, expressed externally in univer-
sal Association.

What is the isolated Household with its
separate interests and separate industrial
pursuits? As a social institution it is the
symbol of selfishness, of distrust, of di-
vision and discord, though not indeed of

the selfishness and discord of the Human
Race, as Association is of its union and
brotherhood, for this false principle has
no collective correspondence, no accord of
unison, any more than dissonance in
music can be perfected to an octave of
dissonance.

This principle of division and discord
must some day be swept away, for it is
one which violates the Laws of universal
Order and the Divine Will, and wherever
it is triumphant, it establishes the reign
of Satan in the place of the reign of God.

The isolated household and isolated
family, with separate and hostile interests,
is the fundamental institution on which
the Savage, Patriarchal, Barbarian, and
Civilized Societies are based; and these
four monstrous societies, where war, ser-
vitude, fraud, indigence, ignorance, and
injustice are general and permanent,
prove the falseness of their foundation.

That universal Association, with unity
of interests, combined action, a just and
noble union of all the members of the
Race in a true hierarchy, guaranteeing
both Liberty and Order, equal social
chances and privileges, and perfect de-
velopment and culture to all,—that this
is the destiny of Humanity on earth,
there can be no doubt.

Our globe, with the race upon it, is a
part of the great Universe, subject to the
same laws, and created by the same
divine hand. Harmony, unity, associa-
tion, are the laws which reign in this
great whole, and by consequence the
same laws must govern the parts. This
all Nature reveals to us. From the har-
monious movements of the planets in
their sidereal association and hierarchy,
to the distribution of the kingdoms of
creation around us, all testify to this
truth.

The great and chosen souls that have
come upon earth as the leaders of Man-
kind, have all proclaimed the law of
union, of peace, of brotherhood. The
promises of the Prophets, the declarations
of Christ, all declare and predict the
social redemption of mankind; that the
laws of Divine Order shall come on earth,
and God's will be done here by men as it
is by superior orders of beings in higher
spheres; that the love of the neighbor,
or of the whole human family, is to be
the universal rule of action instead of the
distrust of mankind and the love of self
alone, and that the brotherhood of the
race, or universal Association, is to be
established in the place of the antagonism
of man with man, class with class, party
with party, sect with sect, and nation
with nation.

The progressive labors and achieve-
ments of human intelligence also demon-
strate the truth that Harmony is the uni-
versal Law, and that all things in time

arrive at it. Every branch of art and science that has been perfected by the human mind, has produced as its results, Unity and Harmony. Mathematics and Music are the two most perfect examples; the other sciences are tending to the same end, as they advance, and the science of Society, which has been the most backward and most neglected, will follow in the track.

Lastly, the Soul, with its deep aspirations and sentiments of justice and unity, now, more than ever, demands this great Law, and its advent on earth. Never before in any age have these sentiments been working so powerfully; and this is the reason why all noble hearts at the present day are becoming impatient at the evils which oppress Humanity,—why they are becoming sick at the strife, the selfishness, and the discord that now reign,—indignant at gigantic injustice like war and slavery,—disgusted with the servile worship of gold, with industrial and commercial frauds and stratagems, with party intrigues and sectarian discussions, and why they call for reform, for justice, for harmony, for peace, and good will among men.

Thus the works of nature, the declarations of the prophets and the Gospel, the discoveries of science, the aspirations of the human heart,—all proclaim, demonstrate, and call for the advent of an era of truth, order, justice, peace, and harmony on earth.

And when this era comes, and the laws of universal Harmony—of divine Love and Wisdom—are realized practically in this world, the external manifestations of it will be as various as the different spheres in which those laws are to operate.

In Religion, it will be the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth, and the doing of His will by Humanity.

In the Church it will be the union of all sects in one universal Church; the alliance of Religion with Industry, and other material interests of man, and the final union and reconciliation of the spiritual with the material world.

In Social arrangements, it will be the introduction of the principle of universal association in the place of universal antagonism and conflict, and the organization of social institutions adapted to human nature, and by which all the faculties and affections implanted by God in man will be usefully employed and rightly directed.

In Politics, it will be the guarantee of all rights, and of equal social opportunities and privileges to every being; universal peace, and the union and association of all political unities, from the simplest to the highest, from the township up to the government of the globe.

In Morals, it will be the brotherhood of the race, the consciousness of a common destiny, and of the solidarity, the mutual and reciprocal dependence of all the members of the human family.

In Production, or the creation of wealth, it will be Industry dignified and rendered attractive, and the general adaptation of all the external things of nature through a wise system of labor to the nature of man.

And lastly, in the sphere of the human Passions, it will be the true and integral development of the affections and faculties implanted in the human soul, and their harmony in a social Order,—all the institutions and arrangements of which will be their external expression and practical correspondence.

Such will be the new era,—such the fruits and results of that state of things which we designate by the general name of "Universal Association."

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS—EUGENE SUE.

In commenting last week upon an article in the Democratic Review, on Eugene Sue and the Associative movement, we expressed our astonishment that such a specimen of unworthy vituperation could have gained admission into that highly respectable Journal. We were certain that its spirit and character could not meet the approval of the Democratic Press in this country, and that many, besides ourselves, would lament the appearance of a production, so well calculated to injure the reputation for liberality and candor, which has been justly earned by the Democratic Review. It was truly an ill-judged procedure, for the organ of a party which claims attachment to the principles of progress, to unlimited freedom of discussion, and to the social and political elevation of man, to lend its aid in promulgating a reckless and unjust assault upon a movement, which, as the article in question admits, is sanctioned by many of the most disinterested and upright men in the country, and which has for its object the realization of that social harmony, the union of many in one, which is at the foundation of American freedom, and whose motto is proudly emblazoned on the American banner. No sincere friend of equal rights, no lover of mental liberty, no advocate of honest discussion unmingled with bitter personality, but must feel himself injured by such an effusion in the favorite organ of the most intellectual and cultivated portion of the Democracy of this country. The following article from the Daily Advertiser, a leading Democratic paper in Rochester, is couched in terms of great severity; but not more so than the occasion required; and will be cordially re-

sponded to, we know, by more than one Democratic Editor, who identifies the principles of his party with those of freedom and justice.

"This critique is the meanest, most disgraceful, most contemptible thing, that ever appeared in any journal assuming the name of democratic. It must have been written by some disgraceful Jesuit, (a most miserable epitome of M. Robin,) or at all events a fanatic of the bluest kind. Overlooking all the noble characteristics, and ennobling sentiments of the work, (the Wandering Jew,) the writer fastens upon isolated points; draws therefrom false inferences, and labors to awaken all prejudices of bigotry against not only it, but the profound social problems it investigates and portrays. A narrow mind, and a venomous bigotry runs through the whole tone of the critique; and the writer seems only anxious to enlist partisan feelings against every effort to free labor from the shackles of associated wealth. Without inquiring into the principles, or even giving an outline of the system he denounces, he arrives at the insane conclusion, that both are worthless; because, forsooth, Eugene Sue holds certain erratic notions on the subject of marriage as a religious covenant—those notions, be it borne in mind, having no natural affinity—no legitimate connection with the principles of association *per se*.

"Alas! it is always thus: whenever any great principles are advocated for the amelioration of mankind, some fanatic, fool, or knave, starts up, and by cant, and the cry of mad dog, endeavors to hound them down.

"At the beginning of the review, the writer admits the existence of the horrid social evils which Sue depicts, in characters of living light. In fact, he dared not deny them, or it is evident he would; but he disdains all inquiry into the means by which they may be alleviated. It is enough that Adrienne De Cardville entertains peculiar ideas of the marriage tie, for him to condemn the whole system advocated by Sue—to dignify and exalt labor. He has shown in his world-renowned book, how association (as in the case of the Society of Jesus) may be applied with Satanic power, to produce fearful social evils, and by way of contrast, he has pictured what *might* be done, if directed to ennobling, exalting humanity. But no, this Jesuit reviewer, by fair inference, would prefer the infernal career of iniquity hitherto pursued, to any system that would lighten to a more glorious future. And what must be thought of the man who sees any thing analogous in the Wandering Jew and the adventures of Chevalier de Faublas and *les liaisons dangereuses*. His mind must be a compound of grossness and hypocrisy. The very instinct of his own heart must be licentiousness, or he would never have dreamed of some of the inferences he has drawn even from the passages quoted; that of the accident, for instance, which preserves Adrienne's chastity. For shame! We can hardly refrain from throwing the thing from us, with ineffable disgust.

"Probably we have said more than enough of this pitifully malignant production, but we cannot finish without another remark, merely to show the literary accuracy of the reviewer. He says that, 'Sue has a very slender capacity for ela-

borating individual character.' The judgment of the man who penned such an opinion is certainly utterly worthless. All who have read 'Leautremont' must certainly so consider it. Probably there never was a historical romance written, in which the individuality of the various characters is more elaborately drawn and sustained, from beginning to end; and even in the work in question, those of Adrienne Cardoville, Dagobert, Agricola, the demon Rodin, are pictures possessed of surprising individuality. They could not be more so, if they had been sculptured by Powers out of the pure marble.

"In fine, we are sorry that the article was admitted into a Journal calling itself democratic. We hope it got there surreptitiously. If it did not, the effort lately made to sustain the work will be love's labor lost. Indeed, if it is to be made the vehicle for disseminating such trash as the critique on the Wandering Jew, the sooner it is consigned to the tomb of the Capulets, the better. Its, in such a case, democracy (Heaven save the mark!) will never be missed."

THINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 31.

The weather to-day has been, at times, piercing and cold. From a source of undoubted authority, I learn that the number of sick in the City and Districts of Philadelphia has increased with the season, which has thus far been changeable and precarious. The poor seldom provide for extreme cold, until it comes upon them all at once, and then their means are so limited that their humble mode of defence is but a slight barrier to its tempests and its storms.

One of our worthy Missionary Agents reports that he has found families suffering in silence amid penury and want, disposing of every article of clothing rather than make their necessities known, families who have seen better days, but whose misfortunes could not be averted. The small-pox and other contagious diseases have tended much to increase the distress, which few really believe exists in this great and benevolent city. I annex a case or two, in the words of the Reverend Missionary: "I visited a family, consisting of a man, wife and six small children, living in one room of very moderate dimensions. *The man very miserable, wife in the last stage of consumption, children bare-footed and ragged!* They had no wood, scarcely any thing to eat, and were perfectly helpless when visited." What a melancholy picture! Another case was that of the widow of a man who at one time was well off; he died, leaving her with several children to struggle on through poverty. When visited, she was making up shirts, with linen bosoms, collars and wristbands, for which she got but *sixteen cents per piece!* She made two a day, *working from daylight to twelve o'clock at night.* This last scene was also a melancholy one, and is it matter of surprise that the poor widow with her children should be spiritless?

Female labor is reduced so low in this city, that hundreds are, at this season of the year, compelled to throw aside the needle, and seek some other employment in order to prevent actual starvation! Think of *twenty cents* per day, for the sustenance of a widow and three small children, for it is now an undeniable fact

that shirts are made at *ten cents* a piece! But enough to-day: the recital of such facts, upon a New Year's day, should remind the Christian, the Philanthropist—nay, the whole community—of the duty due suffering humanity.—*Cor. of Tribune.*

MUNIFICENT LEGACIES. OLIVER SMITH of Hatfield, the wealthiest man in the Western counties of Massachusetts, who died last week, was a bachelor, and has left nearly the whole of his large fortune to public and charitable uses. We learn from the Northampton Gazette that he has given \$360,000 to eight towns, namely: Northampton, Hadley, Amherst, Hatfield, Williamsburg, Greenfield, Deerfield, and Whately, as a permanent fund for the benefit of Orphan Children, and children of the poorer classes. The fund is to be managed by trustees. Another large and rather novel bequest is made to the same number of towns and probably the same towns, to be paid to each young and worthy man or woman within the same, upon the event of his or her marriage. \$20,000 is given to Northampton for the establishment of an Agricultural School, but not to go into operation until the above named sum is doubled. \$10,000 is to go to the Colonization Society for the abolition of slavery.

HUNT'S MAGAZINE. Of the editor of "The Merchant's Magazine" we have before expressed our opinion—that he is one of the most remarkable men of his day; and we have now lying by us an article from the pen of Willis which speaks very much to the same purpose. There is not one of our readers who will not forgive us for quoting it:

Hunt has been glorified in the Hong-kong Gazette, is regularly complimented by the English mercantile authorities, has every Banker in the world for an eager subscriber, every Consul, every Ship-owner, and Navigator, is filed away as authority in every library, and thought of, in half the countries of the world, as early as No. 3, in their enumeration of distinguished Americans—yet, who seeks to do him honor in the city he does honor to? The Merchants' Magazine, though a prodigy of perseverance and industry, is not an accidental development of Hunt's energies. He has always been singularly sagacious and original in devising new works and good ones. He was the founder of the first 'Ladies' Magazine,' of the first 'Children's Periodical,' he started the 'American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge,' compiled the best known collection of American Anecdotes, and is an indefatigable writer—the author, among other things, of 'Letters about the Hudson.' A mutual friend of Hunt and ourself says of him:—"His most important labor was the projection and successful establishment of the 'Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review.' Having had the means of ascertaining the precise wants of the commercial public, and knowing that almost every other class of our population possessed its appropriate work, he conceived that a magazine and review, devoted to the interests of that large, wealthy, and respectable class, the merchants—a work which should be thoroughly practical and national in its character, embodying commercial matter, literary and statistical, having a national bearing upon their interests and

intelligence, and supported by ripe and disciplined minds, would be a desideratum. This national work, tending to inform us of the causes which had acted upon our trade and commerce in times past, and the expanding growth of our country, he has at length brought out with full success. In his periodical he has opened a new vein of thought, especially adapted to the peculiar cast of our American minds, and erected a monument which will endure.—*Broadway Jour.*

GIGANTIC SCHEMES. A letter from Bremen, published in the Washington Union, says: "I received, some time since, a copy of Whitney's gigantic scheme and proposition for the Oregon Railroad, with which I was much interested. I sent it to my friend, his excellency a syndic of Hamburg, one of the members of the German Diet, with some speculations of my own in relation to it: suggesting, in addition, if he thought it would be interesting to Count Nesselrode, to send it to him; that it might, perhaps, lead the Emperor to adopt the same idea, and extend a Railroad from Moscow to the confines of China; in which event, the Chinese would be soon worshipping at the same altar of the same Almighty God that we do. He has sent me a copy of his letter to the minister. I accidentally met in Russia with a very intelligent Englishman, a kind of semi-diplomatist. I learned from him that he had been making arrangements with the Danish Government for the navigation of the Baltic by British steamers from particular points, and was then negotiating with the Russian Government for a confirmation of similar privileges. He remarked, in the course of conversation, that we had completely diddled the Germans in the course of the year, and that we had sent agents, with the cash, and purchased all their wool; and now, that the manufactures of Germany were obliged to go over to England to lay in their stocks."

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ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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MISCELLANY.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE IN RETROSPECT.

One day, having pondered much on several of the great questions of the age, I fell asleep. In my sleep, the vision of a year of the twenty-second century was presented to me, and I dreamed that, living then, I was engaged to write a history of the present reign. On awaking, the following chapter was so thoroughly photographed upon my mind, that I was enabled to write it down without hesitation:

It is difficult, in the present state of society, to form any idea of its condition in the reign of Victoria the first. Yet it was an age of promise — there were hints, as it were, of the good things that have since come, and, while the bulk of the community was marked by barbarism, there were a few spirits which soared towards a genuine civilization. Many others there were who had become sensible of public and social evils, but could not agree about the best means of remedying them. Each man would be found going about with his nostrum for making all as it ought to be, but all different from each other; so that, amidst the contending claims of various dogmas, it was impossible for a rational person to see what should be done.

War was at that time too recent to be altogether despised as it deserved. The populace liked the roll of the drum, and the measured tread of a regular force, as it moved along in its glaring livery and with glancing arms. Surviving commanders were looked on with pride; monuments were raised to the deceased. Accordingly young men at school were extremely apt to pine for commissions in the army and navy, although there was scarcely any life more devoid of all that can interest an intelligent and generous mind. Young ladies, too, were apt to regard soldiers as far more interesting than the members of more useful professions. There was a disinclination to go to war, on the ground that it was expensive, and interfered with commerce; but few were ever heard to condemn it because it tended to cutting of throats and brutalizing of minds, or because it was inconsistent with Christian brotherly love. Indeed, the clergy themselves would still be occasionally seen affecting to confer heavenly benedictions on the colors under which men were to rush against their fellow creatures in ruthless conflict, as if the God of

peace could have been expected to smile on what were only the emblems of deadly rage and hatred between man and man. War was spoken of at the worst, as a resource which in some circumstances might be unavoidable; and thus men might have been heard in that age, gravely counselling to go to war at an expense of forty millions a year, in order to save a nook of waste territory not worth as many pence in fee simple. Such ideas were then extremely plausible with a large portion of the people; and two nations would be seen maintaining great armies and navies against each other; each fearing that, if he were unarmed, the other might fall upon him. France and England might each have saved at least fifteen millions a year, if they could have been mutually sure that neither was inclined to go to war, which in reality proved to have been the case with both many years afterwards.

While public war was generally regarded as right and proper, it is not surprising that private persons, who happened to quarrel, should have thought themselves entitled to settle their disputes by fighting. A man who had been insulted by another, was expected by society to go out to a retired place and fight that person with pistols, although he might be quite unskilled in the use of the weapon, while the other was the reverse. He was to seek for satisfaction by exposing himself to a chance of being shot through the heart, while the aggressor was exposed to no worse fate. And it did accordingly happen, in many instances, that a poor gentleman who had been assailed with bad words, or wounded by calumny, was slain in an attempt to bring his injurer to account, the said injurer escaping quite free, except that he had to submit to have his innocence pronounced by a jury of his countrymen. There might now be some doubt that any custom so unreasonable had existed even in that age, if it were not substantiated by incontestible evidence in the national archives. It further appears that, when any man was so poor spirited as to decline fighting, however trifling might be the cause of dispute, he was made miserable by the contempt of society. The people acknowledged "thou shalt not kill," as a divine command; but they practically told their neighbor, "If you do not take your chance of killing or being killed, we will hunt you out from amongst us."

A strange custom of that age was to use artificial liquors of an intoxicating quality. It had come down from antiqui-

ty, and was much modified by the progress of reason, but still held great sway over mankind. Gentlemen would continue at table after dinner, in order to drink more or less of these liquors, and poor people were wont to resort to houses called taverns and beer shops in order to indulge in the same manner. The professed object was to exhilarate their spirits and promote social feeling; but it was merely a bad old custom, which the people at length found it better entirely to abandon. While it lasted, men were accustomed to drink each others' healths, although every particle they took tended to derange their stomachs, and consequently to injure their own health. It was also customary to select a particular person distinguished for some merit, and pronounce an oration over him, full of such flatteries as no man could then address to another in private without being thought guilty of the grossest rudeness; and after this speech was concluded, the company would toss off a glass of liquor, by way of expressing their wishes for his welfare. It was then expected that he would stand up and disclaim all the merits attributed to him, for modesty demanded no less at his hands; and the whole company would sit with apparent delight, listening to a contradiction of every thing they had said or approved of formerly. But indeed liquor so affected the brains of men, that nothing but absurdity could be expected from it. Its effects were worst amongst the humbler class of people. They sometimes spent so much of their earnings upon liquor, that they and their families could hardly obtain the common necessities of life. And what is strange, the poorer any man was, the more disposed was he to resort to drink, notwithstanding its being a costly article. Some pictures of that age, and certain portions of its poetical literature, convey a striking idea of the extent to which the madness of drinking was carried. Men, under the influence of liquor, would reel to and fro, and fall into gutters and ditches, and beat their wives and tender little ones. In short, it depraved all who were addicted to it. It was the ruin of hundreds of thousands every year; and murders, and almost every inferior crime, continually flowed from it. At length a few bold philanthropists determined to attempt a reform. They lectured, wrote and argued for the disuse of liquor with the greatest zeal, and, what was best of all, they abjured it themselves. Though much ridiculed at first, they were in time successful, and in the course of a single age,

the world was corrected out of an error which appeared to have been in vogue from the dawn of history. Specimens of liquor-measuring vessels, and of drinking cups and glasses, are to be seen in our principal museums.

In the present age there is no feature of those remote times more difficult to realize than what appertained to their criminal jurisprudence. The very idea of crime is now happily unknown. In our improved social relations, any analogous demonstration of a selfish or unregulated mind is easily repressed by a little treatment in the asylums for mental disease. But in those days, when selfishness was the predominant rule of life, there were frequent instances of what were called offences; that is, demonstrations of selfishness which society had come to consider as inconvenient, and which it therefore wished to repress. To effect this end, a frightful system of terror was kept up. Offenders were subjected to severe punishments, such as imprisonment, banishment, and death, it being thought that, when bad men were seen thus suffering, others would be prevented from becoming bad. The government of that day had immense prisons for the reception of culprits—also colonies to which they were consigned as slaves; and it was no uncommon thing to see a man or woman put to death in a public place, with legal officers and clergymen standing by their sides all the time, while vast multitudes of the humbler classes gloated over the butchery, as if it had been a spectacle designed for their especial gratification. At this very time, the greater part of the community would have shrunk from any cruelty deemed wholly unnecessary, such as trampling on a worm or killing a fly; yet hardly any one but sanctioned the killing of human beings in this manner, believing that it was unavoidably necessary for preserving life and property. We thus see what strange things custom and the tyrant's plea, necessity, will induce tender hearts to consent to. It would be painful to dwell longer on such a subject. With the conclusion of the dark ages in the twentieth century, vanished the last vestige of a system which had only reacted for evil throughout thousands of years.

A perusal of the newspapers of that age, copies of which have been carefully preserved, would serve better than any thing else to convey a due sense of the character of the time, "its form and pressure." We see strong traces of the zeal and success with which mechanical, labor-saving, and money-making improvements were followed out. The wits of men appear to have been sharpened to an extraordinary degree, in devising all sorts of plans for making sensual life more agreeable. Some men realized enormous sums of wealth, the most of which was employed in establishing means of accumulating still more. Luxury and refinement were carried to an extreme in some quarters. On the other hand, vast numbers of persons, chiefly resident in large towns, had sunk into a degree of misery which was unknown in earlier and more barbarous times. Society seemed as if polarized, the rich being unprecedentedly rich, and the poor unprecedentedly poor. A few strides would have conducted the philanthropic enquirer from the portals of the superb millionaire, to the stifling dens

"where hopeless want retired to die." While the higher circles also displayed a delicacy, and in many cases a purity such as had not previously been known, the lower exhibited a savagery exceeding even that of the most primitive ages. Elegance learned through the newspapers that hordes of the humbler classes lived in places worse in all respects than those in which the domestic animals are usually lodged. Piety heard from her luxurious oratory that hundreds of thousands grew up in a state of exemption from almost every kind of moral influence. Wealth, which could have succoured and restored to righteous feelings the want that growled with rage and despair, was expended in frantic attempts at its own increase, and in frivolities which could not be enjoyed. The finest natures, which could have operated to the most beneficial results upon those less fortunately endowed, whom Providence designs to be their care, sickened with ennui in the pursuit of idle pleasures. In that uneasy system of things, men turned round upon human nature itself, and attributed half the evils they suffered to the increase of the population. And yet this age, which was full of ignorance and error, and animated by but one ruling spirit—the spirit of self—was accustomed to speak of itself as a civilized age, and to look back with pity upon such simple times as those of the Plantagenets and Tudors. It was, indeed, an improvement upon those times; but to us who live under circumstances so different that we can hardly perceive any distinction, the pretensions which it sets forth to be an age of true civilization must appear supremely ridiculous, and we can only set them down amongst those delusive notions which mankind have in all ages conceived for their own glorification.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

IX.

Consuelo was deeply affected by an explanation which restored to her her self-respect and tranquilized her conscience. Until this moment she had often feared that she had imprudently yielded to the dictates of her generosity and her courage: now she received the sanction and the recompense. Her tears of joy mingled with those of the old man and they both remained for some time too much agitated to continue the conversation.

Still Consuelo did not yet understand the proposition which had been made to her, and the Count, thinking that he had sufficiently explained himself, regarded her silence and her tears as signs of assent and gratitude. "I will go," said he at last, "and bring my son to your feet, in order that he may unite his blessings with mine on learning the extent of his happiness."

"Stop, my lord!" said Consuelo, as-

tonished at this precipitancy. "I do not understand what you require of me. You approve the attachment which Count Albert has manifested for me and my devotedness towards him. You grant me your confidence, you know that I will not betray it; but how can I engage to consecrate my whole life to a friendship of so delicate a nature? I see clearly that you depend on time and on my reason, to preserve your son's moral health and to calm the enthusiasm of his attachment for me. But I do not know if I shall long have that power; even if such an intimacy were not dangerous for so excitable a man, I am not free to devote my days to that glorious task. I am not my own mistress!"

"O heavens! what do you say, Consuelo! Did you not then understand me? Or did you deceive me in saying that you were free, that you had no attachment of the heart, no engagement, nor family?"

"But, my lord," said Consuelo stupefied, "I have an object, a vocation, a condition, I belong to the art to which I have consecrated myself since my childhood."

"Great God! what do you say! Do you wish to return to the stage!"

"As to that, I am ignorant, and I spoke the truth in affirming that my inclination did not lead me thither. I have hitherto experienced only horrible sufferings in that stormy career; but I feel nevertheless that I should be rash in agreeing to renounce it. It has been my destiny, and perhaps I cannot withdraw myself from the future which had been traced out for me. Whether I again tread the boards, or give lessons and concerts, I am still, I must be, a cantatrice. What should I be good for otherwise? Where can I attain independence? In what can I occupy my mind, accustomed to labor and greedy of that kind of emotion?"

"O Consuelo, Consuelo!" cried Count Christian sadly; "what you say is true. But I thought you loved my son, and now I see that you do not love him!"

"And if I should love him with the passion which I must feel in order to sacrifice myself for him, what should you say, my lord?" cried Consuelo, growing impatient in her turn. "Do you think it absolutely impossible for a woman to conceive love for Count Albert, that you ask me to remain always with him?"

"What! can I have so badly explained myself, or do you think me crazy, dear Consuelo? Have I not asked your heart and your hand for my son? Have I not placed at your feet a legitimate and certainly honorable alliance? If you loved Albert, you would doubtless find in the happiness of sharing his life a sufficient recompense for the loss of your glory and

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

your triumphs! But you do not love him, since you consider it impossible to renounce what you call your destiny!"

This explanation had been tardy, even involuntarily to the good Christian. It was not without a mixture of terror and of mortal repugnance that the old lord had sacrificed to the happiness of his son all the ideas of his life; all the principles of his caste; and when, after a long and painful struggle with Albert and with himself, he had consummated the sacrifice, the absolute ratification of so terrible an act could not, without effort, extend from his heart to his lips.

Consuelo perceived or divined this; for at the moment when Count Christian appeared to despair of making her consent to this marriage, there certainly was upon the old man's countenance an expression of involuntary joy, mingled with that of a strange consternation.

In an instant Consuelo understood her position, and a feeling of pride, perhaps a little too personal, inspired a disinclination for the match proposed to her. "You wish that I should become Count Albert's wife!" said she, still more amazed at so strange an offer. "You would consent to call me your daughter, to allow me to bear your name, to present me to your relatives, to your friends?—Ah! my lord! how much you must love your son, and how much your son ought to love you."

"If you find so great a generosity in that, Consuelo, the reason must be that your heart cannot conceive one equal to it, or that the object does not appear to you worthy."

"My lord," said Consuelo, after having recovered herself with her face hidden in her hands, "it seems to me that I am dreaming. In spite of myself, my pride is awakened at the thought of the humiliations with which my life would be filled, if I dared accept the sacrifice which your paternal love suggests to you."

"And who would dare to humiliate you, Consuelo, when both father and son covered you with the egis of marriage and family!"

"And the aunt, my lord? the aunt, who is here a true mother, could she consent to it without blushing?"

"She will come and unite her prayers with our's, if you promise to allow yourself to be persuaded. Do not ask more than the weakness of human nature can grant. A lover, a father, can endure the humiliation and the sorrow of a refusal. My sister would not dare to. But, with the assurance of success, we will bring her to your arms, my daughter."

"My lord," said Consuelo trembling, "has Count Albert ever told you that I loved him?"

"No!" replied the Count, struck with

a sudden recollection. "Albert told me that the obstacle would be in your own heart. He repeated it to me a hundred times; but I could not believe it. Your reserve appeared to me to have a sufficient foundation in your rectitude and delicacy. But I thought that in relieving you of your scruples, I should obtain from you the avowal you had refused to him."

"And what did he say of our walk this morning?"

"A single word: 'Try, my father, it is the only means of knowing if it be disinclination or pride which closes her heart against me.'"

"Alas my lord, what will you think of me, when I tell you that I myself do not know?"

"I shall think it is disinclination, my dear Consuelo. Ah! my son! my poor son! What a horrible destiny is his! Not to be loved by the only woman he has ever been able to love, whom perhaps he ever can love! This last misfortune was wanting to us."

"O my God! you must hate me, my lord! You do not understand how my pride resists when you immolate your own. The pride of a girl like me must appear to you to have much less foundation; and yet believe me, there is in my heart at this moment a combat as violent as that over which you have yourself triumphed."

"I comprehend it. Do not believe, signora, that I have so little respect for modesty, rectitude and disinterestedness, as not to appreciate the pride formed on such treasures. But that which paternal love has been able to overcome, (you see that I speak to you with entire freedom) I think woman's love could likewise accomplish. Well! suppose that Albert's whole life, your's and mine, should be a combat against the prejudices of the world, suppose that we should be obliged to suffer long and much, all three of us, and my sister with us, would there not be in our mutual tenderness, in the testimony of our conscience, and in the fruits of our devotedness, somewhat sufficient to render us more strong than all the world together! A great love will make those evils appear light which now seem too heavy for yourself and for us. But that great love you, agitated and fearful, seek for in the bottom of your heart; and you do not find it there, Consuelo, because it is not there."

"Well! yes, that is the question, that is the whole question," said Consuelo, pressing her hands strongly against her heart, "all the rest is nothing. I also had my prejudices; but your example proves to me that it is my duty to tread them under my feet, to be as great, as heroic as you! Let us speak no more of my dislikes, of my false shame. Let us

speak no more even of my career, of my art!" added she with a deep sigh. "I should know how to shure even that, if—if I love Albert. This is what I must know. Hear me, my lord. I have asked myself the question a hundred times, but never with the confidence which your assent gives me. How could I interrogate my heart seriously, when the question itself was in my eyes a madness and a crime! Now, it seems to me that I can know myself and decide. I ask of you some days to reflect, and to know if the immense devotedness I feel for him, the respect, the boundless esteem with which his virtues inspire me, the powerful sympathy, the strange dominion which he exercises over me by his words, proceed from love, or from admiration. For I experience all these, my lord, and all these are combated in me by an insupportable terror, by a profound sadness, and I will tell you all, O my noble friend! by the remembrance of a love less enthusiastic, but more sweet and tender which in no manner resembled this."

"Strange and noble girl!" replied Christian with emotion, "what wisdom and what strange ideas in your words and thoughts! You resemble my poor Albert in many respects, and the agitated uncertainty of your feelings recalls to me my wife, my noble, my beautiful, my sad Wanda!—O! Consuelo! you awaken in me a recollection at once very tender and very bitter. I was about to say to you: Surmount these irresolutions; triumph over these dislikes; love, from virtue, from greatness of soul, from compassion, from the effort of a noble and pious charity, that poor man who adores you, and who in making you unhappy perhaps, will owe to you his salvation and will cause you to deserve celestial recompense! But you have recalled to me his mother, his mother, who gave herself to me from duty and from friendship. She could not feel for me, a simple, gentle and timid man, the enthusiasm with which her imagination burned. Still she was faithful and generous to the last; but how she did suffer! Alas! her affection was my joy and my punishment; her constancy, my pride and my remorse. She died in suffering, and my heart was broken forever. And now if I am insignificant, worn out, dead before being buried, do not be too much astonished, Consuelo: I have suffered what no one has known, what I have never spoken of to any one, and what I now confess to you with trembling. Ah! rather than induce you to make such a sacrifice, rather than advise Albert to accept it, may my eyes close in sadness and my son at once sink under his destiny! I know too well the cost of endeavoring to force nature and to combat the insatiable requirements of the

soul! Take time therefore to reflect, my daughter," added the old Count, pressing Consuelo against his breast, swollen with sobs, and kissing her noble brow with a father's love. "It will be much better so. If you must refuse, Albert, prepared by anxious uncertainty, will not be struck to the ground, as he would now be by the frightful news."

They separated with this understanding; and Consuelo, stealing through the galleries in fear of meeting Anzoleto, shut herself up in her chamber, overpowered with emotion and fatigue.

At first she endeavored to take a little rest, in order to attain the necessary calmness. She felt exhausted and, throwing herself on her bed, she soon fell into a state of torpor which was more painful than refreshing. She had wished to go to sleep thinking of Albert, in order to mature her decision in her mind, during those mysterious manifestations of sleep, in which we think we sometimes find the prophetic sense of those things which preoccupy us. But the interrupted dreams which she had for several hours, incessantly recalled Anzoleto, instead of Albert, to her thoughts. It was always Venice, always the Corte Minelli; it was always her first love, calm, smiling, poetical. And every time she awoke, the remembrance of Albert was connected with that of the gloomy grotto; or the sound of his violin, made ten times more powerful by the echoes of solitude, called up the dead, and wailed over the freshly closed grave of Zdenko. At this idea, fear and sorrow closed her heart to the transports of affection. The future which was proposed to her showed itself only in the midst of cold shadows and bloody visions; while the past, radiant and fruitful, enlarged her chest and made her heart palpitate. It seemed to her that in dreaming of the past, she heard her own voice resound through space, fill all nature and spread immensely while mounting to the skies, instead of which, that voice became hoarse and hollow, and lost itself like a death-rattle in the abysses of the earth, whenever the strange sounds of the violin of the cavern recurred to her memory.

These vague reveries so fatigued her, that she rose to drive them away; and the first stroke of the bell warning her that dinner would be served in half an hour, she began her toilet, continuing to be occupied with the same ideas. But, strange occurrence! for the first time in her life, she was more attentive to her mirror and more interested in her hair and her dress than in those serious matters of which she sought the solution. In spite of herself, she made herself beautiful and wished to be so. And it was not to excite the desires and jealousy of the two rival lovers, that she felt this irresistible

movement of coquetry; she did think, she could think of only one. Albert had never said a word to her about her appearance. Perhaps, in the enthusiasm of his passion, he imagined her more beautiful than she really was; but his ideas were so elevated, and his love so great, that he would have thought he profaned her, by looking upon her with the intoxicated eyes of a lover, or the scrutinizing satisfaction of an artist. She was always to him enveloped in a cloud which his sight could not pierce, and which moreover his thought surrounded with a dazzling glory. Looked she more or less well, to his eyes she was always the same. He had seen her livid, emaciated, withered, struggling with death, and more like a spectre than a woman. He had then searched in her features, with attention and anxiety, for the more or less terrifying symptoms of her malady; but he had not seen if she had moments of ugliness, if she could be an object of fright and of disgust. And when she had recovered the brightness of youth and the expression of life, he did not perceive whether she had lost or gained in beauty. She was for him, in life as in death, the ideal of all youth, of all sublime expression, of all unique and incomparable beauty. Therefore Consuelo never thought of him when arranging herself before her mirror.

But what a difference on the part of Anzoleto! With what minute care he had examined, judged and detailed her in his imagination, on the day when he asked himself if she was ugly! How he had taken account of the best graces of her person, of the smallest efforts she had made to please! How he knew her hair, her arm, her foot, her walk, the colors which became her complexion, the smallest folds of her dress! And with what ardent vivacity had he praised her! with what voluptuous languor had he contemplated her! The chaste girl had not then comprehended the beatings of her own heart. She wished still not to comprehend them, and yet she felt them almost as violent, at the idea of re-appearing before his eyes. She was vexed with herself, blushed with shame and anger, strove to beautify herself for Albert alone; and yet she sought for the style of hair, the ribbon, and even the look which would please Anzoleto. "Alas! alas!" said she to herself, hurrying from her mirror as soon as her toilet was completed; "even at this time I can think only of him, and past happiness exercises a more attractive power upon me than present contempt and the promises of another love! When I look at the future, without him, it offers only terror and despair. But what would it be with him? Do I not know that the beautiful days of Venice cannot return, that innocence would

no longer dwell with us, that Anzoleto's soul is forever corrupted, that his caresses would degrade me, that my life would be empoisoned every minute by shame, by jealousy, by fear and by regret?"

Interrogating herself severely in this respect, Consuelo was satisfied that she labored under no delusion, and that she had not the most secret emotion of desire for Anzoleto. She no longer loved him in the present, she feared and almost hated him in the future, in which his perversity could only increase; but in the past she cherished him to such a degree that her soul and her life could not be detached from him. He was henceforth before her as a portrait which recalled to her an adored being and days of delights; like a widow, who hides herself from her new husband to look upon the likeness of the first, she felt that the dead was more living than the other in her heart.

X.

Consuelo had too much judgment and elevation of soul, not to know that of the two loves she inspired, the truest, the most noble and the most precious was without any comparison that of Albert. Thus when she again found herself between them, she at first thought she had triumphed over her enemy. Albert's profound look which seemed to penetrate to the bottom of her heart, the slow and strong pressure of his loyal hand, gave her to understand that he knew the result of her interview with Christian, and that he awaited her decision with submission and gratitude. In fact, Albert had obtained more than he hoped for, and this irresolution was sweet to him, compared with what he had feared, so far was he removed from the presumptuous fatuity of Anzoleto. The latter, on the contrary, had armed himself with all his resolution. Guessing, pretty nearly, what was passing about him, he was determined to contest the ground step by step, even should he be pushed out of the house by the shoulders. His free and easy manners, his ironical and bold look, excited in Consuelo the deepest disgust; and when he impudently approached to offer her his hand, she turned away her head, and took that which Albert extended to lead her to the table.

As usual the young Count seated himself opposite to Consuelo, and old Christian had her on his left, in the place where Amelia had formerly sat, and which she had always occupied since her recovery. But, instead of the chaplain, whose seat was on Consuelo's left, the canoness invited the pretended brother to seat himself between them; so that Anzoleto's bitter epigrams could reach the young girl's ear in a low voice, and his irreverent sallies could scandalize as he

wished the old priest, to whom he had already begun to give offence.

Anzoletto's plan was very simple. He wished to render himself odious and insupportable to those of the family whom he felt to be hostile to the projected marriage, in order to give them by his *mauvaise ton*, his familiar air, and his misplaced words, the worst possible idea of Consuelo's connexions. "We shall see," said he to himself, "if they will swallow the brother I shall serve up to them."

Anzoletto, an unfinished singer and poor tragedian, had the instinct of a good comic actor. He had already seen enough of the world, to know how to imitate the elegant manners and agreeable language of good company; but that character would only have served to reconcile the canoness to the low extraction of the betrothed, and he took the opposite part with the greater facility that it was more natural to him. Having satisfied himself that Wenceslaw, notwithstanding her obstinacy in speaking only German, the language of the court and of all well disposed subjects, did not lose a word of what was said in Italian, he began to chat at random, helped himself freely to the good wine of Hungary, the effects of which he did not fear, accustomed as he had been for a long while to more heavy drinks, but the heating influences of which he pretended to feel, in order to give himself the appearance of an inveterate toper. His project succeeded wonderfully. Count Christian, who had at first laughed indulgently at his droll sallies, no longer smiled without effort, and required all his lordly urbanity, all his paternal affection, not to put in his true place the disagreeable future brother-in-law of his noble son. The chaplain, indignant, fidgeted in his chair, and murmured in German some exclamations which resembled exorcisms. His meal was horribly troubled, and never in his life did he digest more sadly. The canoness heard all the impertinences of her guest with a restrained contempt and a rather malicious satisfaction. At every new sally, she raised her eyes towards her brother, as if to call him to witness; and the good Christian bent his head and endeavored to distract the attention of the auditors by some very awkward observation. Then the canoness looked at Albert; but Albert was impassible. He seemed neither to see nor hear his unwelcome and merry neighbor. Poor Consuelo was without doubt the most cruelly oppressed of all those persons. At first she thought that Anzoletto, in a life of debauchery, had contracted those disorderly manners and this cynical turn of mind, which she did not know him to possess; for he had never been thus before her. She was so much disgusted and troubled as almost to be

obliged to leave the table. But when she perceived that it was all a stratagem, she recovered the sang-froid which became her innocence and her dignity. She had not introduced herself into the secrets and the affections of this family, to obtain by intrigue the rank they offered her. That rank had not for an instant flattered her ambition, and she felt herself strong in her conscience against the accusations of the canoness. She knew, she saw clearly that Albert's love and his father's confidence were above so miserable a trial. The contempt with which Anzoletto, mean, wicked in his vengeance, inspired her, made her stronger still. Her eyes met Albert's only once and they understood each other. Consuelo said *yes*, and Albert answered: *In spite of all.*

Anzoletto saw and commented upon that look: "It is not yet done," said he in a low voice to Consuelo.

"You are doing me a great service," replied Consuelo to him, "and I thank you."

They spoke between their teeth that rapid dialect of Venice, which seems composed only of vowels and in which the ellipsis is so frequent that the Italians of Rome and Florence can hardly catch it at first hearing.

"I perceive that you detest me at this moment," returned Anzoletto, "and think yourself sure of hating me always. But you will not escape me for all that."

"You unmasked yourself too soon," said Consuelo.

"But not too late," replied Anzoletto. "Come, *padre mio benedetto*," said he addressing the chaplain and pushing his elbow so as to make him spill upon his hand half the wine he was carrying to his lips, "drink more boldly of this good wine which does as much good to body and soul as that of the holy mass. Lord Count," said he to old Christian, reaching out his glass, "you are keeping there in reserve on the side of your heart, a flask of yellow crystal which glitters like the sun. I am certain that if I could swallow a single drop of the nectar it contains, I should be changed into a demigod."

"Take care, my child," said the Count at last, placing his thin hand loaded with rings on the cut neck of the flask: "old men's wine sometimes shuts the mouth of young people."

"You look as handsome as a fairy in your anger," said Anzoletto to Consuelo in good and clear Italian, so as to be heard by every body. "You remind me of the *Diavolessa* of Galluppi, which you played so well at Venice last year. Ah, lord Count, do you think to keep my sister a long while here in your gilded cage, lined with silk. She is a singing bird, I warn you, and the bird which is deprived of its voice soon loses its plum-

age. She is very happy here, I can understand; but the good public which she has struck with transport is calling for her again with loud cries. And as for me, if you were to give me your name, your chateau, all the wine in your cellar and your respectable chaplain to boot, I would not renounce my foot-lights, my buskin and my trills."

"Then you are a comedian also?" said the canoness with a dry and cold contempt.

"Comedian, stroller, at your service, *illustrissima*," replied Anzoletto, without being disconcerted.

"Has he any talent?" asked old Christian of Consuelo, with a tranquillity full of gentleness and benevolence.

"None whatever," replied Consuelo, looking upon her adversary with an air of pity.

"If that be true, you accuse yourself," said Anzoletto; "for I am your pupil. I hope still," continued he in Venetian, "that I shall have enough to disturb your play."

"You will only harm yourself," replied Consuelo in the same dialect. "Bad intentions contaminate the heart, and your's will lose, moreover, all which you cannot make me lose in that of others."

"I am pleased to see that you accept challenge. To the work then, my beautiful amazon; it will do you no good to lower the visor of your casque, I see uneasiness and fear shining in your eyes."

"Alas! you can only see there a profound sorrow on your account. I hoped I could have forgotten the contempt I owe you, and you take pains to recall it."

"Contempt and love often go together."

"In mean souls."

"In the proudest souls. That has been and will always be."

All the dinner passed in the same manner. When they went into the saloon, the canoness, who appeared determined to divert herself with Anzoletto's impertinence, requested him to sing something. He hardly waited to be asked; and after having vigorously preluded upon the old groaning harpsichord with his sinewy fingers, he thundered out one of those songs with which he embellished Zastiniani's little suppers. The words were rather free. The canoness did not understand them, and amused herself at the strength with which he uttered them. Count Christian could not avoid being struck with the fine voice and wonderful facility of the singer. He gave himself up with simplicity to the pleasure of hearing him; and when the first air was concluded, asked for another. Albert, seated by the side of Consuelo, appeared deaf and said not a word. Anzoletto imagined

that he was vexed, and at last felt himself surpassed in something. He forgot that his design had been to make his auditors fly by his musical improprieties; and seeing besides, that whether from the innocence of his hosts, or from their ignorance of the language, it was labor lost, he gave himself up to the necessity of being admired, and sang for the pleasure of singing; and then he wished to let Consuelo see that he had improved. He had in fact gained in the order of power which was assigned to him. His voice had perhaps already lost its original freshness, debauchery had destroyed the flexibility of youth; but he had become more master of his efforts, and more skillful in the art of overcoming the difficulties towards which his taste and his instinct continually led him. He sang well and received many praises from Count Christian, from the canoness, and even from the chaplain, who liked *strokes*, and who considered Consuelo's manner too simple, too natural to be learned.

"You told us he had no talent," said the Count to the latter: "you are either too severe or too modest as regards your pupil. He has a great deal, and indeed I recognize in him something of you."

The good Christian wished by this little triumph of Anzoleto's to efface the humiliation which his manner had caused to his pretended sister. He therefore insisted much upon the merit of the singer, and the latter, who loved to shine too well not to be already tired of the low part he had played, returned to the harpsichord, after having remarked that Count Albert became more and more pensive. The canoness, who dozed a little at the long pieces of music, asked for another Venetian song; and this time Anzoleto chose one which was in better taste. He knew that the popular airs were those which he sang the best. Even Consuelo herself had not the piquant accentuation of the dialect so natural and so well characterised as he, child of the lagunes and music singer by distinction.

He counterfeited with so much grace and pleasantness, now the rough and frank manner of the fishermen of Istria, now the spiritual and careless nonchalance of the Gondoliers of Venice, that it was impossible not to look at and listen to him with great interest. His beautiful face, flexible and expressive, assumed at one moment the grave and bold aspect, at another the caressing and jesting cheerfulness of each. The coquettish bad taste of his toilet, which savored of Venice a league off, added still more to the illusion, and improved his personal advantages instead of injuring them on this occasion. Consuelo, at first cold, was soon obliged to take refuge in indifference and pre-occupation. Her emotion affected

her more and more. She again saw all Venice in Anzoleto, and in that Venice all the Anzoleto of former days, with his gaiety, his innocent love and his childish pride. Her eyes filled with tears, and the merry strokes which made the others laugh, penetrated her heart with a fresh tenderness.

After the songs, Count Christian asked for some chants. "Oh! as to that," said Anzoleto, "I know all which are sung in Venice; but they are for two voices, and if my sister, who knows them also, is unwilling to sing them with me, I shall not be able to satisfy your lordships."

They immediately requested Consuelo to sing. She refused a long while, though she felt a strong temptation. At last, yielding to the entreaties of the good Christian, who exerted himself to reconcile her with her brother, by showing that he too was entirely reconciled, she seated herself by Anzoleto's side, and tremblingly began one of those long chants, in two parts, divided into stanzas of three verses, which are heard at Venice during the times of devotion, for whole nights, around the madonnas of the street corners. Their rhythm is rather lively than sad; but in the monotony of their burden and in the poetry of their words, borrowed from a somewhat pagan piety, there is a soothing melancholy which attracts you by degrees, and ends by taking entire possession of you.

Consuelo sang them in a sweet and veiled voice, in imitation of the Venetian women, and Anzoleto with the somewhat hoarse and guttural accent of the young men of the country. At the same time he improvised upon the harpsichord a low, continuous, and fresh accompaniment, which recalled to his companion the murmuring of the water upon the tiles, and the breath of the wind among the vine-branches. She thought herself at Venice, in the midst of a beautiful summer's night, alone at the foot of one of those chapels in the open air, which are shaded by arbors of vines and lighted by a swinging lamp reflected in the gently ruffled waters of the canal. O what a difference between the gloomy and heart-rending emotion she experienced that morning on hearing Albert's violin, on the bank of another water, motionless, black, mute, full of phantoms, and this vision of Venice with its beautiful sky, its sweet melodies, its waves of azure, flashing with rapid torches or radiant stars! Anzoleto restored to her this magnificent spectacle, in which were concentrated for her the ideal of life and of liberty; while the cavern, the strange and wild airs of ancient Bohemia, the bones illuminated by funeral torches, and reflected in a water perhaps full of the same frightful relics; and in the midst of all that, the pale and

ardent face of the ascetic Albert, the thought of an unknown world, the apparition of a symbolic scene, and the sad emotion of an incomprehensible fascination, were too much for Consuelo's peaceful and simple soul. To enter into this region of abstract ideas, required an effort of which her vivid imagination was capable, but in which her whole being was broken, tortured by mysterious sufferings and painful forebodings. Her southern organization, even more than her education, recoiled from this austere initiation into a mystic love. Albert was for her the genius of the North, profound, powerful, sometimes sublime, but always sad, like the wind of freezing nights or the subterranean voice of winter torrents. It was the reflecting and investigating mind which interrogates and symbolizes all things, the nights of storm, the course of the meteors, the wild harmonies of the forest and the obliterated inscriptions of ancient tombs. Anzoleto, on the contrary, was meridional life, matter embraced and impregnated by the broad sun, the full light, which derived its poetry only from the intensity of its vegetation, and its pride only from the richness of its organic principle. It was the life of feeling, eager for enjoyment, the intellectual carelessness and want of foresight of artists, a kind of ignorance or indifference of the notion of good and evil, easy happiness, contempt or inability of reflection; in a word, the enemy and the opposite of the ideal.

Between these two men, of whom each was bound to a medium antipathetic to that of the other, Consuelo was as little living, as little capable of action and energy as a soul separated from its body. She loved the beautiful, she thirsted for the ideal. Albert displayed it to her. But Albert, arrested in the development of his genius by a diseased principle, had given too much to the life of intelligence. He knew so little the necessity of the present life, that he had often lost the faculty of perceiving his own existence. He could not imagine that the ideas of gloomy objects with which he was familiarised, could, under the influence of love and virtue, inspire any other sentiments in his betrothed than the enthusiasm of love and the emotion of happiness. He had not foreseen, he had not understood, that he drew her into an atmosphere where she would die, like a plant of the tropics in polar twilight. In fine, he did not comprehend the kind of violence which her being must undergo in order to be identified with his.

Anzoleto, on the contrary, wounding the soul and disgusting the mind of Consuelo at every point, at least bore in his large chest, expanded by the breath of the generous wind of the south, all the

vital air which the *Flower of Spain* (as he formerly called her,) required for her re-animation. She again found in him a whole life of animal, ignorant and delicious contemplation; a whole world of natural, dear and easy melodies, a whole past of calmness, of carelessness, of physical movement, of innocence without labor, of integrity without effort, of piety without reflection. It was almost the existence of a bird. But is there not a great deal of the bird in the artist, and must not man drink likewise somewhat from that cup of life common to all beings, to be complete and bring to good the treasure of his intelligence?

Consuelo sang with a voice still more sweet and more touching, as she abandoned herself by vague instinct to the distinctions which I have just made in her place, perhaps too tediously. May my readers forgive me! Without it, could they understand by what fatal pliancy of sentiment that young girl so pure and so sincere, who hated the perfidious Anzoleto with good reason a quarter of an hour before, forgot herself so far as to listen to his voice, to graze his hair, and inhale his breath with a sort of delight? The saloon was too vast ever to be well lighted, as we already know; besides the day was drawing to a close. The music desk of the harpsichord, on which Anzoleto had left a large book open, hid their heads from persons seated at a little distance; and their faces approached each other more and more. Anzoleto, no longer using more than one hand for the accompaniment, had passed his other arm around the pliant waist of his friend, and drew her insensibly towards him. Six months of indignation and suffering were effaced as a dream from the mind of the young girl. She thought herself at Venice, she was praying the madonna to bless her love for the beautiful betrothed her mother had given her, and who prayed with her, hand in hand, heart against heart. Albert had gone out when she did not perceive it, and the air was more light, the twilight more sweet about her. Suddenly at the end of a stanza, she felt the burning lips of her first betrothed upon hers. She restrained a cry, and bending over the keys, burst into tears.

At that moment Count Albert returned, heard her sobs, and saw Anzoleto's insulting joy. The singing, being interrupted by the emotion of the young artist, did not so much astonish the other spectators of this rapid scene. No one had seen the kiss, and all thought that the remembrance of her childhood and the love of her art had drawn tears from her. Count Christian was somewhat afflicted by this sensibility, which announced so much attachment and regret for things of which he asked the sacrifice. The canoness and

the chaplain were rejoiced, hoping that the sacrifice could not be accomplished. Albert had not yet asked himself if the Countess of Rudolstadt could again become an artist, or cease to be one. He would have accepted all, permitted all, exacted all indeed, that she might be happy, in retreat, in the world, or on the stage, at her option. His want of prejudices and self-love extended even to the absence of foresight in the most simple cases. It did not then come into his mind, that Consuelo could think of imposing sacrifices upon herself for the sake of him who wished for none. But not seeing this first fact, he saw beyond, as he always did; he penetrated to the heart of the tree, and put his hand upon the destroying worm. The real relation of Anzoleto towards Consuelo, the real object which he sought, and the real sentiment which inspired him, were revealed to Albert in an instant. He looked attentively at this man for whom he felt an antipathy, and upon whom he had not hitherto wished to cast his eyes, because he desired not to hate Consuelo's brother. He saw in him a bold, resolute and dangerous lover. The noble Albert did not think of himself, neither suspicion nor jealousy entered his heart. The danger was all for Consuelo; for by a profound and lucid glance, that man, whose vague look and delicate sight could not endure the sun, nor discern either color or form, read in the bottom of the soul, and penetrated, by the mysterious power of divination, into the most secret thoughts of the wicked and deceitful. I cannot explain the strange gift which he sometimes possessed in any natural manner. Certain faculties, in him (not yet fathomed and defined by science) remained incomprehensible to those around him, as they are to the historian who relates them to you, and who, in that respect, is not more advanced, after the lapse of a century, than are the great minds of his age. Albert on seeing naked before him the selfish vain soul of his rival, did not say to himself; "That man is my enemy;" but he said: "That man is Consuelo's enemy." And without betraying his discovery, he promised himself that he would watch over her and preserve her.

To be Continued.

A GOOD STORY TELLER. Galt seemed to me to be by nature a male Scherazade. He had the gift of narrative so rare, so fine, so seemingly simple, but so inexplicably difficult; repartee is nothing to it; the power of relating a story, without affectation, or weariness to your listener, is one above all price. Women excel in it more than men—but then they are aided by the varying countenance, the soft voice, the quick apprehension of an auditor's feelings. They are, it is true, apt to hurry; and hurry is fatal to a narra-

tive. Coleridge had it—at his friend Mr. Gilman's at Ilhigate, what heads were bowed down to listen to his half dissertations, half narratives; his eye mildly glistening all the while, his white hair falling about his neck, his accents thrilling in the ear of young and old, gay and grave. Moore has it, but in a very different mode; his stories are short and pithy, without the thoughtful moral of Coleridge, or the strong situations which Galt delighted to depict. For Galt was melodramatic in his tales: there was always a surprise, a mystery, an anomaly, at all events, at the end of them. He spoke in a low, monotonous voice, with much of the Greenock accent marring its sweetness, but adding effect; and he bent his high forehead down, and his eyes, long, narrow and deep sunk, were fixed steadily upon those of him to whom he addressed himself; and he went on, stopping at intervals to catch an exclamation from his listener, and to return it with his own dry laugh. His narrative was simple, succinct, unambitious in phrase, and had the charm of seeming to be thoroughly enjoyed by him who spoke it, as it usually was by those to whom it was spoken.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

TREASURE SEEKERS IN THE SEWERS. London above ground and London below; two worlds in close connexion, yet unseen by the other. As we walk through the busy streets of London above ground, and see its long line of densely populated houses, and its many thousand carriages whirling by, making earth tremble as they pass; and its crowd of human beings, jostling, pushing, and driving, as they flow onward in perpetual motion, intent on every thing and nothing; when we see all this hurry and turmoil, does the thought never strike us, that, beneath the very roots (so to speak) of the houses, a river runs, while close to the water are lines of iron pipes choked with fire? A dream evoked by an Arabian fabulist could hardly present to our wondering senses fancies more strange or magician-like than this reality. Light and water, great luxuries of life, stream into our houses at the will of man; and the same voice that bids them come sends them back again to their silent home. A marvel yet a truth, of which we daily feel the benefit. More extraordinary still is the fact that men are to be found who peril life in traversing the sewers, to search for things of value that have been swept into the stream through gutters and other openings. We gape with astonishment on reading Belzoni's feats in Egyptian caverns and tombs; how he crawled into the dusky grave of the shrivelled mummy, and fetched into the light of day strange things of by-gone times: how, with untiring perseverance, he set at nought the opposition of crafty guides, and burst into the granite pyramid—vast emblem of man's ambition. We read of this, and wonder at his daring. Yet there are men who now plunge into subterranean London, where perils equally frightful to those of the great traveller await them; perils that even the miner knows not; for, in these underground places, rats breed by myriads; creatures that, knowing not man, fear him not, and would punish him for invasion of their territory. Nor has the treasure seeker of the sewers this alone to dread. To scare away the vermin he carries a lantern,

which sometimes ignites the gas evolved in these unventilated tunnels, and the unhappy being within is stifled to death. But in dry weather, when the stream is inconsiderable, trinkets, silver spoons, or other small valuables are sometimes discovered in the mud deposited by the turbid water in the sewers. — *Ainsworth's Magazine*.

LABOR IN NEW YORK.

Its Circumstances, Conditions and Rewards.

NO. XXVI. — THE SAILORS.

There are perpetually from three to five thousand Sailors of all descriptions in the port of New York. The individuals composing this 'floating population' are incessantly changing, as ships arrive and depart, or as the money of the Sailors themselves runs out through the scuppers or down their throats. The general characteristics of the Sailor, however, are so strongly marked, and so similar in the different individuals of the same class, that it is practicable to get a very correct idea of the whole by examining any given portion of the mass.

The character of the Sailor has been so freely expatiated upon by novelists, that little is to be said in respect to him that can be new. He is reckless of money because he lives so much of his time out of the world of trade and speculation, that he knows nothing of the inconveniences or necessities of money; and the "circulating medium" with him is never permitted long to forego its proper destiny—*circulation*. It is not so much from a spirit of extravagance or wastefulness that the Sailor spends his money so freely, as it is that he has never been taught to know its value.

The Sailor is frank, generous, sympathetic, brave; but he is also sullen and dogged under rebuke, and submits to discipline not very gracefully. To effect a total demolition of independence and individual will, a regular apprenticeship in the navy is necessary. Here the Sailor becomes as mere a machine as King could wish. In the merchant service, however, the Sailor is quite a different person. He has his rights, and pretty generally is well acquainted with them. He has a court made almost on purpose to accommodate him, and plenty of lawyers and "land sharks," who are always ready to stand by poor Jack as long as he has a shot in the locker.

The wages of Sailors in the regular merchant service has not greatly varied for many years past, although the demand and the proportion between it and the unemployed fluctuate very much. The present wages of Sailors is \$15 per month. Sometimes it goes down as low as \$12, and then they generally have a strike and bring it up again.

The life of the Sailor on shore is too often a regular succession of extortions and impositions, practised upon him by every one with whom he comes in contact. At the moment of his arrival—before his foot touches the wharf—he is beset by the landlords of the Sailor Boarding-Houses, and dragged off to one of those uncomfortable, miserable dens, where a man is glad to get drunk to drown the sense of the utter desolation which reigns around. Here he lies and drinks, debauches and carouses until his pay is all exhausted, to the very last cent—and then he is *permitted* to ship; or, if there

is no demand, he is remorselessly cut adrift! His money is all gone—his clothes are worn out, his spirit broken, his stomach and brain half consumed with the fires of poisonous brandy and other hellish mixtures—and he is ripe and ready for any thing. When he ships, the landlord kindly consents to become his security for the bounty, and in return makes him promise (and Jack is a faithful keeper of promises) to come back to his house to spend his money when he returns. The extent to which these practices have been and are carried, at the expense of the Sailor, is truly deplorable. He is not only robbed but poisoned—his faculties enervated, his judgment confused, and his whole being paralyzed; and so completely are these things enforced upon him by repeated experiments, that he almost naturally looks upon the shore as a kind of general holiday-place, where one sees a great deal of "fun," gets his pocket picked, &c. &c.

Since the establishment of the "Sailors' Home," however, many of these abuses have become partially corrected. So far as we have been enabled to learn, the affairs of that Institution are well and honestly managed for the benefit of the Sailor. There are generally about three hundred inmates in this place, and they are uniformly dealt with, we have every reason to believe, in the most honorable manner. There is no liquor permitted about the establishment; and the business of shipping the men is carried on upon very upright and inflexible principles. The worst thing arising from the institution of the 'Sailors' Home' is, that all the loafers and vagabonds, who can not remain in the ordinary private Boarding Houses, come to the 'Home,' as a last resort, whence they are engaged by Notaries who sometimes get badly bitten, and this makes the Merchants rail at the 'Sailors' Home' for keeping such miserable sailors.

The character of the Sailors for temperance is gradually but surely improving. The 'Sailors' Home' has done a great deal in this respect, and the 'Bethel' a great deal more. Indeed, the latter is laboring most successfully to inform and elevate the mind of the Sailor, and bring him to view himself, his duties and responsibilities in a truer and stronger light. The moment he can free himself from the thralldom of grog, and the low and infamous associations to which he is proverbially exposed, his whole mind and character will begin to show of what they are capable.—*Tribune*.

MADAME ROTHSCHILD. The venerable Madame Rothschild, 6f Frankfurt, now fast approaching to her hundredth year, being a little indisposed, remonstrated in a friendly way with her physician on the inefficiency of his prescriptions. "*Que voulez Madame!*" said he; "unfortunately we cannot make you younger." "You mistake, doctor," replied the witty lady; "I do not ask you to make me younger. It is older I desire to become."

¶ In one of Walter Scott's works, a benevolent butler, giving direction to a servant, says—"If there is any thing about the house that is *totally uneatable*, give it to the poor." This is the rule of charity which prevails among many prominent Christian professors.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MR. CRANCH'S ADDRESS.

Address, delivered before the Harvard Musical Association, in the Chapel of the University at Cambridge, August 28, 1845. By CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH. Printed at the request of the Society.

We regret the very limited publication of this Address, which was only printed for the use of the society, at whose request it was delivered. Its doctrines are so true, its spirit so exalted and so pure, its feeling of music so profound and genuine, that it would be read with profit and delight by every one, whose experience has given him the slightest suspicion of the depths of mystic meaning which underlie the sphere of tones. Feeling it our duty to circulate such views, so far as in us lies, we have concluded to present the whole of this address to our readers; it is easier than to make selections, where every part is so select.

The Harvard Musical Association was formed some five or six years since, by those graduates of Harvard College who had musical remembrances of their *Alma Mater* and of one another. Its objects were, first, to enjoy a musical reunion among the other festivities of the annual commencement; secondly, to accumulate a fund, to be applied some future day to a musical professorship in the college, and thereby procure an academic sanction to the indispensableness of this beautiful art as a branch of any liberal education; and thirdly, and generally, to elevate the taste for music in our land, by making it an avowed and corporate interest of men of intelligence and education, by attaching respectability to the musical profession, equal to that enjoyed by any literary profession, by collecting libraries, establishing schools, concerts, critical reviews, &c. Whether our ancient Universities are destined to become centres of musical taste and science; whether it is still reasonable to look to colleges for what is due to Humanity and to Art, whose cause is one; and whether the musical enthusiasm of these gentlemen gains any awakening life or any length of lever, from this marriage of their music with the *esprit du corps* of a college; are questions which we shall not stop to discuss at present. We are interested in every effort which is made for the deepening, and purifying and informing of the general taste for music. This society have accomplished something in this way; though the quality, rather than the quantity, of the thing done entitles it to notice. They have drawn together some very considerable materials for the nucleus of a library of music and the literature of music. They have given to those best qualified to enjoy it in Boston, a series of Chamber

Concerts, in which the choicest Quartettes of Beethoven and Mozart and Haydn were made known to us, which we noticed in our review of music in Boston during the winter of 1844-5, and which we are sorry to say are not again presented to our notice this winter. And they have cherished a certain enthusiasm among themselves and others for high and worthy views of music, which has found its clearest expression in a series of annual addresses, like the one before us.

A society, which cherishes the views set forth in this address, commands our heartiest well wishes. They are the only true and worthy views. They coincide with all that we have been endeavoring in our feeble way to commend to the attention of our musical public. The author approaches his theme with reverence, yet with the confidence of deep love. He speaks of music as it is to him; conjectures, with a truly humane and religious, and philosophic insight, what it is in itself, in its essential meanings; contrasts these with what it is now to the world; and declares and interprets its disregarded promise for the world, which now so contradicts its harmonies. Thus he not only does all justice to music for its beauty, for its expression, for its purifying ministry in the sphere of the affections, for its wonderful works and the deep joy they give; but he hears in it the everlasting prophecy. Its harmonies become to him the type of that great social harmony, by the light of whose approach we would read every thing which we review. We believe in the ministry of music, to prepare many minds for that great day of Humanity; it shall be the birth in them of hopes like our's, hopes so full of destiny, that light and clearest knowledge cannot fail to come with the mere cherishing thereof, with the increasing sympathy therein of more and more believers.

ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Harvard Musical Association:

Let us congratulate each other on the return of this annual reunion of musical spirits. It is to you all, I doubt not, as to myself, an occasion of unusual interest. I have looked forward to this day, as one of the brightest of the year, and not the less so, that I have so seldom enjoyed the opportunity of meeting with you. It seems to me, that in comparison with your other annual celebrations, this has a charm and a significance peculiarly preëminent. For not only is it a reunion of hearts and intellects, blended in one common enthusiasm for the divine art of Music, but also an occasion which is typical and prophetic of that higher harmony of life, which in God's own time is appointed to pervade the earth. Most happy am I to be permitted to assemble with you; most cordially do I appear to answer to your kind invitation to address

you upon a theme so dear to all our hearts.

The occasion is one which, rightly looked at, makes the other annual festivities of the week seem somewhat dry and prosaic. Your other meetings celebrate the feast of abstract intelligence, and must needs be somewhat formal and conservative. But ours is the cream of the banquet. We are not fettered by the old rules. Our Association is not like an old projecting stone of the college building,—venerable, yet dead; but like a young fragrant wall flower springing out of it, and lending beauty to the home of its cold unpaternal ancestry. The day has come when those whose stolen musical indulgences were looked upon so askance and jealously, by our *Alma Mater*, have come out, undowered and free, to take a stand for themselves, and have built up a society, in whose protecting and kindly influences these tender germs of the beautiful could shoot up, these secret longings for a fresher life than our colleges justify, could find their natural sphere. Your Association contains in its constitution and intent, the germ of a new and profound school of education. For it asserts the fact of the beautiful as a primary development of the mind. It gives the sanction of lawful and good, to what the world has styled idleness. The young student, whose tender conscience reproved him for looking off from his Euclid or his Butler's Analysis, for a moment, to listen to the liquid thrill of the thrush, in the trees before his window,—whose soul went out in indefinable longings, when he heard far off the swell of the bounding bugles, or the band of vocal serenades,—has now learned another lore, and has felt, that in yielding himself to his nature, he has found truth hand in hand with beauty.

It is for this associated, organized recognition of the province of beauty, in nature and in art, especially in the great sphere of music, that I again congratulate you, gentlemen, and feel myself so privileged in assembling with you to-day.

When I accepted your invitation, my thought was, how to express any thing on the subject of music, which should have definiteness, while it aimed to avoid narrowness of statement. It is not easy to speak well on this theme. I feel my incompetence, not chiefly on account of an imperfect acquaintance with the scientific basis of music,—because here it seems fittest to view it on the æsthetic and spiritual side,—but simply because I feel it to be a theme almost too great for words to do justice to. Thinking of music, and of any deep expression of this divine gift to man, I often feel utterly at a loss what to say. It is like all fullness of beauty, ineffable and divine. No idea of it, but the purely transcendental, seems admissible or worthy. It seems as if a discourse upon music should be a poem, a mystic hymn, a breathing like itself, part of its own inspired utterances. Such beauty.—

"Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear," should be its own interpreter. At least, on an occasion like this, all scientific, all technical, still more dilettante talk about music, seems narrow and degrading. We would shut out from this sacred enclosure, all the small theorists and critics of schools, and concert rooms, and opera boxes, and listen to a deeper wisdom, and drink in more refined draughts of

beauty. Some Hebe must proffer us the cup, while we sup at the banquet of the gods.

I must be pardoned therefore, if, in dealing with this theme, I shall indulge occasionally, in what may be termed vagueness and extravagance of expression. For I feel as if entering upon holy and mysterious ground. I have no fitting words, to declare how much music is to me. It is a great unnamed, undefined—a perpetual transfusion from the spiritual, the very intimate presence of God, as eternally founded, as subtly interpenetrating, as any manifestation of beauty that visits this visible world. When I am lifted on the wings of melody and harmony, I feel that I have no words for this matter. Articulate language is lame and lagging! Music then seems to me an ethereal rain, an ever soft distillation, fragrant and liquid, and wholesome to the soul, as dew to flowers; an incomprehensible delight, a joy, a voice of mystery; that seems to stand on the boundary, between the spheres of the senses and the soul, and plead with poor unrefined human nature, to ascend into regions of seraphic, uncontained life.

O wondrous power! Art thou not the nearest breath of God's own beauty; borne to us amid this infinite whispering gallery of his creation! Type of all love and reconciliation,—solvent of contrary, hard elements,—blender of soul with soul, and of all with the infinite harmony! How shall we express thee unblamed? how but in strains of some-inspired genius, surpassing even those of him who praised the light "offspring of heaven first born!" With numbers, such as poets feign, of Orpheus and Amphion, but beyond all that the sons of earth have ever sung to us, should this divine mystery be fittingly celebrated.

If I seem like a rhapsodist, in exalting the ministry of music to this pitch, you need but mark your own experiences,—those of you who are blessed with musical susceptibilities and powers,—or at least, read the lives of those great composers who have been the true priests of harmony, and you will find the most mystical flights of enthusiasm supported by all the solidity of fact.

I conceive of music as the finest expression of life, from its lowest actual, up to its highest ideal phases. It is the most central, universal mode of utterance, which art can attain. It is vague, because the thoughts and feelings it aims to express partake of the infinite. It represents nothing with the graphic outline of the pencil, because it strives to paint what no outlines can take in. It is the heart's prayer, which cannot embody itself so fully as in the language of tones and harmonies.

Novalis has called philosophy the *soul's home-sickness*. May not music, also, be so defined, with even more fullness of meaning? For music seems like the soul's effort to speak its mother tongue in a strange land, a yearning for a completer fulfilment of its destiny, an attempt to paint on the blank canvass of the present, with color-like melodies and tint-like harmonies, its ideal, Claude-like reminiscences of the scenery of its native clime. Never do such visions of the perfect life come to us as when listening to the highest musical compositions. These point to a real spiritual fountain, of which they are the streams. As

sometimes when we are rambling through southern woods, the breeze wafts to us, from a distance, the odor of the rich deep-hidden magnolia, so, when strains of music are heard, we feel that such a delicious distillation of sweets was not out of nothing and for nothing, but has a corresponding spiritual source back of it, in the unseen world. Music is the concentrated aroma of the finest flowers of life, a foretaste of the great possibilities in human destiny, a vision of angelic, ideal life.

Of course I speak now of music of the highest order. As music is the language of the affections, it must be as various as these are. It is the magic mirror, which idealizes every class of feelings, from the lowest to the highest. It expresses alike the voice of rage, of scorn, of desire, of love, of devotion, of penitence, of boundless aspiration.

In the works of Haydn, for instance, we have a representation of actual life; in Beethoven, of ideal life.

Of these two great men, especially the latter, I would say a few words, (though at the risk of treading upon ground which has been gone over before,) chiefly for the purpose of illustrating the wide range of expression, which the higher music may take.

In Haydn I perceive a limited, healthy, cheerful soul, going forth into the sunshine and the spring, like a happy farmer, and piously celebrating the visible works of God. Their beauty and young freshness fill him with joy, which bursts out of every pore, like the singing birds. He is the man of to-day, saying in his heart: I am content and thankful. This life is enough for me; praised be the Giver of all good! Like the shepherds of Arcady, he pipes his pleasant song in the fields, unthoughtful of times to come, neither sorrowing nor aspiring. His music, therefore, has the relish of real nature. It is daily air and bread and water.

But Beethoven's music is the charmed lotus food, that leaves us all careless of any life, but that within his own dreamy islands. He is the prophet, the restless man of dreams. Fettered in the dungeons of sorrow, deserted by those he most cherished, his outward ear dead to the voice of friendship, love and music, he retires inward, on the inheritance of his spiritual possessions, the 'owner of a brain,' if not of lands and good cheer, and receives draughts upon draughts of inspiration, as if he had sat at the very gates of Eden

"And caught

The life within like music flowing."

He sings not of the present, so much as of the unmeasured future. He portrays the struggle of genius with fate, of faith with doubt, of truth with falsehood, beauty with discord, love with hate—the struggle and the triumph also, for such superabundant energy cannot but succeed. If music ever expressed any of the realities of that dim, deep sphere of dreams and of thought that wander through eternity, surely it is his. His famous C. Minor Symphony seems like the deepest parts of Hamlet, translated into harmony, only more perfect, because after all the alternations of spontaneous confidence and conscious doubt, comes sweeping on at length the glorious triumph—the faith that cannot be shaken—the whole being so assured of itself, that there is no long-

er such a thing as a relapse into its former weakness. Tennyson's Two Voices is a work not unlike it—a poem I can scarcely ever read through, without a feeling of glad tears. The dew and sunlight of the balmy summer morning seem the fittest symbol of its consummation.

Indeed this profound strength and massive motion of Beethoven's music, impress one like some work of Michael Angelo, or the other artists of a manlier age than ours. He seems born out of our times,—to stand on a broader platform,—to walk and breathe and speak like one of the sons of Anak. How like a master spirit he plunges and penetrates into the very deeps of harmony! What soul-moving, mysterious chords he strikes, making our inmost souls thrill with unutterable sighs and longing after that power and beauty, which our bare, tame, common-place days yield not! How he fills us with a magnetic influence, in whose wrapt trances no existence but in that calm inner sphere, seems satisfactory and real! How he sinks us at times, down, down into some pleasant vale of dreams, with a shimmering of a light around us, unborrowed of this common earthly sun! There is no denying it,—he is the king in the realms of harmony, a magician who lays his hand on the subtlest fibres of our inmost being, and makes us feel the mystery of ourselves and our life.

Among the great masters, and great in his sphere, as Beethoven in his, we should not here pass by Mozart. But he describes not the sublime ideal life, but the deeply tender and pathetic moods, the alternating smiles and tears of this changeable earthly existence. Beethoven we gaze at as upon some severe statuesque demigod; but Mozart we love as a brother,—we smile or weep with him in his operas, and even in the grand devotional harmonies of his masses, when the swell of the Kyrie Eleison transports us to the vaulted cathedral domes, we hear at times in the rich accompaniments, the same fitful, delicious warblings of a love which cannot wean itself from earth, but seems to turn back, Orpheus-like, to some fair, long lost Eurydice of happier days.

But while we thus exalt these men above all others, as the master-spirits in the sphere of harmony, let us not be insensible to the debt of gratitude we owe to that long line of geniuses, who from the days of Handel and Bach, up to Spohr and Rossini, have consecrated themselves to this difficult and beautiful ministry of music. Their names are familiar to us all, as household words. They shine like stars above us, some of less, some of greater brilliancy. Their melodies, their harmonies, floating round us, are the very breath of beauty to our souls. When two or three are gathered together in the name of one of these masters, something of his spirit is among them, and as they thread their way together, through the flowery mazes of his works, they are lifted out of the prison-house of ennui and care and despondency, into a pure, beautiful sphere, where harmony seems a thing internal, real, universal.

In all ages, ancient and modern, music has had its inspired votaries. But it is only within the last few centuries, as we all know, that it has attained to perfection as a science and an art. How the plant, which for so many ages looked so

dry and dead and unpromising, at length bloomed out in such fragrant and brilliant completeness, you all well know. We must all have felt it to be a privilege of priceless value, that we are born in an age, through which are transmitted the inspirations of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and the long line of masters, second only to these bright particular stars. It is a great thing to live after these men, men whose lives were all one burning feeling, one overmastering idea, one deep heart-yearning after a perfect expression of the beautiful, one long series of grand unclassified psychological facts. In their still world of dreams, what miracles did the power of art work out from their intense conceptions! What skillful choice and marshalling of means for producing their intended effects, and what patient and intense labor at composition!

The lives of these men are like insulated points in history, only to be well comprehended by those who are somewhat similarly organized. But their influence is wider than we think. A great musical composer is a central power, who radiates a finer sense of beauty, by little and little, into the outmost and least delicately organized souls. He is but a poet, whose language is more interior, and universal, than those who sing in articulate words. When we stop short, on the threshold of the holy of holies, and are unable to penetrate, by reason of the imperfection of human speech, the high priest of harmony enters, and utters to the world's ear the deep, soul-entrancing oracles of God. The curse of Babel falls not on him. He speaks and writes in the native tongue of the angels, and the music is caught up and repeated, with joy and acclamation, in the isles beyond the sea. His style becomes the style of his age. We sing variations—imitations of his themes. They in turn, are caught up and repeated, and in other forms of melody and combinations of harmony they again burst forth upon the ear: and thus they go circling through lands, flashing from soul to soul—the air is pervaded by a musical spirit, the ear is more delicately tuned, the soul more enlarged and spiritualized; and beauty, which is God's primal benediction to his children, is celebrated with pious joy and reverence.

Thus wide and subtle in its workings, is the spirit of music. Springing from the heart, it must needs go to the heart again.

"Tonen meine kleinen Lieder,
Die ein fühlend Herz erschuf,
Nur in einem Herzen wieder
Dann erfüllt ist ihr Beruf." *

Of its sweet, humanizing ministry, on the hearts of men, I need not speak. We all know enough of this. We are not stocks and stones. Our hearts vibrate to music, as if they were themselves musical instruments; and so they are, differing from one another in delicacy of construction, but all responding to the voice of God, which no one can resist."

To be Continued.

* Tones upon my harp strings burning,
When my soul is touched and thrilled,
Only when to hearts returning
Find their destiny fulfilled.

NEW MUSIC.

Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, Boston, has sent us the following publications :

1. *On to the Field of Glory*; celebrated Duett in the Opera of *Belisario*. By DONIZETTI.
2. *When the Night Wind Bewaileth*; or "Never More, Never More." Words, by EPES SARGENT, Esq. Music, by WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.
3. *Oh, Weep Not; answer to The Old Arm Chair*. By HENRY RUSSELL.
4. *The Jolly Beggar*; arranged and sung by JOHN TEMPLETON.
5. *Merrily Oh! the Woodman Trudges Along*; or, *Backwoodsman's Carol*. By FRANCIS H. BROWN. *I Dreamed a Dream of Boyhood's Days*. By an AMATEUR.
6. *La Requete, Valse Sentimentale*. Composée par W. M. *The Manetta Waltz*. By EDWARD B. ROBINSON.
7. *Six Tyrolian Waltzes*. By FRANCOIS HUNTER.

No 1 is a very spirited Duett, and popular among the lovers of the modern Italian opera. Whatever Donizetti and his tribe may lack, they have always beauty, always a graceful flow of melody; and such music will reign in concert-room and parlor, until the national sentiment and character are deepened altogether. This song, no doubt, will be welcome to any pair of sister voices, who wish for something elegant, inspiring, and not too difficult.

Nos. 2 and 3, are such as their respective authors could not fail to compose. Their places in the realm of song are perfectly well understood and settled. They have their admirers each, and are not in danger soon of losing them. Mr. Dempster's music has much less pretension than that of Mr. Russell. There is a certain simplicity and pathos in it, which suits those who could not enjoy more, and a vein of melody, which preserves its constancy to one idea, through all his songs. So too of Russell, you always know where to find him; which to the critic saves much concert-going.

No. 5, Mr. Brown's *Backwoodsman*, has a great deal of sprightliness, and shows a ready skill in accompaniment. Of the "Amateur's" song, we should say it shows more feeling and striving at effect, though modestly, than it does knowledge of the material in which he works.

No. 6. The innumerable original Waltzes, which appear among us, show that music is fast becoming more than a passive enjoyment, or than an accomplishment with us. Among these youthful aspirations a considerable variety finds place, and occasionally you meet with something individual and genuine. We may say this of the *Valse Sentimentale*, by a young pianist of Boston, who, we are told, bids fair for excellence. It is evident from this little *morceau* alone, that

he has got beyond the customary routine of hacknied harmonies; there is a something studied and refined in his, which marks acquaintance with good models.

No. 7 furnishes excellent recreations for beginners. Tyrolian airs, as like each other as they are, seem always fresh. They constitute one of the cardinal forms of melody.

POETRY.

[The author of the following Hexameters was a pupil of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and has since graduated at Harvard University.—Eds.]

For the Harbinger.

ODE TO NIGHT.

Thou of the unseen world, from thy throne
In obscurity hidden,
Shrouded in fathomless mystery, who found-
est on ocean thy chambers,
Graciously list to me now, and benignantly
smile thou upon me;
Breathe on my soul such life, that with rap-
ture, on pinions ecstatic,
High it may soar unto heaven, and down
into regions of chaos
Hasten, undazzled by brightness, undaunted
by shadows and darkness.
Now is the season of thought, pure feeling
and high aspiration.
Silence and darkness surround me; O fill me
with holy emotions,
Calm, energetic, sublime; bid me warble in
strains of deep music,
All that of pleasure unmingled the world
wherein thou hast placed me
Yieldeth, and cause me to show, how blest
are the days of the sightless.
Strange is my measure and old, long-lost to
the lyre of the poets;
Yet if the high-sounding harp-strings thrill
'neath the touch of the Norseman,
If but the Psalmist of Life, quick catching
the numbers of Tegner,
Echo the music scraphic, its wild strain fills
me with wonder.
Hail, all hail to thee then, loved theme of
my innermost being!
Welcome, thrice welcome, ye shades, through
which from the fount of existence,
Life's stream, now all calm, now hurried and
troubled, hath borne me.
Weary and care-worn day 'neath the wing
of the night is reposing,
Gone is the sun from the sky; no moon
there echoes his language;
Hushed is the music of stars, and the calm
night, darkness-begirded,
Silently looketh on mortals and tenderly
blesseth their sleeping;
Toucheth the eye of affliction and, straight-
way, dried is its fountain;
Toucheth the lips of the mourner and lo,
sweet smiles overspread them,
Toucheth the heart of the longing, and hope,
ever-struggling within it,
Finds in the dream-world rest, sweet peace,
unalloyed consolation.
See, how the soul of the loving, unclosing
its innermost chamber,

Beckons her gentle approach, wide-spreading
its arms to receive her.

She, from her casket of jet, fond thoughts,
all fresh from the absent,

Silently spreadeth before it; and, fraught
with its answering breathings,

Hasteneth back to bestow them, for this is
her holiest mission.

O, there are moments in life, fair scenes in
the drama of being,

Times, when the chords of the soul, deep
vibrate to music unuttered;

When, through the gloom that obscures it,
a light bursts forth from within it,

Soft as the shimmer of evening, but steady
and clear as a sunbeam.

Yet though within each spirit forever it
burneth in secret,

Shedding a radiant glow in the depths where
sorrow is nurtured,

Often by clouds is it darkened, the incense
of worship unhallowed,

Paid to the demons which Self, when reign-
ing supreme hath about him,

Doing forever his bidding. So sheddeth it
not within all men

Beams of an equal effulgence. But lo, in
the heart of the Christian,

There is it seen in its fulness, for there hath
it ever been cherished.

Know ye its name and its sphere? True
sympathy, holy and heartfelt,

Fountain of action unwearied, no spring of a
useless repining,

Knowing no check, nor exhaustion; for,
nightly on wings of petitions,

Borne is the soul it adorneth, to drink from
the river eternal.

Thus is it nourished by night, on its surface
resplendent and limpid,

Seen is each image of pleasure, each picture
of sadness reflected.

Tell me no longer that night, most beautiful
birth of creation,

Aught can possess that is gloomy, for dark-
ness like light is from heaven.

Wondrous indeed are thy works, kind mes-
senger, comfort-bestowing.

I am thy child, O Night; thy fond hand,
sweetly maternal,

Guided and guideth me still, through life's
paths devious and lonely;

O'er these eyes thou spreadest the veil of
thy beautiful presence,

Shading them kindly from objects, that daz-
zle but do not enlighten.

Yet hast thou opened within deep sources of
bliss without measure,

Borrowed from fancy and thought, ever ac-
tive in sweet contemplation,

Filling with images pleasing, with lofty con-
ceptions my spirit.

Melodies hover around me, for nature in
tones ever-varied,

Heard, comprehended alone by the soul
when pondering in silence,

Chanteth that anthem of power, which lifted
with pure inspiration

Handel, majestic, sublime; hilt the Haydn
and sombre Beethoven.

These are thy gifts, O Night, sweet solace of
many a sadness.

Shall I repine for the outward, when views
like these of the inward

Greet me incessantly? Never; but trustingly onward, still onward
Toll in the journey of life, and arrived at eternity's portal,
Flad in a fadeless Elysium, a vision by earth unobscured.

JOSEPH B. SMITH.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 8, 1845.

For the Harbinger.

TO ———.

O sadly throbs this lonely heart,
And droops my spirit faint and fast,
While wandering thus from thee apart,
And finding life but in the past.

But in the past—yet Memory flings
Her image, Hope, upon the sky;
And Destiny, with rustling wings,
Smiles sweetly as she hurries by.

Yes—Love shall still his fragrant Urn
Exhaust in rosy showers of bliss:
Once more our hearts commingling burn,
And melt in passion's thrilling kiss.

And yet—O Heaven! that I should leave
Upon thy brow one saddening trace,
Or that my fond caress should weave
A veil of sorrow for thy face.

No—rather let me sigh alone—
Let passion fiercely me entreat—
Those sad eyes and that mournful tone
Shall calm my transports—*till we meet!*

G. G. F.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

ASSOCIATION NOT SECTARIAN.

We have been so much gratified with the frankness, liberality, and truthfulness, conspicuous in the following extract from a letter, which we have lately received from an honored friend in Ohio, that we cannot resist the temptation of inserting it in our columns, and accompanying it with a few remarks of our own. The writer may be assured that we cordially reciprocate his expressions of good feeling, and that, where there is such real unity of purpose, no theological difference can produce a division of spirit.

"OHIO, Dec. 25, 1845.

"To the Editors of the Harbinger:"

"Friends,—My six months having nearly expired, I remit herewith one dollar for your very entertaining and instructive periodical. Although theologically I differ on some points widely from you, and am too thoroughly rooted and grounded in the faith of our so-called Calvinistic doctrines to be a convert to any modern theory of religion, yet strangely enough I find myself in sympathy with those whom my Calvinistic brethren are

disposed to charge with infidelity, because they are trying to effect by positive practical effort that revolution in society which their own professed faith ought to encourage them to hope will be successful. Now, friends, you and I may not discourse about the spiritual and the future world alike, but so long as I see you striving to induce man to love God and to love his brother man, and aiming by practical means to elevate the condition and the character of humanity, I am bound by my Christian faith to bid you God speed.

"Yours, sincerely."

We are not aware, for ourselves, that we have advanced any doctrines which need give offence to the sincerest advocates of the Calvinistic faith, or any other prevailing form of theology that has been received by portions of the Christian church. We have, it is true, expressed ourselves with earnestness and fervor, in regard to the hollow and superficial pretensions to morality which we witness around us; we have made no concealment of our solemn conviction that none of the popular religious bodies of the day represents with any thing like fidelity, the pure, loving, and blessed spirit of true Christianity; and we have given utterance to the lofty hope, which swells our heart, that a brighter day is approaching, when the idea of Jesus shall be embodied in the institutions of society; when "Holiness to the Lord" shall be written on "the bells of the horses," and the instruments of labor; and all the dwellings of men shall resound with songs of grateful joy, as they praise the great Creator both in worship and in work, in the sublime services of the Temple, and the daily labor of their hands. But this certainly should be no ground of disunion between us and the tolerant Calvinist. On many points we approach more nearly probably than he supposes. We believe with him, that "the whole world lieth in wickedness; that there is none righteous, no, not one;" that "the hands of men are swift to shed blood; that their throat is an open sepulchre, and the poison of asps is under their tongue; and the way of truth they have not known." We believe with him that these fearful evils and miseries can be remedied only by an entire surrender to the will of God, by the acceptance of his laws, and by the practical embodiment in our lives, and our institutions of those eternal principles of Justice and Truth which the Scriptures always represent as the foundations of his Throne.

This is the essential faith of Associationists. It forms the life-spring of their movement. It is reproduced, in an endless variety of forms, in the writings of the great Fourier. It inspires the action of those who are now devoting themselves, with enthusiastic energy, to the establishment of a better order of society.

We may accept the Calvinistic explanation of these facts, or not, according to our theological tendencies and education; but with regard to the facts themselves, there is no dispute; and the practical action which grows out of them presents a ground of union, in the midst of great speculative differences.

In the true harmonic state of society, accordingly, there will be room for different types of doctrine, as we are assured there was in the primitive Churches of Christianity, and as there now is, in the united families who are attempting, in different parts of the country, to realize the idea of Association. We find among them at present, men who incline to Calvinistic doctrines, with others of a more heretical character; the devoted receivers of the illustrious Swedenborg, and the bold inquirers who question all the teachings of a traditional theology; but their religious differences are not made prominent; and in laboring together for scientific truth, for social reform and progress, for the most sacred rights of humanity, they enjoy a union of heart and soul, a consciousness of mutual identity, which can never be produced by mere intellectual agreement on matters of speculation, however valuable and important.

THE PERFECTIONIST—FOURIER'S COSMOGONY—FESTUS—SWEDENBORG, &c.

"The Perfectionist," a theological paper, published in Putney, Vt., has pleasantly complimented us upon the liveliness, the raciness, the variety, and so forth, of our weekly matter, and assigns the "little drummer" a place in the very first rank of the procession of the more noteworthy phenomena of philosophy, literature and art, as "Swedenborgianism," "Goetheism," "Fourierism," "Beethovenism," "Neurology," "Phrenology," &c. For all which we would make due acknowledgement, while we are far from courting only so select a sympathy and audience, as it is said our dealings with the "current literature" and our "transcendental notices of the esoteric wonders of music," seem to imply. We seek the good of Man, and address ourselves with such style as we can command, and from such poor vantage ground of culture as we chance to occupy, to the heart of all Humanity. Perfectionists are we, too, in our way. But we believe in a perfection of the whole, starting with that great overruling thought, the Unity of the Race; while our brother seems to trust to such isolated "self-perfectioning," as has been sarcastically imputed to the Unitarians.

The Harbinger, he thinks, has no great pretensions on the score of "spirituality;"

it is "not a Bible paper;" and therefore the utmost stretch of praise can only make it out to be "first among the second best." We prostrate ourselves in all humility to this pontifical decree, and ask no higher place than that assigned to us, which is far higher than we deserve, no doubt. The dome of our great temple we confess is not yet built; we move in its lower courts and aisles, amid the great congregation of Humanity, who have got a worship of *work* to perform, before they can be united as one body, one living temple of Holiness, while over us hovers in vision that crowning dome of a pure theology, an undivided, truly catholic and christian church, whose principles it is not for this age but partially to conjecture. It is all revealed, we doubt not in the Bible, in the perfect life of Christ. But it needs a united, sound, well-sphered humanity to interpret all that truly; and we must first "do the will of God, before we can know of the doctrine." This, we conceive, applies to the race collectively, as well as to the individual. What more shall we say, except that in strict obedience to Gospel teachings, we do hope and labor for the "kingdom of heaven on earth," and accordingly are deeply interested, *through* our trust in the promises of Christ, in this first scientific solution of the problem of the laws which God ordained to regulate the outward organization of that society which shall be worthy to be called a heaven? And do we not do religiously, when we chronicle and bring together all indications, whether in philosophy, in literature, in art, or in any other sphere of human activity, which tend towards that great fulfilment? Should we leave this and go to the letter of the Bible, would it not send us directly back to this? We respect all faithful and reverent interpreters of the Word, which we strive also to interpret by our lives, *with* others, and not merely *for* them.

"The Perfectionist" having paid his court to us in so many gracious compliments, feels intimate enough in his next number to descend upon our faults.

"We notice some *foamy* appearances on the tide of the last Harbinger which indicate, more than any thing we have seen in it heretofore, that 'breakers are ahead.' We have an article from 'Fourier on Cosmogony,' &c. * * * If the Fourierists receive this as a direct revelation, we have no fault to find, except with their credulity. But if it is to pass for the result of human investigations, it is self-evidently very silly, impudent stuff," &c.

We do not receive it as a revelation; nor do we set up Fourier as absolute authority in any thing beyond what he has proved to our own reason and our very nature. The sphere of science, and not of spiritual illumination, is all he claims to represent. He is our Guide in

the great science of industrial association. His doctrine of attraction, of Universal Unity, and his analysis of the Passions, place him to our minds above all philosophers. His mighty faith in analogy, or correspondence, and his remarkable mastery thereof in many spheres, which he has acquired through application of the Key, which he calls the "Law of the Series," which regulates alike the distribution of human passions, or motive principles in life, of the successive organizations of society, of the planetary harmonies, of the scales of tones and colors, and mathematical forms, of the ramification of plants and trees, of the bones and veins and nerves and fibres of the animal economy, thus finding in the soul the key to all appearances, and in matter every where perpetual fresh illustration of the soul:—this doctrine seizes upon us with irresistible power, not only because we recognize in it the satisfactory grounds of his more practical arrangements, which show them to be not arbitrary, mere expedients, but because it is consistent with the profoundest observations of all great minds, as well as with all that we call revelation, considered in its spirit, and because it gives a unity to all our knowledge, and a clue and clear direction to all the labyrinthine multifarious medley of discoveries, and agitations, and aspirations, and conflicts, and contrasts, and mighty heavings of the bosom of this age. The world is infinite, and the application of a law once found, is business enough for thinking minds forevermore. Fourier had traced it clearly through some spheres, employed it successfully in the solution of some questions. But a restless mind like his could not stop there; he must see if his law holds in great as well as small; he must go beyond our universe, and see if universes are not distributed in like manner as the elements of one; he must cast the light of this law far into the immensities of space, and read there, magnified to stupendous characters the all-pervading, all explaining form of the soul, by which God, Man, and Nature mutually explain each other. In doing this he only tries his system, and gratifies his fancy, doubtless, in some degree, since time and faculties could not suffice for observation of so much. Think of it as you do of every one's Cosmogony, as the complement of his experience, which the mind in its tyrannizing love of completeness forced upon him.

For ourselves we do not feel under any pledge to defend or to explain this Cosmogony in detail, or in general. We published it as an evidence of the grandeur and consistency of the man's mind; to show that the law which he applies to social arrangements, and to the solution of metaphysical questions, was a law

which did not forsake him wherever he turned his eyes. That it is "silly, impudent stuff," is said only in view of its strangeness, without thinking of its sublimity. Without professing to accept it, we are compelled to respect it, and do find it full of rich suggestion.

Every man has his Cosmogony of some sort. Every man figures to himself some dim theory of the universe in which he is, at least enough to serve as background and support to those definite conclusions and maxims by which he governs his own little life and world. Does he rest satisfied with the Mosaic account? Either that is putting himself to sleep on the subject, leaving it quietly locked up there, as if it were irreligious to ask what meaning lies concealed under the poetic garb of the brief literal statement; or it is pretending to some bold philosophy adequate to the interpretation of the Mosaic account; for supposing that account to contain the very truth, it still remains as deep a philosophical problem to interpret that account of the creation, as it would be to explain the creation itself at first hand. No one takes it literally, except those who reverence the sign, yet dare not ask after the thing signified. All men have their cosmogonies. Considered in the abstract, as they might first occur to thought, freed from the sleepy endorsements of familiarity, would not the popular ideas, or vague shadows of an idea, about the universe, look quite as strange and quite as undemonstrable and fantastical, as this of Fourier, which had of course to be bolder in order to be better than any other! Our "Perfectionist" himself has his Cosmogony, we doubt not, which may need *perfecting* as much as many other things.

We published the manuscript in question, fully conscious that its occasional obscurities and technicalities, its calm unqualified narrative of things that would seem beyond human evidence, its air of poetic extravagance, and sudden transitions from the heights of contemplation to the playful sarcasms upon his contemporaries, would puzzle and provoke not a few, and leave very doubtful impressions upon most. We offered it as a splendid fragment, not without its defects and its excrescences, which might show some of the peculiarities of his mind, concealing not the worst, and proving this at least, that Fourier was not that literal, narrow, mechanical man of the nineteenth century which sentimental and moralizing critics have supposed. Vague and fragmentary, and full of clouds and chasms, and bold flashes and still bolder shadows as it is, this picture, this sketch, (for how could it be more) lends a not unworthy background to his plainer statements concerning the destinies and duties of this age

and generation. We ask none of our readers to take it for any more. Is it a greater outrage upon their common sense to give them a page or two which they cannot understand, than it would be to fill up volume after volume with common places which they would quietly skip? Why are men so much more enraged at a paradox, than they are at a platitude? The one may strike out something from them even by opposition, while the other but benumbs all thought.

Our reviewer also takes exception to our praise of "Festus," which he styles a "Universalist Poem." It seems his "perfectionism," cannot relish the thought of all humanity being finally made good; but deems it best to "let the devil alone," and not try to save him. Perfectionism made perfect is its utmost horror. Now we care little for the Theology of "Festus." Compared with the fulness of life there is in that poem, all systems and doctrines are but so many passing moods of the mind, or colors which it borrows from the countries through which it wings its ceaseless heroic flight. But we are free to say, that we do sympathize with that view of Evil, which makes it to be but a lower transitional state in the ascending series, the progressive development of Good. Otherwise we should insult God's Providence with the worst kind of scepticism.

But this, he says, is utterly incompatible with the deference we often pay to Swedenborg: for, "if there is a system in the world which stands immovably in the way of Universalism, it is that of Swedenborg." Swedenborg we reverence for the greatness and profundity of his thought. We study him continually for the light he sheds on so many problems of human destiny, and more especially for the remarkable correspondence, as of inner with outer, which his revelations present with the discoveries of Fourier concerning Social organization, or the outward forms of life. The one is the great poet and high-priest, the other the great economist, as it were, of the Harmonic Order, which all things are preparing. Yet with his Theology, in one sense, we have as little to do as with that of "Festus." If eternal punishment be really his doctrine, so far we reject him. But it is by no means clear to us that that is his idea. He borrows continually the phraseology of the Bible, when he speaks from an interior meaning. The word "eternal" may have but a relative signification, as he uses it; and when we consider that the peculiar property of Swedenborg's mind was vision, or direct *on-sight*; that he saw everything, as it were, bodily before him, and rather described in pictures, than explained in thoughts, what more natural than that

he should relate his visions of the actual hells, or present spheres of perverted human passions, in the technical language of the scriptural allusions to the condition of the wicked? Surely in the great Philosophy of Swedenborg, Evil is nothing absolute, and has no being in itself, inasmuch as the only ground of being is in Love, which is Good, and which is God.

Call not our praises of Swedenborg "hollow," therefore; if he offered us ten times as much, which we could not assent to, it would not detract in the least from our reverence for the man, or our great indebtedness to his profoundly spiritual insight. It is no honor to any man to swallow him whole, to neutralize ourselves in his presence, and offer him a passive and unintelligent, inanimate welcome. Rather let us put what he has seen with what we have experienced, however small, so it be genuine, and thus make out a completer testimony to the truth which only the whole united chorus of intelligent spirits can ever declare in all its fulness.

MEN FOR ASSOCIATION.

"VERMONT, Jan. 3, 1846.

"My Dear Friend,—You speak of the scarcity of 'genuine Associationists' and I am not at all surprised that my own opinion in reference to the fact is confirmed by your actual experience. I always believed that such characters were to be made, at least that the material must be first found and then subjected to such operations as the Phalanx might perform, before a 'genuine associationist' could result from it. I also believe that the true material is scarce, and that there may be 'many called but few chosen' for this work of the re-organization of society. For my own part I have looked upon the lot of a pioneer in this cause, as one which must be accompanied with many and perhaps sore trials—with the anxieties which always accompany great undertakings, and with the hardships and sacrifices which inevitably come with every attempt to sever the established ties of habits, custom and public thought. The time is now come when he who embarks in this cause must expect the community to ask, 'what is this fool going to do;' and he must bear the gibes and sneers of those who predict his failure and proclaim his folly.

"With such sentiments in regard to the character of an Associationist, or rather the qualifications necessary to form it, I flatter myself that I shall not be disappointed when the time arrives for me to assume it, with the experience of any or all the consequences which necessarily result from practically engaging in the cause. It seems to me that I may safely anticipate the satisfaction which always arises from the conviction of having engaged in a true and noble work at a time when it was universally ridiculed and despised. As sure as God liveth, the time will come when the Pioneer Associationists shall live in loftier glory than ever descended from political forum, or battle field, and the humblest soldier in their ranks should ask no greater recom-

pence than the proud happiness of knowing that he is serving the cause of his race and securing the gratitude of posterity."

We insert the above passage from a letter, although it was not intended for publication. It is true, that in the present state of the Associative enterprise, great devotion, zeal, courage, perseverance, and wisdom, are requisite, in those who would engage in the practical movement. This arises, however, in a great measure, from the fact that most Associations have started with a deficiency of means that would be apt to prove fatal to almost any undertaking; it has been almost impossible for them,—such has been the interest awakened in the subject—to reduce this number within convenient limits, and hence, they have suffered from pecuniary embarrassment, from inadequate accommodations, and from an imperfect and confused organization of industry. The members consequently, have been called upon for many sacrifices; their faith, patience, and hope have undergone a stringent test; the rough wind of adversity has winnowed them so thoroughly as to brush away the lighter and more inconstant spirits; and every man has been made to feel that he has put his hand to a work which demands all the strength of soul that can be summoned to his aid. It seems to be the order of Providence that the greatest enterprises should commence with the smallest means, as the King of the moral world was born in the stable of a Jewish village.

If the Associative movement were sustained by adequate resources,—if it enjoyed the facilities without which even no large operations in ordinary business are ever attempted,—it could be carried on, with assurance of success, by men and women of the average character which our population presents. It would require neither saints nor angels, martyrs nor heroes; but the usual capacity, talent, and integrity which are found every day in the common walks of life. All the tendencies of Association are to quicken the faculties, to elevate and refine the character, to inspire a sense of honor and responsibility, to deepen the sentiment of truth and justice, to cultivate the purest and most friendly feelings in social intercourse, in short, to develop the higher and nobler capacities of human nature, to a degree of perfection unknown in the civilized order. Nothing is more remarkable in its practical operation, than the moral and intellectual improvement exhibited by those who are brought under its influence from previous unfavorable circumstances; and hence, it would be safe to calculate on the success of any practical attempt, provided there was a sufficiency of material resources, and of course, no

signal lack of the wisdom, integrity, practical skill, and business talent which are found in all departments of society as it is. Nor would there be the need of sacrifice and suffering, which, at present, to a greater or less degree undoubtedly exists. Industry would be furnished with such means and facilities as could not fail to render it attractive; its products would be gained in abundance with comparative ease; the same economy would furnish a style of living more varied, more wholesome, more natural, and far more satisfactory, than is presented by the tables of civilization; there would be opportunity and leisure for reading, study, amusement, social intercourse, such as is not enjoyed by any large mass of people in Christendom, to say nothing of those out of it; and then, life would be surrounded with a perpetual charm, and they who are now doomed to bow the back and bend the knee, to work as they are bidden and to starve if they refuse, to be the drudges and serfs of a commercial Feudalism, to tend the swine for the lords of civilization with no chance for the parings of pork, as Carlyle elegantly expresses it, would find a Home, beautiful, attractive in itself, adapted to all the aspirations of their nature, and inspiring a feeling of attachment and love which no baronial castle, no stately ancestral forests, no pictured halls could call forth.

Still, with all the sacrifices, which must be endured in the actual condition of the movement, it cannot be denied, that there is now a great charm in the life of Association, which leads those who might command the most favorable positions, as the world goes, in civilization, to shrink from them with a feeling of indescribable aversion. We can testify that with us, our members go away with reluctance and return with gladness. They are home-sick when they leave us for a short time; and always return with fresh interest to the cause which is so near their hearts. They feel that there is a freedom from arbitrary rule, a pervading friendliness and hilarity, a truthfulness of expression and of intercourse, and a consciousness of devotion to a noble purpose, which they do not find elsewhere; and accordingly, they give their cordial preference to the life of a pioneer in Association, rather than to the most tempting opportunity which the civilized order can present.

CASSIUS M. CLAY AND THE HARBINGER.

CASSIUS M. CLAY is a noble man, every inch of him. He has one attribute of true greatness indelibly stamped upon his soul:—he receives the reproofs of friendship as kindly as the words of approval, nor is he slow to discriminate

well-meant rebuke from unjust censure; while he is as ready to acknowledge the favor of the one as he is prompt to repel the outrage of the other. These we consider characteristic traits of the man, which elevate him to a high place in our estimation.

A few weeks since we had occasion to make some strictures upon certain views he had expressed of Association, which we deemed hasty and ill-advised, and consequently unsound and prejudicial to what we hold to be the cause of truth and the highest welfare of mankind; these were made with some regret of the necessity, but with the same hearty goodwill and genuine sympathy as previously we had felt in giving faint utterance to our admiration of the heroic bravery of the man, who nobly assaulted in its very strong-hold, the demon of slavery, at the risk of self-sacrifice and all else that is held dear. In this spirit our remarks are taken. It is well; with such men we can hold free converse and come at the right. We like the man who can "take censure (coming from the right source with good intent) with the same spirit that we do praise, being neither elated by one, nor depressed by the other."

Mr. Clay is so gracious and good-humored in his comments on our article, which his fairness too prompts him to republish, and he exhibits so earnestly the conscientious purity and goodness of his purposes, that despite what we see in him of error there is no ground of controversy left between us. And yet we should be glad to disabuse him of a few misapprehensions, and convince him that there is a greater work to be done—a more efficacious method of attaining the very ends he seeks, than that seemingly the most obvious and urgent. The very wideness, however, of fundamental views, views in regard to human nature and human destiny on earth, if not also the pressing demands of the peculiar and critical position, in which he is placed, precludes the possibility of reaching conclusions drawn from such far-off premises, and sustained by such a host of accidental circumstances, which must be brushed from the questions involved before they can be approached. We can understand and fully appreciate him when he says:—

"Seeing great and pressing evils lying across our path in life, we cannot from our organization go round them, and we would not if we could. We shall deem ourselves happy, when our lamp is extinguished, if it shall be said of us, there was one who dared to do right, at whatever cost of personal and spiritual care. We think we have fully proven to the world—or that very small portion to which we are known,—that we shall not sacrifice an honest and manly expression of our sentiments to friend or foe. It is far

easier, in life, to cater to the crimes and delusions of men, than to incur their censures, by a faithful setting forth of the right, and the true, as we see it. We do not profess to be wise but honest. If any other man or set of men, shall be gifted with a broader insight into the nature of things, than we—much more, if by self-sacrifice, they shall lead the way to truth and happiness, which are the temples of the Living God, none shall exceed us in profound admiration and reverence."

We would not have Mr. Clay compromise his position one whit; neither blink his eye to the "pressing evils which lie in his path," nor in any manner go round them. No, we would cheer him onward, in what he believes to be the path of duty, to give to "evil" the most manifold blows that his arm can deal. Not while he sees but the one path, the direct one, full of danger and hardship, would we counsel temporizing or desertion; but we would point out, if possible, another path less difficult, but not less direct, which would lead with safety and certainty to the most comprehensive desires of good. We have no fear but he will find this path ere long; in the mean time, besides carrying with him the inward satisfaction of a conscious integrity of purpose and the exaltation of a soul burning to do deeds great as just, he will receive from those of the living whose regard is esteemed, the applause which is his meed, and the grateful incense of gratitude from a posterity more faithful to the ways of righteousness. But let us ask of our brother in the crusade against the hosts of wrong and iniquity, to study our tactics; believe us, in time, he will be enlisted as a valiant soldier under our banner.

WESTERN ASSOCIATIONS.

It gives us sincere pleasure to insert the following letter from an intelligent professional gentleman, who has recently returned from a tour at the West, during which, as will be seen, he enjoyed the opportunity of witnessing the practical operation of Association, in that portion of the country. The account which he gives, from his own observation, of the Wisconsin Phalanx, coincides with that presented in the annual Report, which appeared a week or two since in the Harbinger. His suggestion at the close of the article in relation to emigrants to the West, is highly important and we trust will receive the attention which it deserves. Let the industrious and enterprising families who have determined to seek their fortune at the West, combine their resources in a well-conducted Association, like the Wisconsin Phalanx, they will soon be in possession of advantages for education, productive industry, and social intercourse, which they could not

obtain for many years, in the isolated order. Indeed, Association at once removes some of the principal difficulties that are incident to the situation of a Western emigrant. The distance from neighbors, the want of help in labor and sickness, the deprivation of social, religious privileges, and of access to good schools, would not be felt, in an organization which concentrates a large number in a favorable location, and speedily establish a village in the midst of the wilderness. It seems almost as if the fertile plains of the West were left by the will of Providence, for the experiment of the Combined Order, on a large scale, and the men are now living who will witness the magnificent results.

"Messrs Editors:

"Having been the reader of your valuable paper, as well as of the Phalanx, since its commencement, and having obtained some glimmerings of the principles of the Associationists from other reading, and from a few days observation of their practical bearing in the imperfect state in which associations now exist, I wish for its further continuance, that I may thereby learn something of the Progress of Humanity towards that state in which a man *can* love his neighbor as himself, and still have the goods necessary for his earthly comfort "added unto him." During the preceeding Autumn, business called me to the western section of our union and, consequently I had some chance (such as journeys always afford,) of seeing the workings of human passions, or human nature, when perverted by the false relations which exist in civilized society; and also of seeing the bearing of the principles of the Associative school as it is shown in an infant society in Wisconsin Territory, the Wisconsin Phalanx, and I can truly say that though the society has not yet attained the condition of guaranteeism, and though my faith was rather strong in the associative principles, I was most agreeably surprised at the contrast. I there beheld that kind regard for each others' welfare, that family feeling between its members, that zeal for the general good, that equality, not of talent or of wealth, but of rights and of condition, which our Statesmen and Divines proudly and falsely boast of in civilized life, but which will never be found except where the interests of one are identical with the interests of the whole, and which afforded me more gratification than would all the wealth and splendor of a future Phalanstery, with the discords and bickerings of civilized life. In this point of view, then, the improvement is already great, and so great that I could not learn as any had left the society from dissatisfaction, but all seemed contented and hap-

py, and if it is so great now, I think it must be all the Associationists contend for when their principles are carried into full operation. As to the pecuniary condition of this society, though as I said before, they have hardly attained the condition of guaranteeism, though their means are yet very limited, yet I could hardly see a possibility of their failure. They commenced their operations on one true principle if no more, namely, "owe no man anything," and accordingly they have paid for all they have and are not encumbered by a debt. They have a domain large enough for their present wants, with good land adjoining, which may be had at Government price when needed. They have good water-power on which a saw-mill is in operation and a grist-mill was raised while I was on the domain, in October. They had in 400 acres of winter wheat which looked thriving and which will, with ordinary luck, afford an income another year, above their wants. They had enough provisions on hand to supply them the present year. A provision in their charter forbids the disposal of the real estate without the consent of all the members. Situated as they are, what chance of failure have they if they follow the principles of Association? I see none, but believe they will soon become a model Association, and show to our Western brethren, that Fourier's doctrines are practicable and will tend to elevate the condition of the human race. I think those of our Eastern friends who think of emigrating West will do well to examine the location and condition of this society, before settling down in the present condition of society.

"I also paid a short visit to Alphadelphia Association in Michigan, but as my stay was not sufficiently protracted, I did not learn much of its condition, but found the members anticipating all the benefits hereafter to accrue to the world through this means, and if they have sufficient faith in the doctrines to overcome the obstacles incident to the stage of transition, their hopes will be realized. But, I close hoping that the doctrines you advocate will soon be reduced to practice throughout our land, and finally throughout the world."

FOREIGN EMIGRATION TO OUR WESTERN COUNTRY. It is stated in the St. Louis American of the 22 ult, that 18,000 Germans are now on their way from New Orleans to St. Louis, a large portion of whom have been turned out of the prisons in Germany, and sent here by the public authorities. By the same channel we learn that 60,000 more of the same foreign infusion will be landed in New Orleans within the next thirty days.

We cannot help thinking that a mistake in figures occurs in this bit of intelligence, or else the tide of emigration to the United States has increased in a

frightful ratio. The paper from which we quote, however, gives the information on what it calls "reliable authority."

OBERLIN. The institution at Oberlin, Ohio, has for years been very much embarrassed by a debt of about fifteen thousand dollars. The danger of destruction to the institution at length became imminent. Several of the creditors gave notice that they would not wait for their pay longer than the first day of January, 1846. In the emergency, a great effort was made to raise the \$15,000 by New Year's day. About \$3,000 was subscribed at Oberlin, and several gentlemen in Rochester, Troy, Boston and New York, put down \$1,000 each, and other smaller sums, so that the effort is likely to prove entirely successful.

PRINCE ALBERT, we see, has been distributing among the people of England a pamphlet containing extracts from a speech delivered by Dr. Buckland, Professor of Geology, at the Town Hall, Birmingham, wherein the proper treatment of the potato, under existing circumstances, is set forth. "Punch" thinks it would have been a great deal better, "under existing circumstances," to have distributed the potatoes instead of the pamphlets.

NEW ENGLAND FOURIER SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the NEW ENGLAND FOURIER SOCIETY will be held in BOSTON, on TUESDAY, January 27, at ten o'clock, A. M. The friends of Industrial Reform, and the public generally, are invited to attend. Distinguished speakers, from different parts of the country, are expected to address the meeting.

GEORGE RIPLEY, Pres't.

J. BUTTERFIELD, Sec'y.

Jan. 17, 1846.

THE HARBINGER

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THE HARBINGER.

THEORY OF THE HUMAN PASSIONS.

No. II.

The first step to be taken in the study of those springs of action, those motive forces in man, called Passions, Affections, Attractions, is to ascertain their exact number. Now, since there is unity of system throughout creation, we may, without reference to the soul itself, discover this number by reasoning from analogy.

The whole Universe, in all its branches and departments, is governed by numbers; or in other words, the infinite variety of created things of which it is composed, is distributed and arranged according to numbers. The law of this distribution, evidently containing the mysteries of universal harmony and order, sought by the wonderful philosophic instinct of Pythagoras and by his successors, has been utterly overlooked by our modern schoolmen and philosophers, in their chase after fruitless speculations, until the time of Fourier, by whom it has been discovered and partially explained.

Experience demonstrates that in music, for example, there are exactly twelve notes; there can be neither more nor less; one note taken from or added to the gamut would derange the whole system of musical harmony. It is apparent upon reflection that the number of planets in our Solar System must in like manner be fixed, to produce sidereal equilibrium and harmony, and that the number of bones in the human frame must likewise be fixed, to admit of all the harmonies of movement which are necessary to the body. It is evident that, if there were four or five bones in some of the fingers and but two in others, the hand of man, now so wonderful a mechanism, would be comparatively useless, and could not perform the functions to which it is destined.

Let the inquiring mind examine this subject, and it will be seen that the Creator

has distributed and arranged the elements or parts of every organized Unity — whether planetary systems, the human body, or the Soul, which is an organism composed of affections and faculties,—according to fixed numbers, adapted to the purposes or functions to which the organism or Unity is destined.

As there is *Unity of System* in the universe, and as *one system of laws* (although of different degrees, ruling higher and lower harmonies) governs all its parts, it follows that if we can discover the numbers employed in one branch of harmony, we shall know by analogy those employed in all others which correspond to that branch; or in other words, if we discover the number of parts or elements employed in one organism or Unity to produce equilibrium and harmony, it will reveal to us the number in all other unities which are of the same nature or belong to the same category. If for example there are twelve notes or elements in music, we shall find, in like manner, twelve elements in every other branch of creation, which belong to the same category, or is based upon laws of the same degree. If musical harmonies correspond with the Passional, and the same laws govern in one that govern in the other, it follows that the number of notes required in music, and which are necessary to form that Unity or Whole, will indicate to us the number of passions necessary to form the Unity or Whole called the Soul,* and of which the passions are the elements or notes.

Let us now see what indications we find of the employment of numbers by Nature in her operations.

The simple instinct of Humanity and the analysis of science, as far as that analysis has been carried, have recognized three sacred numbers, which are 3, 7, 12, representing the fundamental harmonies of Nature.

"We hardly know," says Fourier,

* For an explanation of the terms Passion and Soul, see first article in No. 25, Vol. I. of the Harbinger.

"whence arise the inspirations which indicate the number THREE, the Trinity, as the sacred and primordial number in all harmonies. These inspirations are universal among all nations, and they seem to be a primitive starting point — a standard for human reason; the Creator has been most generally represented under the symbol of a flaming triangle, and the rudest Nations have known how to reconcile the ideas of *Trinity and Unity*. These ideas are admitted as a guide in religion, in social politics, in literature and in art."

We find this trine division in all branches of known harmonies. The Unity of Sound, for example, can first be divided into three primary sounds, forming what is called the common chord (do, mi, sol,) containing the major and minor third, or the male and the female principle. The Unity of color (white) can be divided into three primary colors; in music the ear requires at least three parts, alto, medium, and bass.

In all masses the movements of which are regular, as an army, we find this trine division, — a centre and two wings. In governments even, which pretend to some regularity, we see a kind of trinity, corresponding to these three powers, — the Legislative, the Executive, and the Judicial.

Thus the instinct of harmony inherent in the human soul, and the investigations of science acknowledge a Trinity of principles in every branch of creation, from the highest to the lowest.

The Universe, considered as a whole, is formed of three principles.

Spirit, the active, creative principle.

Matter, the passive principle, which is acted upon.

The Laws of Order and Mathematical Justice, the arbitral and regulating principle, by which God governs the Universe.*

* In the language of Swedenborg, the Spiritual, Creative Principle corresponds to DIVINE LOVE. The Passive principle to DIVINE USE. The Arbitral principle to DIVINE WISDOM.

The third principle, the Laws of Divine Or-

Man, as has been truly said, is a mirror of the Universe, a microcosm; and the soul or spiritual principle, like the Universe, is composed of three divisions, or three primary classes of affections.

1st Class, Affective or Spiritual Passions, tending to passional or social harmonies.

2d Class, Sensitive or Material Passions, tending to material harmonies.

3d Class, Distributive or Intellectual Passions, tending to Law and Order, or to mathematical harmonies.

Thus the first division of every Unity or Whole is into three parts, members or elements. This trine division furnishes the simplest series possible, — three terms, forming a Centre and two Wings.

The second number which has been held peculiarly sacred, and for which all nations have expressed a religious veneration, considering it the emblem of some great mystery, is the number SEVEN.

If we examine the predilection of Nature for this number, her employment of it in the distribution of her harmonies, — for example in the solar ray formed of seven prismatic colors, and in the musical scale formed of seven diatonic sounds, we shall be led to the conclusion that it is not the result of accident but of a definite and positive universal law.

Its importance is felt before any reasons for it are known or given, and the religious respect in which it has been held, is without any satisfactory explanation. It is not favorable either to calculations or subdivisions, nor is it a number of practical utility; but it is essentially the number of mystery and enigma, and has remained impenetrable to science up to the present time.

Of all the numbers, however, TWELVE appears to be the most frequently employed by Nature in the distribution of her harmonies. It is in fact the fundamental number, and the one by which she regulates all her higher harmonies, such as the planetary, the musical, the passional, &c.

The analysis of Science, and the material revelations of Nature, as far as man has observed them in the distributions of sounds, colors, planets, the bones and

der, is generated by Divine Love, and is the form or mode of action of that Love. We will not discuss here the origin of matter, as it would lead us too far from our subject. We will remark merely that God is a Unity composed of a Soul and a body, and that there is not a more empty controversy than that which endeavors to fix in eternity a period at which the creation of matter took place. If we suppose it created at any given moment in time, we must of course acknowledge that an eternity had preceded that time, and if an eternity did precede it, then it follows as a consequence that it would have been impossible ever to have arrived at the period of its creation.

muscles of the human body, &c., seem to authorize us to lay down with confidence the Law, that all the higher Unities in the Universe are composed of and are divisible into twelve radical parts, elements, or individualities. These may be increased by sub-divisions, but the radical division is into twelve. Let us explain however, before proceeding further, what we understand by a *Unity and its elements*.

The human body taken as a Whole is a Unity; considered under one aspect, the trunk, limbs, head, &c. composing it, are the elements or parts; viewed under another aspect, the brain and nervous system, the heart, lungs, stomach, &c. are the elements. The human skeleton is a Unity, the elements of which are the individual bones. The solar system is a siderical Unity, the elements of which are the planets and satellites. White is the Unity or Whole of color, and the different colors which the prism shows are its elements. The notes of the musical gamut are the elements of the Unity or the Whole of sound.

The Soul, or the active sentient principle in man, is a Unity, and the elements are the passions. Every Unity belonging to the higher, or what we will call the measured harmonies of the Universe, — be it the Unity of Sound, of Color, of Spirit, — is, as Nature and Science demonstrate, divisible into twelve fundamental or radical elements.

The Unity of sound contains twelve radical notes, — seven diatonic and five semi tones, — which form what is called the musical gamut or octave, that is, the whole of sound.

The spiritual Unity, called Soul, is divisible in like manner, according to the Law of unity of system, into twelve radical passions, affections, or loves, seven of which are spiritual, corresponding to the seven diatonic notes, and five are material, which are the connecting attractions, — connecting the soul with the material world and its harmonies — and corresponding analogically to the five semi-tones in music, termed flats and sharps.

Proceeding from the known to the unknown by analogy, and drawing our inferences from the pivotal attribute of the Divinity, — Unity of system, — we can entertain no doubt that all other Unities of the Universe are in the same manner divisible into twelve radical elements.

When the Unity is once divided into its twelve elements, all the parts are essentially different members, of which it is composed, are distinguished and brought out. All higher numbers are divisions and modifications of the radical twelve. Ambition, for example, which is one of the twelve fundamental passions, is divisible into several minor passions, such

as the love of justice, the love of approbation, self esteem, pride. Friendship, another of the fundamental affections, comprises individual friendship, the sentiment of benevolence. In music, we have the acuter and graver repetitions of the twelve notes, but they are not new notes. The twelve give the essentially distinct elements of the Unity of Sound, and hence they are called the radical notes.

Contained in, yet distinct from the twelve, we have the Unity itself, which we shall term the pivot, and which being the whole, cannot be classed as one of the elements. White for example is the pivotal color: the chord of the eighth, formed by the key-note and its octave, is the pivotal chord. The love to God, or the religious sentiment is the pivotal affection in the soul.

Why has God preferred the number twelve for the passions or affections as well as for sounds and other harmonies? "It is among other reasons," remarks Fourier, "because twelve, being the number which contains the most common divisors in the least sum of Units, is the most favorable to combinations, and according to the law of *Economy of means* it is to be adopted as the fundamental number of harmony. It would have been easy for God to have divided the air into ten Sounds, if he had thought the number ten was the most suitable for forming varieties of combinations and accords. Besides God having chosen this number for high harmonies like the musical, the planetary, that of color or light, He would fall into duplicity of system, if He did not adopt in the highest of harmonies, which is the passional or spiritual, the number which He has preferred and employed in all emblems of high harmony."

THE LAST POET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY
N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

"When will your bards be weary
Of rhyming on? How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song?"

"Is it not, long since, empty,
The horn of full supply;
And all the posies gathered,
And all the fountains dry?"

As long as the sun's chariot
Yet keeps its azure track,
And but one human visage
Gives answering glances back;

As long as skies shall nourish
The thunderbolt and gale,
And, frightened at their fury,
One throbbing heart shall quail;

As long as after tempests
Shall spring one showery bow,
One breast with peaceful promise
And reconciliation glow;

As long as night the concave
Sows with its starry seed,
And but one man those letters
Of golden writ can read;
Long as a moonbeam glimmers,
Or bosom sighs a vow;
Long as the wood-leaves rustle
To cool a weary brow;
As long as roses blossom,
And earth is green in May;
As long as eyes shall sparkle
And smile in pleasure's ray;
As long as cypress shadows
The graves more mournful make,
Or one cheek's wet with weeping,
Or one poor heart can break;—
So long on earth shall wander
The goddess Poesy,
And with her, one exulting
Her votarist to be.
And singing on, triumphing,
The old earth-mansion through,
Out marches the fast minstrel;—
He is the last man too.
The Lord holds the creation
Forth in his hand meanwhile,
Like a fresh flower just opened,
And views it with a smile.
When once this Flower Giant
Begins to show decay,
And earths and suns are flying
Like blossom-dust away;
Then ask, — if of the question
Not weary yet, — "How long,
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song?"
Longfellow's Poets of Europe.

For the Harbinger.

A BABY'S EPITAPH.

Pale flower, whose perfume, loved of Heaven
To the sweet skies has fled away,
Eubalmed within our hearts, 'tis given
To keep thine image from decay.
O deeply loved! O wildly mourned!
How strong thy tender tendrils lay
Around our hearts! To darkness turned
The bright world as thou passed away.
Yet o'er the blue-veils of the sky
Like mingling clouds at break of day,
Our souls shall meet in rosy bliss,
No more to part or fade away.

G. G. F.

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

SECTION FIRST.

ANALYSIS OF PASSIONAL ATTRACTION.

FIRST NOTICE.

Elementary Notions of the Passional Series.

This first Chapter, touching upon the most important fundamental elements of Fourier's system, the reader no doubt will find provokingly brief and technical. We will endeavor, therefore, without

special references, to throw what light we can upon it generally, and gather up in notes at the end whatever minor difficulties may fall through this sieve.

Fourier seeks no classification of the human faculties, or of the forms of thought, like metaphysicians generally. Instinctively acknowledging, what Swedenborg has so absolutely proved, that neither intelligence nor active faculties are first in the order of cause and effect, but that they are both derived from a prior essential principle, which is Affection or Will, an influx from the primal Love, or God, he begins with analyzing the motive principles, or springs of action in man. These essentially are the man; they inspire and shape and color his thoughts, they determine his actions, they ultimate and record themselves in what we call his character. He calls them *passions*; disregarding the vulgar use of the term, and applying it indiscriminately to every thing we mean by affections, sentiments, feelings, emotions, desires, instincts, or whatever moves a man to think or act. These in their variety are but forms or ramifications of one great central Passion, which as a *Passion*, the central, all-containing one, he calls UNITY-ISM, or the desire of the soul for Universal Unity; as the *principle* of Passion generalized, he calls it ATTRACTION. All attraction is a tendency to unity. The universality of this tendency, and the laws which regulate it, were first noted in the material universe, by Newton and others, who gave it this name Attraction. Fourier borrows the term and makes it still more universal, so as to cover a principle common to both the material and spiritual universes, each of which tends to unity in itself, and, by correspondence, to unity with the other. What is attraction therefore in nature, what is chemical affinity in particles, what is gravitation in masses, is passion in the soul, and in its highest and most universal form, is what Fourier scientifically calls Unity-ism, and what in religious language we call Love of God.

He then proceeds to classify the various forms of this attraction in man, with reference to its more special ends; to unfold the primal trunk of Unity-ism into its main limbs, and each of these into its smaller branches. The first division is into three. Man finds himself related, 1, to external nature; 2, to his fellow man; and 3, to Law itself, to the abstract principles or intelligence of all things, or to what Fourier often calls the Mathematics of God; while it is by the harmonious blending of all these three relations that he becomes truly related to the Source of Being, face to face with God himself. Thus that grand collective impulse, which we call life, the primal

stock or trunk of Unity-ism, rooted in God, sends off one great arm in the direction of the senses and material nature; another in the direction of human sympathies; while a third, more mystical, but not less unmistakeable, points away to the omnipresent laws and principles, which "shine aloft like stars." Consider, reader, if this classification be not complete. In every act of consciousness are you not conscious always of three things? Do you not feel three forces draw you! one towards material things; one towards sympathizing, kindred beings, or beings who should sympathize; and one towards principle, or right, or law, or justice, whatever you may call it, which grasps you so impersonally! Are not these three your Fates, your Destiny, while behind them as their focus standeth God, the One? Thus we have three sets of passions: 1, the sensual passions, (speaking philosophically and not according to the vulgar); 2, the affective or social passions; and 3, the intellectual or distributive passions. The first seek "luxury," that is all kinds of material harmony and beauty, from the simplest healthy exercise of a sense to the highest miracles of musical, pictorial, or plastic Art, and of those other Fine Arts, yet unborn, of taste, of smell, &c. The second tend to "Groups and Series," that is to social harmonies, to every species of society, each of which will have its beautiful organic form, when the elements thereof shall group themselves according to the divine Series, which is the Wisdom of attraction, recognized by naturalists already in all their spheres, and soon to be recognized in the sphere of human societies. The third tend to what he calls the "Mechanism" of the passions. Let us define this term once for all; in this work it is used so often, that vulgar associations with the word may lead many to think our Fourier a mere materialist, who would introduce machinery into every sphere of life, and wind up and distribute thoughts and passions as he would wheels and blocks.

The Greek verb from which "Mechanism" is derived, means to *produce any effect by skill, and was applied as much to operations of the mind, as to material engines*. Fourier means by it, the distributing, harmonizing, organizing, and regulating of all the elements, so that they shall form one living, perfect whole. Thus the third class of passions, the Distributives, *mechanize* the others, or *preside over and regulate their development*, mediate between the senses and the affections, permitting no divorce between them, suffering no sense to grow unspiritual, and no spiritual affection to dream itself away in abstraction, but dictating the terms of a perpetual marriage of

matter with mind in beauty; and, in a word, enacting the part of Wisdom between Love and Uses, and prescribing law and form and significant harmonious sequence to the unfolding of all varieties, so that while forms infinitely multiply, through every shade of difference, contrast, or resemblance, the result shall still be perfect Unity. These passions or principles were the first ministers of God, the threefold aspects of the divine intelligence, which presided over the distributive harmony of the creation. They reign in every scientific classification, and in every Art, of which they constitute the fundamental canons of its criticism. They reign too in the heart and breast of man, and in a true state will regulate the whole sphere of passions and society. They are the primary germ of the Series, and control it in its remotest and most intricate unfoldings. They graduate every thing, making differences result in harmony. They are the origin of the series of numbers, of mathematical curves, of musical tones, of the prismatic colors, of the ascending spiral in the growth of plants, and so through every realm of animate or inanimate creation.

Unfold these three arms into branches, and what do they give? The first gives us *five* springs or tendencies, which seek their objects through our five senses. The second gives *four* forms of sympathy, four social tendencies, and tends to "groups" or unions of four sorts.—1. We are attracted to each other, simply as fellow beings, like ourselves, with whom our sympathies are more or less complete, according to characters, culture, circumstances, &c., but without regard to other distinctions. This is *Friendship*, whether it be a romantic alliance between two, a fraternal spirit pervading a circle, or the same sentiment carried to its sublimest height, embracing all Humanity. This group finds its natural type in the circle, of which each one is the centre attracting all the others round him; for in the friendly circle all are presumed equal, until another sentiment steps in. Such is 2, *Love*, which distinguishes between the sexes, and creates instead of one centre two foci, as in the ellipse or oval, about which the whole circumference of its sphere of experience is described. In Love, what over revolves about one soul, revolves equally about its conjugal partner. The next distinction of Affection is 3, *Paternity*, or *Familism*, that peculiar sentiment which can only exist between parent and child, and which finally diffuses itself into a peculiar feeling towards one another of all belonging to the same family. Here is a new group, which painters love to idealize in their "Holy Families." It is said of Raphael's pictures on this sub-

ject, that the bounding curve or outline of his group is always a *parabola*, an instinctive recognition of the mathematical type which Fourier sets against this passion. Finally we have one more love, which Fourier strangely calls 4, *Ambition*, or *Honorism*, the corporative sentiment. It burns for elevation, of the individual, of the corporation, of the race. It takes delight in power and triumph. It honors and would be honored. In its truest action it is admiration, loyalty, or reverence; it is social justice; a loving, deep regard for every true and hierarchical distinction; a looking up to superiors, a respect for every one in his place, a regard for order. In its subversive and false action, as in the present chaotic state of society, it becomes the love of power and self-aggrandizement, that insatiable and deadly passion which men call ambition. But implied in that is one of the noblest impulses of the human soul, namely the desire to escape all petty limitation, and extend one's sphere of action and of interest, to realize one's unity with as much as possible of all being. It is the seventh note of the scale which cries out for unity, for the completion of the octave. It is aspiring, restless, prophetic, ever yearning for the future, ever opening wider its arms to embrace more of the soul's true greatness. What can content it? Nothing short of *all*: and there is but one way to realize that, namely, to find one's place in a *harmonious* all, and enjoy it by harmony with it. If it understood itself, as it will in harmony, it would only seek its place in the great concert of all things; since in harmony each note, each humblest function feels a thrilling sense of unity with the universal being, and in its way lives in and expresses the meaning of the whole. Its geometrical type is the curve called the hyperbola, whose two arms separate and go off in *infinitum* never to meet, fit emblem of this boundless and uncontainable passion. It too, in the true order, will become one of the noblest of our loves, equal in generosity to Friendship; for do we not feel a sweet and peculiar interest in others, because of their true rank in the social scale, and because of the God-appointed relation between our sphere and theirs? The tone of friendship is familiarity, but the tone of this will be dignity and beautiful reserve. We cannot but regret that Fourier did not name it Reverence, since that so plainly was his meaning.

The third great arm of the passionate tree is three-fold. The law of every distribution, the "mechanizing" principle, manifests itself in the tendency of the soul to seek for 1, difference; 2, combination; 3, contrast, in all things; or, to borrow terms from music, for disso-

nance, for concord, and for modulation. The first condition of all progress is difference, divergence, rivalry, repulsion. Starting with one note or with one color, it is only by raising up another next to it, with which it knows no immediate and simple harmony, that you can progress through all the shades of tone and color and complete the scale of variety, which is the active life of unity. Hence a restless principle in us, which hates monotony and will not be contented, but seeks ever to alter and to criticize, and to refine for ever upon what might seem perfect enough, to make continually new distinctions in order to attain at last to richer unity. It may be styled the passion for Progressive Refinement. In music it is typified by that restless chase of melodies, that endless refinement on a simple theme, called the Fugue. It is the spiral tendency in all beautiful forms, in vegetation, in the fugue-like ascent of tongues of flame or wreaths of smoke, the lifting of the circle out of its plane of rest. In the play of human sympathies and social relations, it leads to intrigue and rivalry of all sorts, which might be noble emulation, but which in an age of selfishness become insidious and snake-like cabals and tricks of cunning. Fourier has named the passion from its most common manifestation now, and called it the *Cubalist*. It discriminates every aggregate into minute shades, it is the prism which splits light into colors, the scale which lengthens a tone with its attendant harmonies into the successive sounds of melody. And in the most united companies and societies of men, it breaks up all stagnation and monotony, by developing little shades of difference in opinions, tastes and temperaments, which leads to parties within parties, and sects within sects; thus no sooner does one party set itself off from the main body, than it too, like the French Revolutionary assembly, has its centre and its extreme left and right. This is the progressive spirit in modern society; this innate tendency to *Cubalism*—suppressed by the false unity of constraint in Oriental antiquity, it had to express itself only in the petty forms of household jealousy and crafty private animosities.

The counteracting principle to this, among the distributing and regulating Passions, is what Fourier calls the *Composite*, which is the tendency to seek for harmonies, for beautiful combinations. In music it is the principle of concord. It combines one passion with another, as an affection with a sense, and seeks a mingled, heightened pleasure in the exercise of several faculties at once. It begets exaltation, enthusiasm, charm, by causing several delights to chime together. He sometimes calls it *fougue aveugle*, or

the losing of oneself in a perfect transport, the being carried away by a blind furor in the ardor of any associated enterprise. Its action upon the groups and series is to interlace or interlock them in each other, to bring about alliances, and common points of interest between remote and separate series, and thus to interweave and bind together as fast as cabalism can unravel. That individualizes, this consolidates. That discriminates, this blends. That runs out into melody, this piles note on note, and chord on chord in simultaneous harmony. That is the flickering, restless, fugitive flame; and this the quiet solid mass of good red coal, whence it shoots forth. That divides men into rivalries and parties, down to the minutest shade, and this merges all differences in a common enthusiasm. That in its extreme is scepticism, this fanaticism.

To hold the balance betwixt these opposites, there hovers a third one over them. This is the love of alternation, of variety (not discordant,) of contrast. It is what in music is termed modulation, the shifting from one key to another, making a melody of harmonies, a succession of chords, where melodies no longer go in single file, but in wide full ranks. The mind continually seeks relief from one enjoyment in its opposite; our taste vibrates between sweet and sour; our ear craves discord in the midst of concord; the lines of beauty, while we note their tendency to meet, begin to flee each other; we admire and criticize by turns. These two poles of unity and variety are thus continually shifted, and life continually begins anew, restless still while seeking rest. This passion he has named more fantastically than either of them, the *Papillonne*, or butterfly propensity, the volatile element in our nature, which flits from pleasure to pleasure, from work to work. It is the great restorative, and keeps all in health; correcting all one-sidedness, and cooling feverish intensity, and preserving the equilibrium of all the faculties.

Such is a brief enumeration of the properties of the twelve radical Passions. Much more might be said, especially of their correspondence with a similar series of twelve in other spheres, such as the musical scale, the prismatic colors, &c. But this we are obliged to leave for the present. (See preceding article.)

Now all these passions, as well as Unitism itself, are dangerous and destructive, without their due organization. In an age of selfishness and competition, their action is subversive. They are all inverted and false. What should be love of Unity becomes mere egotism in a Napoleon; what should be reverence is personal ambition; what should be ceaseless refinement or generous emulation, be-

comes petty scepticism or foul-breathed intrigue; and every one of the five senses, instead of seeking beauty, the reflection of the soul in matter, becomes a wanton prostitute, corrupting to the very core of life. So notes of music, when their series is deranged, become intolerable jargon. So sympathies, when ill-sorted, irritate and sicken. What is the law of this Order, to which they are destined! What is the condition of their harmony!

Answer. According to the maxim of Fourier: "The Series distributes the harmonies." It is only in the harmonic Societies organized by Groups and Series, that the Passions, originally springs of good, can yield to their attractions without danger. Now they are demons; then they will be angels of light, purity, and beauty, and will be called the loves of the human soul, instead of passions. The Groups and Series—this is the next great subject which the book proceeds to unfold. Meanwhile for further explanation, we remind the reader of the Essay "On the Principles of a New Administrative Law," contained in the 20th, 21st and 22d Nos. of Volume I. of the Harbinger; feeling that it is high time to let Fourier speak for himself.

CHAPTER I.

Of the three ends of Attraction, and of its twelve springs or radical passions.

Passional Attraction is the impulse given by Nature prior to reflection; and which persists in spite of the opposition of reason, duty, prejudice, &c.

In all times and in all places passional attraction has tended and will tend to three ends:

1. To luxury, or the pleasure of the five senses;
2. To groups and series of groups, or social ties;
3. To the mechanism of passions, characters, instincts; and consequently to Universal Unity.

First End, LUXURY. It comprehends all the sensual pleasures; in desiring which we indirectly seek for health and riches, which are the means of satisfying our senses: we desire *internal luxury* or corporeal vigor, the refinement and power of the senses; and *external luxury*, or pecuniary fortune. These two means we must possess in order to attain the first end of passional attraction, which is the satisfaction of the five sensual springs of action, namely: *taste, touch, sight, hearing, smell.*

The analysis of the senses is a subject altogether new; we have not even constructed the scale of the faculties of each sense, and of its seven degrees of uses. (Explained in the Treatise on Universal Unity.)

Second End: GROUPS AND SERIES. Attraction tends to form groups, which are of four kinds:

MAJOR.

Titles.	Types.
Group of Friendship.	The Circle.
Do. of Ambition, or } corporative attraction }	The Hyperbola.

MINOR.

Group of Love.	The Ellipse.
Do. of Paternity, } or Family.	The Parabola.

All groups, formed freely and from passion, belong to one of these four orders.

As soon as a group becomes numerous, it subdivides into sub-groups, forming a series of parts, according to the graduated scale of their various shades of opinions and tastes. Thus we behold a series formed spontaneously, even in a little group of seven persons; after being in operation a few days, it will present three shades or parties, consisting respectively of two, three, and two members; and if the group amount to twenty individuals, there will soon appear some five, six, or seven shades of opinions and tastes.

Hence it is evident that all the groups tend to form a series, or scale of varieties according to genus and species; and that series of groups are the second end of attraction, in every function, whether of the senses or the soul.

For example, the sense of hearing demands, in musical accords, a series of three groups, modulating in the *upper, middle, and lower parts* [Soprano, Alto or Tenor, and Bass;] besides a series of instruments manned by groups unequal in number. It is the same with all the sensual pleasures; no one of them is complete until it is distributed in a series of groups. There is always a certain meanness and poverty, where there is not a serial distribution whether in pleasures or in labors, and always a choice among the different degrees of the series.

The Creator must have judged the groups and series very necessary, since he has adopted this distribution throughout all the kingdoms; naturalists can only classify by groups and series; why have there been no attempts at the same sort of classification in the sphere of the passions!

Third End: THE MECHANISM OF THE PASSIONS or of the Series of Groups; the tendency to make the five sensual springs, 1 taste, 2 touch, 3 sight, 4 hearing, 5 smell, harmonize with the four affective springs, 6 friendship, 7 ambition, 8 love, 9 paternity. This accord is established by the intervention of three passions, which are but little known and very much defamed, and which I shall name, 10 the *Cabaliste*, 11 the *Papillonne*, and 12 the *Composite*.

Their business is to establish the harmony of the passions, both in their internal and their external play.

Internal play: Every one would like to effect an equilibrium in the play of his passions, so that the exercise of one should favor that of all the others; so that ambition, or love, should draw him only into useful connections, and never make a dupe of him; so that the pleasures of the table should contribute to the improvement of health, instead of to its destruction; in short, so that he should walk securely in the paths of fortune and of health, while giving himself up blindly to his passions. (1) This equilibrium, founded upon abandonment of one's life to nature without reflection, is accorded to the animals, but refused to man in the civilized, barbarous and savage states. Passion guides the animal to his good, but man to his destruction. Thus man, in the actual state, is at war with himself.

His passions choke one another; ambition contradicts love, paternity contradicts friendship; and so with all the twelve.

From this has sprung the science called MORALITY, (2) which undertakes to repress the passions; but to repress is not to mechanize, to harmonize; the end is to arrive at the spontaneous mechanism of the passions, without repressing one of them. God would be inconsistent, if he had given to our soul useless or harmful springs of action. (Attractions proportional to Destinies.)

External play: To regulate this, it would be necessary that each individual, in following his own personal interest, should constantly serve the interest of the mass. The contrary is the fact: the civilized mechanism is a war of every individual against the mass, a system in which each one finds his interest in cheating the public; here the passions are in external discord; the problem is to arrive at their harmony, internally and externally, which is the third end of attraction.

To attain to this, every one has recourse to constraint, and after his fashion imposes upon his inferiors laws, which he calls *sound doctrines*. The father of a family subjects his wife and children to what he calls a wise regime. The lord causes his sound doctrines to be adopted in the canton over which he rules; the magistrate, the minister, operate in the same manner upon the country which they control. A strait-laced maiden wants to regenerate all toilets by her sound doctrines on good manners; a philosopher wants to regenerate all constitutions; a school-boy seeks, by blows of his fist, to establish his sound doctrines in the plays of childhood.

Thus every one wishes to bring the passions of the mass into coöperative harmony with his own; every one tends to an *external* mechanism of the passions, and persuades himself that he is promoting the welfare of those whom he subjects to his caprices. So too every one desires the internal mechanism, to bring his passions into harmony with themselves. Whence it follows that the third end of attraction is the internal and external mechanism of the passions.

This mechanism ought to be directed by the three passions numbered 10, 11 and 12, which may be called the *Distributive* or *Mechanizing* passions. I give to each of them three special names, and let punctilious readers take their choice.

10th. The Cabalist, Intriguing, Discordant.

11th. The Papillon, Alternating, Contrasting.

12th. The Composite, Exalting, Interlocking.

I shall define hereafter these three passions which are so much misunderstood. It is they which govern the play of the passion series; every series is false, when it does not give free course to the three mechanizing passions.

They are considered vices in civilization: the philosophers pretend that the 10th, or spirit of Cabalism, is an evil, that all ought to be united in opinion, and all brothers. In the same manner they condemn the 11th, called the Alternating, the love of variety, the tendency to flit from pleasures to pleasures; and the 12th, called the Composite, the necessity of tasting of two pleasures at the same time, the amalgamation of which raises

the intoxication of delight to a pitch of exaltation and enthusiasm.

These passions, proscribed as vices, although every one is their idolater, are really sources of vice in civilization, where they can operate only upon families and corporations; God has created them to operate upon series of contrasted groups; their only tendency is to form this order, and they can produce nothing but evil when applied to any other order.

They are the principal of the twelve radical passions: they have the direction of the other nine; and from their combined intervention only springs true wisdom, or the equilibrium of the passions, by the mutual counterpoise of pleasures.

The twelve passions have for their end unity of action.

The demand for Unity, which I shall name *UNITYISM*, manifests itself very strongly in conquerors and in philosophers.

Conquerors dream of unity forced by terror and by universal subjugation; they establish it partially; it is inverse unity, the result of violence.

Philosophers dream of a direct or spontaneous unity, of universal philanthropy, or the fraternity of all nations, an imaginary federation.

Thus every one dreams of unity in his way, whether of aggregates, or of details. Every nation would like to have its language spoken over all the earth. The civilizes have, more than the barbarians, the taste for unity, for they would have sanitary quarantines universal: they are, then, very much inclined to the pivotal passion, which I have called *UNITYISM*, and which is to the twelve others, what white is to the colors of the prism.

The Associative Order will suddenly realize all the unities imaginable, whether in the sphere of utility, as those of quarantines, of language, of meridian; or in the sphere of pleasure, as those of the diapason, and other smaller matters. Thence will spring, among other advantages, the extirpation of accidental diseases, pests, epidemics, of the variolated, psoric, syphilitic virus, and others not endemic.

In a word, attraction tends to three ends or foci.

To these it urges us by twelve spurs or radical passions, five sensual, four affective, and three mechanizing.

We must learn, at the outset, to distinguish attraction from duty (2); for example: no legislator ever exalted the dinner to a duty, because the dinner, being a design of nature, or attraction, will never be neglected.

We must admit nothing for an attraction, which is not natural and invariable, like the inclination to take our meals, in spite of the dogmas and so-called duties which forbid it. Every theory of duty, of morality, or of intellectual servitude, only leads us into errors about the springs and ends of attraction.

1. *While giving himself up blindly to his passions.* This is a bold expression. But we have felt bound to translate literally, and present the very words of Fourier when we might easily have substituted what we know to be his meaning, to which no reader could object. Whoever has read what goes before and after, will see that Fourier does not deem the lower passions, in the present state of discord,

innocent. He believes that every motive impulse of our nature was implanted for good; but that every one of them also becomes false and dangerous when the social conditions for its true exercise are wanting. In proportion to the divine beauty of man's attractions in the harmonious combined Order, must be their infernal fury and baseness in this subversive isolated period of transition. Every thing now is inverse, a deformed caricature of its true destiny, just as the roots of the tree are ugly, and stealthily conceal themselves under the earth. The exceptions only confirm the rule.

As to translating, we would state here generally, that we conceive the business of translation and of interpretation to be essentially distinct. For the benefit of those who ask for the original sources, we give them Fourier daguerrotyped as far as possible with all his peculiarities. We bring them up the rough original ore, under the rugged questionable exterior of which the pure clear metal lies concealed. Fourier never professed to be a writer. He says "I will readily change my nomenclature, if any one will suggest a better." He is a discoverer, and had not time and was not in a position to put his great thought into the best form. He has hardly given any consecutive exposition of his system, but mingles hints with criticisms, and affirmations with speculations, and almost purposely mystifies and provokes the shallow, selfish morality and philosophy of an age which he despised. It is possible, seeing the unspeakable weight of truth involved in all this shapeless mass of matter, with its defects and its excrescences, seeing too the imperfections of the man, as well as the accidents which made it difficult for him fairly to represent himself,—it is possible for others to reproduce the essential substance of his thought in parts, in a form devoid of offence, and clear with respect to arrangement. This is a work which necessarily will be done; and many in their way are doing it. But it is one thing to manufacture molten metal into articles for popular use; and quite another to show the unwashed ore to those who ask for it.

2. *Morality, Duty &c.* Fourier cannot conceal his antipathy to the false and narrow views which have appropriated these high names. The virtue of constraint he calls no virtue; for it is based upon distrust in God's universal law, attraction. He says the propensities of man can not be extinguished; they must therefore be organized, equilibrated, utilized. A sphere must be found for them, in which no longer thwarted, they will become gracious and well-willing, and minister to highest spiritual ends. Yet he repeatedly declares, that this does not mean unbridled license in any state, still

less in the present; that liberty now is impossible; that only by constraint and self-denial can the race be saved from destroying itself; that the one only true shape in which Unity-ism, or Universal Friendship can now appear, is that of Sacrifice of Self, and Renunciation of the present good, in order that the Future may the sooner come.

MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XI.

As soon as Consuelo saw a favorable moment, she left the saloon and went into the garden. The sun had set, and the first stars were shining serene and white in a sky still rosy in the west, already black in the east. The young artist sought to inhale calmness in that pure and fresh air of the early autumn evening. Her bosom was oppressed with a voluptuous languor; and yet she experienced remorse on that account and invoked all the strength of her mind in aid of her will. She might have asked herself: "Can I not tell if I love or if I hate?" She trembled as if she felt her courage abandon her at the most dangerous crisis of her life; and for the first time, she did not find in herself that rectitude of the first impulse, that holy confidence in her intentions which had always sustained her in her trials. She had left the saloon to withdraw from the fascination which Anzoleto exercised upon her, and she had experienced at the same time, as it were, a vague desire to be followed by him. The leaves had begun to fall. When the border of her dress made them rustle behind her, she thought she heard steps following hers, and ready to fly, not daring to turn round, she remained chained to the spot by a magic power:

Some one did follow her in fact, but without daring and without wishing to show himself; it was Albert. A stranger to all those little dissimulations which are called proprieties, and feeling himself in the greatness of his love, superior to all false shame, he had left the room an instant after Consuelo, resolved to protect her without her knowledge and to hinder her persecutor from rejoicing her. Anzoleto had remarked that simple earnestness, without being much alarmed by it. He had seen Consuelo's agitation too clearly, not to consider his victory as secure; and, thanks to the confidence which easy successes had developed in him, he was resolved not to hurry matters, no

longer to irritate Consuelo, not disgust the family. "It is no longer necessary to be hasty," said he to himself. "Anger might give her strength. An appearance of sorrow and depression will destroy the rest of her indignation against me. Her spirit is proud, I will attack her senses. She is no doubt less nubile than at Venice; she has become civilized here. What do I care if my rival is happy one day longer. To-morrow she is mine; to-night perhaps! We will see! Let me not drive her by fear to some desperate resolution. She has not betrayed me to them. Whether from pity or fear, she does not disown my title of brother; and the old people, in spite of my follies, seem resolved to uphold me for love of her. Let me change my tactics. I have made more headway than I expected. I can afford to halt."

Count Christian, the canoness and the chaplain were therefore much surprised at seeing him suddenly assume very good manners, a modest tone, a gentle and prepossessing style. He had the address to complain in a low voice to the chaplain of a severe head-ache, and to add that being habitually very temperate, the wine of Hungary, which he had not mistrusted at dinner, had got into his head. An instant after, this avowal was communicated in German to the canoness and the Count, the latter of whom accepted this kind of justification with a charitable earnestness. Wenceslawa was at first less indulgent, but the care which the comedian took to please her, the respectable eulogiums, which he knew how to make in their proper place, of the advantages of noble blood, the admiration he displayed for the order established in the chateau, quickly disarmed that benevolent soul, incapable of resentment. She listened to him at first for want of employment, and ended by talking to him with interest and by agreeing with her brother that he was an excellent and charming young man. When Consuelo returned from her walk, an hour had elapsed, during which Anzoleto had not lost his time. He had so well recovered the good opinion of the family that he was sure of being able to remain at the chateau as many days as he might require for the accomplishment of his purpose. He did not understand what the old Count said to Consuelo in German; but he guessed, from the looks turned towards him, and the young girl's air of surprise and embarrassment, that Christian had made a complete eulogium of him, scolding her a little for not testifying more interest in so amiable a brother.

"Come, signora," said the canoness, who, notwithstanding her spite against the Porporina, could not avoid wishing her well, and who, besides, thought she was accomplishing one act of religion;

"you were vexed with your brother at dinner, and it must be said that he well deserved it at the time. But he is better than he appeared to us at first. He loves you tenderly, and has repeatedly spoken to us of you with all kinds of affection, even with respect. Do not be more severe than we are. I am certain that if he remembers having drunk too much at dinner, he is very sorry for it, especially on your account. Speak to him then, and do not be cold to one so nearly allied to you in blood. For my part, though my brother, the baron Frederick, who was very teasing in his youth, plagued me quite often, I never could remain angry with him an hour." Consuelo, not daring either to confirm or to destroy the good lady's error, remained as it were, cast down by this new attack of Anzoleto; the power and ingenuity of which she understood but too well. "You do not comprehend what my sister says!" said Christian to the young man, "I will translate it for you in two words. She reproaches Consuelo for playing the little mother too much towards you; and I am sure that Consuelo is very desirous to make peace. Embrace each other then, my children. Come, do you, young man, take the first step, and if you have heretofore committed faults towards her, of which you repent, tell her so that she may forgive you."

Anzoleto did not wait to be told a second time; and seizing Consuelo's hand which she did not dare withdraw, "Yes," said he, "I have committed great faults towards her, and I repent them so bitterly, that all my efforts to drive them out of my mind only serve to break my heart more and more. She knows it well; and if she had not a soul of iron, proud as power and pitiless as virtue, she would have understood my remorse had punished me quite enough. My dear sister, do forgive me and restore to me your love; or else I shall depart immediately and carry my despair, my isolation and my sorrow over all the earth. A stranger every where, without support, without advice, without affection, I shall no longer be able to believe in God, and my errors will rest upon your head."

This homily deeply affected the Count and drew tears from the good canoness.

"You hear him, Porporina," cried she, "what he says to you is very beautiful, and very true. Sir Chaplain, you ought, in the name of religion, to order the Signora to be reconciled with her brother."

The chaplain was about to put in his oar. Anzoleto did not wait for the sermon, and seizing Consuelo in his arms, notwithstanding her resistance and her terror, embraced her passionately in the face of the chaplain and to the great edi-

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

floatation of all present. Consuelo, indignant at so impudent a deception, could no longer be a party to it. "Stop!" said she, "my lord Count, hear me." She was about to reveal all, when Albert appeared. Immediately the thought of Zdenko chilled with fear her soul ready to unburden itself. Consuelo's implacable protector might wish to free her, without noise or deliberation, from the enemy against whom she was about to invoke him. She became pale, looked at Anzoletto with an air of sorrowful reproach and the words died upon her lips.

At seven o'clock precisely, they again seated themselves at the table for supper. If the idea of these frequent repasts should deprive my delicate readers of appetite, I will merely say that the fashion of not eating was not in force at that time and in that country. I believe I have already mentioned it; they ate slowly, copiously and frequently at Reisenburg. Almost half of the day was passed at table; and I confess that Consuelo, accustomed from her childhood, and with good reason, to live a whole day upon a few spoons full of rice boiled in water, found these Homeric repasts mortally long. For the first time, she did not know if this one lasted an hour, an instant or an age. She was no more alive than Albert was, when alone at the bottom of his grotto. It seemed to her that she was drunk, so much did shame of herself, love and terror, agitate her whole being. She ate nothing, heard and saw nothing of what passed about her. In a state of consternation like one who feels himself rolling towards a precipice, and who sees break one by one the weak branches which he wishes to seize in order to arrest his fall, she looked to the bottom of the abyss and dizziness took possession of her brain. Anzoletto was next her, he touched her dress; with convulsive movements he pressed his elbow against her elbow, his foot against her foot. In his earnestness to help her, he met her hands and retained them in his for a second; but this rapid and burning pressure contained a whole age of feeling. He said to her, in secret, words which stifled her, and darted glances which consumed her. He profited by a passing moment to change like lightning his glass for her's to touch with his lips the crystal which her lips had touched. And he knew how to be all fire for her, cold as marble to the eyes of others. He behaved himself wonderfully, conversed properly, was full of attentive cares for the canoness, treated the chaplain with respect, offered him the best pieces of the meats which he took upon himself to carve with the dexterity and grace of one accustomed to good cheer. He had remarked that the holy man was a gourmand, that his timidity imposed upon him

frequent privations in this respect; and the latter was so well pleased at his preferences, that he wished to see the new carrying squire pass all his days at Giant's Castle.

It was remarked that Anzoletto drank nothing but water, and when the chaplain, in return for his good offices, offered him wine, he replied loud enough to be heard; "A thousand thanks! I shall not be caught again. Your fine wine is a traitor with whom I tried to forget myself some time since. Now, I have no more troubles, and I return to water, my usual drink and loyal friend."

The sitting was prolonged somewhat more than usual. Anzoletto sang again, and this time he sang for Consuelo. He chose the favorite airs of her old masters, which she had herself taught him; and he executed them with all the care, with all the purity of taste and delicacy of intention which she was accustomed to exact of him. This again recalled to her the most dear and the most pure recollections of her love and her art.

At the moment when they were about to separate, he took a favorable opportunity to say to her in a very low voice: "I know where your chamber is; they have given me one in the same gallery. At midnight I shall be on my knees at your door; I shall remain prostrate there until day. Do not refuse to hear me for an instant. I do not wish to recover your love, I do not deserve it. I know that you can no longer love me, that another is happy and that I must depart. I shall depart with death in my soul, and the rest of my life is devoted to the furies! But do not drive me away without one word of pity, one word of farewell. If you do not consent, I shall depart at break of day, and there will be an end of me forever!"

"Do not say so, Anzoletto. We must quit each other here, we must say an eternal farewell. I forgive you, and wish for you —"

"A good journey!" returned he ironically; then immediately resuming his hypocritical tone: "You are merciless, Consuelo. You desire that I should be lost, that there should not remain in me, one good feeling, one good remembrance. What do you fear? Have I not a thousand times, proved to you my respect and the purity of my love? When one loves devotedly, is he not a slave, and do you not know that one word of your's subdues and enchains me? In the name of heaven, if you are not the mistress of the man you are to marry, if he is not the master of your apartment and the inevitable companion of your nights —"

"He is not, he never has been," said Consuelo, with the accent of conscious innocence.

She would have done better to repress this movement of a pride, well founded, but too sincere on this occasion. Anzoletto was not a poltroon, but he loved life, and if he had expected to find a determined guardian in Consuelo's chamber, would have remained quietly in his own. The truthful accent which accompanied the young girl's answer emboldened him completely.

"In that case," said he, "I do not compromise your prospects. I will be so prudent, so careful, I will walk so lightly, will speak to you so low, that your reputation will not be blemished. Besides, am I not your brother? when I am going away at dawn of day, what would there be so strange in my coming to bid you farewell?"

"No! no! do not come!" said Consuelo, terrified. "Count Albert's apartment is not far off; perhaps he has divined all — Anzoletto, if you expose yourself — I will not answer for your life. I speak seriously and my blood freezes in my veins!"

Anzoletto did in fact feel her hand, which he had taken in his, become colder than marble. "If you argue, if you parley at your door, you expose my life," said he smiling; "but if your door is open, if our kisses are mute, we shall risk nothing. Remember how we passed whole nights together without awakening a single one of the many neighbors of the Corte Minelli. As for myself, if there is no other obstacle than the Count's jealousy, and no other danger than death —"

At this instant Consuelo saw Count Albert's look, usually so vague, become clear and piercing, as it fixed itself upon Anzoletto. He could not hear; but it seemed as if he understood with his eyes. She drew back her hand from Anzoletto and said in a smothered voice:

"Ah! if you love me, do not brave that terrible man!"

"Is it for yourself that you fear?" said Anzoletto rapidly.

"No, but for every thing which approaches and threatens me."

"And for every thing which adores you, without doubt? Well, so be it! To die before your eyes, to die at your feet; O, I ask only that. I shall be there at midnight; resist, and you only hasten my ruin."

"You go to-morrow, and you take leave of no one!" said Consuelo, seeing that he saluted the Count and the canoness without speaking of his departure.

"No," replied he; "they would detain me, and in spite of myself, seeing all conspire to prolong my agony, I should yield. You will make my excuses and my adieus. I have given orders to my guide to have the horses ready at four o'clock."

This last assertion was less than true. Albert's singular looks for several hours had not escaped Anzoletto. He was resolved to dare all; but he was prepared for flight in case of accident. His horses were already saddled in the stable and his guide was ordered not to go to bed.

Returned to her chamber, Consuelo was seized with real terror. She did not wish to receive Anzoletto and at the same time she feared lest he should be prevented from coming to find her. This double, false and unconquerable feeling continually tormented her mind, and placed her heart in opposition to her conscience. Never had she felt herself so unhappy, so exposed, so solitary on the earth. "O my master Porpora, where are you?" she cried. "You alone could save me; you alone understand my difficulties, and the perils to which I am exposed. You alone are rough, severe, distrustful enough, as a friend and a father ought to be, to draw me from this abyss into which I am falling! But have I not friends about me? Have I not a father in Count Christian! Would not the canoness be a mother to me, if I had the courage to brave her prejudices, and open my heart to her? And is not Albert my support, my brother, my husband, if I consent to say one word! O! yes it is he who ought to be my saviour, and I fear him, I repel him! I must go and find them all three," added she rising and walking in agitation about her chamber, "I must engage myself to them, I must chain myself to their protecting arms, I must seek refuge under the wings of those guardian angels. Repose, dignity, honor, dwell with them; humiliation and despair await me by the side of Anzoletto. O! yes, I must go and make them a confession—respecting this horrible day, I must tell them all that passes within me, in order that they may preserve and defend me from myself. I must bind myself to them by an oath, I must say that terrible yes which will place an invincible barrier between me and my tormentor! I will go!"

And instead of going, she fell exhausted upon her chair, and wept bitterly for her lost tranquillity, her broken strength. "But what!" said she, "shall I go to them with a fresh falsehood! shall I offer them a misguided girl, an adulterous spouse! For I am so in my heart, and the mouth which would swear an unchangeable fidelity to the most sincere of men, is still burning with the kiss of another, and my heart beats with an impure pleasure even at thinking of it! Ah! my love for the unworthy Anzoletto has changed like him. It is no longer that tranquil and holy affection with which I slept happy under the wings which my mother extended over me from high heaven. It is an attraction mean

and impetuous as the being who inspires it. There is no longer any greatness or truth in my soul. I lie to myself since this morning, even as I have lied to others. How shall I not lie to them henceforth in all the hours of my life! Present or absent, Anzoletto will be continually before my eyes; even the thought of parting with him to-morrow fills me with sorrow, and on the bosom of another, I shall see only him. What shall I do! What will become of me!"

The hour advanced with a horrible rapidity, with a horrible slowness. "I will see him," said she to herself. — "I will tell him that I hate him, that I despise him, that I wish never to see him more. But no, I lie again; for I shall not tell him so; or if indeed, I should have the courage, I should retract an instant afterwards. I can no longer be sure even of my chastity; he no longer believes in it, he will not respect me. And as for me, I no longer believe in myself, I no longer believe in any thing. I shall fall even more from fear than from weakness. O! rather die than so descend in my own esteem, and give this triumph to the craft and libertinism of another, over the holy instincts and noble designs which God has implanted in me!"

She placed herself at her window, and felt tempted to throw herself out, in order to escape by death from the infamy with which she thought herself already stained. While struggling against this dark temptation, she thought over the means of salvation which remained to her. Materially speaking, there was no want of them; but all seemed to her to lead to other dangers. She had begun by locking the door through which Anzoletto could enter. But she only knew by halves that cold and selfish man, and having seen the proofs of his physical courage, she did not know that he was entirely void of that moral courage which would lead him to brave death in order to satisfy his passion. She thought he would dare to come there, that he would insist on being heard, that he would make some noise; and she knew that a breath only was needed to bring Albert to the spot. There was in her chamber a closet with a back staircase, as in nearly all the apartments of the chateau: but that staircase led to the lower story, close to the room of the canoness. That was the only refuge she could seek against the imprudent audacity of Anzoletto; and to induce her to open her door, it would be necessary to confess all, beforehand, in order not to give room to a scandal, which the good Wenceslawa, in her terror, would probably prolong. There was besides, the garden, but if Anzoletto, who appeared to have carefully explored the

whole chateau, should go there in his turn, it was running to her ruin.

While reflecting upon these things, she saw a light in the stables, as she looked from her closet window which opened upon a back court. She noticed a man who passed to and fro in those stables, without awakening the other servants, and who appeared to be making preparations for departure. She recognized by his costume, Anzoletto's guide, who was saddling his horses, according to his instructions. She saw also that there was a light in the room of the draw-bridge keeper, and thought with reason that he had been informed by the guide of a departure of which the precise hour was not yet fixed. On observing these details, and giving herself up to a thousand conjectures, to a thousand projects, Consuelo conceived a very strange and a very rash design. But as it offered a medium between the two extremes which she feared, and opened to her at the same time a new perspective upon the events of her life, it seemed to her a real inspiration from heaven. She had no time to spend in examining the means and the results. The first appeared to be presented to her by the effect of a providential accident; the others it seemed could be diverted. She began to write what follows, in great haste as may be believed, for the castle clock had just struck eleven.

"Albert, I am compelled to depart. I cherish you with my whole soul, as you know. But there are in my being, contradictions, sufferings and rebellions, which I cannot explain, either to you or to myself. If I saw you at this moment, I should tell you that I confide in you, that I yield to you the care of my future life, that I consent to become your wife. I should tell you perhaps that I desire it. And yet I should deceive you, or I should take a rash oath; for my heart is not sufficiently purified of its old love, to belong to you at present without fear, and to deserve your's without remorse. I fly; I go to Vienna, to rejoin or to await Porpora, who must now be there or arrive in a few days, as his letter to your father recently announced. I swear to you that I am going to seek by his side the forgetfulness and hatred of the past and the hope of a future, in which you are for me the corner stone. Do not follow me; I forbid you, in the name of that future which your impatience might compromise and perhaps destroy. Wait for me, and keep for my sake the oath which you made never to return without me to —. You understand me. Trust in me, I command you; for I go with the holy hope of returning, or soon sending for you. At this moment, I am under the influence of a horrible dream. It seems to

me that when I am alone. I shall awaken worthy of you. I do not wish my brother to follow me. I mean to deceive him, and make him take a road opposite to mine. By all that you hold most dear in the world, do not in any way thwart my project, and believe me sincere. By that I shall see if you really love me, and if I can without blushing sacrifice my poverty to your riches, my obscurity to your rank, my ignorance to the wisdom of your mind. Adieu, but no: *au revoir*, Albert. To prove to you that I do not go irrevocably, I charge you to render your worthy and dear aunt favorable to our union, and to preserve for me the good will of your father, the best, the most respectable of men! Tell him the truth of all this. I will write to you from Vienna."

The hope of convincing and calming a man so enamoured as Albert, was rash no doubt, but not unreasonable. As she wrote, Consuelo felt the energy of her will and the uprightness of her character return to her. All that she wrote, she felt. All that she announced to him, she intended to do. She believed in the powerful penetration and almost second sight of Albert; she could not have hoped to deceive him; she was sure that he would believe her, and that, from his character, he would obey her implicitly. At that moment, she judged matters, and Albert himself, from as high a point of view as he did.

After folding her letter without sealing it, she threw her travelling cloak upon her shoulders, enveloped her head in a very thick black veil, put on strong shoes gathered together the little money she possessed, made a small package of linen, and descending upon tiptoe with incredible precautions, traversed the lower stories, reached Count Christian's apartment, glided to his oratory, which she knew he regularly entered at six o'clock every morning. She deposited her letter on the cushion where he placed his book before kneeling on the floor. Then, descending to the court, without awakening any one she went straight to the stables.

The guide, who did not feel too bold on finding himself alone in the depths of the night in a chateau where all slept like stones, was at first afraid of that black woman who approached him like a phantom. He withdrew to the very extremity of the stable, not daring either to cry out or question her: this was what Consuelo wished. As soon as she found herself beyond the reach of sight and voice, (she knew moreover that neither Albert's nor Anzoleto's windows looked upon this court,) she said to the guide: "I am the sister of the young man whom you accompanied here this morning. He carries me off. I arranged it with him an

instant since. Put a lady's saddle immediately upon his horse: there are several here. Follow me to Tusta without saying a single word, without taking a single step which can inform the people of the chateau that I am going away. You shall be paid double. You seem astonished! Come, despatch! As soon as we reach the city, you must return here to seek my brother." The guide shook his head. "You shall be paid triple." The guide made a sign of assent. "And you will conduct him at full speed to Tusta, where I shall be waiting for you." The guide again shook his head. "You shall be paid four times as much for the last heat as for the first." The guide obeyed. In an instant the horse which Consuelo was to mount was ready with the lady's saddle. "That is not all," said Consuelo, vaulting upon it even before it was entirely bridled; "give me your hat and throw your cloak over mine. It is only for a moment." "I understand," said the other, "it is to deceive the porter: that is easy enough! O! It is not the first time I have carried off a young lady! Your lover will pay well, I suppose, though you are his sister," added he in a jeering tone. "You shall be well paid by me in the first place. Be silent. Are you ready?" "I am mounted." "Go on first, and have the bridge lowered."

They passed it at a walk, made a circuit so as not to go under the walls of the chateau, and in a quarter of an hour reached the sandy main road. Consuelo had never been on the back of a horse in her life. Happily, this one, although strong, was good tempered. His master animated him by clacking his tongue, and he took a firm and continued gallop, which in two hours riding through woods and heaths carried the amazon to her destination. Consuelo drew her bridle and leaped to the ground at the entrance of the city. "I do not wish to be seen here," said she to the guide, putting into his hand the price agreed upon for herself and Anzoleto. "I shall pass through the city on foot, and will take from some of my acquaintances a carriage which will convey me on the road to Prague. I shall travel quickly, in order to get as far as possible before day from this country where my face is known; at daylight, I shall stop and await my brother."

"But in what place?"

"I cannot say. But tell him that it will be at some post-house. He must not make any inquiries within ten leagues of this. Then he must ask every where for Madam Wolf; it is the first name I think of; still you must not forget it. There is only one road to Prague!"

"Only one as far as —"

"Very well. Stop in the suburb to

bait your horses. Be careful not to let the lady's saddle be seen; throw your cloak over it; answer no questions, and be off. Stop, one word more: tell my brother not to hesitate; not to delay, but to escape without being seen. He is in danger of death at the chateau."

"May God be with you, pretty girl!" replied the guide, who had had time enough to roll in his fingers the silver he had received. "Though it should kill my horses, I am satisfied to have done you a service. I am sorry, notwithstanding," said he to himself when she had disappeared in the darkness, "not to have seen even the tip of her nose; I should like to know if she is handsome enough to run away with. She frightened me at first with her black veil and her resolute step; and then they had told me so many stories in the kitchen that I didn't know where I was. How superstitious and simple those people are, with their ghosts and their black man of the oak of Schreckenstein! Bah! I've passed there more than a hundred times and I have never seen him! To be sure I was always careful to hold my head down, and to look on the side of the ravine when I passed at the foot of the mountain."

While making these naive reflections, the guide, after having administered some oats to his horses, and a large pint of hydromel to himself, in a neighboring drinking shop, in order to wake himself up, resumed the road to Reimsburg, quite leisurely, as Consuelo had hoped and expected, even while she recommended him to hasten. The brave youth, in proportion as he increased the distance from her, lost himself in conjectures upon the romantic adventure in which he had been engaged. Little by little the vapors of the night, and perhaps also those of the fermented drink, made this adventure appear to him still more marvellous. "It would be pleasant," thought he, "if that black woman were a man, and that man the ghost of the chateau, the black phantom of the Schreckenstein! They say that he plays all sorts of tricks upon night-travellers, and old Hanz swore to me that he had seen him more than ten times in the stable, when he was going to feed old baron Frederick's horses before day-light. — Devil! that would not be so pleasant! the meeting and keeping company with such beings is always followed by some misfortune. If my poor grey has carried Satan to-night, he will die of a certainty. It seems to me that he is already breathing flames through his nostrils; I hope he won't take the bit between his teeth and run away. Pardieu! I am curious to reach the chateau, in order to see if in place of the silver which the devil gave me, I don't find dry leaves in my pocket. And if they should tell me that the Sig-

non Porporina was sleeping quietly in her bed, instead of travelling on the road to Prague, which would be taken in, the devil or I! The fact is, that she galloped like the wind and disappeared on leaving me, as if she had sank into the ground."

XII.

Anzoleto had not failed to rise at midnight, to take his stiletto, perfume himself, and extinguish his light. But at the moment when he thought he could open his door without noise, (he had already remarked that the lock was well oiled and worked easily,) he was much astonished at not being able to produce the slightest movement in the latch. He bruised his fingers, and wore himself out with fatigue, at the risk of awakening some one by shaking the door too violently. All was useless. His apartment had no other means of exit; the window looked upon the gardens at an elevation of fifty feet, perfectly bare and incapable of being scaled; the very thought of it made him dizzy. "This is not the work of chance," said Anzoleto to himself, after having again tried in vain to move the door. "Whether it be Consuelo's doings, (and that would be a good sign; her fear would prove her weakness,) or Count Albert's, they shall both pay me at the same time."

He tried to go to sleep again. Vexation prevented him, and perhaps also a certain uneasiness allied to fear. If Albert had been the author of this precaution, he alone, in the house, had not been the dupe of his fraternal relation with Consuelo. The latter had appeared really frightened when she warned him to beware of that terrible man. It did no good for Anzoleto to say, that being crazy, the young Count would not have much connection in his ideas, or that being of an illustrious birth, he would not be willing, according to the prejudices of the day, to commit himself in an affair of honor with an actor; these suppositions did not reassure him. Albert had appeared to him a very quiet mad-man, and one who was quite master of himself; and as to his prejudices, they could not be very deeply rooted, if they permitted him to wish to marry an actress. Anzoleto therefore began seriously to fear having any difference with him before the accomplishment of his object, and getting into trouble without profit. This result appeared to him rather shameful than fatal. He had learned how to handle a sword, and flattered himself that he was a match for any man of quality whatsoever. Nevertheless he did not feel easy, and could not sleep.

Towards five o'clock in the morning, he thought he heard steps in the corridor,

and shortly afterwards, his door was opened without noise and without difficulty. It was not quite daylight, and on seeing a man enter his chamber with so little ceremony, Anzoleto thought the decisive moment had arrived. He leaped upon his stiletto, bounding like a bull. But by the glimmer of the dawn, he immediately recognized his guide, who made signs to him to speak low, and to make no noise. "What do you mean by your grimaces, and what do you want of me, stupid!" said Anzoleto, quite vexed.

"How did you get in?"

"Eh! How should I, but by the door, my good sir?"

"The door was locked."

"But you had left the key outside."

"Impossible! there it is on my table."

"That is strange! then there is another."

"And who can have played me the trick of locking me in thus! There was but one key yesterday; was it you when you came for my valise?"

"I swear that it was not I, and that I have not seen the key."

"Then it must be the devil! But what do you want of me, with your busy and mysterious air! I did not send for you."

"You do not give me time to speak! Besides, you see me, and you must know very well what I want of you. The signora reached Tusta without accident, and according to her orders, I am here with my horses to conduct you thither."

Some minutes were required for Anzoleto to comprehend the gist of the matter; but he accommodated himself to the truth quickly enough to prevent his guide, whose superstitious fears were moreover dissipated with the shades of night, from again falling into his perplexities respecting a trick of the devil. The knave had begun by examining and ringing Consuelo's money on the pavement of the stable, and felt himself well satisfied with his part of the bargain with hell. Anzoleto understood at half a word, and thought that the fugitive had been so closely watched on her side as not to be able to inform him of her resolution; that threatened, urged to extremity perhaps, by her jealous lover, she had seized a propitious moment to baffle his projects, escape and free herself by flight. "Whichever way that may be," said he to himself, "there is no reason for doubt or hesitation. The notice which she has sent to me by this man who has conducted her on the road to Prague, is clear and precise. Victory! that is, if I can get out of this house without being obliged to cross swords!"

He armed himself to the teeth; and while he was hurrying to get ready, sent his guide as a scout, to see if the road was clear. Upon his answer that all

seemed to be still buried in sleep, except the bridge-keeper, who had just opened for him, Anzoleto descended without noise, remounted his horse, and only met in the court one stable boy, whom he called in order to give him some money, that his departure might not bear the appearance of a flight. "By Saint Wendel!" said that servant to the guide, "how strange it is, your horses on coming out of the stable are covered with sweat, as if they had been running all night."

"It must have been that your black devil came and dressed them," replied the other.

"That must be the reason," returned the stabler, "why I heard such a horrible noise on this side all night! I did not dare to come and see what was the matter; but I heard the port-cullis creak and the drawbridge lowered, just as I see it now: so that I thought you were going away, and I did not expect to see you this morning."

At the drawbridge, there was another observation from the keeper. "Your lordship is double then?" asked the man, rubbing his eyes. "I saw you depart about midnight and now I see you again."

"You must have been dreaming, my honest fellow," said Anzoleto, making him a present also, "I should not have gone without asking you to drink my health."

"Your lordship does me too much honor," said the porter, who spoke a little broken Italian. "No matter," said he to the guide in his own tongue, "I have seen two to-night."

"And take care not to see four to-morrow night," replied the guide, galloping over the bridge after Anzoleto. "The black devil always plays such tricks with sleepers like you."

Anzoleto, well informed and instructed by his guide, reached Tusta, or Tausa; for they are, I believe, the same city. He passed through it, after having discharged his man and taken post-horses, abstained from making any inquiries for ten leagues, and at the appointed place stopped to breakfast, (for he was pretty well worn out,) and to ask for a Madam Wolf, who was to be there with a carriage. No one could give him any news of her, and with good reason.

There was a Madam Wolf in the village, but she had been established there fifty years, and kept a mercer's shop. Anzoleto, bruised and exhausted, thought that Consuelo had not judged best to stop in this place. He inquired for a carriage to hire; there was none. He was obliged to mount on horseback again, and to ride post once more. He considered it impossible not to meet every instant the well-

come carriage, into which he could throw himself, and be recompensed for his anxieties and his fatigues. But he met very few travellers, and in no carriage did he see Consuelo. At last, overcome by excess of fatigue, and finding no vehicle to be let any where, he resolved to stop, mortally vexed, and to wait in a little town on the road side, until Consuelo should join him; for he thought he must have passed her. He had plenty of time, the rest of the day and the following night, to curse the women, the inns, all jealous lovers and the roads. The next day, he found a public passenger coach, and continued to hurry towards Prague, without being more successful. Let us leave him travelling towards the North, the victim of a genuine rage and of a mortal impatience mingled with hope, to return ourselves an instant to the chateau, that we may see the effect of Consuelo's departure upon the inhabitants of that dwelling.

It may well be thought that Count Albert did not sleep, any more than the other two personages engaged in this hurried adventure. After having provided a double key to Anzoletto's chamber, he had locked him in from the outside, and was no longer anxious about his attempts, knowing well that unless Consuelo herself interfered, no one would go to deliver him. Respecting the first possibility, the idea of which made him shudder, Albert had the extreme delicacy not to wish to make any imprudent discovery. "If she loves him so much as that," thought he, "I need struggle no more; let my destiny be accomplished! I shall know it soon enough, for she is sincere; and to-morrow she will openly refuse the offers I have made her to-day. If she is merely persecuted and threatened by this dangerous man, she is now sheltered from his pursuits for one night at least. Now whatever passing noise I hear around me, I will not stir, and I will not make myself odious; I will not inflict upon that unfortunate the punishment of shame, by presenting myself before her without being called. No! I will not play the part of a cowardly spy, of a suspicious and jealous lover, since hitherto her refusals, her irresolutions, have given me no right over her. I know only one thing, satisfactory to my honor, frightful to my love, I shall not be deceived. Soul of her whom I love, who residest at the same time in the bosom of the most perfect of women and in the inmost of the eternal God, if through the mysteries and the shadows of human thought, thou canst read my heart at this hour, thy internal convictions must tell thee that I love thee too much not to believe in thy word!"

The courageous Albert religiously kept the engagement he had made with him-

self; and although he thought he heard Consuelo's steps in the lower story at the moment of her flight, and some other more inexplicable noises on the side of the port-cullis, he suffered, prayed, and restrained with clasped hands the heart which was bounding in his bosom.

When the day appeared, he heard steps walking and doors opening in the direction of Anzoletto. "The villain," said he to himself, "leaves her without shame and precaution! He seems to wish to publish his victory! Ah! the evil which he does me would be nothing, if another soul, more dear and more precious than mine, were not sullied by his love."

At the hour when Count Christian was accustomed to rise, Albert went to him, with the intention, not of informing him of what was passing, but of persuading him to enter into a fresh explanation with Consuelo. He was sure that she would not lie. He thought that she must desire such an explanation, and prepared to comfort her in her trouble, to console her even for her shame, and to pretend a resignation which would qualify the bitterness of their farewell. Albert did not ask what would become of himself afterwards. He felt that neither his reason nor his life could support such a shock, and he did not shrink from experiencing a sorrow beyond his strength.

He found his father at the moment of entering the oratory. The letter placed upon the cushion struck their eyes at the same time. They seized and read it together. The old man was cast down by it, thinking that his son could not endure the shock; but Albert, who was prepared for a much greater misfortune, was calm, resigned, and firm in his confidence.

"She is pure," said he; "she wishes to love me. She feels that my love is true, and my faith immovable. God will protect her from danger. Let us accept this promise, my father, and remain tranquil. Fear not for me; I shall be stronger than my sorrow, and will subdue any anxiety that may seize upon me."

"My son," said the old man, much moved, "we are here before the image of the God of your fathers. You have accepted another belief, and I have never reproached you for it bitterly, as you well know, though my heart has suffered much. I am about to prostrate myself before the likeness of that God, upon which I promised you, the night before this, to do all that depended on me in order that your love might be heard, and sanctified by a respectable union. I have kept my promise, and I renew it to you. I am again about to pray that the Almighty may fulfil your wishes, and my own will not oppose them. Will you not unite with me in this solemn hour,

which will perhaps decide in heaven the destiny of your love upon earth! O my noble son! in whom the Eternal has preserved all virtues, notwithstanding the trials he has permitted your first faith to undergo! whom I have seen in your childhood, kneeling at my side on the tomb of your mother, and praying like a young angel to that Sovereign Master whom you did not then doubt! will you this day refuse to raise your voice towards him, that mine may not be useless?"

"My father," replied Albert, pressing the old man in his arms, "if our faith differs in its form and its dogmas, our souls are always in agreement upon an eternal and divine principle. You serve a God of wisdom and of goodness, an ideal of perfection, of science and of justice, whom I have never ceased to adore. O divine crucified One!" said he kneeling beside his father before the image of Jesus, "whom men adore as the Word, and whom I revere as the most noble and the most pure manifestation of universal love amongst us! Hear my prayer, O thou whose thought dwells eternally in God and in us! Bless all true instincts and right intentions! Pity the wickedness which triumphs, and support the innocence which struggles! Let my happiness become whatever God may will! But, O human God! may thy influence direct and animate the hearts which have no other consolation than thy passion and thy example upon the earth!"

To be Continued.

RESPONSIBILITIES. When a Brazilian introduces you to an acquaintance, he says, "this is my friend Mr. so and so. I will be responsible for any thing he steals." Such a responsibility would be dangerous in some places.

I should have thought this a caricature, but for a circumstance of a kindred nature, which it recalls to my remembrance.

Many years ago I was a clerk to an individual, whose great infirmity was a suspicious nature. He appeared to have no confidence at all in mankind. On one occasion a gentleman from the south, a wealthy planter, who had bought a large bill of goods at the store, after taking supper with my employer, was spending the evening in the counting room. After sitting to a late hour, the gentleman rose to depart. The counting room communicated with the store, through a long and dark passage, and his path to the street was through the store. Handing me a candle my employer addressed me—"Mr. Cist will you be good enough to light Mr. ——— to the door." then sinking his voice to a whisper, audible but to me—"and see that he steals nothing by the way."—*Cist's Advertiser.*

LUTHER'S DESCENDANTS. The *Leipsic Gazette*, of the first of November, says that there are eighty descendants of Martin Luther now living, and that a pension in favor of them is about to be established by means of private subscriptions.

BRUNELL, THE ENGINEER. This celebrated engineer is claimed by England, although he was born in the little village of Hacherville, in Normandy. He was educated in the college of Gisors, and when the vacations called him home his favorite resort was the shop of a village carpenter. He saw portions of a huge steam engine for the first time at Rouen, in France, in 1784, which had just been landed from England. It is said that he exclaimed, "When I am a man I will go to the country where such machinery is made." Brunell is England's son by adoption only, and his name will ever stand prominently forward as connected with the most wonderful work of modern times—the Thames Tunnel.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

NEW EDITION OF HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

The Christmas, which we could not celebrate as we were wont with the hearing of "the Messiah," brought with it nevertheless the most acceptable substitute for ourselves personally, which we could well imagine, in the shape of a beautiful copy of the noble Oratorio. For this we are indebted to the publishers, Messrs. Wilkins, Carter & Co., and Oscar C. B. Carter, Boston.

We hope it may prove as acceptable to the public, as to us; that both the music itself, and the brave efforts of the publishers will be worthily appreciated. On their part it was a formidable undertaking, involving such a risk, as merely business calculations would not probably have warranted. It shows enthusiasm on their part, and faith in a good idea; and it certainly confers a very great and permanent benefit upon the musical world this side of the Atlantic. The expense of publication must have been great, and many copies must be sold to meet it. But are not many copies indispensable, the moment they can be had, to the many who wish to hold some palpable representative in black and white of their imperishable possession in this sacred work of art, made their's by many ecstatic hours in hearing and remembering its strains? Every musician, every amateur, every choir, society, or musical circle of any pretensions, ought to own this book; and the possession of a good, fair copy of this music (which is very cheap too) ought to be the signal for a general study of its choruses and songs in every musical reunion, which can get hold of any little corner of it, though it may not be adequate to an effective performance of the whole.

Of this edition we would say that it is exactly copied from the latest London Edition, by JOHN BISHOP, of Cheltenham. For practical purposes it is undoubtedly the best edition extant. It is authentic, and in every sense complete. The ac-

companiment for the Organ or Piano Forte embodies all the characteristic features of the vocal and orchestral parts, including the admirable expansions of the latter by Mozart, which have become inseparably one with Handel's original outlines by a true spiritual marriage. This is so skilfully managed as to bring all these great effects within the reach of a single pair of hands, and that with tolerable ease to the performer. The scriptural references to the words have been inserted throughout the book. At the expense of making rather a large page, a very open, clear, and beautiful presentation of all the parts and of the words is given, so that the whole thing is verily right pleasant to behold.

Again we say: let it be used. Consider that this Oratorio is probably the grandest monument of musical art, perhaps of human piety within the sphere of art. From the fresh, spring-like notes of comfort with which it opens, to the everlasting wave on wave receding of its "Amen Chorus," swelled by every hopeful voice of all humanity, aye, and of all created spirits peopling all the spheres, it is, as far as any human work can be, inspired. It is the voice of all Humanity through Handel. It is fraught with deepest meaning for you and me and generations after us. To be familiar with it is to have learned the language of the profoundest sentiment, and richest wealth, that otherwise had lain buried long unconsciously within us; it is to possess a talisman which can call back the heavenliest spheres of life which we can know, and drive away all sense of isolation in the Universe, and make all warm, and full of love and blessedness and God. Learn to read the music, if you cannot sing it, of "*He shall feed his flock*," and "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*;" and have friends around you, trained, whom you can call in to sing "*Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!*"

Associationists! Pioneers of the first humble Phalanxes! ye that can sing, learn Handel's Hallelujah chorus; it will be a grand unitary act of worship; in it may you consecrate yourselves to your sublime idea and feel your unity with one another and with the Race; for there exists no clearer prophecy of that than in such music, giving voice to the inmost spirit of the recorded prophecies of old.

MR. CRANCH'S ADDRESS

Before the Harvard Musical Association.

(Continued.)

From a consideration of what music is and should be, we naturally pass to look at it in reference to its actual condition in our own country.

We must all agree that in the science of music we Americans are as yet scarce-

ly pupils, and of course far enough from being masters. Our lamentable ignorance in the scientific principles of music, as well as our want of delicate susceptibility to the best works of musical composers, renders all comparison of ourselves with Germany, Italy, and other countries of Europe, altogether unnecessary. We are in fact barely beginning to wake up, as from a lethargy, and join in sympathy with the great musical culture on the other side of the Atlantic. We are scarcely as yet even willing listeners to the best works of our German masters. Make the very best of our case, we cannot be unaware of our deficiency. Take the most cultivated and refined population of cities like Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and it will be seen that even in the most crowded houses which a celebrated performer or a celebrated work will attract, the proportion of those who really appreciate the music is very small. Where thousands rush in to enjoy a novelty, or while away time, or at best have their ears tickled by imitations of bagpipes and flageolets on a violin, or hear a singer task invention and strength of lungs and flexibility of larynx to produce a cadenza, more crowded with notes and of longer duration than ordinary, there may perhaps be a hundred who go with a simple, hearty love and a cultivated taste for the composer's works. Audiences always show their standard of taste, so universal is the habit of applauding. And one who is in the habit of going to concerts, very soon knows beforehand which pieces and parts of pieces will bring down the loudest clappings. He will find the slow, tender, pathetic, soul-moving airs, the wild, deep, mysterious harmonies, float on unmarked—unapplauded, while the rapid variations, prestissimo scherzo movements, the humorous imitations, the abrupt transitions, the painfully-protracted cadenzas are followed by thunder as invariably as lightning is. Men and women and young misses at school, who have pianofortes of their own, and all the songs of Russell, Dempster, and the Hutchinsons, on the tips of their tongues, set themselves up as the critics of Handel and Beethoven, and talk and yawn and go out in the midst of their sublime choruses or symphonies. If they perchance ascend to the level of the popular opera songs, their old fathers and mothers find themselves a good deal mystified in the attempt to follow them, so that unless encouraged to persevere, they lose their faith in even Auber, Bellini, and Donizetti, and fall back like sceptics, upon Balfe or Knight, or perhaps even the popular author of the "Old Arm Chair," and the rest of his sect.

What we all need, what the young especially need, is the very best models to perfect their taste. They are just as necessary to one learning music, as the best casts and drawings and paintings are to a young artist. And here it is almost superfluous to say, that our redemption from low standards must come chiefly out of Germany. In the realm of music, the Germans are universally allowed to stand first and foremost. On this broad table-land of German music let any one plant himself firmly, and he will feel no desire to descend from it. He will find himself more and more at home—other works will satisfy him less and less. They will all become poor and tame in comparison with the wealth he here enjoys. Only

throw a glance over the long list of masters which this land, so consecrated by genius, has produced. We need only to recall a few of their names, to be reminded that all the stars of the first magnitude have arisen in that morning land. I will not weary you with a repetition of their names, nor with an attempt at characterizing their respective styles. This has already so often been done, and so completely, that I should but repeat what is well known to you. I would take occasion, however, to mention one name not yet very widely known, but which seems to me destined to have great influence among us—Franz Schubert, who in the department of song-writing seems to me not to be surpassed by even Beethoven himself. The exceeding beauty of his melodies and yet more of his harmonies, reveals him to us as a master of the very soul of the art. What sweet devotion in his Ave Maria, with its accompaniment, so steadily preserved, like prayer without ceasing, yet rising and falling like the panting bosom which pours it forth—what longing, desolate sadness in his song of Gretchen, in Faust—and how skilfully the ceaseless hum and motion of her spinning-wheel accompanies her heart-breaking strains—what tender yearnings in the last greeting adieu, the complaints of a young maiden, and in “I should fly from thee”—what stirring dramatic motion in his Erl King, and the Post Horn—what solemnity and grandeur in “The Stars”—what fine, reflective soliloquizing in the song of the Old Man—what wild grace in the rocking, wavy motion of the Barcarolle, and Fisher Maiden—and what exquisite breathings and droppings of love, moonlight, flowers, and every thing fairy-like and heavenly, in his Serenade! I should have mentioned the stormy sorrow of his Atlas—and the mighty descent of the godlike forms to earth, in his music to Schiller’s Dithyrambic, “Never, believe me, appear the immortals, never alone.”

In every mood of passion and feeling he is at home. We do not easily forget songs that thus sway us as the wind does the willow. They waken in us dreams as wild and sweet as ever bard or lover indulged—they are indeed the most genuine poetry of song I have ever listened to. They spring from a genius imbued with the very soul of poetry.

A very short acquaintance with compositions of this class would do more to purify and sweeten our musical feasts than a knowledge of all the popular song-writers of England and America put together. Our salt having lost its savor, we can only be preserved from utter vapidness and flatness by importations from Germany. Let us not fear the charge of imitation. It is too stale a charge to be pungent. We must imitate while we continue in this state of pupillage. Foolish critics talk of the want of a national music in America. A national music is the spontaneous growth of ages of insulated life and feeling. It is impossible that American music can do more than reproduce the music of other ages and nations. We are too open to the world, too receptive of all influences from abroad. We are too much a nation made up of others.

Our mission in music, as in literature, is to be eclectics. We are for a long time yet to be in the position of learners, and talk foolishly when we speak of a national music.

Besides, music must needs be a universal language. It utters the same thoughts and feelings to me as to the German, the Frenchman, the Italian, and this universality is what constitutes its very essence.

(To be Continued.)

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

REFORM MOVEMENTS ORIGINATING AMONG THE PRODUCING CLASSES.

If we examine the history of this country during the last twenty years with a view to ascertain the nature of the movements in favor of reform, which have had their origin among the Laboring Classes, we shall discover that those movements have been of a shallow character,—either mere negations and denunciations, or very superficial reforms, the object of which was the correction of some one abuse, or the forwarding of the interests of some one class. Trades' Unions, strikes, attacks upon corporations, and banks, and other similar movements characterize the efforts made by the above classes for the improvement of their condition. These reforms, when carried out, have not produced, as was easy to anticipate, the desired results. One important effect however has been obtained; the working classes have been somewhat *school*ed and *disciplined* in these trials and efforts, and they have come to see the impotence and vanity of such superficial measures. They are wiser than they were; they begin to see through the delusions, the negative radicalism, and all the unwise measures which are the common attendants upon Reform, which is not based upon a true knowledge of the principles of Society, of human progress and the destiny of man, and upon sentiments of universal justice and philanthropy.

For some eight or ten years past, the working classes have been quiet; they have been resting since the last crusade made against Banks, and since the trades' unions. But now a new movement has been commenced, and it is of this movement that we wish to speak. Its centre is in New York, although it has already spread through several of the northern States of the Union, and is gaining ground very fast.

This movement is far deeper than any that has ever before been undertaken by the Working Classes, and it is a gratifying sign of the increase of intelligence among them with regard to the import-

ance of true and organic Reform instead of the antagonistic, and destructive radicalism that has heretofore prevailed to so great an extent. This new movement does not aim to correct a few superficial abuses—which would do very little good if achieved: it does not attack one or more existing evils, leaving a thousand to remain,—thus wasting its efforts in vain attempts: in short, *it is not negative*; it is affirmative, and proclaims a new principle, and advocates its adoption and the engrafting of it into our Social Order,—knowing full well that the practical introduction of a new principle into society is the true and only means of producing important results, and of correcting old evils and abuses.

This movement has given rise to a party with a regular organization and with its organ. The party is known by the name of the *National Reformers*, and the Organ is a Weekly Paper called *Young America*, printed at the head-quarters of the party in New York.

The great and in fact the only important measure which is advocated by this party is very simple,—so that its significance and its ulterior results are not at first perceived by the observer.

The National Reformers demand that the public lands shall be made free to actual settlers,—one hundred and sixty acres being allotted to any family that chooses to take up that quantity and cultivate it.

They further maintain that the one hundred and sixty acres thus made free to any family, which chooses to settle upon them, *should in no case be sold for debt, mortgaged, or taken out of its possession for any pecuniary consideration.* The family can at any time *sell the improvements* which it has made on its one hundred and sixty acres of land and remove from it, but not to any person *owning any other land.*

Thus the soil is made free to all persons who choose to settle upon it, and they are secured in the possession of it against the dangers that beset the Laboring or Producing classes in the present Order of things,—against sheriff's sales, mortgages, &c., so that the *right of man to the soil* is made paramount to debt and pecuniary contracts, as is the case with the *personal liberty of man*, where abolishment of imprisonment for debt has taken place. This guarantee of the Right to the Soil is that no family can sell its portion of land to any other family that already owns any land, thus preventing the *monopoly of the soil* by wealth, and keeping it in the hands of those who cultivate it.

All this appears quite simple, and no great principles or important results appear, perhaps, at first sight, to be con-

nected with it; but let us probe the matter a little more closely.

In the first place, the *Right of Man to the Soil*, (and as a consequence, the *Right of Man to Labor*), is recognized. This is the great, the fundamental right of man, the first of all his rights, and one which is tantamount to the right of existence. As the Creator brought man into the world, he intended of course that he should live; and labor, or production, being the means, he certainly intended that man should have (in a true order of society) the free and unrestricted access to the means of living—that is, to Labor. Now the soil is the place or theatre of labor for three-fourths of the population. One-fourth, or perhaps a third, may gain their living by commerce, the professions, and manufactures, but two-thirds or three-fourths must resort to the soil, and if it is monopolized and held by a few, the great majority are deprived of their first and most sacred right,—the right to the means of existence.

It will do great good to spread among the people and the leaders of the people, this great idea of the *Right of Man to the Soil*, and the *Right to Labor*. It will give them far more profound instruction than they now possess in regard to the true nature of Human Rights, and will open to them a new field of progress and reform. The recognition and realization of this right are destined to effect far greater results than have been effected by universal suffrage and the principle of self-government. It is the commencement of an industrial and social reform, as the right of suffrage and self-government was of a political reform.

Again, the exemption of the soil from debt and pecuniary liabilities, as the human body has been exempted from them, and the right of the individual to sell only his improvements, (for he is not allowed to control more soil than it is supposed he can cultivate,) recognizes the great principle that God who created the earth, created it for and gave it to the whole human race, and to all the generations of the race, and that no one has a right either to take by force, or buy up or monopolize in any way the just share of others, and exclude portions of his fellow beings from their natural and sacred inheritance. Such a violation of natural justice is admissible, and perhaps even necessary in the preliminary and false societies that have existed up to the present time upon the earth,—the Savage, the Patriarchal, the Barbarian, and the Civilized,—and in which monopoly and individual advantages of all kinds must be offered as inducements to cultivation and the development of industry, but it must have an end.

The fact that the Earth belongs to the

human race collectively, and not to the few who did not create it, and that the usufruct, or the right of using the soil only belongs to the individuals of each generation, is a great and profound truth, which should be instilled conjointly with the one already mentioned, into the minds of the people and the leaders of the people,—of which they are at present profoundly ignorant.

The National Reformers, we believe, are doing this, as far as lies in their power. The measure which they advocate, leads them to see the profound principles on which it is based and of which it is a partial realization,—not a complete realization, for that is only possible in a Combined or Associated Order of Society, in which not only the right of the soil and the opportunity of labor, but every facility and aid in prosecuting it, is extended to man, in which industry is rendered attractive, and the producer guaranteed against spoliation or unjust advantages being taken of him by commerce, capital, usury, or any other means of legalized or illegalized plunder.

This measure of the National Reformers makes a large inroad into the old Common Law of England, by which we are governed to so great an extent, and into the old mode of holding property, and it will be opposed with the greatest bitterness by the spirit of monopoly, and by all those in whom the passion of acquiring wealth is predominant.

The consequence of this mode of giving one hundred and sixty acres of land to each family, and preventing the family from selling it to any other person who already owns land, will be, as the National Reformers affirm, to create a *Landed Democracy*, and scatter the fundamental capital of the country,—the soil,—among the greatest number possible of persons, thus counteracting the tendency of the aristocratic principle, which is to concentrate all property in the hands of a few.

Let us explain the true principle of property, and the true mode of holding it, and leave the reader to judge for himself as to the importance and soundness of the measure advocated by the National Reformers.

The true Law of human society is Association, for it is only in Association that the means can be combined, and industry so organized and prosecuted as to become attractive; and a system of dignified and attractive industry is the practical and fundamental condition of the Elevation of Man. Industry is the sole and only source of wealth—or the means of securing the satisfaction of the material wants and comforts of mankind; and it is also the main source of health and vigor. Industry must forever be exercised by the

great majority of men, and if means cannot be found to render it pleasing and attractive, they will always remain, as the toiling masses now are, the galley-slaves of Labor. This question of *Attractive Industry* is one then of supreme importance, and is sufficient of itself to prove that Association is the true form of society, if it is in it alone that this end can be realized. There are, however, abundance of other reasons to support this position. It is only in Association that a true system of commercial and financial relations can be established,—that great economies can be introduced,—unity of interests realized,—the arts and sciences placed within the daily reach of all,—the charms of social life combined with the pursuits of agriculture and mechanics,—household labor greatly abridged, thus freeing woman from the domestic drudgery to which she is subjected, and various other important improvements introduced.

For an Association of 1,620 persons (the number which science points out as the proper one) or about three hundred families, a tract of land containing six thousand acres is necessary. This tract forms the domain of the Association,—the external body, so to say, of the associated community.

Now, to every member of the Association we must guarantee the right to cultivate the soil, together with the tools and implements wherewith to cultivate it,—and advice and council to direct him in his labors. In addition, every individual must have the opportunity of engaging in mechanical pursuits when desired. This renders complete the *Right of Labor*.

To this Right we must add another: we must secure to every person the fruit or product of his or her Labor; the right of the producer to the fruit of his labor is a sacred right,—the basis of individual property, and should receive the most perfect protection.

We wish then to secure to every person the usufruct of the soil, and the opportunity of engaging in all other industrial pursuits. But the soil has been cleared, the edifices and workshops built, the machinery, tools, and implements constructed by the labor of individuals, and belong of right to those who produced them. How shall we reconcile these two rights? Association does it in the following manner.

The improvements are represented by stock divided into shares, which are held by those who made the improvements: the soil and workshops are then thrown open to all the members.

A certain portion of the product,—such as shall be found mathematically just—will be awarded to those who hold the stock,—that is, to those whose labor

made the improvements, and this will be the interest upon their capital.

Some may object to giving capital any interest. But what is Capital! It is *past Labor*, which has been accumulated and remains after the action has ceased. A hundred men construct a house or a rail-road, which remains and becomes what is called capital: the same number of men may grow fruits or vegetables, which are consumed at once, and nothing remains. Thus Labor either becomes *permanent* and serves for future use, or it *passes away* by its product being immediately appropriated. Capital is nothing but Labor which has been *accumulated* and rendered *permanent*, so that in fact all property is Labor: 1. Past, or accumulated Labor; 2. Present, or active Labor.

If present Labor deserves to be remunerated, so does past Labor. If five men have spent five years in constructing a machine, during which time they have reaped no reward, received no product, is it not just that five other men, taking the machine and working it, should give to those who made it, a portion of the product? Does not the *past Labor* of the first five men aid in obtaining a product as well as the *present Labor* of the new comers? Most assuredly, and a part of the product should go to the makers of the machine, — or in other words, *Interest should be paid upon Capital*.

Thus in a true order of Society, a large and fine Domain under a high state of cultivation, (not a small piece of wild land of one hundred and sixty acres) would be open to the members of an Association: tools and implements would be furnished them as well as the best of scientific aid; and they would be secured against having to pay to parasitic and intermediate functions, like commerce, an undue share of the fruit of their labor — as they are now compelled to do — for the comparatively trifling service of effecting exchanges of products. A just dividend, taken out of the general product, and paid for the use of the improvements, would not be an extortion, but a legitimate return for facilities enjoyed.

The reader will now understand what the real rights of man are with regard to Industry, — that is, with regard to the Soil and the opportunities for Labor, and he can judge how far the measure of the National Reformers, which proposes to secure to every person some portion of the earth, fulfils the conditions which we have pointed out, and guarantees to man his industrial rights.

We may say that it does not secure to him by any means *all* those Rights, but it seems at least the first and primary one — the naked right to the soil. It is the recognition in part of a great and true

principle, and will awaken the people to see and comprehend in time the truth of the *whole* principle.

The National Reformers should introduce at once into their doctrines a clause, empowering associations of families to take up land and hold it in joint-stock, or as share hold property, — each family taking shares for its 160 acres, and then cultivating the whole of the soil upon combined or associative principles; this would facilitate very greatly the formation of Associations, and give probably a decided impulse to the associative movement.

We will close these remarks by making an extract from one of the earlier manuscripts of Fourier, written about 1803, which bears upon this question, and sets it forth in a clear light. In speaking of the guarantees which should have been introduced long since into society, he says:

"The most inalienable Right of social man, that without which all others are illusive, is the Right of Labor and the Right to the Soil. Society should guarantee to every individual, by some means or other, a *minimum* of arable land, and implements necessary to cultivate it, so as to secure him an ample subsistence, and that without expatriating him from his native land.

"It is demonstrated by the present condition of the Americans, that a nation with a small population, scattered over a large territory, could furnish without difficulty an agricultural resource to all its inhabitants. When they become numerous, it could secure the same end by the system of guarantees."

Fourier supposes that this guarantee of a small portion of territory to each individual might have taken place in the earlier stages of society, when population was thin, and that it would have led rapidly to Association.

We wish to have it understood that in the preceding remarks, we have considered certain aspects of the National Reform Movement only. With respect to the measures of this party, regarded as permanent and conclusive reforms, we hold the same opinions we have expressed in former numbers of the Harbinger and Phalanx. To the spirit of bitter hostility towards important interests, and the destructive doctrines which, from time to time occupy the columns of the acknowledged organ of that party we must now and always give an unqualified condemnation.

VARIETIES.

Translated from the Deutsche Schnellpost.

¶ In Paris, a number of bakers, provision dealers, and so forth, are every month fined a couple of francs for using false weights. A short time since a baker who had loaded his scales with lead

in order to cheat the poor in the bread they bought of him, was punished with a fine of eleven francs without imprisonment. The amount of his frauds in the course of a few months had probably been more than two thousand francs, but the Court released him with a trifling fine. Little thieves are hung, great ones are suffered to run at large. A poor devil would have received three months imprisonment for stealing a single loaf of bread of the same baker to save himself from starvation. Great is the mystery of public justice.

POSEN. Russian Generals and other official persons on whom the Emperor has bestowed the estates of fugitive Poles, are bound to erect Greek Churches upon these estates within six years; and they are, besides, forbidden to lease these estates to Poles. This prohibition is nevertheless in many ways evaded. At the public offices upon the boundaries between Poland and Prussia, are kept two heavy volumes filled with the names of those who are not allowed to enter the kingdom of Poland.

¶ The French have queer notions of the German Theatre. In a critique in *La Presse*, it is said that the performance of Schiller's Wallenstein lasts three evenings, and that at the end of the first night the spectators receive checks for the two following nights.

¶ In Vienna, the price of bread stuffs has risen to such a degree that the government has taken measures to suppress any popular outbreak that might result from the famine, by military force. — Meanwhile there is no thought of removing the heavy excise duty upon these articles, or of permitting their importation from either Hungary or Germany.

NEW ENGLAND FOURIER SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the NEW ENGLAND FOURIER SOCIETY will be held in BOSTON, on TUESDAY, January 27, at ten o'clock, A. M. The friends of Industrial Reform, and the public generally, are invited to attend. Distinguished speakers, from different parts of the country, are expected to address the meeting.

¶ The place of meeting in Boston will be announced in the daily papers.

GEORGE RIPLEY, Pres't.
J. BUTTERFIELD, Sec'y.
Jan. 17, 1846.

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THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

SECTION FIRST, NOTICE FIRST.

CHAPTER II.

General Remarks on the *Passional Series*.

The art of associating consists simply in knowing how to form and to develop in full accord a mass or phalanx of *passional series*, entirely free, moved by attraction alone, and devoted to the seven industrial functions [Domestic Labor, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, *In-struction*, Science, Fine Arts, and *Amu-sures*].

Our study here then, will be limited to two points:

To the internal distribution of a series, and of its groups and sub-groups;

To their external distribution, or spontaneous interlocking and coöperation with the other series of the Associative phalanx and of the neighboring phalanxes.

Nature employs series of groups in the whole distribution of the Universe. The three kingdoms, animal, vegetable and mineral, present us only series of groups. The planets even are a series of a more perfect order than that of the kingdoms: the kingdoms are distributed in simple or free series (the word *free* signifies that the number of their groups is unlimited); the planets are disposed in a *compound* or *measured* (1) series; this order, more perfect than the simple, is unknown to astronomers and geometricians: hence they cannot explain the causes of the distribution of the stars, or tell why God has given a greater or less number of satellites to different planets, why a ring to one, and no ring to another, &c.

A *passional series* is a league of several groups, graduated in ascending and descending order, united *passionally* by identity of taste for some function, as the cultivation of a fruit, and assigning a special group to each variety of its general labor. If it cultivates hyacinths or potatoes, it must form as many groups as there are varieties of hyacinths which can be cultivated on its domain, and so with the potatoes.

These distributions should be regulated by attraction; each group should be composed only of members who are passion-

ately engaged, without recourse to any stimulus of want, morality, reason, duty, or constraint.

If the series be not *passionally* united, and methodically distributed, it will never attain to geometric properties in the repartition of products; it will fail of the primal property, *the influence of the extreme groups equal to double the influence of the mean group*; it will not be fit to figure in an Associative phalanx.

A *passional series* acting by itself, isolated, will have none of the properties of a series, however regular it may be. You might attempt to form a series in a city, for some agreeable labor, as the culture of flowers, the care of handsome birds; this would be useless: it requires series interlocked and mechanized, to the number of forty-five or fifty *at least*: this is the smallest number with which you could make an experiment, an approximation to the Associative bond, and to industrial attraction.

I have said that the mechanism of the *passional series* has need of discords as well as of accords; it utilizes the inequalities of characters, tastes, instincts, fortunes, pretensions, intelligence, &c. A series finds its only nourishment in graduated and contrasted inequalities; it demands as many contrarieties or antipathies, as it does agreements or sympathies; just as in music we can only form an accord by excluding as many notes as we admit.

Discords are so essential in a *passional series*, that each group ought to be in full antipathy with the two immediately contiguous, and in graduated antipathy with those next beyond; just as a musical note is essentially discordant with its two next neighbors in the scale; RE makes discord with UT sharp, and with MI flat.

Besides its geometrical properties in the repartition of profits, a union of *passional series* has properties truly magnificent in social harmony, such as EMULATION, JUSTICE, TRUTH, DIRECT ACCORD, INVERSE ACCORD, UNITY.

Emulation, raising every product to the highest degree in quality and quantity.

Justice, the means of satisfying the claims of every one to advancement, praise, support.

Truth, practiced from the love of it, and furthermore made necessary by the impracticability of falsehood.

Direct Accord, by a league of identities and contrasts.

Indirect Accord, or absorption of individual antipathies in the collective affinities.

Unity of Action, concurrence of all the series in the arrangements which conduce to unity.

The civilized regime has all the opposite properties, languor, injustice, falsehood, discord, duplicity.

The mechanism of the *passional series* never rests upon illusions; it resorts exclusively to free attractions, to those which ordinarily combine a four-fold charm, two for the senses and two for the soul; or at least one pleasure of the senses and one of the soul; or two charms of the soul in functions incompatible with the pleasure of the senses.

A *passional series* is regular, and acquires the properties above enumerated, only when it fulfils three conditions:

1. *Compactness*, or close resemblance of the varieties cultivated by contiguous groups. Seven groups cultivating seven *very different species* of pears, as the white Beurre, the Messine Jean, the Russet, the Bezy, the dry Martin, the Pearl, the Bon Chretien, could never form a *passional series*; these groups would have neither sympathy, nor antipathy for one another, nor rivalry, nor emulation, for want of a close proximity or compactness of the species cultivated, such as there is between the three Beurrees, the white, the grey, and the green. The passion which we have called the *Cabalist* would find no exercise, and it is one of the three which should direct every *passional series*.

2. *Short Sessions*: the longest limited to two hours. Without this arrangement, the same individual could not engage in thirty series; thus the accords of repartition and the mechanism of industrial attraction would be annihilated. Long sessions check the passion, called the *Alternating*,—the mania for flitting from pleasure to pleasure, one of the three which should direct every *passional series*, and set a counterpoise to excess, by offering a choice between two pleasures at every hour of the day.

3. *Subdivision of Labor*. Every one should limit himself to such or such a parcel of the general function. If the culture of the Moss Rose furnishes five or six different functions, the group in charge thereof should apply to it five or six sub-groups, which should divide the functions between them, according to their respective tastes. The civilized method, obliging the same man to fill all the functions of any branch of labor, hinders the play of the passion called the *Composite*, or the exalting, one of the three which ought to direct every *passional series*.

In short, the mechanism of the series

reduces itself to a very precise, fixed rule, which is to develop the three distributive passions, 10, 11, and 12, by employing the three methods of compactness, short sessions, and subdivision of labor; and these three methods are in fact the passion itself, its natural effect.

I shall develop this rule in some special chapters: it is well to state it from the first, to show that there is nothing uncertain or arbitrary in the theory of industrial attraction and of passion harmony. In fact, the problem is to give free course to the twelve radical passions; without which there would be oppression and not harmony. These twelve passions tend to form series, in which the two classes of passions, called the *sensitive* and the *affective*, will be directed by the third class, or the *mechanizing*. It remains then, to examine whether it be true, that in forming series of groups wherein the three mechanizing passions shall have free course, we shall equally secure free course to the other nine passions, without any conflict. In this case, all the twelve being developed and satisfied in every individual, every one will have arrived at happiness, which consists in the full harmonious exercise of the passions. This doctrine, so opposed to all the civilized systems, is the only theory conformable to nature, and to what we may presume to be the design of God, who, it must be repeated, would be an absurd mechanician, if he had created our passions only to suppress them in the weak for the profit of the strong, according to the civilized and barbarous method.

And in what I am about to propose, I have not taxed my own invention; since I shall employ but three of the twelve passions to regulate the whole, through the largest and most economical combination, that of series of groups, which is the unanimous desire of the human heart, and the distribution followed in the whole system of nature, as far as it is known.

(1) *Measured and free Series.* By a Simple or Free Series, Fourier means any series whose terms succeed each other in regular gradation, while the number of terms is indefinite. Such are Arithmetical and Geometrical Progression in numbers, as

2 4 6 8 10 12 &c., or
2 4 8 16 32 64 &c.

which may continue in *infinitum*. By a *Measured Series* he means one after the pattern of that series of sounds which musicians call the Scale or Gamut, in which the number of terms is fixed. Of this kind of series there are several degrees or powers. The first or lowest power consists of three terms, as the series of the three notes which compose the Triad or Common Chord, the natural harmonic scale; or as the series of the three primary Colors; or the three ends of passion attraction, Material, Social and Intellectual. The second power or degree consists of seven terms, as the series of sounds which is called the Diatonic Scale in music, the seven prismatic colors, the seven mathematical curves, &c. The third degree consists of twelve terms, as the Chromatic Scale in music. The fourth

of thirty-two terms, and so on. Each of these series is measured, and is complete in itself. Thus the musical octave of seven diatonic notes is a perfect musical series in its own limited way; although the higher series of twelve, which brings in the five semi-tones, admits of more varied modulations and opens a new sphere of musical effects.

CHAPTER III.

Of the Distribution of Persons in the Passional Series.

We give the name of group to any assembly whatsoever, even to a troop of idlers brought together purely by ennui, without any passion or any object; vacant minds, people occupied with killing time and looking out for news. In the theory of the passions, we understand by a group, a company leagued together by identity of taste for the function they perform. Three men go to dine together: they are served with a soup which pleases two, but does not please the third; at this moment they do not form a group, for they disagree upon the function in which they are occupied. There is no identity of taste among them, of passion attraction for the soup with which they are served.

The two who are pleased with the soup form a *false* group. To be true and susceptible of passion equilibrium, a group must amount to three at least, and be arranged like the machine called the *balance*, which is composed of three forces, of which the mean or middle one maintains the equilibrium between the two extremes. In short, there is no group of less than three persons, homogeneous in taste for their occupation.

It may be said in reply: "These three men, though they differ about a trifle, like the soup, nevertheless agree upon the essential object of the meeting, upon their friendship; they are intimate." In this case the group is defective, for it is *simple*, it is reduced solely to a spiritual tie. To raise it to the *composite*, it would be necessary to add to that a sensual tie, such as a soup which suits all three.

"Pshaw! if they are not agreed about the soup, they will be about other dishes. Besides, this group has really two ties; for besides the tie of friendship, these three men have that of ambition; they have entered into a cabalistic league; they meet at dinner to concert some intrigue about an election; here then is a double tie, the composite one which you demand."

This would be but a *bastard* sort of composite tie, formed of two, both spiritual; the *pure* composite requires an alliance of sensual with spiritual pleasures (1), and should be exempt from discord: now, here the repast commences by a disagreement about the soup, and the group is false in spite of the double tie.

It will be much worse if we pass to bread and wine. The guests A, B, and C, will have very opposite tastes with respect to bread, amounting to a complete divergence; for example, as to the degree of seasoning: A wishes his bread very salt, B prefers it middling, and C would have it but slightly salted. Meanwhile they are all served with only one kind of bread, according to the civilized

usage; there ought to be at least nine sorts; to wit: three degrees in *seasoning*, three in *leaven*, and three in *baking*; moreover, these nine varieties of preparation should differ with three kinds of flour; there should be one flour *acidulated*, grown upon stony soil, another of a medium quality, and another oily, like the oat-meal of Chartres. In all, it requires twenty seven kinds of bread to furnish a *harmonic* dinner to a group of three men, to serve them in accordance with their passions and attractions. A similar scale of varieties should be established in wines, in soups, and in most of the dishes which figure in a feast.

"Ah! if it cost so many refinements in your new industrial world, to give a dinner to three men, it will never be possible to content them, still less to satisfy the eight hundred millions of people on the globe."

This is a mistake: the theory of the Passional Series furnishes the means of satisfying all these fancies in detail, and a hundred thousand others which the Associative regime will create. Thus I have said that a civilized monarch will find himself much less happy than the humblest of the *Harmonians*, the people of Association: a child of seven (2), brought up in Harmony, will mock our actual Sybarites; he will know how to prove to them, that they are committing gross faults every minute against the refinement of the pleasures both of sense and soul. Without this new science of the development and refinement of the passions, we can never arrive at the formation of series after the true method, suited to fulfil the three conditions. (Chap. II.)

And as the passional Series are composed only of groups, it will be necessary, first of all, to learn how to form the groups.

"Ha! ha! the groups! a pleasant subject that; it must be very amusing, the groups!"

So the smart minds reason when we talk of groups: we must submit to a broadside of stale jokes from them at first. But whether the subject be a pleasant one or not, it is certain that they know nothing about the groups, and that they could not even form a regular group of three persons, to say nothing of thirty.

Meanwhile we have numerous treatises upon the study of man: what notions can they give us on this subject, if they neglect the elementary part of it, the analysis of groups! All our relations tend only to form groups, yet they have never been the object of any study.

The civilizers, having an instinct for the false, led always to prefer it to the true, have chosen for the pivot of their social system a group which is essentially false; it is the conjugal couple (3), a group which is false as to number, being limited to two, false through the absence of liberty, and false through the divergences or differences of tastes, which appear from the very first day, about expenditures, food, company, the temperature of the apartments, and a hundred petty details. Now if they cannot harmonize the primary groups, those of two or three persons, still less can they harmonize the aggregate of all the groups.

I have spoken thus far only of *sub-groups*, of which the minimum number is three persons; a *full group* in the Associative mechanism, ought to consist of seven at least, because it should contain

three sub-divisions, called sub-groups, the middle one of which should be stronger than the two extremes which it should balance. The group of seven furnishes the three divisions, two, three, and two, devoted to the three branches of a function. In this case, the groups of two, though false in their isolated action, become admissible through their alliance with each other and the third.

If the centre, formed of three persons, balances the sub-groups, of two each, which constitute the extremes, it is because the centre is always attached to the most attractive function; by superiority of number therefore it counts one, and by superiority of attraction, one. Thus its influence equals that of the four members applied to the two other functions.

A group would be badly equilibrated, with only six members, forming the divisions two, two, two: its centre would be as feeble in numbers as each wing; now it is necessary as a general rule, to reinforce the centre and to make the wings unequal, to give to the ascending wing a greater number than to the descending. Take for example these three divisions applied to twelve, sixteen, and twenty-four.

12 members divided by 4, 5, 3.

16 — by 2, 3, — 2, 3, 2, — 2, 2.

21 — by 2, 4, 2, — 3, 4, 2, — 2, 3, 2.

These divisions should not be established by order of a chief, but by attraction, by spontaneous occupation. Attraction alone must determine twenty-four members cultivating such a flower, or such a vegetable, to form the nine sub-groups above indicated, and apply them to so many distinct functions. This is what I have named the subdivision of labor (*regime parcellaire*) in the second chapter.

I should give thirty pages at least to these minute details about the distribution of the groups, but the size of this book will scarce allow me to exceed three. After these brief elementary instructions, people would commit innumerable mistakes in the foundation of an Association where I should not be present; the groups, the series would want steadiness, they would want attraction, they would be divergent and false in all respects. My theory would be sure to be accused of this error, when in justice they should accuse the tyranny of opinion which does not give discoverers a sufficient chance to unfold their theories. They grant a space of five or six volumes to a treatise on chemistry, or botany, and even to a romance; but they scarcely allow a volume to the discoverer of a science on which depends the welfare of the human race! Let us go on.

The Series are distributed in the same manner as the groups; they operate upon the groups as these operate upon individuals. They ought to contain at least five groups. Twenty-four is the lowest number which can furnish a complete series. The division given above for twenty-four members, fulfils the seven conditions required, to wit:

The three groups 2, 4, 2, — 3, 4, 2, — 2, 3, 2, unequal.

The central group stronger than either of the extremes.

The superior extreme stronger than the inferior.

The two extremes subdivided into three terms each.

The smallest group amounting to the minimum of seven members.

The sub-groups of each term strengthened in the centre.

The three groups in regular progression, 7, 8, 9.

This series then is rigorously exact, although limited to the smallest possible number: twenty-three could not fulfil either the third, or the sixth condition.

A group is sufficient with seven, but it is more perfect with nine members; for then it may add to its three sub-groups a pivot or chief, and one ambiguous or transitional member; for example:

Transition, . . .	1	Ambiguous,
Ascending wing, 2	Bachelors, (4)	
Centre,	3	Adepts,
Descending wing, 2	Novices,	
Pivot,	1	Chief.

This distribution naturally takes place in every assemblage for industry or pleasure, when free course is given to passions and instincts. Man being instinctively the enemy of equality, and inclined to a hierarchical or progressive order, this graduated scale will take place in a series of nine groups, as in a group of nine individuals, where there is full liberty.

The numbers seven and twenty-four being the minimum of a complete group and of a complete series, it is necessary, in order to ensure this amount of active force, to allow for the sick and the absent, to raise the group to at least twelve, and the series to forty members: by which means they may have chiefs and sub-chiefs, ambiguous and sub-ambiguous members.

In every series, the ascending wing is composed of groups which practise upon the more masculine branches of the labor; the descending wing comprises the lighter and more trivial branches; the centre contains the most noble and attractive, because it ought, as I have said, to counterbalance the two wings by a double superiority, in the number of its members and in its degree of attraction. Take an example from a series devoted to the cultivation of pears.

Ambiguous, 4 groups, cultivating quinces, bastard species.

Ascending wing, 10 groups, cultivating breaking pears.

Centre, 12 groups, cultivating melting pears.

Descending wing, 8 groups, cultivating mealy pears.

Pivot, 2 staff officers in industry and on parade.

The aggregate of the series composing a phalanx is divided into nine degrees or powers, to wit:

1st.	Series of Class.
2d.	“ of Order.
3d.	“ of Genus.
4th.	“ of Species.
5th.	“ of Variety.
6th.	“ of Tenuity.
7th.	“ of Minimity.
8th.	“ Ambiguous.
9th.	“ Infinitesimal.

It would take too long to enter into the details which this subject requires, and it is useless to give them too short, when the matter is so new: I shall speak of them on a fit occasion. (See for details *Treatise on Universal Unity*.)

Let us insist upon the heedlessness of this civilization, which pretends to have studied man, and has forgotten to analyze the groups, their contrasted properties, their activity in different degrees. It is as great an oversight as it would have

been in agriculture to have forgotten the grains; as great as if wheat, barley, oats, had still continued unvalued and unknown, as coffee was for several thousand years, until the goats by their intoxication discovered its properties.

The learned world has this character of servility, of persisting in a prejudice, because this or that great master was imbued with it. Aristotle made no mention of coffee; so twenty ages after him conclude the coffee-plant and its bean unworthy of attention. Plato made no analysis of the groups; so the groups are not worthy of study. So thinks the genius of Civilization; since it pretends to have perfected reason!!!

(1) Is this an insult to disinterested friendship? Does it distrust the sentiment in all but happy combinations of circumstances? Does it deny the adequacy of a permanent bond between congenial spirits, which needs no strengthening from the momentary pleasures of a sense? If so, good reader, we must join with you and call it odious. But first we will look boldly into it.

And by the way we can remark that, though the instance given may seem trivial and extreme, yet in principle it asserts only what is universally the civilized practice, even among the best of Christians. Beautiful and holy as disinterested friendship is confessed to be, yet it is tacitly and practically the rule that friendships only flourish between those similarly circumstanced, those whose life is outwardly on the same plane, those whose passports are equally valid in the same sphere of relations, those whose meeting fortune favors, whose occasions harmonize as well as feelings. In a word, inward sympathy must coincide with outward opportunity. Among the most refined and super-sensual, mere inward sympathies have scarce a thought allowed them, except they meet on this material basis of outward opportunity, as equality of social position, similar style of living, familiarity with the same manners, customs, conventionalisms and general outward environment. Thus friendship, among those who praise it most, is a thing in which material quite as much as spiritual fitness is considered; a league of sense, as well as sentiment. The bright oases in life's desert of selfish indifference, the friendly circles which look most inviting, do not draw together their elements purely from the sphere of passion or spiritual congenialities, but quite as much from what we call the accidental destinies, the favoring coincidences of time, place and fortune.

Fourier accepts the law, which all accept, despite their theories, their sentimental regrets for the impossible. Or rather he accepts the fact, and finds for us its law. It is the law of Unity, which in this case means the correspondence of the outward with the inward, of the material with the

spiritual, of the senses with the soul. Do not the senses enrich the life of the soul? Is not spirituality all the more spiritual when it flows out through every thrilling sense, only to find its way through the innumerable channels of material form and variety back to its own fountain head in God again? It is outward contact which makes inward communication. The outermost skin is the part of the body which is most immediately in correspondence with the very brain, the inmost seat of life and feeling. The senses then, and all their sphere, are spiritual in their true intent, one in essence with the soul, designed to be its perpetual companions, to reflect its smiling beams, and deliver it from mere abstraction. Every act of life, then, every pleasure, every sensation, was pre-appointed to express, enhance, and complete some sentiment of the soul. And personal tastes and habits, in a life truly organized, even in what we deem the lowest spheres, shall be found to correspond with inward character, and confirm and help all true and inward sympathies. So long as the spiritualist tries to be an ascetic, so long he vulgarises what God meant to be divine; he divorces the senses from the soul, and they of necessity become gross. Unite them and the curse will be removed from matter. If the soul could live alone, it never would have been united with this body. If God were the antagonist principle to matter, he would have dwelt aloof from it, in pure abstraction, and never have created this world, whereof we are, and whereby we know him.

Now is it difficult to conceive that in a truly organized life of Humanity, this principle may be thoroughly applied, down to the minutest details of our life? that the sensual appetites and tastes may meet the soul with ready aid at every point? that the dinner and the friendship may enrich each other? that sympathies may find their richest occasions, their happiest combinations of circumstances, through the instrumentality of these little peculiarities of taste, which are in reality divine correspondences, rather than through the present accidents of position, which are a subversion of the divine order?

Because our author states always the outside of the fact, doubt not that it also has an inside. Pragmatical he may be by position and by organization; yet his grasp of that side of life may be so comprehensive and complete as to imply its inmost spiritual laws. Is it not a sublime thought, and to be hailed with joy, that in the very outermost sphere of life, and in the language of the senses and utility, the problem of social destiny has yielded a solution which goes to the bottom of the heart of things, — a solution hitherto refused to metaphysicians and spiritualists? So

providence surprises us with this strange practical lesson of the Unity of all things. And why may not the skin yield revelations of the heart? Nay, how can there be any philosophy of the one, which does not include the other?

(2) *A child of seven, &c.* "Make a sybarite, an epicure of a child! Is this the beautiful education of high Harmony! Do children need to become more accomplished than they are in the business of eating and drinking?" — If they are adepts at this it is because nature made them so. If the luxury of the palate be a ruling passion of childhood, what will you do? Extinguish it? Impossible. Then educate it, as you would the child himself. Transform its grossness into a refined delight. From an indiscriminate and bestial craving, create a pure, a safe, intelligent, harmonious taste. When the palate shall be as select and as fastidiously prone to seek all harmonies and reject all discords, as the cultivated eye and ear are now, then sensuality will be redeemed; the luxury will be that of a fine art; the appetite will minister to the soul; and what restores the body will invest the mind too with the halo of a happy sphere, in which its heaven-born faculties may play freely. That child, who shall have the finest discrimination of flavors, will be the least in danger of making a brute of himself. Is not music, is not painting a sensual gratification? Are they not also spiritual, because there is a study of true harmony in their impressions? So it may be with every sense. Moreover it is through these fine discriminations of taste, that children may become initiated into the equally discriminating skill required in the cultivation and preparation of their favorite articles of food. Thus luxury becomes a spring to industry.

(3) *The conjugal couple, a group which is false, &c.* Fourier does not deny the reality and sacredness of the marriage union in itself. To render it a true tie, however, he contends that the civilized system of constraint must pass away. He contends moreover that so long as the isolated family continues to be the prominent controlling feature of all human institutions, so long as the whole social organization pivots upon that, so long as all interests tend to such a multitude of separate centres, — so long will the whole tone of life, and the whole working of the social machinery be false.

He calls it a false group. Because the prime condition of a group is that its members be drawn together freely by attraction, for each other and for the occupation or object which unites them. The family is the only natural group, in which the bond is not entirely free. When men shall have found and organized themselves according to the Divine Social Code, in

the plenitude of Harmony, doubtless, the bonds of nature and affinity will coincide, and freedom and necessity be one, in this as in all other matters. But in society as it is and has been, discordant, selfish and chaotic, the law of the family is the law of constraint. Accordingly where it has prevailed in the intensest form, as in the Patriarchal state, it has amounted to the most absolute tyranny.

From the fact that this alone, of all the groups or combinations prompted by the affections, is not entirely a group of choice, but governed by constraint, Fourier has inferred that the family was not destined to be the governing element it has been in all social arrangements; but that its sphere will fall somewhat into the back ground in the true social order, based upon attraction. There it will remain, sacred in its privacy, guarded with all the chastity, the tenderness, the religious reverence it ever had, but not the pivot and centre of all reunions and all interests, not the elementary germ and type of the whole body politic, not the paramount and highest spring of every motive, the aim of all devotion, the altar upon which the man, who is born for his race, his times, and for Universal Unity, shall sacrifice himself as now.

(4) *Bachelors, Adepts.* Every industrial group will naturally include three grades in point of efficiency and skill. It will have its first beginners or apprentices, who constitute a descending wing; its centre of "adepts," or finished workmen, the strong nucleus of the body; and its distinguished members; its advance guard of masters, who have taken an honorary degree, as it were, in their function, and become "Bachelors." These last are the ascending wing.

MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XIII.

Anzoleto pursued his course to Prague in sheer loss; for immediately after having given to her guide the deceitful instructions she judged necessary for the success of her enterprise, Consuelo had taken a road to the left, which she was acquainted with, from having twice accompanied the baroness Amelia in the carriage to a chateau near the little city of Tusta. This chateau was the most distant termination of the few drives Consuelo had had the opportunity of taking during her residence at Reisenburg. Therefore the aspect of that country, and

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

the direction of the roads which traversed it, had naturally presented themselves to her memory when she conceived and hurriedly executed the bold project of her flight. She remembered that while she walked with her on the terrace of the chateau, the lady who inhabited it had said, as she made her admire the vast extent of landscape which could be seen in the distance: "That beautiful road bordered with trees, which you see below there, and which is lost in the horizon, unites with the great southern road, and it is by that we go to Vienna." Consuelo, with this indication and this precise recollection, was therefore certain not to go astray, and to regain at a short distance the road by which she had come into Bohemia. She reached the chateau of Beila, skirted the boundary of the park, had found the road bordered with trees without difficulty, notwithstanding the darkness; and before day had succeeded in placing between herself and the point she wished to leave behind, a distance of about three leagues as the bird flies. Young, strong, and accustomed from her childhood to long foot journeys, supported moreover by a daring will, she saw the day break without much fatigue. The sky was serene, the roads dry and covered with a sand which was quite pleasant to the feet. The galloping of the horse, to which she was not accustomed, had somewhat bruised her; but we know that walking, in such a case, is better than rest, and that for energetic temperaments, one fatigue relieves another.

Still, in proportion as the stars became pale and the dawn brightened into daylight, she began to be terrified at her loneliness. She had felt very secure in the darkness. Always on the look-out, she had thought it certain that in case of pursuit, she could conceal herself without being seen; but in broad day, compelled to cross large open spaces, she no longer dared to follow the beaten road, more especially as she saw groups of persons show themselves in the distance, and spread like black spots upon the white line which marked the road among the still darkened fields. At so little distance from Reisenburg, she might be recognized by the first passer; and she resolved to venture into a bye-path which it seemed to her must shorten her walk, by cutting at right angles a circuit which the road made round a hill. She walked thus for almost an hour without meeting any one, and entered a woody place, where she could hope to conceal herself easily from all eyes. "If I can thus gain," thought she, "an advance of eight or ten leagues without being discovered, I can travel quickly on the main road; and at the first favorable oppor-

tunity I will hire a carriage and horses."

This thought made her put her hand into her pocket and take out her purse, in order to calculate how much money remained, after her generous payment to the guide who had brought her out from Reisenburg, with which to undertake this long and difficult journey. She had not yet allowed herself time to reflect upon it, and if she had made all the reflections that prudence suggested, would she have resolved upon this venturesome flight? But what were her surprise and consternation, when she found her purse much lighter than she had supposed! In her haste she had not brought away at most more than half the little sum she possessed; or perhaps in the darkness, she had given the guide gold instead of silver; or perhaps again, on opening her purse to pay him, she had let a part of her fortune fall into the dust of the road. At any rate, after having counted and recounted, she could not deceive herself as to the fact that she must travel all the distance to Vienna on foot.

This discovery discouraged her somewhat, not on account of the fatigue, which she did not fear, but on account of the dangers to a young girl, inseparable from so long a pedestrian journey. The fear she had till then surmounted, by persuading herself that she would soon be sheltered in a carriage from the adventures of the main road, was more menacing than she had anticipated in the effervescence of her ideas, and as if overpowered, for the first time in her life, by the dread of her misery and her weakness, she began to walk precipitately, seeking for the darkest thickets as a refuge in case of attack.

To increase her anxiety, she soon perceived that she was no longer following a beaten track, and that she was walking at random in the midst of a wood more and more deep and desert. If this gloomy solitude reassured her in certain respects, the uncertainty as to her direction caused her to apprehend returning upon her steps, and unwittingly reapproaching Giant's castle. Anzoleto was possibly still there: a suspicion, an accident, an idea of vengeance against Albert, might have detained him. Besides, was not Albert himself to be feared in this first moment of trouble and despair? Consuelo well knew that he would submit to her decision; but if she should show herself near the chateau, and the young Count should be told that she was still there, near enough to be reached and brought back, would he not come to overpower her by his supplications and his tears? Ought she to expose that noble young man, and his family, and her own pride, to the scandal and ridicule of an

enterprise which had failed as soon as it was undertaken! The return of Anzoleto, after a few days, might, moreover, cast her again into the inextricable embarrassment and the dangers of a situation from which she had just freed herself by a bold and ingenious stroke. She must therefore suffer every thing and expose herself to every thing, rather than return to Reisenburg.

Resolved to seek attentively for the direction of Vienna, and to follow it at all hazards, she stopped in a covered and mysterious spot, where a little spring bubbled among rocks shaded by old trees. The ground about it seemed somewhat trampled by the small feet of animals. Were these the flocks of the neighborhood, or the wild beasts of the forest, which came sometimes to drink at this hidden fountain? Consuelo approached it, and kneeling upon the wet stones, beguiled her hunger, which began to make itself felt, by drinking of the cold and limpid water. Then, remaining bent upon her knees, she meditated a little upon her situation. "I must be very foolish and very vain," said she to herself, "if I cannot realize what I have conceived. What! shall it be said that my mother's child had become so effeminate in the delicacies of life, that she could no longer brave the sun, hunger, fatigue and danger? I had such fine dreams of indigence and liberty in the bosom of that comfort which oppressed me, and from which I always hoped to escape! and now I am terrified at the first step. Is not this the condition to which I was born, 'to tramp, to want, and to dare.' What has changed in me since the time when I trudged before day with my poor mother, often fasting; and when we drank of the little springs at the road-side to give ourselves strength? Truly I am a fine Zingara, good for nothing but to sing upon the stage, sleep upon down, and travel in a coach! What dangers did I fear with my mother! Did she not tell me when we met wicked looking people: 'Fear nothing; nothing threatens those who possess nothing, and the wretched do not make war on each other.' She was still young and handsome in those days! did I ever see her insulted by the passers-by? The most wicked men respect defenceless beings. And how do so many poor beggar girls do, who travel the roads, and have only the protection of God? Shall I be like those young ladies, who cannot take a step out of doors without thinking that all the universe, intoxicated by their charms, are going to pursue them? Must it be said that because one is alone, with one's feet upon the common earth, one must be degraded and renounce honor, when one has not the means of surround-

ing oneself with protectors! Besides, my mother was strong as a man; she would have defended herself like a lioness. Cannot I be courageous and strong, I who have good plebeian blood in my veins? Cannot one kill oneself when threatened with the loss of more than life? And besides, I am still in a quiet country, where the people are gentle and charitable; and when I reach unknown districts, I shall be very unfortunate, if I do not find, in the hour of danger, one of those upright and generous beings, whom God places every where to serve as Providence to the weak and the oppressed. Let me pluck up my courage. For to-day I have only to struggle with hunger. I will not enter a cabin to buy bread, until the close of the day, when it is dark, and I shall be far, very far away. I know what hunger is, and I know how to resist it, notwithstanding the eternal feasts to which they wished to accustom me at Reisenburg. One day is soon past. When it becomes hot, and my feet are tired, I will remember the philosophical axiom which I heard so often in my childhood: 'Whoso sleeps, dines.' I will hide myself in some hole in a rock, and will let thee see, O my poor mother, who watchest over me, and travellest invisible by my side at this moment, that I can still take my siesta without a sofa and cushions!"

While thus devising with herself, the poor child forgot a little of her heart's sufferings. The confidence of a great victory gained over herself, made Anzoleto appear less redoubtable already. It even seemed to her, that from the moment when she had baffled his seductions, she felt her soul freed from that fatal attachment; and in the difficulties of her romantic project, she found a sort of melancholy gaiety, which made her repeat every instant in a low voice:—"My body suffers, but my soul is saved. The bird that cannot defend himself has wings to fly away, and when he is in the plains of air, he laughs at snares and stratagems."

The recollection of Albert, the idea of his terror and his sorrow presented itself differently to Consuelo's mind; but she combated with all her strength the emotion which seized her at this thought. She had formed the resolution to repel his image, until she should be secured from too sudden a repentance and an imprudent tenderness. "Dear Albert! sublime friend!" said she, "I cannot help sighing deeply when I depict to myself your sufferings! But it is only at Vienna that I will stop to share and pity them. It is at Vienna that I will allow my heart to tell me how much it venerates and regrets you!"

"Come, let us go on!" said Consuelo

to herself, trying to rise. But she tried in vain two or three times to abandon that fountain so wild and so pretty, the sweet murmurings of which seemed to invite her to prolong her repose. Sleep, which she wished to put off until mid-day, weighed down her eye-lids; and hunger, which she was no longer accustomed to endure so well as she flattered herself, overcame her with an irresistible weakness. She strove in vain to deceive herself in this respect. She had eaten hardly any thing the day before; too much agitation and anxiety had prevented her from thinking of it. A veil spread over her eyes; a cold and painful sweat weakened her whole body. She yielded to fatigue without being conscious of it; and even while forming a last resolution to rise and resume her journey, her limbs sank upon the grass, her head fell upon her little bundle, and she slept profoundly. The sun, red and hot, as it sometimes is in the short summers of Bohemia, mounted gaily into the heavens; the fountain bubbled among the stones, as if it wished to lull with its monotonous song the slumbers of the traveller, and the birds flew about, singing also their warbling burdens above her head.

XIV.

The forgetful girl had reposed thus almost three hours, when another noise than that of the fountain and of the chattering birds, awoke her from her lethargy. She half opened her eyes, without having strength to rise, without as yet comprehending where she was, and saw, at two paces' distance from her, a young man bent over the rocks, engaged in drinking from the spring, as she herself had done, without any more ceremony or preparation than that of placing his mouth in the current. Consuelo's first feeling was fright: but the second glance cast upon this guest of her retreat restored her confidence. For whether he had already examined her features at his leisure while she was asleep, or felt no great interest in the encounter, he did not seem to bestow much attention upon her. Besides, he was less a man than a child: he appeared to be fifteen or sixteen years old at most, was very small, thin, extremely sallow and tanned, and his features, which were neither handsome nor ugly, indicated nothing at this moment but a quiet carelessness.

By an instinctive movement, Consuelo drew her veil over her face, and did not change her position, thinking that if the traveller paid no more regard to her than he now seemed disposed to do, it was better to pretend sleep, than to give occasion for embarrassing questions. Through her veil, she lost not one of the un-

known's movements, as she waited for him to resume his wallet and stick, which were lying on the grass, and continue his journey.

But she soon saw that he also was determined to rest, and even to breakfast; for he opened his little pilgrim's bag, and took out a great loaf of hard bread, which he began to cut, and to eat with his beautiful teeth, casting a timid look upon the sleeper from time to time, and taking pains not to make any noise when he opened and shut his spring-knife, as if he feared to wake her with a start. This mark of deference restored full confidence to Consuelo, and the sight of the bread which her companion ate with such relish, awakened in her the quavings of hunger. After being well assured, by the torn dress of the boy and his dusty shoes, that he was a poor traveller, a stranger to the country, she judged that Providence had sent her an unlooked-for relief, by which she ought to profit. The piece of bread was enormous, and the child could give her a small portion, without doing much injustice to his own appetite. She therefore rose, pretended to rub her eyes as if she woke at that very moment, and looked at the youth with an assured air, in order to impose upon him, in case he should lose the respect he had hitherto testified.

This precaution was unnecessary; as soon as he saw the sleeper erect, the youth was a little troubled, cast down his eyes, raised them several times with exertion, and at last, emboldened by Consuelo's physiognomy, which remained irresistibly good and sympathetic, notwithstanding her efforts to appear reserved, he addressed her with a voice so sweet and so harmonious in tone, that the young musician was suddenly impressed in his favor. "Well! young lady," said he with a smile, "so you have waked up at last! You were sleeping there so soundly, that but for the fear of being unpolite, I should have done the same myself."

"If you are as obliging as polite," replied Consuelo, assuming a maternal air, "you will do me a little favor."

"Whatever you wish," returned the young traveller, to whom the sound of Consuelo's voice appeared equally agreeable and penetrating.

"You will sell me a morsel of your breakfast," said she, "if you can do so without robbing yourself."

"Sell it to you!" cried the child, quite surprised and blushing; "O! if I had a breakfast, I would not sell it to you! I am not an inn-keeper; but I should like to offer and give it to you."

"You shall give it to me then, on condition that I give you in exchange wherewithal to buy a better one."

"Not so, not so," returned he. "Are

you joking! Are you too proud to accept a little morsel of bread from me? Alas! you see I have only that to offer."

"Well, I accept it," said Consuelo, extending her hand; "your good heart would make me blush if I were proud."

"Take it, take it! my beautiful young lady," cried the young man, quite joyful. "Take the loaf and knife, and cut for yourself. But no ceremony, at least. I am not a great eater, and I had enough for the whole day."

"But have you the means of buying another for your day?"

"Can't we find bread any where? But come, eat, if you wish to give me pleasure!"

Consuelo did not wait to be asked again; and feeling that it would be wrong not to respond to the brotherly frankness of her Amphitryon by eating with him, she re-seated herself not far from him, and began to devour that bread, in comparison with which the most succulent dishes she had tasted at the tables of the rich, appeared to her insipid and coarse.

"What a good appetite you have!" said the boy; "it gives one pleasure to see you. Well! it was lucky for me that I met you; it makes me quite contented. Believe me, it is better you should eat the whole; we shall certainly find some house on the road to-day, though this country seems a desert."

"Then you are not acquainted with it?" said Consuelo, with an air of indifference.

"This is the first time I have passed through it, though I know the whole road from Vienna to Pilsen, which I have just travelled, and by which I am returning there again."

"There! where! to Vienna?"

"Yes, to Vienna; are you going there too?"

Consuelo, undecided if she should accept this travelling companion or avoid him, pretended to be absent, in order not to reply immediately.

"Bah! what am I saying?" resumed the young man. "A beautiful lady like you would not be going thus all alone to Vienna. And yet you are travelling; for you have a bundle like myself,—you are on foot as I am!"

Consuelo, determined to elude his questions until she saw how far she could trust him, took the part of answering one interrogation by another. "Do you belong to Pilsen?" asked she.

"No," replied the child, who had no motive for distrust; "I am from Rohran in Hungary; my father is a wheelwright there."

"And why are you travelling so far from home? Do you not follow your father's trade?"

"Yes and no. My father is a wheelwright, and I am not; but he is at the same time a musician, and I aspire to be one."

"Musician! Bravo! that's a fine trade!"

"Perhaps it is yours also?"

"Still you are not going to study music at Pilsen, which they say is a gloomy fortress."

"O no! I was charged with a commission for that city, and I am returning to Vienna to try and earn my bread, while I continue my musical studies."

"What branch have you embraced? vocal or instrumental music?"

"Both the one and the other hitherto. I have quite a good voice; and I have here a poor little violin, on which I can make myself understood. But my ambition is great, and I wish to go beyond that."

"To compose, perhaps?"

"That is it. I can think of nothing but that cursed composition. I am going to show you that I have a good travelling companion in my bag; it is a great book which I cut in pieces, so that I could carry some parts with me while scouring the country; and when I am tired of walking, I seat myself in a corner and study a little; that rests me."

"Of course.—I bet it is Fuchs' *Gradus ad Parnassum*."

"Exactly. Ah! I see that you understand, and I am sure that you too are a musician, yourself. A little while ago, when you were sleeping, I looked at you and said to myself, 'There is a face which is not German; it is a southern face, perhaps Italian: and what is more, it is the face of an artist!' So you gave me great pleasure in asking for my bread; and I see now that you have a foreign accent, though you speak German as well as can be."

"You may be mistaken. You have not a German face any more than I have; you have the complexion of an Italian, and yet—"

"O! you are very polite, young lady. I have the complexion of an African, and my comrades of St. Stephen's choir used to call me the Moor. But to return to what I was saying; when I found you sleeping there alone in the middle of the wood, I was somewhat astonished. And then I had a thousand ideas about you; perhaps, thought I, my good star has led me here to meet a good friend who can help me. At last,—shall I tell you all?"

"Speak without fear."

"Seeing you too well dressed, and of too white a complexion for a poor stroller, seeing still that you had a bundle, I imagined that you must be some person attached to another foreign person—and

artist. O! a great artist she is, whom I seek to find, and whose protection would be my salvation and my joy. Come, Miss, confess the truth! You belong to some neighboring chateau, and you are going or returning from some business in the neighborhood! and you certainly know,—O! you must know Giant's Castle."

"Reisenburg! are you going to Reisenburg?"

"I am trying to go there, at least; for I have so lost myself in this cursed wood, notwithstanding the directions given me at Klatau, that I don't know if I shall ever get out of it. Fortunately, you know where Reisenburg is, and can tell me if I am very far from it."

"But what are you going to do at Reisenburg?"

"I wish to go and see the Porporina."

"Indeed!" And Consuelo, fearing to betray herself before a traveller who might speak of her at Giant's castle, again assumed her reserved manner, and asked with an indifferent air, "And who may this Porporina be, if you please?"

"Don't you know! Alas, I see well that you must be an entire stranger in this country. But since you are a musician, and know the name of Fuchs, you must also be very well acquainted with that of Porpora?"

"And you, do you know Porpora?"

"Not yet, and it is because I wish to know him, that I endeavor to obtain the protection of his famous and beloved pupil, the Porporina."

"Tell me how the thought came into your mind. Perhaps I should like to go with you, and find this castle and this Porporina."

"I will tell you my whole history. I am, as I have already said, the son of an honest wheelwright, and the native of a little town on the borders of Hungary and Austria. My father is the sacristan and organist of his village; my mother, who was formerly cook to the lord of our place, has a fine voice; and my father, to rest himself after his work, used to accompany her in the evening on his harp. The taste for music came to me quite naturally, and I recollect that my greatest pleasure, when quite small, was to take my part in our family concerts, upon a little stick of wood which I rubbed with a piece of shingle, fancying that I had a violin and bow in my hand, and that I drew from it magnificent sounds. O, yes! it still seems to me that my dear sticks were not mute, and that a divine voice, which others could not hear, breathed around me, and intoxicated me with the most celestial melodies."

"Our cousin Franck, a school-master at Haimburg, came to see us one day when I was playing on my imaginary vi-

olin, and was amused at the kind of ecstasy in which I was plunged. He pretended it was the presage of a prodigious talent, and took me with him to Haimburg, where, for three years, he gave me a very rough musical education, I assure you! What beautiful pieces for the organ, with strokes and flourishes, he executed with his baton for marking time upon my fingers and my ears! Still I was not rebuffed. I learned to read and write; I had a real violin, of which I also learnt the elementary practice, as well as the first principles of singing and of the Latin language. I made as rapid progress as was possible with a master of so little patience as my cousin Franck.

"I was about eight years old, when chance, or rather Providence, in which I have always believed like a good Christian, brought to my cousin's house, Mr. Reuter, the chapel-master of the cathedral at Vienna. I was presented to him as a prodigy, and on my easily reading a small piece at first sight, he conceived a friendship for me, carried me to Vienna, and got me into St. Stephen's as one of the choir.

"We had only two hours of work a day there; and the rest of the time, abandoned to ourselves, we could wander about at liberty. But my passion for music stifled in me the dissipated tastes and idleness of childhood. When playing upon the square with my comrades, as soon as I heard the sound of the organ, I left all to enter the church, and delight myself with listening to the chants and the harmony. I forgot myself in the evening in the street under windows whence issued the interrupted sounds of a concert, or even those of an agreeable voice; I was curious, I was greedy to know and understand all which struck my ear. Above all, I wished to compose. At thirteen, without knowing any of the rules, I even dared to write a mass, the scale of which I showed to our master Reuter. He laughed at me, and advised me to learn before creating. It was very easy for him to say so. I had not the means of paying a master, and my parents were too poor to send me the money necessary for my support and education too. At last, I one day received six florins from them, with which I bought this book, and that of Matheson. I began to study them with great ardor, and took a great pleasure in it. My voice improved, and was considered the finest in the choir. In the midst of the doubts and uncertainties of ignorance which I strove to dissipate, I felt that my brain was developing itself, and that ideas were springing up in me; but I approached with terror the age at which it would be necessary for me, conformably to the rules of the chapel, to leave the founda-

tion, and seeing myself without resources, without protection, and without masters, I asked if those eight years of labor at the cathedral would not be my last studies, and if I should not be obliged to return to my parents, and learn the wheelwright's trade. To increase my vexation, I saw that master Reuter, instead of taking an interest in me, treated me with severity, and only thought of hastening the fatal moment of my departure. I am ignorant of the causes of that antipathy, which I in no way deserved. Some of my comrades had the folly to say that he was jealous of me, because he discovered in my attempts at composition a kind of revelation of musical genius, and that he was accustomed to hate and discourage all young persons in whom he perceived talent superior to his own. I am far from accepting so vain an interpretation of my disgrace; but I do believe that I made a mistake in showing him my essays. He took me for an ambitious boy without brains, and considered me presumptuous and impertinent."

"And yet," said Consuelo, interrupting the narrator, "old teachers do not like pupils who seem to comprehend faster than they teach. But tell me your name, my child."

"My name is Joseph."

"Joseph what?"

"Joseph Haydn."

"I wish to remember this name, in order to know some day, if you become any thing, what to think of your master's aversion, and of the interest with which your history inspires me. Continue it, I beseech you."

Young Haydn resumed in these terms, while Consuelo, struck with the resemblance between their destinies as poor children and artists, examined attentively the physiognomy of the young chorister. That diminutive and bilious face acquired a singular animation in the freedom of his recital. His blue eyes glistened with a wit which was at the same time roguish and benevolent, and nothing in his manner or his speech announced an ordinary mind.

END OF VOL. IV.

THE BEGGAR AND BANKER. "Stand out of my way," said a rough voice under my window, one day as I sat musing over the bustling scenes below me, at my lodgings. "Your honor will please recollect," replied a sharp but somewhat indignant voice — "your honor will please to recollect that I am a beggar, and have as much right to the road as yourself." "And I am a banker," was retorted still more angrily. Amused at this strange dialogue, I leaned over the case, and beheld two citizens in a position which a pugilist would denominate squared, their countenances somewhat menacing, and their persons presenting a contrast at once

ludicrous and instructive. The one was a purse-proud, lordly man, apparently in silk, and protecting a carcass of nearly the circumference of a hog's head; the other, ragged and dirty, but an equally impudent and self-important personage; and from a comparison of their countenances it would have puzzled the most profound M. D. which of their rotundities was stored habitually with good victuals and drink.

Upon a close observation, however, of the countenance of the banker, I discovered, almost as soon as my eye fell upon it, a line bespeaking something of humor and awakened curiosity, as he stood fixed and eyed his antagonist; and this became more clear and conspicuous when he lowered his tone and said, "How will you make *right* appear?" Said the beggar, "Why listen a moment, and I will teach you. In the first place do you take notice. God has given to me a soul and a body just as good for all the purposes of eating, thinking, and drinking, and taking my pleasure as he has you — and then you may remember Dives and Lazarus as we pass. Then, again, it is a free country, and here too, we are on an equality, for you must know that here even a beggar's dog may look a gentleman in the face with as much indifference as he would a brother. I and you have the same common master; are equally free; and live equally easy; are both travelling the same journey, bound to the same place, and have both to die and be buried in the end."

"But," interrupted the banker, "do you pretend there is no difference between the beggar and banker?" "Not in the least as to *essentials*. You swagger and drink wine in company of your own choosing, I swagger and drink beer, which I like better than your wine, in company which I like better than your company. You make thousands a day, perhaps; I make shillings, perhaps; if you are contented, I am, we are equally happy at night. You dress in new clothes: I am just as comfortable in my old ones, and have no trouble in keeping them from soiling; if I have less property than you, I have less to care about; if fewer friends, I have less friendship to lose; and if I do not make as great a figure in the world, I make as great a shadow on the pavement; I am as great as you. Besides, my word for it, I have fewer enemies, meet with fewer losses, carry as light a heart, and sing as many songs as the best of you."

"And then," said the banker, who had all along tried to slip in a word edgewise, "is the contempt of the world nothing?"

"The envy of the world is as bad as its contempt — you have, perhaps, the one, and I a share of the other. We are matched there, too. And besides, the world deals in this matter equally unjust with us both. You and I live by our wits, instead of living by our industry; and the only difference between us in this particular worth naming is, that it costs society more to maintain you than it does me, I am content with a little, you want a great deal. Neither of us raise grain or potatoes, or weave cloth, or manufacture any thing useful; we therefore add nothing to the common stock, we are only consumers, and if the world judge with strict impartiality, therefore, it seems to me I would be pronounced the cleverest fellow."

Some passer-by here interrupted the

conversation. The disputants separated apparently good friends, and I drew in my head, ejaculating somewhat in the manner of Alexander in the play, "Is there no difference between the beggar and the banker."

But several years have since passed away, and now both these persons have paid the last debt of nature. They died as they lived, the one a beggar and the other a banker. I examined both their graves when I next visited the city. They were of a similar length and breadth, the grass equally green above each, and the sun looked as pleasantly on one as on the other. No honors, pleasures, or delights, clustered round the grave of the rich man. They were both equally deserted, lonely, and forgotten! I thought, too, of the destinies that had passed; of that state in which temporal distinctions exist not; temporal honors are regarded not. Where pride and all the circumstances which surround this life never find admittance. Then the distinctions of time appeared, indeed, as an atom in the sunbeam, compared with those which are made in that changeless state to which they both had passed.

LONG SPEECHES. The editor of the *Richmond Whig* finds it necessary to deal a little with the members of the Legislature now in session in that city. We copy a paragraph from his own monition, remarking in the language of the almanac, that though calculated from the meridian of Virginia, it will serve for any of the adjoining States.

"From estimation, it is certain that Demosthenes never spoke longer than three quarters of an hour. Cicero's orations, any one of them, can be delivered in even less time. Mirabeau condensed his thunders into a space of fifteen or twenty minutes. The great men of the Long Parliament and the Commonwealth, Lord Somers, even Lord Bolingbroke, the most diffuse of British orators, prior to the trial of Warren Hastings, Walpole, the elder Pitt, and the elder Fox, were brief and powerfully condensed—in other words they were satisfied to present powerful thoughts, in a few simple (and the simplest) words, instead of pouring out words as pease are poured out of a boot—*vox et prelorea nihil*. Theirs was the eloquence of reason, of profound sense, high knowledge and lofty thought—not ragged and disjointed declamation.

The taste of this country in public speaking is most injurious to public interests. The courts are stopped from doing the business of the people, by the horrible garrulity of the bar—legislation is sorely impeded by it."

PARTY GIVING. One of the most laborious and unpleasant affairs connected with civilization is "party giving." We always feel an incipient horror when it is mooted over the breakfast table that "it is high time that we should invite all our friends." We tremble when we see divers pieces of Bristol board on which the words "pleasure of your company" are frightfully conspicuous—but the infliction must be endured. The day is fixed, the "friends" are selected, (friends in this instance meaning all those who take your physic if you are a doctor, and your parchment if you are a lawyer.) The plot thickens and the misery increas-

es. Carpets are taken up, bedsteads are taken down, chairs resign the holland, cupboards surrender china, tables are turned, and sofas are twisted, jelly-glasses, blanc-mange moulds, custard-cups, salad-bowls, extra spoons and forks, best candle sticks, a dashing desert service, and a most imposing epergne meet in dire confusion, closely associated with warm water and plate-powder. The mistress is seen flitting about with the business-like energy that no possible cause short of "a party next day" could warrant. With a formidable bunch of keys in a glove-covered hand, she dives into all remote store corners from the cellar to the garret. Now she is superintending the removal of an obstinate spot of tarnish, and then she is in perplexing consultation with the housemaid as to whether the magnificent solar lamp will burn for ten hours, and anon she cogitates with the cook on the mysteries of oyster pates and collared eel.

This moment she is wrist deep in the dispensation of isinglass and nutmegs, the next minute she is dreaming of blonde lace and blue satin, and entertains an economical idea that the cap with gold acorns which she wore at the Polish ball, is quite good enough for the occasion. Every essential to domestic comfort is displaced—a change comes over each and all. One might imagine the preparations before a party were the height of discomfort, but it is a question whether the profitless blank which comes after is not more trying to humanity.—Gentle reader, have you ever shaken hands with the last coachfull of a hundred and odd people in white cravats and book muslins, just as the clock strikes six? If you have not you cannot understand the entire felicity of people who "give parties." There is something saddening to the highest spirit in the labyrinth of vacant chairs and the fireless bars, where dead cinders are mixed with the gaudy envelopes of "bons-bons." The wreaths of evergreen have fallen from their glory in withering desolation, and an involuntary shudder creeps over the frame as we place our foot on a scattered bouquet, and mark the sickly insignificance of the trampled flowers. How cold and white the cheek becomes as we see the clear grey beams of morning steal into rooms where all is cheerless, gloomy, and forsaken. Such a place and such a moment tend to make a reasoning philosopher of the fool, and a wearied sentimentalist of the laughing worldling. "Heigho!" sighed a young lady of our acquaintance, who stood in such a scene like a feminine Marcus amid the ruins of dissipation. "Heigho! this is stupid work. My heart is very like this room, just as gay last night, just as forlorn and joyless now. I think it would be better if we could find a torch of pleasure that would not be totally extinguished in the daylight of reflection."

THE ITALIAN PEASANTRY. The personal appearance of this people is remarkable, from its resemblance to the "finest peasantry on earth." The men are fine-formed, but relaxed by their climate, and cowardly to the last degree. They stab behind the back, and murder at midnight; but in the sunshine of heaven they crouch to the dust. The women are men in petticoats, and no more. Fiery eyes and raven locks give a Roman

girl of fifteen, unless her features and form be absolutely disproportioned, a certain fascination and charm, that attracts a man to her arms—much as a magnet does steel to its side. But at twenty-five, their bodily graces have passed away, and left not a trace but ugliness behind, and never having received education, and not being possessed of the power of native talent, they are companionless and contemptible, superstitious and bad. They outlive themselves, and become caricatures of their nature. Having been sold themselves, they sell the chastity of their infant daughters in return; and although they do not, like the Irish, dissolve the elements of life in an intoxicated dream, they fling their energies on the earth, and perish like beasts. When young, they follow the instinct of nature and the lust of the blood; when old, they appear to possess the powers of the snail to withdraw within themselves, and crawl out of existence to a miserable grave. You may see them on their knees by hundreds toiling up the stairs supposed to have constituted part of Pilate's palace, and sanctified by the foot of Christ, to expiate the crimes of some long concealed secrets. You may witness them, flocking to kiss the veritable door that imprisoned the apostles, or the toe of St. Peter, so often worn away by this adulation of his slaves. You may see them, on the eve of the Nativity, bowing down to a wicker basket as the cradle of Christ; or counting their beads, and asking mercy of a wax doll and a stuffed ass in some church. But beyond this you never discover the objects and aims, the purposes and views, the aspirations, and hopes, the loves and sorrows, the ways and means of a Roman's life. In the solitudes of Africa he might be admired as a savage; in the streets of Rome he must be pitied as a slave.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

A STORY OF POCKET PICKING. The adroitness of the nimble fingered gentry who make pocket picking their profession is often a matter of astonishment to the unpracticed. We have heard of a case which illustrates the *legerdmain* of this wide spread and dangerous species of villany, more thoroughly than any other we have heard of. It may be relied on as authentic.

A few weeks since, a gentleman at the Astor House, in New York, suddenly missed a gold watch, which was worth more to him than it could be to any one else. He marveled much at its absence, for he knew he had only been in and out of the office and reading room of that hotel since he noted the hour by it. In the hope of recovering it, he advertised his loss and offered a reward of fifty dollars. The same day he received a note, informing him that he could have his watch by calling at a certain house in an obscure part of the city. After some little hesitation he resolved to go. The watch was too valuable to him to be given up without at least one attempt to recover it. So he went. His call at the door was promptly answered by a very gentlemanly looking person, who in reply to his inquiries, replied that he had in his possession the advertised watch, and that on payment of the offered reward he would deliver it up. The loser promised to pay the fifty dollars provided he was convinced the watch was his. It was ex-

hibited, and the gentleman recognized it at once, paid the reward, and gladly placed the recovered treasure in its place in his vest pocket. As he was turning to go away he remarked,

"I am glad, as you may suppose, to get my watch back again, but I should really be pleased to know how you took it from me."

"That I will inform you," readily replied the pick pocket. "Do you remember holding an animated conversation with two other gentlemen in the reading room of the Astor on the morning you lost your watch?"

"I do," replied the loser.

"Well, do you not also remember that a gentleman who stood close by, left his newspaper, drew near, and finally joined in the discussion?"

"Very distinctly," replied the other, "and also that he engaged in it with much warmth."

"Precisely," continued the narrator, "and do you not remember that he at one time, in his earnestness, tapped you two or three times on the left breast, *thus*?" (imitating the action to the word.)

"Yes," replied the gentleman.

"Then I took your watch," said the other, and turning, shut the door and disappeared.

The gentleman returned to the Astor, musing on this strange occurrence, and while relating it to some of his wondering friends, was astonished to find that his watch was again missing. When the adroit knight of the nimble fingers described to him how he *once* filched from him his watch, he took it again! So the gentleman finally lost his watch, after having paid to the thief the reward for its recovery!

NOT BAD. An exchange paper, we believe it is the *Lowell Courier*, tells the following good story:

An old lady, resident of a neighboring place, kept a large family of turkeys, perhaps sixty. She, like a great many other people, thought a great deal of her turkeys, consequently valued them very highly. Opposite her door was a "West India Goods Store." The man who kept it one day emptied his casks of cherries, intending to replace them with new. This old lady being economical, thought it a great pity to have all these cherries wasted, and in order to have them saved, she would just drive over her turkeys and let them eat them. In the course of the day the old lady thought she would look after them and see they were in no mischief. She approached the yard and lo! in one corner laid her turkeys in one huge pile, dead. "Yes, they were 'stone dead.'" What was to be done?

Surely the old matron could not lose the feathers! She must pick them! She called her daughter and picked them, intending to have them buried in the morning. Morning came and behold there were her turkeys stalking about the yard featherless enough, (as may be supposed,) crying out "quit, quit;" feeling no doubt mortified that their drunken fit had been the means of losing their coats. Poor things, if they had said "quit" before they had begun they would not have been in this "bad fix."

We would advise all young men who are in the habit of drinking, to leave off before they get picked; and to those who do not, let every young lady say "quit."

MUSICAL REVIEW.

HOLMES'S LIFE OF MOZART.

The Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence. By EDWARD HOLMES, author of "A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany." New York: Harper and Brothers. pp. 479. (Sold by Redding & Co. State St. Boston.)

A life all music! The purest tale of genius, and the saddest, ever given to the world! Probably there has not lived one among the children of men, to whom we all so readily ascribe that quality which we are wont to express by the indefinable yet indispensable word, *genius*. We point to him as one palpable fact, which satisfies the vague intangible idea. His life was in the world, but wholly of his own peculiar inspiration. How clearly did he feel his mission! How uninterruptedly, in spite of poverty, neglect, the machinations of unsleeping envy, sickness, sorrow, and every obstacle, did he continue to evolve the beautiful mysterious harmonies which were born within him, till the last hour of life, crowding the experience, the emotions, the wisdom of the longest life into his brief span of five and thirty years! Never, not for one short season, did circumstances cooperate with his genius; and yet that genius did its work, as unflinchingly as the fabled heroes went through fire.

It would give the most unmusical utilitarian an involuntary respect for music, could he only be made to see what a prodigious deal of *work* has been expended in that calling. We do not believe that the history of any department of human activity can show such Herculean feats of labor as have been done by more than one of these great giants of the tone-world in the course of their short lives. Such devotion, such self-renewing strength, was not inspired for nothing. It is the sublimest sight on earth to see men so engaged; we feel the motive must be deep as heaven and the end as high, and that the value of the work when done, though ages may not learn to prize it, sustains the same relation to what we call utility, that eternity sustains to time.

A whole new world of music had this Mozart created, and given forth completely formed and finished, at an age when few of us can say that we have yet done anything. All that we in our boldest ambition flatter ourselves that we may possibly approximate if a long life be spared us, he had completed while a stripling. The greatest instance of precocity on record, he only grew more wonderful as he grew older. His Masses, nearly all of them, which breathe the profoundest religious experiences of a much tried man, were produced ere he had finished his twenty-second year. And

already, from a song to a full opera, from a waltz or piano forte sonata to an orchestral symphony, he had proved his sovereignty in every form of music.

The book before us gives more of the incidents of his life than have ever before been collected. The story is simply, faithfully and unaffectedly told, with a degree of reverence for the subject, that forbids all rhetoric. Specimens are given of his composition at the age of four and six. The letters are especially interesting, those of the old Mozart, as well as those of his inspired boy. How beautiful the relation between them! The old man revered the priceless gift of Heaven in his hands, and felt the solemn responsibility placed upon him of being the educator of genius. He understood his son, even better than any of his own years. He knew his strength and his exposure. With his own good simple Catholic piety was mingled a shrewd worldly wisdom, which watchfully kept guard over the "mere child in worldly matters," and followed him with long letters full of counsel, wherever his engagements or vain hopes of fortune called him. Nor was there less of filial piety returned. Beautiful was the whole sphere of sympathies in that family. Read the playful sallies of affection in the little Mozart's letters to his sister; and in the midst of the intensest work of his manly years, whenever he can unbend himself a moment, gleam the heat lightnings of that same child's frolic fancies! His observations of character were always true, and pointed with quaint satire, telling much in a few words; for he who had composed a mass or a sonata on the very day, perhaps, might send off flying bulletins, but no long letters to his friends. Yet the correspondence does contain some few quite full and studied communications, like that invaluable letter in answer to the question: "how he composed?"

And this genius of pathetic music must have *love* too. The being meets him in whose presence he can feel at home in this world. Like a dutiful son, he writes to gain his father's consent to marry the fair Constance, and argues the matter as with his bosom friend, pleading that until his soul shall find the repose of union with that other, the music will no longer come, or if it comes, come like a whirlwind which he can not master; all distraction, feverish fits of inspiration, and no work. Ah! genius knew its own conditions then; it managed to secure that point, and all flowed right again; let the haughty, miserly, coarse archbishop of Salzburg treat him as his feudal drudge and give him "a seat above the cook" at his servants' table; let the emperor feed him with promises and praises, and withhold the solid salary; let the time-serving

opera managers cheat him and put him off, and the envious composers he outshone conspire to cover up his fame; let weariness, and aching nerves, and sick exhaustion cling about him when he has great works to do and little time to do them in,—he feels triumphant, and can write all night, with her to soothe his brow, and make him laugh with funny fairy tales to keep him from sinking to sleep; and if life is somewhat swiftly spent so, it melts away like a strain of his own music, unique and beautiful, the pure unbroken arc of a bright curve which was not meant to be contained in this world, but only to gleam through it.

But it is only in his music that the life of such a man can be recorded. Reading it there, with our poor faculties and opportunities, we long since noticed the tendency of every thing in his style towards the dramatic, the music of the passions. We may be permitted to recall somewhat of the impressions of that time:

"So passed his short life, like a strain of his own music, alternating between the sweet sad ecstasy of love and the shudder of awe. Sensibility and marvelousness were the whole of him. All things in this world were nothing to him, save as the heart has property in them. His life was one intense longing to be loved; his music the expression of it, and in a great degree the satisfaction of it—Heaven's answer to his prayer. Such fond sensibility always stands on the very brink of the infinite, thrilled with strange raptures or strange fears. Love is full of presentiments; and no mortal seems to have had so much of that as he. The flesh-veil which separated him from the world of spirits was very thin and transparent. His senses fed his soul. The life of the senses was with him a spiritual life. His exquisite physical organization was truly a harp of many strings, that always thrilled with unearthly music; and in his music sense and spirit met and mingled. Hence there is a certain voluptuousness in all his music, without the least impurity. It is earnest and sad withal as the voice of the nightingale. He was born to give expression to all the passions, the loves, hopes, fears, longings, sorrows and presentiments of the private heart. He took no eagle flights up into the impersonal, the universal. That was for such as Handel. Strong, impartial, calm regard for all that is,—that was too bracing an element for one so delicately strung. Love and preference, romance and tragedy, the changing hues of passion, and the Aladdin's lamp of the imagination, which stands nearer than we think to every one, and is quickly lit by feeling; these, and the superstitions of the heart, the dreadful dreams (so natural) of seeing the opposite of what we ardently wish, of being the opposite of what we strive to be; these compose the sweetness and the strength of his music; the exquisite melody and the harsh terrific passages which so often interrupt it. Handel is naturally strong; calmly, always so. Mozart is sometimes

strong; but then it is with violence, with convulsion, more like striving after strength. Handel invigorates us to that pitch, that the great, broad, monotonous ocean, the monotonous day-light, the wide unvaried plain, the mere masses and spaces of life, and the great wide waste of monotonous reality which lies around us in our dull moods, become conversible and full of novelty to us. But in the spirit of Mozart we should feel sea-sick on the ocean; we should feel strange all through the garish day, and long for moonlight bowers and the magic coloring of sentiment and fancy. . . .

"In him, therefore, we have the finest development of the dramatic element in music. In him music appears as the natural language of the affections and passions, and of the imagination, which is passion's slave. . . .

"The Opera was the first leap of the genius of music, from its cradle in the Church, where it had been held down till well nigh bed-ridden and paralyzed forever, out into the free secular air. It was the idealizing of the hopes and fears, the loves and sorrows, and the whole tragedy of private life. Music sought its own in this natural, spontaneous religion of the human heart. It became a voice to the good tendency which there is at the bottom of all our love of excitement and pleasure. It saved the senses from wandering away out of all hearing of the soul. It refined sensuality into love of beauty; and developed in passion the divine restlessness, the prophetic aspiration of the soul, which is at the bottom of it; and thus effected in a measure a reconciliation between the higher and the lower tendencies in man, between the spirit and the flesh, between the sacred and the secular. The opera makes a purely ideal thing out of a personal history. It does away all the reserve and disguise, all the commonplace there is in human intercourse; and satisfies our craving for expression, by showing us men and women moving together in so strong a light that they become transparent. Passions, feelings, desires live and move and interact before us without any screen of dullness or imperfect utterance. The whole rude materials are fused together in music, which is a perfect medium of communication. The *dramatis persona* of an opera, therefore, are so many personified passions or emotions. They are the inward history, the present inward lives of so many men and women, passing before us instead of their outward forms, which are more or less conventional, certainly fixtures of old habit, and therefore impervious to the light. What romance, what tragedy there would be in every little scene of daily life, could we only remove this veil of custom and appearance. This music does. It lifts the veil, it banishes the obstructions, it abridges the time, concentrates the interest, throws away the extraneous and accidental, compresses the life of days and years into as many moments, giving life the speed it would have in a less resisting element, and shows how spirits would live in time and space, but not at all limited thereby. It does away the friction, and shows the effect in the cause. In an opera, therefore, there are very few words, and a very slight skeleton of a story. When we see the spirits, what they are, we do not want to know what they will do. They sing themselves to us; the story is no more than the stage on which they

stand. Could we know the feelings of men, we should learn at once, what their actions could only gradually and by a roundabout way reveal to us. Music is the spontaneous language of feeling. We seldom act or speak naturally. But when we do, the mere tone, without words, indicates enough. We know men by their voice more infallibly than by almost any sign. The opera composer, therefore, must be he who knows most of this natural language of the feelings; and of course he must be a person of sensibility.

"But the Opera meets another want of ours. It supplies the craving of the senses for excitement, quenching the thirst of pleasure with a healthy draught. It feeds the appetite with a nectar that is good also for the soul. Our tendency to excess, which it is dangerous to deny, dangerous to indulge unworthily, overflows with graceful self-recovery in the world of art and beauty. Transport is a necessity of every noble nature. And there is no music like Mozart's, to transport one into voluptuousness, that does not smack of earth or aught impure. He in music, and Raphael in colors, have taught us the spiritual ministry of the senses. Through music Handel rises above the life of the senses. Through music Mozart bears a charmed life in the sphere of the senses. The consecration of the senses, the idealizing of common life seems to be the meaning of the Opera."

And Mozart was the man raised up for that!

MR. CRANCH'S ADDRESS

Before the Harvard Musical Association.

(Concluded.)

Taking the view that we have, that music is so deep a science, so divine an art, so universal and central an expression of the feelings and sentiments, and holding up to view such lofty standards as we find in the works of the great masters, it cannot of course be expected that when I speak of musical criticism among us, as seen in most magazines of the day, I should accord it a very high rank. Our musical reporters criticize performers at great length, (often very well so far as mechanical execution goes) but very seldom musical compositions. Our artists, critics, and musicians are so absorbed with the material basis of the art, that they have little sense of the spiritual, the soul of art. This is the case with regard to pictures as well as music. What we need is a union of the two. The rarest of all things is to find a person, who, to a thorough knowledge of the mechanical and material, unites a deep, hearty, intellectual feeling of the spiritual significance of music. Either he is a mere scientific instrument, or a slave to the sensuous delights of the art, or one who, without any great development of the organ of tune, tries to get up a kind of dreamy enthusiasm for what of course gives pleasure, but very much through association and the habit of having one's mind excited through the senses. We want critics who have a refined sense of the spiritually beautiful in music, blended with a profound knowledge of it as a science. The best musical criticism of the journals is simply pedantic, for the very reason that the critic's knowledge and insight are so limited. For pedantry is the rag-

paper currency of ignorance, vanity, &c., oftentimes not even genuine from *that* bank, but bearing, though oft concealed, the counterfeit mark of plagiarism and fraud.

This limitation of art to perfection in material detail, causes an increasing dissatisfaction among the intellectual.—When our souls are filled with the delight and calm inward content which a great musical work inspires, what a damper is it when some professional Philistine comes along and calls us down to notice the imperfect quality of a soprano, the limited compass of a barytone: frets audibly at the lagging of a violoncello, or the hesitation of a French horn, and invariably cries *bravo* at the safe delivery of every long cadenza. For we find that wherever there are any mechanical difficulties to be overcome, any tough knots to unravel or cut through, there rain down the plaudits thickest. I have observed that audiences are particularly excited and noisy, when a female contralto drops down into the cellar of her throat upon some deep concluding note of a song, or when a soprano goes up into the garret or the chimney-top of hers with a scream which is heard above the whole orchestra, with the kettle drums to boot, playing fortissimo. These are the refined graces that captivate us—facile, superficial Americans.

How little do we take in the soul and genius of the composition. The execution is what engrosses us. Most persons would rather hear an indifferent composition performed by distinguished artists, than a work of eminent beauty by artists of less ability. This is not as it should be. We must smell the very heart of the rose, and inhale its delicate aroma, not waste words about the vase that holds it, whether it be gold, or porcelain, or of common earth whether cracked or whole, what we want to know is,—is it a real and not an artificial flower? When Mozart and Beethoven fill the room where I sit, the man or the woman at the piano-forte becomes but an instrument; those great spirits are all. They content me, whoever the player is. How often have I longed at concert rooms, in the midst of execution as faultlessly beautiful as a Grecian statue, to see the player put aside his own work and give us some of the deep strains of the great masters. If their own were so fine, "how much more would beauty beauteous seem," if they but blended their own power of expression with the original inspirations of those others! Has a musical artist any more warrant to bring his own compositions so constantly before the public, than a tragedian to act his own plays? Just as the player is lost in the character he assumes, so should the performer be lost in the style and spirit of the piece he means to execute. But the performer generally has his ends, to put himself foremost, and gather popularity and money, and so be-reaves himself of the highest prerogatives his art confers upon him.

It is with great pleasure that I can speak here of your Association, gentlemen, as a marked exception to this superficial standard of musical cultivation. Your efforts to awaken an interest in the works of the best masters, should not go unmentioned on this occasion. It was with especial pleasure I heard of your chamber concerts of last winter. Such endeavors to improve the musical taste of

the public, must do a great deal towards the end proposed. Let us trust that every year some such efforts will be made. They will not be made in vain. The music which such concerts make familiar, will inevitably elevate the general standard of taste in the community, and banish from refined and cultivated circles the trashy and commonplace things which find their way into so many fashionable parlors.

All that we need in our country is, that we be accustomed to good music. There is an abundance of musical enthusiasm and capacity. We have the raw material—we only need the skilful artist's hand to shape it into beauty. Let those who are really gifted and skilled as musicians, make it a point to introduce us to a knowledge of the best specimens of vocal and instrumental music. Let them not set themselves up as greater than their masters. Let them not depend too much on the public taste, but endeavor to lead the public as far as possible to appreciate what *they* themselves appreciate. So soon as we lower our standard of matter or manner to suit the common ear, we degrade the art. Let the performer have smaller audiences and fewer dollars, with better music. Already have we not seen a great musical progress in many of our cities? It has been a great thing that America is so open to the nations of the earth. The lack of this has made education in times past onesided and narrow. In New England especially, the penumbra of ancient Puritanism still spreads a chill over our ardent yearnings for freer and more beautiful culture. The stern, stiff Pilgrims, whatever may have been their efforts and deeds in the cause of civil and religious freedom, certainly laid no foundation here for the beautiful arts. To them music was not so much a flower as a noxious weed, which must be rooted out of church and state. Surely we cannot be too grateful that a softer atmosphere surrounds us in the nineteenth century.

And if we still experience the lingering effects of institutions and modes of education so discouraging to art, we have certainly, to a great extent, triumphed over them gloriously. Much has been done and more is doing to promote the education of the young in this true school of divinity. Every year I hope is carrying us farther forward.

Let us, members of this Association, not be behind hand in whatever of enthusiasm, skill, and acquirement we possess, to promote music and musical literature. We hold the keys to the richest store-houses of God's perfect beauty. The language spoken in heaven is taught us on all sides by this bountiful age we live in. Music, which is the ultimate expression and correspondence of harmonious spiritual laws, of heavenly affections, of the deep, unrevealed loveliness to which this earth is yet almost a stranger, music, which is the voice of this "wide, prophetic world, dreaming of things to come," the voice of struggling humanity pleading with the crushing discords of social evil, the voice of infinite love itself, which is the imprisoned soul of the universe,—this gift is bequeathed to us,—bequeathed for higher uses too, than sensuous enjoyment,—even for the enlargement and refinement of what is spiritual within us. Let us not neglect it or deprecate it. Let us exercise the gift in pro-

portion to our abundance—and the little we do shall be as seeds of the beautiful garden plants of another Eden on earth, those flowers which bloom not for earth only, but for heaven and immortality.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

PATIENCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF K. G. PH. SPITTA.

The silent angel Patience
Ever, the world throughout,
Beareth God's consolations
To all that grieve or doubt;
His glance deep peace doth bellow
And grace, loving and mild;
His gentle leading follow
Thou fainting, earth-born child.

Thy steps still truly guiding,
Mid all earth's present gloom
He speaks of joy abiding,
A better time to come;
Even in thy despairing
His blessed hopes remain,
Thy burden with thee bearing
He makes all fair again.

The spirit's true physician
He soothes its bitterest smart,
And calms to still submission
The fiery, maddened heart;
On darkest hours revealing
A radiance soft and pure,
For every grief his healing
Though seeming slow is sure.

He scorneth not thy burning
Hot tears, but brings thee balm;
Nor blames he the deep yearning
He makes so trusting calm.
When in the storm's hoarse raging
Murmuring thou ask'st "Ah why?"
Thy empty fears assuaging,
"Trust God!" his smiles reply.

Hath he no clear assurance
For thy thought's every quest,
His motto is "Endurance!
Not far thy place of rest."
Thus at thy side he goeth,
Not many words speaks he,
But in his vision gloweth
The Goal all gloriously.

For the Harbinger.

EMBLEM.

Lo! I bring thee here two roses;
White as sinless souls above
Is the one, the other blushing
To the very core with love.

Most religiously I culled them
For thy portion (O how small!)
Of a morning spent divinely:
Nay, not so—thy part were all.

For was not thy spirit with me,
While I slept among the flowers?
Dreamily did their aromas
People those delicious hours
With all fairy-like disguises,
Wherein *thou* I well divined,

Soul of all that flowery fragrance,
Meaning of it to my mind!

O! the thoughts, the dreams, the feelings
Of those hours, it were a vain
Hope to bring away, and tell thee:
But consult these roses twain.

Heart and brain be they of Beauty,
Love and Wisdom styled above.
All my wisdom is to love thee,
Thee, the Wisdom of my Love.

For the Harbinger.

A DEMAND.

Is there no rapid word
Condensed of deepest wo,
To let the soul be heard,
When life doth wring it so?

I care not that the tone
Reach other ear than mine —
Content to be alone
With agony divine.

A language fierce as flame,
Leaping as clear and high —
A burning speech I claim
To tell my misery.

No wail, nor groan, nor sigh,
Reveals the immortal pain;
No wild, despairing cry,
Nor inarticulate plain.

That anguish whose deep source
A human breast supplies,
High utterance must force,
Or mute, all voice defies.

PORTIA.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

SOCIAL MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

We have lately received the specimen number of a new Journal, which it is proposed to publish three times a month at Paris, entitled "L'Humanité," devoted to religious, social, political, and literary progress. Its Editor is M. De Pompery, author of a work called "Religious and Philosophical Introduction to Fourier's Theory of Universal Unity and Association." It maintains the doctrines of combined industry, as set forth by Fourier, although without a blind adherence to the theories and speculations, on social and philosophical questions, which are found in his writings; and announces the design of supporting those doctrines, with a deep conviction of their essential truth, but, at the same time, in the spirit of freedom and independence, with constant reference to the social advancement of man.

It takes substantially the same ground in regard to Fourier, with that held by the Associationists in this country, who regard him as a great discover in social science, a consummate analyst of human passion, a profound critic of the defects and contradictions in the present civilized order, and the sagacious prophet of the future magnificent harmonies with which humanity is to be crowned. It does not, however, hold him up either as an authoritative master, or an infallible guide. It is aware of his imperfections and is not afraid to speak of them. It does not wish to surrender its intellectual freedom to his dictation; although it accepts with grateful trust and admiration, the vast system of truth which he has unfolded.

We think our readers will be interested in the introductory statements of this Journal, as illustrative of the position of one section of the Associative movement, and will therefore present the following without further comment of our own.

"With regard to the theory of Fourier, we profess, in the first place, to accept, without reserve, the central proposition, that the desires of man are the promises of God, that is to say, that the All Powerful and Supremely Good has endowed his creatures with faculties in relation to what he requires of them; **ATTRACTIONS ARE PROPORTIONAL TO DESTINIES.**

"We believe that all movement takes place, according to a law of order, which binds in systematic harmony, all the acts, all the ages, all the transformations of different beings, as it connects again, all creatures themselves, in the bosom of living unity; a law which Fourier expresses by the formula, **THE SERIES DISTRIBUTE HARMONIES.**

"Descending to an order of facts more obvious, we assert that Fourier has taught the positive means of establishing the integral association of the human race by the organization of labor; that he has solved the problem of a pacific and fraternal society, by demonstrating that the normal exercise of his faculties is for man a source of happiness; that labor, accordingly, organized in conformity with human nature, becomes attractive, and hence, that there is no need of slavery of any sort, to constrain man to produce an insufficient supply by the sweat of his brow.

"We add that Fourier has made the most complete criticism of the existing order of society, that he has given a scientific character to social economy, pointed out the means of reconciling duty with interest, the individual with the species, and has directed man to the idea of a beneficent Creator, whose Providence is universal, and whose worship should be a hymn of grateful and holy joy.

"But now, having thus recognized and accepted so much of the immense labors of Fourier, we demand, moreover, for ourselves an absolute independence of thought, we claim the right of a free and scientific investigation. Hence, instead of rising up against the past, instead of echoing the reproaches of Fourier against the philosophers, we believe that his theory explains and legitimates, better than any other, the errors of our fathers, who under God, have made us what we are.

"We must, also, make our reservations in regard to the transcendental speculations of the theosophist, the marvellous intuitions of the Utopian, on cosmogony, the aërial existence, the sudden transformation of the globe, the effects of harmony on the transfigured earth, and so forth. Human science is not yet completed; and in France, the country of good sense, the native land of Moliere and La Fontaine, these are hypotheses which cannot be imposed on the public mind, without violence."

After discussing the doctrine of property, the relations of capital and labor, the connection of social reform with religion, morals, and politics, and disclaiming any purpose of an immediate attempt at the realization of the Associative theory, the Editor sums up his statements as follows.

"This then is the spirit of our manifestation.

"We take our stand on the social science which has been fully established by Fourier; but we are unwilling to swear on the word of our Master, and to merit the accusation of being idolaters. We accept of Fourier, nothing but the positive and organic part. We do not consent to be responsible for any thing contained in his writings, on cosmogony and other questions of this order.

"We demonstrate by historical and scientific considerations that the institution of property has been a means of the progress of humanity. Under the influence of joint-stock property, of a more equitable distribution of profits, of dividends in the inverse ratio of capital, and, above all, of the organization of labor, there will be a sure and gradual advance towards an ideal of perfect justice.

"In the future, when humanity shall shine forth in its unity, when the earth, under a system of integral cultivation, shall become the domain of man, wealth will form a social, human, universal fact; individual property will disappear of itself,* the gross inequality, founded on birth or fortune, will vanish, with the shades of the past, and leave, as the ele-

* This however, is not Fourier's doctrine, nor that of Associationists generally, nor is M. Pompery to be understood literally, as appears by his explanations, for which we have no room.—**END.**

ments of social rank, only the inequalities of the soul, the superior distinctions, which mark man with a divine impress.

"We are Christians, in the true meaning of the principles of Jesus; but we protest against the insufficiency of the dogmas of original sin, and eternal punishment. We wish to aid in the elaboration of the new doctrine of the unity of substance, of universal harmony, of the negation of absolute evil. We are unwilling to plunge into the unfathomable abyss of mysticism of any kind, whether it pretends to emanate from sentiment or from science.

"In morality, we firmly believe that the future holds in reserve for humanity a law altogether superior in its effect to the necessary constraint which at present weighs on every heart. We openly repudiate certain hypotheses of Fourier.

"In politics, we shall be Associationists and Democrats. Innovators, warring for the cause of the oppressed, the democratic character, must above all, be ours. If we must shock any body, let it be the conservatives. We shall do all we can to forward political reforms, for they are among the means of social reform.

"We do not demand the establishment of a Phalanstery, nor any attempt of this kind. We believe that the first thing necessary is to demonstrate to intelligent minds, the truth of the principles of Association established by Fourier, then to urge every where the importance of partial experiments, visible demonstrations of the value of these principles—a kind of proof which is adapted to the present state of public opinion, and the material resources at our disposal."

The good sense and moderation which are so conspicuous in the above statements, will command the respect of Associationists among ourselves, and lead them to give their cordial sympathy to the movement they represent.

SODUS BAY PHALANX.

We find the following description of a recent visit to this Association in the *Skaneateles Communitist*. It can scarcely be read without profit, though not with pleasure, by any person who is interested in the practical movement to introduce the principles of justice, wisdom and love into the organization of society. There is no reason for discouragement, however, in the ill success which must needs attend many of the primary attempts at the realization of Associative principles. It is the fate of all new enterprises whether of business, science, or reform, to meet with formidable obstacles in the outset, to waste much time and strength in ill-concerted labors, and from the experience of disaster to learn the wisdom which is essential to progress. We cannot be at

all surprised that this should be the case in the imperfect trials that are now in operation for the establishment of Associated industry.

Of course, we cannot endorse all the criticisms of the "Communitist," though we cheerfully insert them in our columns, believing that the comparison of opinions is essential to the discovery of truth, and fearing no unpleasant consequences from the freest discussion. We agree with him, that it was an unwise step for the Phalanx to burden itself with the payment of so large an amount of interest to external creditors; and with the difficulty of organizing any new business in a profitable manner, it could hardly have been expected that it would have been able to meet the obligation. If, however, this interest had been due to stock-holders within the Association, and instead of being payable at a fixed rate, had been in proportion to the actual avails of the industry of the year, there would have been no inconvenience in its payment. We should not advise the formation of any Association, unless the capital was subscribed as partnership stock, and actually paid in; and though not amounting to an extravagant sum, yet amply sufficient to procure all the means of productive industry, buildings, utensils, machinery, animals, and so forth, together with a supply of the common necessities of life, so as to prevent any interruption to labor by anxiety as to the means of subsistence.

We pass by the remark of the "Communitist" as to Fourier's plan of distributing wealth, persuaded that a more thorough acquaintance with the system, and the experience of the difficulty arising from every other method, will convince him that it is essential to the preservation of all interests, and the maintenance of general and permanent harmony.

"About a fortnight since, in company with our friend Dr. Potter of Buffalo, we visited on our way to Rochester, the Sodus Bay Phalanx. This Association was instituted in the spring of 1844, upon the principles of Fourier, with about three hundred persons, a large portion of whom were women and children. The domain of the Phalanx, consists of about fourteen hundred acres, about three hundred of which are improved. It is located upon the borders of Sodus Bay, and washed by the waters of Lake Ontario. It was formerly owned by a Shaker settlement, but in consequence of certain supposed advantages which this place possessed, they sold out, and vacated the premises to a company of speculators, at an enormous advance on the original purchase money. Times changed—the company did not succeed, and this institution bargained for it for \$35,000, which caused a drain from the annual production of the Association of about \$2500 for interest. This was a terrible drawback upon them, and an exceedingly injudicious purchase. The only real advantages which it had, was that in conse-

quence of its immediate proximity to the lake, all its productions could be easily conveyed by water to market; and having one of the most thrifty, and extensive apple and peach orchards in this part of our State. The other 1100 acres of the domain, are heavily timbered with hemlock, basswood, maple, beech, and ash. The company had hoped to erect steam saw mills, and have converted this timber into cash, and from its proceeds, have paid off the entire debt. But experience has taught them that but little confidence can be placed upon calculations which are predicated upon a newly organized, or more properly speaking, a disorganized body of heterogeneous materials, during the first and second years of its existence. There is not the least doubt, but that an energetic and efficient individual with sufficient capital to erect, with the least possible delay, the saw mills, lath, shingle, broom-handle, tub and pail, fork and hoe handle, last, and general turning machinery, and employ as many of the first class of workmen as the business would require, could in three years time, pay both principal and interest, and have the entire farm and several thousand dollars besides. But an Association composed of inexperienced, restless, indolent, feeble, and selfish individuals, would perish beneath the pressure of interest, ere they could construct their mills, get their machinery in operation, and get sufficiently organized and systematized, that all things could be carried forward with that system and perfection which characterizes isolation and the older established communities.

"But had not capital stepped forth to crush this movement, other elements equally poisonous and deadly, were introduced which would have sealed its ruin. A great portion of its members were brought together, not by a strong feeling or sympathy for the poor, noble philanthropy or self-denying enthusiasm, but by the most narrow selfishness. Add to this, that bane of all that is meek, pure noble, and peaceful, religious bigotry and intolerance was carried in and incorporated into the constitution of the Phalanx. Soon the body was divided into the religious and liberal portions, both of which carried their views, we think, to extremes. We were present at a business meeting, in the early part of the fall of 1844. Each party, it seemed, felt bound to oppose the wishes, plans, and movements of the other. We advised the more liberal portion of the society, quietly to withdraw, and allow the other party to succeed if it possibly could. But they did not feel at liberty to do so, and soon after the religious body left, taking with them what of their property they could find, leaving those who remained, (the liberal portion of the society,) comparatively destitute. They felt determined to succeed, and nobly have they combated to the present time, the hostile elements which have warred against them with terrible force. United in sympathy and feeling, they re-organized last spring; but the interest was too much for them to meet, and now there is no prospect of their remaining as an Association longer than the approaching April. Could those now upon the domain, purchase 300 or 400 acres of the land, we have not the least doubt, but that they would succeed, and ultimately come into possession of the valuable wood-land adjoining. But

this is impossible. In the evening all the adults convened together, and at their earnest request, we spoke for the space of an hour or more upon the signs of the times, — the evidences of social progress, and the various minor difficulties that the pioneers in this movement must necessarily have to experience — proved to the satisfaction of most of them, we think, that Fourier's plan of distributing wealth, was both arbitrary and superficial — that it was a useless effort to unite two opposite and hostile elements, which have no more affinity for each other than water and oil, or fire and gunpowder — that inasmuch as individual and separate interests are the cause and occasion for nearly all the crime, poverty, and suffering in civilized society — it follows that the cause and occasion must be removed ere the effects will disappear. Still, the difference between Communists and Associationists is not so great, that they should be opposed and alienated. It should be our object to see the points of agreement, rather than seek for points of disagreement. In the former, we have been too active and earnest. Association, is a great school for Communism. It will develop the false, and point out the good.

"As we left this interesting spot, the following morning, it was painful to feel that those who now composed that Association — men and women, who for nearly two years had struggled against great odds; with a philanthropic, manly and heroic spirit — with all the enthusiasm, zeal and confidence, in the beauty and practicability of the principles of social co-operation, of young converts; we say, the reflection was painful, that they must soon be dispersed and thrown back again to act upon the selfish and beggarly principles of strife and competition."

GOETHE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

We have the pleasure to announce that Messrs. Wiley and Putnam have in press a new translation, by PARKE GODWIN, Esq., of the *Dichtung und Wahrheit aus meinem Leben*, or "Fiction and Truth out of my own Life." This remarkable work has never yet received an adequate translation into English; and we may safely promise that the want is now to be supplied. Mr. Godwin's enthusiasm for his subject, his power to appreciate the character, as well as his literary skill, are too well known to need our recommendation. The first two volumes will be issued immediately, to be followed by the others in due time.

There is a genial fervor in these reminiscences of the wondrous life-journey of the poet boy, a generous glow of youth mantling up in the cheek of age, which makes it one of the most interesting of his many writings. Here he is entirely himself, a lover of life, our good human brother, who goes along the road rejoicingly, turning outward troubles into triumphs, and inward sorrows into songs, happy to tell us of the way, and to convince us that the "rough realities" are

full of poetry. This, with his letters from Italy, present him under his most amiable phase. It is true, he was, what we call one of fortune's children. Rank, and wealth, and culture, and romantic circumstance, environed his snug life; and he was all too busy in hoarding his poetic wealth to be any thing but a comfortable conservative. It was his temperament, his destiny. It made him the calmer observer and truer chronicler of life around him and within him. The earth can well afford such, though it most wants *doers*.

Mr. Emerson, in his lectures on great men, styled him Goethe, *the Writer*; happily, we think; since to Shakspeare he had already appropriated the name of Poet. Goethe's mighty gift was that of writing, the faculty of expression. A close observer; open to every phenomenon and phase of life; aloof from every dogma, yet glad to sympathize with it in its genuine origin and tendency; tied to no class of characters or of facts, but appreciating the inmost individuality of each; fonder of facts than of all things else, and loving them for nothing but because they were facts; calmly surveying what nature spread around him, what other men had said and done, what genius gives and takes, he was the mirror to his age, and he described it all (though leaving out some things;) — and this in a style, whose purity, clearness and perfect polish, seemingly so unstudied, could only be likened to the surface of a mirror, or a perfectly still stream.

That he was of the creative order of mind and a true poet, no one doubts. But he belonged to the nineteenth century, when Shakspeare and a thousand others had already written, and every one had of necessity to be a critic upon the work of other minds. The whole cast of mind had become reflective. How well has Goethe represented this character, and at the same time found the cure, in his calm yielding himself up to nature, describing her every day facts, and putting them together, to infer her laws. The critic, and the man of science, almost overruled the poet in him. All this has commonly been ascribed to him in the title, *Artist*. For to him life was matter to be reproduced, as in the forms of art. He could not be a politician, therefore, or a reformer, or even tarry long in any sphere of passion, but use and work up into tranquil moulds of beauty whatsoever life afforded, whatsoever life was to him.

Yet, though Goethe was not a reformer, gave no solution of human destiny, and seems so cold to the philanthropist, there were in him great indications of the most hopeful tendencies of this age. Unity in Variety was the sentiment at

the bottom of all his speculations, all his works of art. This he ever celebrated. In his studies of nature, in his botanical, mineralogical, optical and other investigations, his methods were so much like Fourier's, that one must needs regret that those two great minds, antipodes of each other as they were in some things, did not meet and compare notes. Glimmerings, too, of something like an idea of human Association, of social groupings, in his mystical visions of education, and of a passionless philosophy in his "Elective Affinities," flicker across his works. You feel that he had got glimpses of secrets, which he never fully read, or deemed it seasonable to unfold.

VARIETIES.

Translated from the Deutsche Schnellpost.

THE JESUITS. How widely extended and how deeply rooted the dominion of this powerful Society had become before its dissolution by Pope Clement XIV. appears from a statement which was found on the 30th of July, 1830, in the Archives of the Society at Montrouge, near Paris. The evening before a mob had seized the great house of the Order in that village and its occupants had taken refuge in flight. The document of which we speak contains a "perfect and authentic list of all the more early institutions of the Jesuits on the earth." We extract from it the following summary.

The domain of the Jesuits was divided into 5 Assistencies, consisting of 39 Provinces, 24 Houses of Profession, 669 Colleges, 61 Houses for Novitiates, 176 Seminaries, 335 Residencies, 223 Missions and 22,787 Jesuits, of whom 11,110 were Priests, distributed as follows:

	Houses.	Jesuits.	Priests.
Italy.	139	3,622	1,891
France.	115	8,548	1,761
Germany.	438	8,740	4,111
Spain.	259	5,014	2,520
Portugal.	—	1,854	927

Though the present power and extent of the order are very far inferior to what it had gained before its dissolution, it has nevertheless attained a point which makes it worthy of very careful attention. According to a statement as exact and authentic as we can arrive at in a matter so carefully involved in mystery, there are now in Italy 150 Houses of the Order, about 4,000 Jesuits, of whom some 1,800 are Priests. In France, in spite of the opposition of the Government, there are reckoned 56 known Houses, with 872 Jesuits, and 362 Priests. In Germany there are said to be about 88 Houses, containing nearly 1,000 Jesuits, of whom more than 400 are Priests. In Spain, there are 87 Houses, with 536 Jesuits, and 220 Priests. In Portugal, 8 Houses, 160 Jesuits, and 75 Priests.

At Saragossa, a short time since, a play by Martinez de la Rosa was produced, under the title of the "Conspiracy of Venice." In the scene in which the conspiracy is discovered and the Council of Ten declares its sentence, the pit fell into such a rage that they smashed the benches, and flung the pieces at the heads of the players. After this demonstration, the manager was compelled to put the following postscript on the play-bill: "The public is assured that the people will triumph at the end of the piece."

AUSTRIA. There now appear in the Austrian Empire, 159 Newspapers and Periodicals, 40 of which are devoted to Politics and 12 to the interests of Commerce: 76 are printed in German, 53 in Italian, 14 in Romain, and in the Sclavonic dialects 15. Milan has 30 Journals, Vienna only 24, Pesth 14, Prague 13.

In VIENNA there are not less than 70,000 persons who depend upon the so called "Institute for the Poor;" no small number for a population of 400,000! It is hoped, by appropriate rules, in future to exclude the lazy and the unworthy from this charity, so that not more than 15,000 souls will need to be supported by it. How great the abuse has hitherto been is plain from the fact that many have employed money thus received in the purchase of ball shoes and dress gloves!

BOHEMIA in 1780 had not less than 93,587 tradesmen and master workmen; this number is now diminished to 41,665 although the population has increased from 2,500,000, to 4,145,000. On the other hand the number of hired common laborers is doubled, and the number of office-holders has increased from 3,315 to 9,717. In the Duchy of Braunschweig with 260,000 inhabitants there are 2,000 office-holders, clergymen, schoolmasters, city officers, and transient public clerks not reckoned. If in the whole of Germany such a state of things prevailed, since there are estimated 40,000,000 souls for her entire population, we should have nearly 400,000 office-holders! In the whole Austrian Empire, there are about 34,000,000 inhabitants and 180,000 office-holders of all grades!

The chateau of Ferney where Voltaire resided, was recently sold for 456,000 francs, to a certain M. Grignolet, formerly a shawl maker in Paris.

The population of France according to the latest census, amounts to 34,194,875 souls. Paris has, exclusive of soldiers, 912,033 inhabitants, of whom 66,148 persons live upon public charities.

A BAND OF ROBBERS IN RUSSIA. In the province of Twer, a band of robbers carried on their operations with unheard of boldness. As numerous as they were active and audacious in their undertakings, they seemed to mock at the endeavors of the troops. The whole region trembled when the name of their leader was mentioned, who was called Kilkhof. Many severe skirmishes took place between the robbers and the troops, in which the latter were always beaten, until the regiment quartered at Twer received a new commander, when affairs assumed another aspect. The Colonel, Wasilkow, who had risen from the ranks, had been very rapidly advanced in the last few years on account of the great bravery he had displayed in the Caucasian war. As a reward for very important services which he had there rendered, he had been appointed Colonel of the . . . regiment, in order also that he might recover from several serious wounds, in the more easy duty of the garrison. Hardly had he entered upon his post, when he exhibited the greatest activity in the pursuit of the robbers. Besides his military zeal there was a peculiar cause for his energy. This was the region of his birth, and when he sought the paternal hut in order to embrace his beloved father, and the dear brethren whom for many years he had not seen, to make them happy with his good fortune, and to bestow upon them the freedom which he had obtained for them, and to make the old age of his beloved parents entirely free from care, he found the place desolate, and the house burned to the ground. His relations had all vanished, and the inquiries he made resulted only in the supposition that his family had been destroyed by the robbers, who years before, on this very spot had commenced their career. By his vigorous and skilful movements he soon succeeded in surrounding the robbers in their last retreat. In the final struggle, the soldiers, led by Colonel Wasilkow himself, fought with cool, decided courage, the robbers with the fury of despair; at last they yielded to superior power and discipline, and the few who remained surrendered. Among the prisoners was the robber captain. As he was brought before the Colonel, both cried at the same moment, "My father!"—"My son!" The struggle between filial love and public duty was terrible; the latter conquered; the Colonel surrendered the robbers, among whom, beside his father, were two of his brothers, to the proper tribunal, then hastened to his own house, and shot himself. The brave officer is so much the more lamented since it has been proved that his father was driven to the life of a robber, only by the ill treatment of the land owner whose slave he was.

¶ The *Gazette of the Grand Duchy of Hesse* gives the following piece of information from Homburg, the fashionable watering place, under date of November 21. To-day a party has arrived from Brussels under the direction of Baron V. with the singular design of making a systematic attack upon the gambling establishment in this place. They have their cashier, controller, clerk, and so forth, and a capital of 200,000 florins, held in 101 shares, of 2,500 florins each. As they say, they have been engaged in Brussels four months, in experimenting on their system, and they are of opinion that if during this time they had been playing against a public bank, they should have won 3,000,000 florins. Next week these bold knights will commence their warlike operations.

The cotton manufactories in England employed in 1844, 14,000,000 spindles, in France 3,500,000, in the United States 2,290,000, in Austria 1,500,000, in the German Zollverein 815,000, in Prussia 700,000, in Switzerland 650,000, in Belgium 420,000.

Petőfy, the gifted young lyric poet of Hungary in spite of his great talents, has found so little support among the Hungarians that in order to gain a living he has been compelled to enlist as a common soldier.

The Sardinian Government have forbidden the exportation of chestnuts.

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THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

SECTION FIRST, NOTICE FIRST.

CHAPTER IV.

Of the Distribution and Relations of the Groups composing a Series.

If the mechanism of the passional series constitutes a new social world, it is because it has the power of realizing economies and gains from arrangements which would be ruinous in the civilized state; for example: if we were obliged to furnish for a dinner twenty-seven kinds of bread (see last chapter), and even thirty. *Aliments* include the ambiguous kinds, as bread of rye or barley, and moreover to furnish each of these in three different degrees of age, some freshly-baked, some stale, and some middling, making a total of ninety kinds, it would be enough to ruin a Lucullus. And yet this immense assortment becomes economical in the passional series, inasmuch as it favors industrial attraction, which would not exist if only one or two kinds of bread should be prepared.

The same thing holds with regard to people in place, or officers, so expensive in civilization; their abundance is a means of concord and of emulation in the Combined Order; there they become more productive than the subalterns; a triple and quadruple corps of them is created for this very reason. Let us remark only two classes of them, the officers of industry and those of parade, both indispensable to every series.

For officers in the direction of industry they choose the members who have most knowledge and experience; and for parade officers the opulent members who can represent their series, and add a lustre to it without minding the expense.

In civilization, the chiefs pay nothing for the governed; on the contrary, if there is a feast of ceremony to be given in the name of a city, the municipality direct it, but contribute nothing save their appetites; and the public pays for the repast without the privilege of tasting, and thinks itself happy, too, if the real expenses are not frothed up into double the amount which the dinner cost.

In a passional series, the use of the of-

ficers of parade is very different; it is they who pay for the mass of the series, admitted to the feast gratuitously. They contribute likewise for the most important expenses, as the purchase of new plants and seeds; their liberality would be indeed ignoble, if it limited itself to a mere *Amphitryon's* part of giving dinners. These corporate entertainments cost but little in Association, since from the price is deducted all that it would have cost the guests if they had eaten at their ordinary table, which might be of the first, second, or third class, according as each may have contracted; moreover all the remnants are deducted and delivered at half price to the tables of the third class.

This duality of officers, in parade and in industry, takes place in the groups as well as in the series; every series has its captain, lieutenant and sub-lieutenant of parade, its director, vice-director and sub-director of industry; it is the same for every group.

Besides, in the different functions, of parade or business management, they every where establish staff and subaltern officers (*Petal major et Petal minor*). The more officers there are in Harmony, the greater the product; the opposite effect is felt under the civilized regime, where the chiefs most commonly are blood-suckers of whom it is necessary to restrict the number.

This duality of officers is highly acceptable to all three classes, to the rich, the middle and the poor; for proof:

The rich man gains by it in his income, in the dividend which accrues to capital; this product increases in proportion to the enthusiasm which is carried into the labor. To electrify the people in industry, there must be chiefs who will put their hands to the work, and contribute from their purses to the support of the function.

The poor man finds in it the advantage of joyous labors, of copious products and dividends, of freedom from care founded on the guarantee of the *minimum* which industrial attraction will reimburse, of gratuitous admission to the corporate feasts of every group and series: and, as splendid feasts cost very little in Association (which shall be proved), a poor individual figures in the course of a year in some fifty public entertainments, where the fare is of the first class; this is one means of communicating to the people the polished manners of their superiors. For the rest, the people of Harmony enjoy, even at the tables of the third class, a fare which is preferable to that of

the best civilized households, destitute as they are of a graduated assortment in every kind of dish.

This great variety of chiefs presents another stimulus to the poorer class, which is the attractiveness of mythological functions or demi-gods, chosen by each series and each group: this is an apper-tenance of the poorer youth: but this custom will not be established in the first practical experiment of a Phalanx. As the middle class partakes of the two others, its interests here will coincide with theirs.

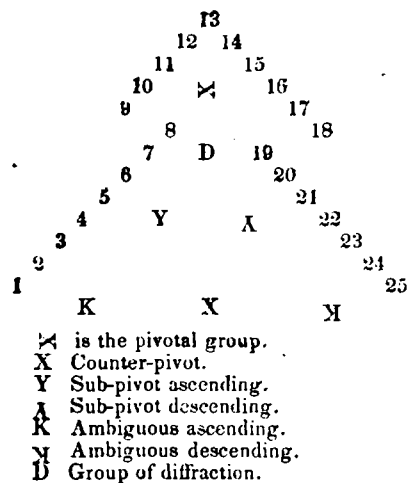
The function of officers in Association extends to the three sexes, the male, the female, and the neuter, or the children. Every series elects its chiefs according to sex; and as several series are composed of women or of children exclusively, or nearly so, no assemblage of either sex will seek its officers in the other, unless from necessity. A hundred women cultivating a field of pinks for perfumes, will not go and call in a male pedant to preside over them, whether it be in labor, in counsel, or upon parade: but if their series be composed of two or three sexes, it will mingle them proportionally in its corps of officers: for the rest, there is perfect freedom of choice, and utility is the only rule.

I pass over various details concerning the rank (1) of the respective series. They are not classed according to the quantity they produce: the series of orchardists, which is enormously productive, is one of the lowest in the scale of retribution, because it is so exceedingly attractive; and that of the opera, which we should judge superfluous, is one of the most highly paid because it is the most useful in the Associative education.

It would be proper here to speak of ambiguous groups and series, one of the thousand subjects which we are obliged to suppress in such a mere abridgement. The ambiguous or mixt bond, the transitional or connecting link, is of a nature which our prejudiced philosophers dishonor, and yet we cannot form a regular series without introducing at its two extremities ambiguous and even sub-ambiguous groups. It seems that nature has attached great consequence to the *ambigu*, since she has introduced it lavishly in all her creations. We see it in amphibious animals, in the ourang-outang, the flying-fish, the bat, the eel, and in many other instances, of which the most remarkable is lime, the link between fire and water.

Let us conclude with a table of the records and discords of a Passional Series

of the simple order. Suppose there are thirty-two groups cultivating the varieties of a vegetable :



The affinity or sympathy of contrast is established between each group and that which is placed at a distance of half the general scale from it; as between 1 and 13, 2 and 14, 5 and 17, 9 and 21.

The sympathy will be weaker between 1 and 12 or 14, or between 5 and 16 or 18, and weaker still between 1 and 11 or 15, and 5 and 15 or 19. It will go on thus declining through two quarters of the scale, when it will cease altogether, so that 13 will have no sympathy with 7 and with 19, still less with 8 and 18. There a slight antipathy commences; it increases between 13 and 9 or 17, and the scale of discord goes on strengthening till it reaches a point of very decided antipathy between 13 and the two immediately contiguous, 12 and 14; it is a little less decided between 13 and those next but one on either side, 11 and 15, and so on.

The scale of sympathies and antipathies is not the same in the extreme groups, 1 and 3, 23 and 25, as in the groups of the centre; but the examination of these variations would take us beyond the limits of an abridgment; let it suffice to say, that thirty years of study and the instinct of the trade have unlocked to me in all its details the hieroglyphic of the passional series, of the accords and discords of their groups, and of the counterpoises which must be established at all points of the series. The following sections will enable you to judge whether I am thoroughly at home in this theory. For the present I can only say to those who would undertake to found a Phalanx, that where I should be present, the mechanism would go on without a fault, in spite of the absence of sufficient means. Where I should not be, they would commit a hundred mistakes; the bad pilots would overset the ship, and then betake themselves to me, whose instructions they had not followed; or they would go to wreck through ignorance of the details which I cannot give, because public opinion limits me to a single volume.

Let us conclude these elementary notions. The group which forms the pivot Δ is in sympathy with all the groups, excepting the sub-pivots Y and X. The pivot exercises itself upon a variety whose excellence and superiority are so striking, (as for instance, the grey Beurre among pears,) that the neighboring varieties 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, consent to yield to it the priority, that they may the better prevail

against their rivals who are contiguous to themselves or next but one.

The sub-pivotal groups Y and X are naturally in an accord of contrast with each other, since they are the chiefs of the two wings leagued against the centre.

The counter-pivot X is not in sympathy with any other group, except the pivot Δ ; neither is it in antipathy with any one. (In the series of pear-growers, the counter-pivotal group would be the one which raises the heavy, hard pear, uneatable without cooking.)

The group of diffraction D is in half accord with all the others. (The diffraction (2) is the inverted mirror of the pivot. Thus the albino is a diffraction of the false white man [or negro], who is the European blackened by the sun; the rein-deer is a diffraction of the stag: we dismiss this subject with a glance.) The groups of transition K and N are in accord each with the wing it terminates, as well as with that of another series with which it comes in contact. Thus the group of the nectarine or plum-peach is in affinity with one wing of the series of plums, and with one wing of the series of peaches.

I have here supposed a series, which is very regular, cultivating all the species of a vegetable. If the soil be poorly adapted, and it cultivates only certain varieties of a species, the proportion of the accords and discords in the different branches will be changed. But in explaining the rules of mechanism, we speculate always upon integral (or complete) series. (Further explanation will be given in Chapter VII. on *False Series*.)

In all kinds of passional series (and there are many, both of the free and of the measured order), the accords of passions and of sympathy, whose rules seem such impenetrable hieroglyphics to the civilizes, are on the contrary a mechanism organized after geometrical principles. The civilizes, on this, as on every other problem, look at nature only in the simple mode; they believe all sympathies permanent; whereas there are some permanent, some occasional, some periodical, &c. &c. This calculation is one of the new scientific worlds, to which the genius of civilization could never get admission, but which has nothing really impenetrable, as is supposed. All nature is one immense mechanism of sympathies and antipathies, very methodically regulated and very penetrable to genius, provided it will study beforehand the two theories of passional attraction and of Association, with which our fine minds have been so unwilling to occupy themselves.

At present they are sadly duped, mystified for twenty years past by the agitations of the sect of Owen, who have brought sophistical notions of Association into vogue, and stifled all research into the natural method, the undertaking of which might be for all the savans and the artists a source of immense fortune.

(1) *Rank of the respective Series.* In distributing the proceeds of the general labor of a Phalanx among its various groups and series, the collective interest, according to Fourier, would dictate no regard to the productiveness of each. Those who produced the most, would not necessarily receive the largest share. This would resolve all back again into an aggregation of isolated interests, as in

the competitive regime of civilization. There could not thus be any unity of interests. Justice to individuals and social harmony are the two points to be secured. Hence Fourier's two-fold classification of the different kinds of labor in the scale of retribution, at which the text here merely hints.

In the first place, justice to the laborer demands, that he who finds delight and satisfaction in the work itself, although that work be highly lucrative, should not be paid in money more than he who labors at a dry repugnant function, indispensable to the general weal, yet not so lucrative. The most attractive labors are their own reward, and require no secondary inducement, while the repulsive tasks have to be made attractive by a higher rate of remuneration. It is just, that the toil which is martyrdom, which costs the laborer most, should command a higher price, than the most productive functions which are pure delight and expansion of soul and body for those who passionately engage in them. And it is politic, and must in the nature of things prevail, where attraction and not competition is the stimulus, that the most attractive functions should receive a lower premium than the repulsive offices for which there otherwise might not be candidates enough, and yet which must be filled. Therefore has Fourier classed every kind of industry under the three heads of Repugnant, Useful and Attractive, giving the highest prices to the first, average prices to the second, and the lowest to the third.

Again, some occupations tend to social harmony more than others. This happens to be most remarkably the case with certain occupations of the most attractive nature, such as music, the opera, the various educational and religious offices. The collective interest would poorly understand itself, if it failed to give peculiar encouragement to all such influences.

(2) *Diffraction.* A term borrowed by analogy from Optics. The rays of light encountering opaque bodies, or any substance of a denser nature than the light itself, are subject to three operations. They are either reflected, refracted, or diffracted. When not absorbed and lost in the opaque substance, they are either reflected from it, or they are transmitted through it. In the latter case the phenomena of refraction, or bending of the ray aside from its straight course, appear. Diffraction is a term first given by the Italian philosopher Grimaldi, and afterwards adopted by Sir Isaac Newton, to denote a less familiar class of phenomena, not yet satisfactorily explained.

If a pencil of rays be admitted into a dark room through a hole in the window shutter, it will cast of course, a white

circular or oval spectrum on the opposite wall. If, however, the column of light be intercepted by an opaque body of diameter not larger than its own, the shadow which it casts is seen surrounded by a miraculous fringe of colors, or rather by a three-fold border of the three primary hues, the blue being the innermost. All Newton's experiments have left this phenomenon still anomalous, or matter only of conjectural explanation. The peculiarity of it seems to be that light, passing the edges of dark, surrounds the shadow with a sort of mirror of the prismatic spectrum. In other words, the shadow, which is darkness, or complete negation of color, puts on a halo or presentiment, as it were, of all the beautiful properties of light, its opposite, which it denies.

Those, who have read the admirable essay of Hugh Doherty on "the Religious Question," in our first volume, will recollect that he there traces an analogy between those three laws of light and the three kinds of revelation, or the laws which govern the transmission of spiritual light from the spiritual sun, which is God. To *reflection* corresponds the revelation of God in Nature; to *refraction* the revelation in the human soul, which like the prism refracts the unitary ray into a manifold variety of colors: while to *diffraction* he compares what he calls direct, or supernatural revelation. This came to men in darkness. Out of darkness itself was born, as it were, this beautiful and mysterious mirage of the times when there should be fulness of light.

We do not profess to explain this, or even to understand it clearly. But nature and life are full of analogies which confirm the law, or rather indicate the presence of a law which has not yet perhaps been definitely stated. In nature every negation shows a glimmering prediction of its opposite reality. At the origin of the human race, as all traditions say, there was a temporary glimmer of the true social order and happiness towards which the world is still so slowly making progress. Humanity at its lowest stage predicts its highest. The fables of the primitive times were a fore-shadow of the real beauty when it was most remote. In periods of deepest national distress prophets appear and visions of millenium. So the eye in the most complete and intense blackness of darkness is visited by a singular play of unreal light, a mockery as it were of light.

In the life, too, of the individual we see the same. Fourier quotes the instance of the new-born infant which can subsist for several days without any food, in its extreme of helplessness exhibiting a shadow of perfect self-sufficiency. In extreme instances of moral depravity, or utter desperate selfishness, how often do

we see flashes of a something which affects us as sublime; auroral gleams which are not the true day, but born of its very opposite. The man who is most completely selfish has a certain glow and grandeur in his actions which fascinates the imagination of beholders. Hence the charm of many lives of pirates and robbers, and of many of the popular creations of Byron, Bulwer and the like. We witness a fervor in complete selfishness, in the complete perversion of a man, which is only found again in the highest glory of the human sentiments and faculties in their direct development.

Every thing in nature is a series. Every thing runs its career, or has its definite progression, ascending and descending, from birth, through infancy and youth to full maturity, and thence declining through old age to death. At the two extremities of this progression it is, that we witness this momentary presentiment and reminiscence of the perfect climax of its development. We spoke of the infant. It is the same at death; the dying man has commonly a short period of perfect harmony and clearness of all his mental faculties, a reminiscence of his best estate. The candle flickers up ere it goes out. A sound just ceasing to be audible, reverberates with a certain twang at the last; it breaks, not vanishes into silence.

Not only do the successive states or stages in every being's history form an ascending and descending series; but also the various orders and varieties of beings existing simultaneously, are distributed in series. There are series of succession and series of distribution. The latter give the law of classification for all natural objects. Thus whenever you find any product, as a rose, an apple, a pine-tree, a dog, a horse, a fish, or what you will, you may always discover a whole series of similar objects varying from it by degrees, one of which is so superior as to pass for the type or pivot of the series, and the others gradually shading off from that on either side, till it emerges into some other series. Here too, the two extremities, the most remote varieties from the central type, will offer some *diffraction* of that type. Take the races of men. The Caucasian or white man is the type; the negro blackened in the sun, is the extreme opposite of that; yet even among the negroes you will find the albino or white negro, a diffraction of the genuine white man.

Take the grandest form of series, the ascending scale of beings from man, through grades of higher intelligences, up to God. Is not this consciousness of the Infinite, this boundless appetite, this absolute ambition in man, who is the lowest link in the chain, a diffraction, so to speak, of God who is the summit of the

series! And here we leave this obscure matter, trusting that if we have not explained, we have put the reader on the peculiar track of observation, in following which, the discoverer of the science of passion harmony made note of this strange element in every series, which he calls *Diffraction*.

MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

I.

"Whatever may have been the cause of Master Reuter's antipathy, he testified it towards me very severely, and for a very trifling fault. I had a new pair of scissors, and like a true school-boy, tried them upon every thing that fell under my hand. One of my comrades having his back towards me, and his long queue, of which he was very vain, constantly coming and sweeping away the characters I traced with chalk upon my slate, I had a rapid, a fatal idea! it was the work of an instant! Crack! my scissors were open; and the queue upon the floor. The master followed all my movements with a vulture's eye. Before my poor comrade had perceived the unfortunate loss he had met with, I was already reprimanded, disgraced and expelled without further process.

"I left the foundation in the month of November, last year, at seven o'clock in the evening, and found myself in the square, without money, or any other clothing than the poor dress I had on. I was in despair for a moment. Seeing myself dismissed with so much anger and scandal, I imagined I had committed an enormous fault. I began to weep with all my heart for the clump of hair and bit of ribbon which had fallen under my fatal scissors. My comrade, whose head I had so dishonored, passed me, also in tears. Never had so many tears been shed, or so much regret and remorse experienced for a queue à la Prussienne. I had a great mind to go and throw myself into his arms, at his feet! But I did not dare, and hid my shame in the darkness. Perhaps the poor boy was crying more for my disgrace than for his queue.

"I passed the night on the pavement: and as I was sighing, the next morning, over the necessity and impossibility of breakfast, I was accosted by Keller, hair-dresser to the foundation of Saint Stevens. He had just been dressing master Reuter's hair, and the latter, still furious against me, had talked to him of nothing else but the terrible adventure of the crop-

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

ped queue. So the facetious Keller, on seeing my pitiful face, burst into a shout of laughter, and overwhelmed me with his sarcasms.—“O ho!” cried he, from as far off as he saw me, “this then is the scourge of hair-dressers, the general and particular enemy of all those, like myself, whose profession it is to preserve the beauty of the head! Eh! my little executioner of queues, my little ravager of locks! come a little this way that I may cut off your fine black hair, in order to replace all the queues that may fall under your blows!” I was despairing, furious. I hid my face in my hands, and believing myself the object of public odium, I was about to fly, when the good Keller stopping me: “Where are you going now, little unfortunate!” said he in a gentle voice. “What is to become of you without bread, without friends, without clothes and with such a crime on your conscience! Come, I will have pity on you for the sake of your fine voice, which I have so often taken pleasure in hearing at the cathedral; come to my house. I have only one chamber in the fifth story, for myself, my wife and my children. Even that is more than we want, for the attic which I hire above it, is not occupied. We will accommodate you and you shall eat with us, until you can find something to do; on condition however that you respect the hair of my customers, and that you do not try your shears on my wigs.”

“I followed my generous Keller, my savior and father! Besides lodging and board, he had the goodness, poor artisan as he himself was, to advance me some money in order that I might continue my studies. I hired an old worm-eaten harpsichord; and shut up in my garret, with my Fuchs and my Mattheson, I gave myself without restraint to my ardor for composition. From that moment I can consider myself as protected by Providence. The first six sonatas of Emanuel Bach were my delight during the whole of that winter, and I believe I understood them well. At the same time Heaven, rewarding my zeal and my perseverance, permitted me to find a little occupation, by means of which I could live, and recompense my dear host. I played on the organ every Sunday at the Count of Haugwitz’s chapel, after having performed my part in the morning as first violin at the church of the Fathers of Mercy. Besides, I have found two protectors. One is an abbé, who makes a great many Italian verses, very fine as they tell me, and who is very high in the favor of her majesty, the empress queen. He is called Signor de Metastasio; and as he lives in the same house with Keller and me, I give lessons to a young person who is said to be his niece. My oth-

er protector is his lordship the Venetian ambassador.”

“Il Signor Corner?” asked Consuelo quickly.

“Ah! you know him!” returned Haydn; “it was the abbé de Metastasio, who introduced me into that house. My trifling talents gave satisfaction there, and his Excellency has promised that I shall take lessons of master Porpora, who is now at the baths of Manensdorf with Madam Wilhelmina, the wife or mistress of his Excellency. This promise filled me with joy; to become the pupil of so great a professor, of the first master of vocal music in the universe! To learn composition, the pure and correct principles of Italian art! I looked upon myself as made, I blessed my stars, I thought I was already a great master. But alas! notwithstanding his Excellency’s good intentions, his promise has not been so easy to realize as I had flattered myself; and if I do not find a more powerful recommendation to Porpora, I truly fear I shall never even approach his person. They say this illustrious master is very odd; and as he shows himself attentive, generous, and devoted to some of his pupils, so he is capricious and cruel towards others. It seems that master Reuter is nothing compared with Porpora, and I tremble at the very idea of seeing him. Still, though he began by flatly refusing the ambassador’s propositions respecting me and has signified that he wishes for no more pupils, as I know that Signor Corner will insist, I still hope, and am determined to submit patiently to the most cruel mortifications, provided he will teach me something while he scolds.”

“You have there formed a salutary resolution,” said Consuelo: “The rough manners and terrible aspect of that great master have not been exaggerated to you. But you have reason to hope; for if you have patience, a blind submission and the true love of music which I divine in you, if you do not lose your senses in the midst of the first hurricanes, and succeed in displaying to him intelligence and rapidity of judgment, after three or four lessons, I promise you that he will be the gentlest and most conscientious of masters. Perhaps even, if your heart responds, as I believe it does, to your mind, Porpora will become for you a firm friend, an equitable and beneficent father.”

“O! you fill me with joy. I see that you know him and must also know his famous pupil, the new Countess of Rudolstadt—the Porporina—”

“But where have you heard speak of this Porporina, and what do you expect from her?”

“I expect from her a letter for Porpora and her active protection with him,

when she comes to Vienna; for she will doubtless go there after her marriage with the rich lord of Riesenbourg.”

“How did you hear of that marriage?”

“By the greatest chance in the world. I must tell you that last month, my friend Keller heard that a relation of his at Pilsen had just died, and left him a little property. Keller had neither time nor means to undertake the journey, and did not dare determine upon it, for fear lest the inheritance should not pay the expense of his trip and the loss of his time. I had just received some money for my labor. I offered to go and to take his interests into my hand. I have been at Pilsen, and during the week I passed there, have had the satisfaction of seeing Keller’s inheritance realized. It is little, no doubt, but that little is not to be despised by him; and I carry with me the titles of a small property which he can sell or improve as he shall judge best. Returning from Pilsen, I found myself last evening in a place called Klatau, where I passed the night. It had been a market day, and the inn was full of people. I was seated near a table where a gross man was eating, whom they called Doctor Wetzeliuss, and who is the greatest gourmand and the greatest babler I have ever met with. ‘Do you know the news!’ said he to his neighbors; ‘Count Albert of Rudolstadt, he who is mad, arch-mad, almost a maniac, is going to marry his cousin’s music mistress, an adventuress, a beggar, who has been, they say, an actress in Italy, and who was seduced by the old musician Porpora, who got tired of her, and sent her to be brought to bed at Riesenbourg. They kept the matter quite secret; and at first, as they did not understand the illness and the convulsions of the young miss, whom they thought virtuous, they sent for me as for a putrid and malignant fever. But hardly had I touched the patient’s pulse, when Count Albert, who doubtless knew what to expect from such virtue, threw himself upon me like a madman, drove me away, and would not allow me to re-enter the apartment. Every thing passed very secretly. I believe the old canoness acted as midwife; the poor lady never found herself in such a strait before. The child has disappeared. But what is most wonderful is, that the young Count, who, as you all know, cannot measure time and takes months for years, has imagined himself the father of that child, and has talked so energetically to his family, that, rather than see him fall again into his fits of fury, they have consented to this fine marriage.’”

“O! that is horrible; that is infamous!” cried Consuelo, beside herself. “It is a tissue of abominable calumnies and revolting absurdities.”

"Do not believe that I gave credence to it for an instant," returned Joseph Haydn; "the face of that old doctor was as stupid as it was wicked, and before they had given him the lie, I was already sure that he was retailing only follies and falsities. But hardly had he ended his story, when five or six young men who were about him, took the part of the young person; and it was thus that I learned the truth; each praised the beauty, the grace, the modesty, the sense, and the incomparable talent of the Porporina. All approved Count Albert's passion for her, envied his happiness, and admired the old Count for having consented to the union. Doctor Wetzeliuss was treated as an insane dotard; and as they spoke of the great esteem which master Porpora felt for a pupil to whom he had been willing to give his name, the idea came into my head of going to Riesen-burg, throwing myself at the feet of the future or perhaps present Countess, (for they said the marriage was already celebrated, but kept secret for fear of offending the court,) and relating my history to her, in order to obtain from her the favor of becoming the pupil of her illustrious master."

Consuelo remained some instants pensive; the last words of Joseph respecting the court had struck her. But quickly recovering herself: "My child," said she to him, "do not go to Riesen-burg; you will not find the Porporina there. She is not married to the Count of Rudolstadt, and nothing is less certain than that marriage. It has been talked of, it is true, and I believe the betrothed were worthy of each other; but the Porporina, though she felt for Count Albert a strong friendship, a profound esteem, and a respect without bounds, thought she ought not to decide lightly upon so serious a matter. She weighed, on the one side, the injury she might inflict on that illustrious family, by making it lose the good graces and perhaps the protection of the empress, as well as the esteem of the other nobles, and the consideration of the whole country; and on the other, the injury she would inflict on herself, by renouncing the practice of that divine art, which she had studied with passion and embraced with courage. She said to herself that the sacrifice was great on both sides, and that, before throwing herself headlong into it, she ought to consult Porpora, and give the young Count time to know if his passion would resist the influence of absence; therefore she left for Vienna on a sudden, on foot, without guide and almost without money, but with the hope of restoring repose and reason to him who loves her, and carrying away, of all the riches that were offered to her, only the testimony of

her conscience and the pride of her profession as an artist."

"O! she is a true artist, indeed. She has a strong head and a noble soul, if she has acted thus!" cried Joseph, fixing his brilliant eyes on Consuelo; "and if I am not deceived, it is to her that I speak; it is before her that I prostrate myself."

"It is she who extends her hand to you, and who offers you her friendship, her advice and support with Porpora; for we shall travel together, it appears to me; and if God protects us, as he has protected us both hitherto, as he protects all those who trust only in him, we shall soon be at Vienna, and will take lessons of the same master."

"God be praised!" cried Haydn, weeping with joy, and raising his arms enthusiastically towards heaven; "I divined truly, on seeing you asleep, that there was something supernatural in you, and that my life, my destiny were in your hands."

II.

When the young people had made a fuller acquaintance, by going over on both sides the details of their situation in a musical conversation, they thought of the precautions and arrangements necessary for their return to Vienna. The first thing they did was to take out their purses and count their money. Consuelo was still the richer of the two; but their united funds would furnish only sufficient to travel agreeably on foot, without suffering from hunger or sleeping in the open air. They could imagine nothing different, and Consuelo had already made up her mind to it. Still, notwithstanding the philosophical gaiety she testified in this respect, Joseph was anxious and thoughtful.

"What is the matter with you?" said she to him; "perhaps you are afraid of the embarrassment of my company, and yet I will bet I can walk better than you."

"You must do every thing better than I," replied he, "that does not trouble me. But I am sad and frightened when I think that you are young and handsome, and that all will look upon you with desire, while I am so small and so weak that though well resolved to be killed for your sake, I may not have strength enough to defend you."

"What are you thinking of, my poor child! If I were handsome enough to attract the glances of passers by, I think that a woman who respects herself can always impose by her countenance."

"Whether you are ugly or handsome, young or old, bold or modest, you are not in safety on these roads covered with soldiers and rascals of every kind. Since the peace, the country is inundated with

military men, and especially with volunteer adventurers, who seeing themselves discharged, and no longer knowing where to seek their fortunes, undertake to pillage travellers, to extort from the country people and to treat the provinces as conquered countries. Our poverty will shelter us from their talent in this respect; but your being a woman is sufficient to excite their brutality. I think seriously of changing our road; and instead of going by Piseck and Budweis, which are fortified places offering a continual pretext for the passage of discharged troops and others who are no better, we shall do well to descend the course of the Moldaw, following the mountain cuts which are almost desert, whither the cupidity and thievish disposition of those gentry will find nothing to attract them. We will keep close to the river till we are near Reichenau, and will soon enter Austria by Freistadt. Once upon the soil of the empire, we shall be protected by a police more powerful than that of Bohemia."

"You know the road then?"

"I do not even know if there be one. But I have a little map in my pocket, and had intended, on leaving Pilsen, to try and return by the mountains, for a change, and to see the country."

"Well, so be it! Your idea seems a good one," said Consuelo, looking at the map which Joseph had opened; "there are always paths for foot travellers, and huts which will receive honest folks short of money. I see, in fact, that there is a chain of mountains which leads us to the source of the Moldaw, and continues along the river."

"It is the great Böhmer-Wald, the highest elevations of which are there, and form the frontier between Bavaria and Bohemia, we shall easily reach it by keeping along these heights; they will show that to the right and left are the valleys which descend towards the two provinces. Since, thank God! I have nothing more to do with that undiscoverable Giant's castle, I am sure of guiding you aright, and of not making you travel a greater distance than is necessary."

"Forward then," said Consuelo; "I feel completely rested. Sleep and your good bread have restored my strength, and I can travel at least two leagues more to-day. Besides, I am in a hurry to leave this vicinity, where I am continually afraid of meeting some acquaintance."

"Wait a moment," said Joseph, "I have a singular idea running through my brain."

"What is it?"

"If you have no repugnance to dressing like a man, your incognito would be secured, and you would escape all the evil suppositions which might be excited

at our stopping places on seeing a young girl travelling alone with a young man."

"The idea is not a bad one, but you forget that we are not rich enough to make purchases. Besides, where should I find a dress to fit me?"

"Listen; I should not have thought of it, if I did not know that I had the means necessary to put it in execution. We are absolutely of the same size, which is more honor to you than to me; and I have in my bag a complete suit entirely new, which will disguise you perfectly. This is the history of the suit; it was sent to me by the good woman my mother, who thinking to make me a very useful present, and wishing that I should be properly equipped to present myself at the embassy, and to give lessons to young ladies, had made for me at her village one of the most elegant costumes that are in fashion there. Certainly the costume is picturesque and the stuffs well chosen, as you shall see! But imagine the effect I should have produced at the embassy, and the merry laugh of Signor de Metastasio's niece, if I had shown myself with this rustic frock and these comical broad pantaloon. I thanked my poor mother for her good intentions, and flattered myself that I could sell the costume to some countryman who was in want, or to some travelling actor. That is why I brought it with me; but by good luck, I found no opportunity to dispose of it. The people of this country say that the fashion of the dress is ancient, and ask if it is Polish or Turkish."

"Well, the opportunity is found," cried Consuelo, laughing; "your idea is excellent, and the travelling actress will avail herself of your Turkish dress, which very much resembles a skirt. I buy it of you on credit at any rate, or rather on condition that you will be cashier of our *tickler*, as the king of Prussia calls his treasure, and that you will advance the expense of my journey to Vienna."

"We will see," said Joseph, putting the purse in his pocket, and promising himself that he would receive no pay. "Now it remains to be seen if the dress fits you. I will go into the wood, while you hide yourself among these rocks. They will furnish you with many safe and spacious dressing rooms."

"Go and appear upon the stage," replied Consuelo, pointing to the forest: "I will enter the wing." And retiring within the rocks, while her respectful companion conscientiously withdrew, she immediately proceeded to her transformation. The fountain served as a mirror when she left her retreat, and it was not without a certain pleasure that she saw in it the prettiest little peasant that the Slave race had ever produced. Her waist, delicate and supple as an osier,

played freely in a broad girdle of red woolen; and her foot, slender as a doe's, issued modestly a little above the ankle, from the broad folds of the pantaloons. Her black hair, which she had always insisted on not powdering, had been cut during her illness, and curled naturally about her face. She passed her fingers through her locks to give them all the rustic negligence which belonged to a young shepherd; and wearing her costume with the ease of the stage, knowing even,—thanks to her mimic talents,—how to give to her face at once an expression of wild simplicity, she found herself so well disguised that she felt courageous and safe in an instant. As happens to actors when they put on their costume, she felt her part, and even identified herself with the personage she was to play, so far as to experience, as it were, the want of care, the pleasure of an innocent vagabondism, the gaiety, activity and lightness of body of a truant school-boy.

She had to whistle three times before Haydn, who had withdrawn further than necessary into the wood, either to testify his respect, or to escape the temptation of turning his eyes towards the openings in the rocks, returned to her. He uttered a cry of surprise and admiration on seeing her; and even though he had expected to find her well disguised, could hardly believe his eyes at the first moment. This transformation became Consuelo prodigiously, and at the same time gave an entirely different turn to the young man's imagination.

The kind of pleasure which the beauty of a woman produces in an adolescent is always mingled with fear; and the dress that makes of her, even in the eyes of the least chaste, a being so veiled and so mysterious, has much to do with this impression of trouble and anguish. Joseph had a pure soul, and whatever some of his biographers may have said, was a chaste and modest young man. He had been dazzled on seeing Consuelo asleep on the bank of the fountain, motionless like a beautiful statue animated by the rays of the sun, in which she was bathed. On talking and listening to her, his heart had been agitated with unknown emotions which he had attributed only to the enthusiasm and the joy of so happy a meeting. But in the quarter of an hour which he had passed far from her in the wood, during that mysterious toilet, he had experienced violent palpitations. His first emotions had returned; and he approached resolved to make great efforts still to conceal the mortal trouble which he bore in his soul, under an air of carelessness and cheerfulness.

The change of costume which succeeded so well as to seem a real change of

sex, suddenly changed also the disposition of the young man's mind. He apparently no longer felt any thing more than the fraternal transports of a strong friendship improvised between himself and his agreeable travelling companion. The same desire to travel and see the country, the same security as to the dangers of the road, the same sympathetic gaiety which animated Consuelo at this instant, seized likewise upon him, and they began their march through wood and meadow as light as two birds of passage.

Still, after a few steps, he forgot that she was a boy, on seeing her carry on her shoulder, at the end of a stick, her little bundle of clothes, increased by the woman's dress she had just put off. A discussion arose between them on this subject. Consuelo pretended that what with his bag, his violin, and his roll of the *gradus ad Parnassum*, Joseph was loaded enough. Joseph, on his part, swore that he would put all Consuelo's bundle into his bag, and that she should carry nothing. She was obliged to yield; but to keep up the consistency of her character, and the appearance of equality between them, he consented to let her carry the violin hung over her shoulder by a ribbon.

"Do you know," said Consuelo, to induce this concession, "that I must have the appearance of your servant, or at least of your guide! For I am a peasant,—there can be no doubt of that; and you, you are a citizen."

"What a citizen!" replied Haydn, laughing. "I don't look much unlike Keller's barber boy!" While saying this, the good youth felt a little mortified at not being able to show himself to Consuelo in a rather more beautiful accoutrement than his present clothes, faded by the sun, and somewhat dilapidated by his journey.

"No, you have the appearance," said Consuelo, to relieve him of this little vexation, "of a ruined son of some family, returning to the paternal mansion, accompanied by his gardener's boy, the companion of his mad pranks."

"I really think we shall do better to play the parts appropriate to our situation," returned Joseph. "We can only pass for what we are, (you at least for the moment,) poor wandering artists; and, as it is the custom of that profession to dress one's self as one can, with whatever one finds, and according to the money one has; as troubadours of our class are often seen dragging through the fields the cast-off coat of a marquis or of a soldier, we may well have, I the old threadbare dress of a little professor, and you the costume of a Hungarian villager, unusual in this country. We shall even do well to say, if we are questioned, that

we have recently made an expedition in that direction. I can speak *ex professo* of the celebrated village of Rohrau, with which nobody is acquainted, and of the celebrated city of Haimburg, of which nobody thinks. As for you, as your pretty little accent will always betray you, you will do well not to deny that you are an Italian, and a singer by profession."

"Apropos, we must have some travelling names: that's the custom. Yours is already made for me, according to my Italian manners; I must call you Beppo: it is the abbreviation of Joseph."

"Call me what you please; I have the advantage of being as much unknown with one name as with another. For yourself, it is different. You must absolutely have a name; which do you prefer?"

"The first Venetian abbreviation I can think of, Nelio, Maso, Renzo, Zoto——O! no, not that," cried she, after having, from habit, allowed the childish contraction of Anzoleto's name to escape her.

"Why not that?" said Joseph, who remarked the earnestness of her exclamation.

"It would bring me bad luck. They say there are some such names."

"Well then, how shall we baptize you?"

"Bertoni. That will be an Italian name, and a sort of diminutive of the name of Albert."

"Il Signor Bertoni! that does very well," said Joseph, forcing a smile; but Consuelo's remembrance of her noble betrothed struck a poignard to his heart. He looked at her walking strong and freely before him: "Really," said he to himself, as a sort of consolation, "I forgot that it was a boy."

III.

They soon reached the edge of the wood, and directed their steps towards the south-east. Consuelo walked with her head bare, and Joseph, though seeing the sun inflame her white and pure skin, did not dare to express his uneasiness. The hat which he himself wore was not new, and he could not offer it to her; so seeing that his anxiety was useless, he did not wish to express it: but he clapped his own hat under his arm with a hasty movement which was remarked by his companion.

"This is a singular idea," said she to him. "One would imagine that you considered the sky cloudy and the plain shady! That makes me think that I have nothing on my head; but as I have not always had every comfort, I well know how to procure for myself a little freshness." While speaking thus, she tore from a thicket the leafy branch of a wild

vine, and winding it upon itself, soon produced a verdant head-dress.

"Now she has the air of a muse," thought Joseph, "and the boy has again disappeared!"

They passed through a village, where seeing one of those shops in which everything is sold, he entered precipitately, without her perceiving his design, and soon came out with a little broad-brimmed straw hat fastened up at the sides, such as is worn by the peasants of the valleys of the Danube.

"If you begin by purchasing luxuries," said she, trying on this new covering, "think that we may want bread towards the end of our journey."

"You want bread!" said Joseph earnestly; "I would rather hold my hand to travellers, cut capers on the public squares for a copper sous! or do any thing else! O! no, you shall want nothing while you are with me." And seeing that Consuelo was a little astonished at his enthusiasm, he added, endeavoring to depreciate his good feelings:—"Reflect, *signor Bertoni*, that my future lot depends on you; that my fortune is in your hands, and that it is for my interest to deliver you safe and sound to master Porpora."

The idea that her companion might fall suddenly in love with her never entered Consuelo's mind. Chaste and simple women have rarely such a foresight, while coquettes, on the contrary, have it at every encounter, perhaps in consequence of their inclination to produce the cause. Besides, a very young woman seldom looks upon a man of her own age otherwise than as a child. Consuelo was two years older than Haydn, and the latter was so small and puny that he would hardly be considered fifteen. She well knew that he was more; but she could not imagine that his senses had already been awakened by love. Still she noticed an extraordinary emotion, when, having stopped to take breath in another place, whence she admired one of those beautiful situations that present themselves at every step in those elevated regions, she caught Joseph's eyes fixed upon her in a sort of ecstasy.

"What is the matter with you, friend Beppo!" said she artlessly. "You seem anxious, and I cannot get rid of the notion that my company embarrasses you."

"Do not say so!" cried he sadly; "that would be wanting esteem for me, and refusing me your confidence and your friendship, which I would repay with my life."

"In that case, do not be sad, unless you have some other subject of trouble which you have not confided to me."

Joseph fell into a gloomy silence, and they walked some distance without his finding strength to break it. The more

this silence was prolonged, the more embarrassed the young man felt: he feared lest his thoughts should be divined. But he found nothing appropriate to renew the conversation. At last making a great effort over himself:—"Do you know," said he, "what I am thinking of very seriously?"

"No, I cannot guess," replied Consuelo, who, during all this time, had been buried in her own thoughts, and had observed nothing peculiar in his silence.

"I thought, as we came along, that if it would not weary you, you ought to teach me Italian. I began it with books this winter; but having nobody to guide me in the pronunciation, I dare not articulate a word before you. Still I understand what I read, and if, during our journey, you would be so good as to make me overcome my bashfulness, and to correct me at every syllable, it seems to me that my ear is musical enough to prevent your pains being lost."

"O! with all my heart," replied Consuelo. "I think no one should suffer a single one of the precious moments of life to pass without instruction; and as one learns in teaching, it can only be very advantageous for us both to practise the pronunciation of that language which is musical *par excellence*. You think me an Italian, but I am not; though I have very little accent in that language. But I do not pronounce it perfectly well except when I sing; and when I wish to seize the harmony of Italian sounds, I will sing the words that present difficulties to you. I am persuaded that people pronounce badly only because they understand badly. If your ear perceives the shades of sounds exactly, it will afterwards be only an effort of memory to repeat them well."

"Then it will be at the same time a lesson in Italian and a lesson in singing!" cried Joseph. "And one that will last fifty leagues," thought he, with rapture. "Ah! upon my faith, long live art! the least dangerous, the least ungrateful of attachments!"

The lesson commenced immediately, and Consuelo, who at first could hardly help laughing at every word that Joseph uttered in Italian, was soon astonished at the facility and justness with which he corrected himself. Still the young musician, who ardently desired to hear the voice of the cantatrice, and who did not see an opportunity present itself soon enough, produced one by a little deception. He pretended to be embarrassed in giving to the Italian its proper clearness and neatness, and he sang a passage of Leo's in which the word *felicità* was repeated several times. Immediately Consuelo, without stopping, and without being more out of breath than if seated at her piano, sang the passage over several

times. At that recent, so generous and so penetrating that no other in the world could at that period be compared with it, Joseph felt a thrill pass through his whole body, and he rubbed his hands one against the other with a convulsive movement and a passionate exclamation.

"Now it is your turn,—try," said Consuelo, without noticing his transports.

Haydn tried the passage and sang it so well, that his young professor clapped her hands.

"Very well, indeed," said she to him in a tone of frankness and goodness. "You learn quickly and have a magnificent voice."

"You may say what you please about that," replied Joseph; "but I feel that I can never tell you anything of yourself."

"And why not?" said Consuelo. But, on turning towards him, she saw that his eyes were filled with tears, and that he still clasped his hands, making the joints crack like a playful child or an enthusiastic man.

"Let us sing no more," said she. "There are some travellers on horseback coming towards us."

"Ah! my God, yes! Keep silence!" cried Joseph beside himself. "Don't let them hear you! for they would dismount and salute you on their knees."

"I do not fear such amateurs; those are butcher's boys on horseback with calves behind them."

"Ah! pull down your hat, turn away your head!" said Joseph, coming close to her with a feeling of excited jealousy. "Don't let them see you! don't let them hear you! Let no one see or hear you but me!"

The rest of the day passed in an alternation of serious studies and youthful talk. In the midst of his agitations, Joseph experienced an intoxicating joy, and did not know if he was the most trembling among the adorers of beauty, or the most radiant among the friends of art. By turns a dazzling idol and a delightful comrade, Consuelo filled his whole life, and transported his whole being. Towards evening he perceived that she dragged herself along with difficulty, and that fatigue had overpowered her cheerfulness. In fact, notwithstanding the frequent halts they made under the trees by the road-side, she had for several hours felt herself overcome by lassitude; but she wished it to be so; and even had it not been evident that she must leave that country as soon as possible, she would still have sought in motion and the forgetfulness of a somewhat forced gaiety, a distraction from the anguish of her heart. The first shades of evening, as they spread melancholy over the face of the country, re-excited in her the sorrowful feelings she

had combated with so much strength. She depicted to herself the gloomy evening which was commencing at Giant's castle, and the perhaps terrible night that Albert was about to pass. Depressed by this idea, she stopped involuntarily on the summit of a bare hill, at the foot of a large wooden cross, which marked the spot of some traditional miracle or crime.

"Alas! you are more fatigued than you will acknowledge," said Joseph to her; "but our stint is near its end, for I see the lights of a hamlet gleaming at the bottom of this valley. Perhaps you think I am not strong enough to carry you, and yet, if you were willing—"

"My child," said she smiling, "you are very proud of your sex. I beg you not to despise mine so much, and to believe that I have more strength than remains to you to carry yourself. I am out of breath with climbing this steep path, that is all; and if I rest, it is because I wish to sing."

"God be praised!" cried Joseph: "sing here then, at the foot of the cross. I will kneel—And yet, if it should fatigue you more!"

"It will not be long," said Consuelo; "but I have a fancy to sing here the verse of a canticle which my mother used to make me sing with her every night and morning in the country, whenever we encountered a chapel or a cross planted like this at the junction of four roads."

Consuelo's idea was still more romantic than she was willing to confess. In thinking of Albert, she had remembered the almost supernatural faculty he had of seeing and hearing at a distance. She strongly imagined that at this very hour he thought of her, saw her perhaps; and, thinking to afford an alleviation to his sorrow in speaking to him through night and space by a sympathetic song, she ascended the stones which supported the lower end of the cross. Then, turning towards that side of the horizon where Riesenburg must be, she gave her voice all its power in singing the stave of the Spanish canticle:

O Consuelo de mi alma, &c.

"My God! my God!" said Haydn, speaking to himself as soon as she had finished, "I had never heard singing; I never knew what singing was. Can there be other human voices like this! Shall I ever again hear any thing similar to what is revealed to me this day? O music! holy music! O genius of the art! thou consumest, thou terrifiest me!"

Consuelo descended from the stone, where, like a madonna, her beautiful profile had been traced in the transparent azure of the night. In her turn, inspired after the manner of Albert, she imagined that she saw him, through the woods, mountains and valleys, seated up-

on the stone of the Schreckenstein, calm, resigned, and filled with a holy hope. "He has heard me," thought she, "he has recognized my voice and the chant which he loves. He has understood me, and now he will return to the chateau, embrace his father, and perhaps sleep peacefully."

"All is right," said she to Joseph, without noticing his delirium of admiration. Then retracing her steps, she bestowed a kiss upon the rough wood of the cross. Perhaps at that instant, by a strange coincidence, Albert experienced as it were an electric emotion which opened the springs of his gloomy will, and caused the delight of a divine calm to pass into the most mysterious recesses of his soul. Perhaps that was the precise moment when he fell into a deep and beneficent sleep, in which his father, anxious and early rising, found him plunged the next day at early dawn. The hamlet, the lights of which they had perceived in the darkness, was only an extensive farm-house where they were received with hospitality. A family of honest laborers was eating in the open air before the door, around a table of unhewn wood, at which places were made for them without opposition as well as without heartiness. No questions were asked them; they were hardly looked at. Those good people, tired with a long and hot day's work, took their meal in silence, and gave themselves up to the stupid enjoyment of their simple and copious food. Consuelo found the supper delicious. Joseph forgot to eat, engaged as he was in looking at Consuelo's pale and noble features in the midst of those broad sunburnt peasants' faces, gentle and stupid as those of their oxen, which grazed around them, and made hardly more noise with their jaws as they chewed their cud.

Each of the guests retired silently with a sign of the cross as soon as he felt satisfied, and went to give himself up to sleep, leaving the more robust to prolong the meal as they thought proper.

The women who had waited upon them, took their seats as soon as they had risen, and began to sup with their children. More animated and more curious, they retained and questioned the young travellers. Joseph gave them the account he had prepared to satisfy them, and did not in reality depart from the truth, in saying that he and his comrade were poor wandering musicians. "What a pity it is not Sunday," replied one of the youngest, "you could have given us a dance." They carefully examined Consuelo, who appeared to them a very pretty boy, and who, to fill her part, affected to look at them with bold and sprightly eyes. She had sighed a mo-

ment at thinking of their patriarchal manners, from which her own active and wandering profession so far removed her. But on observing these poor women stand erect behind their husbands, serve them with respect, and afterwards eat cheerfully what they had left, some nursing a little one, others slaves already, by instinct, of their young boys, whom they helped before thinking of their daughters or themselves, she no longer saw in these good cultivators any thing more than victims of hunger and necessity; the men chained to the soil, slaves of the plough and of the herds; the women chained to the master, that is to the man, cloistered in the house, servants to perpetuity, and condemned to a labor without repose, in the midst of the sufferings and inconveniences of maternity. On one side the owner of the soil pressing or extorting from the laborer even to the deprivation of the necessities of life, which were the results of his arid toils; on the other, avarice and fear communicated from the landlord to the tenant, and condemning the latter to govern his own family and his own life despotically and parsimoniously. Then this apparent serenity seemed to Consuelo only the brutalizing effect of misfortune or the stupefaction of fatigue; and she said to herself that it was better to be an artist or a gipsy, than a lord or a peasant, since to the ownership of land as to that of an ear of wheat was annexed either an unjust tyranny or the sad slavery of avarice. "*Viva la libertà!*" said she to Joseph in Italian, while the women were washing and arranging the dishes with a great noise, and one who was old and crippled turned her spinning wheel with the regularity of a machine.

Joseph was surprised to find that some of these peasant-women spoke German quite well. He learnt from them that the head of the family, whom he had seen dressed like a peasant, was of noble birth, and had enjoyed some fortune and education in his youth; but entirely ruined in the war of Succession, he had no other means of bringing up his numerous family than by attaching himself as farmer to a neighboring abbey. This abbey extorted from him horribly, and he had just paid the mitre-due; that is, the tax levied by the imperial fisc upon religious communities at each change of abbot. This tax was always paid in reality by the vassals and tenants of the ecclesiastical property, besides their ground-rent and other charges. The servants of the farm were serfs, and did not consider themselves more unfortunate than the master who employed them. The farmer of the fisc was a Jew, and referred from the abbey which he tormented to the cultivators whom he tormented still more,

he had that very morning claimed and carried away a sum of money which constituted the savings of several years. Between the catholic priests and the Israelitish extortioners the poor agriculturist knew not which to hate and fear the most.

"You see, Joseph," said Consuelo to her companion; "was I not right when I told you that we are the only rich in this world, we, who pay no tax upon our voices, and work only when we please?"

Bed-time having arrived, Consuelo felt so fatigued that she fell asleep on a bench at the house-door. Joseph profited by the opportunity to ask the farmer's wife for beds.

"Beds, my child!" replied she smiling; "if we can give you one it will be a great deal, and you must be satisfied with it for both."

This answer brought the blood into poor Joseph's face. He looked at Consuelo, and seeing that she heard nothing of the dialogue, he overcame his emotion.

"My comrade is very much fatigued," said he, "and if you can give him a little bed, we will pay whatever you wish. A corner of the barn or the stable will answer for me."

"Well! if the child is ill, out of humanity we will give him a bed in the common chamber. Our three daughters sleep together. But tell your comrade to keep quiet, at least, and behave decently; for my husband and my son-in-law, who sleep in the same room, will bring him to his senses."

"I will answer for my comrade's gentleness and propriety; it remains to be seen if he will not prefer to sleep in the straw rather than in a chamber where there are so many people."

The good Joseph was obliged to rouse the signor Bertoni, in order to propose this arrangement. Consuelo was not so much startled at it as he expected. She reflected that since the young daughters of the house slept in the same room with the father and son-in-law, she would be safer there than anywhere else; and having wished good night to Joseph, she glided behind the four brown woollen curtains which enclosed the designated bed, and there, hardly taking time to undress herself, she fell into a deep sleep.

To be Continued.

REVIEW.

The Greece of the Greeks. By G. A. PERDICARIS, A. M., late Consul of the United States at Athens. In Two Volumes. New York: Paine and Burgess, 69 John St. 1845. pp. 193 and 200.

We had waited for the appearance of this book with impatience. We did not doubt that it would be as attractive as its title; we looked to find in its pages, the

charm that seems almost inseparable from the name of Greece; to breathe the air of that country and meet its people, under the guidance of a keen-sighted and entertaining conductor. In all this we are greatly disappointed. Instead of the pleasure we had promised ourselves, we have just made our way through an exceedingly dull and meagre book, written in very bad English to hoot. Were it on an ordinary subject it might be forgiven, but where Greece and the Greeks, even of these times, are the theme, dulness is a personal offence against every reader, to a genuine Philhellene, a sin unpardonable.

After a barren Introduction giving a general account of the formation of the government and the present state of the treasury, Mr. Perdicaris goes on to present his impressions of Athens, of King Otho and his court, and of the various parties to whose intrigues Greece has long been a prey. Then comes a dissertation on Athenian society, followed by narratives of various journeys to different parts of Greece, descriptions of its principal towns, its natural capacities, the state of Agriculture, Commerce, and Education, and of its most remarkable antiquities, related in a manner as dry and uninteresting as possible, occasionally varied by poetical quotations, and by efforts of original wit which we found quite painful.

But it is no more than justice to the author, to say that a pertinacious reader of his two volumes will not be without compensation. He will at the close find himself possessed of some statistical knowledge relating to Greece, and will be able to form a pretty clear notion of the character of her inhabitants. He will also, if he agree with the opinions of the book, which we are assured in the preface are those of the Greeks in general, feel no great admiration for the men of various nations, who, since the revolution have managed the Grecian government.

Mr. Perdicaris concludes with a chapter on the "condition of Greece," which seems to us far the best in the book. It is sensible, and judicious, and contains much valuable information; besides, it is upon a subject where the barest statement of facts and views is all we wish for.

Did we need any evidence of the fact that Nature declines and degenerates when deprived of the care of man, we might find indubitable proofs in every part of Greece. Of the ancient Phthiotis our author says,

"With the diminution of the inhabitants, the natural resources of the plain have materially deteriorated; and the rivers which formerly contributed to its fertility and beauty, have proved the most effectual agents of its devastation. The annual overflows of the Sperchius, have turned the richest portions of the plain near the sea into pestiferous morasses,

while the impetuous torrents of the mountains, have striped with stones and gravel the sides of the swelling hills."

Again, speaking of the figs of Messenia, he says,

"The great plain of Messenia, which is so peculiarly adapted to the growth of this valuable tree, (the fig,) and which bears the name of Macaria, that is, Felix, is now a swamp abounding in frogs!"

It seems that civilization is not without critics and accusers even amongst the rude tribes of Greece, though, not from precisely the same reasons as those which move us in our humble way, to call it in question.

"The Albanians of Vochah seemed to be exceedingly dissatisfied with their present condition, and complained bitterly against the injustice of denying them the lands for which they had fought. They would have been less dissatisfied if no grants had been made to others, and they think that the reason of this was not because they did not fight, but because they did not know 'how to read, write, or lie,' the last of which they seem to consider the most omnipotent instrument of civilization."

An opinion not so wide of the truth as might be!

To us the most striking fact about the modern Greeks, is the agreement of their essential character, with that which left such monuments as the Parthenon, the Theseum, the temple of Apollo Epicurus, and that glorious catalogue of unmatched literary art. In Attica, for example, the old race is extinct, but the new seems hardly different. That transparent sky and genial climate, surround men made of the same impulses as the memorable Demos of old. The circumstances and accessories are greatly changed of course, but on all hands we meet our old acquaintances in modern dresses, with modern customs.

The Greeks are now, as they always have been, essentially an intellectual people. That is to say, if we may be allowed the technicality, their ruling passions are the intellectual or mechanizing. The whole social and sensuous life of the nation is subordinate to these, so much that it almost seems to be only a mode of their action. This is a distinction not easy to render intelligible to those who do not understand the language in which we have expressed it, and are not familiar with Fourier's analysis of the passions. We mean by it, that in the Greeks, unlike most other races, and especially the Saxon, the social affections are inferior in power to the love of analysis, of refined and subtle invention, of intrigue, of change whence mainly arises their passionate devotion to freedom, and that peculiar tendency which a thousand years have not altered, which is displayed in a dislike of simple pleasures, a disposition to live a public rather than a do-

mestic life. This intellectuality is as apparent in the antique art, philosophy, poetry and institutions, as in any modern Klepht of Acarnania or lounge in the Leschae of Athens. Had we time and space we would exhibit it more distinctly and minutely.

Taken in connection with the geographical position of Greece, we find in her national character good grounds for high anticipations of her future destiny. In spite of all present political clouds and difficulties, we cannot believe that this outpost of human progress has been thus partially recovered again to be lost. We prophecy for her future inhabitants, a career in science, in literature and art, the worthy successor of those ancient triumphs. In commerce also, Greece must assume a high rank. To this the talents of her sons are eminently adapted, while her situation will have in this respect peculiar advantages, besides being as it were the next door to Constantinople which, as the focus of the East and West, must with the progress of society and the development of the material resources of Asia, assume a commercial importance hitherto unknown. Of course results like these lie in the remote future. At present, the best efforts of the Greeks can only be of an elementary character. The establishment of public order and education, the encouragement of agriculture, and the prosecution of necessary internal improvements, now offer objects sufficient for the energies of her wisest men. This is the beginning; the time will come when her rich valleys and sloping hills, whose names are a part of the memory of mankind, will be covered with splendors, such as they never witnessed, and with human happiness greater than any Arcadian poet ever imagined, and when the living glory of Greece shall fear no comparison with the past.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays; to which are added a few Poems. By ALEXANDER H. EVERETT. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1845. pp. 563.

The writer of this volume after having run through the various experience of the New Englander, such as teaching school, studying law, editing a review, writing a book, presiding over a western academy dignified into a college, turning from whig to democrat, and democrat to whig for aught we know, has here given in his old age the result of his whole varied existence as it has been noted down from time to time in the periodicals. In a book of five hundred sixty-three neatly printed pages we have the nett quotient of the literary, philosophical, political and poetical life of Alexander H. Everett, Esq.

What does it amount to! Why to just five hundred sixty-three pages of the most

rapid common-place. In fact, after casting our eye over these pages—for it has been impossible to read them,—we are compelled to pronounce Mr. Everett the most successful embodiment of the common-place that the nineteenth century has produced. Without a particle of originality or depth of thought, without either grace or vigor of style, a poor expounder of the minds of others, and with very little mind of his own, he has ventured to send forth some twenty or more miscellaneous articles, some in prose and some in verse, but all are pretty formidable to the reader and quite oppressive, we should think, to the publisher, if he bears the expense. There have been many writers more stupid than Mr. Everett, many of less scholarship, several as dull, and a few equally destitute of all the charms of style, but none that we know of, who combine all these characteristics, positive and negative, in such an exquisite and inimitable perfection.

Yet Mr. Everett's self conceit, it will readily be inferred, is not less than his inanity. The very attempt to cram a book of this kind down the throats of the public is in itself a proof of the extraordinarily exaggerated estimate, he must put on his own talents. No man of any tolerable sense of his own powers, could have been persuaded into such a *prima facie* piece of vanity. These essays were only endurable singly, and in their first shape, as hasty contributions to dull reviews and mediocre magazines; they scarcely made a ripple on the surface of the literary current when first thrown in: the lapse of time has only increased their original worthlessness; and now long after the waters of oblivion had settled over them, they are rescued with all a doting parent's anxious solicitude, and flung in the face of an indifferent public. At the outset they were feeble echoes of English periodicals, which should have been allowed to perish with their originals, instead of being galvanized into spasmodic life for a moment by the aid of a respectable publisher.

The subjects which our author attempts, are another proof of the singular infatuation under which he labors as to his own abilities. They embrace a vast variety of topics, scarcely any one of which, had he devoted all his life to it, is he competent to handle. We are furnished with discussions on literature, law, government, manners, and politics, when it must be grossly palpable to every body that Mr. Everett has no decided opinion of his own on any of these subjects. The most he does is to repeat the stereotyped notions of British reviews, in the manner of a country newspaper editor. He talks of Schiller, Cicero, St. Pierre, Voltaire, and Canova, without apparent soul

enough to understand the simplest utterings of those great spirits. With no eye for Art, he treats of the works of Canova; with no sentiment of Beauty, he discourses of the dramas of Schiller; and utterly ignorant of the wants of society or the destiny of mankind, he prattles long dialogues on Government. It is actually horrible to see so many fine topics so ruthlessly maltreated.

What will the reader say, when we inform him that Mr. Everett's "Essays" are masterpieces of composition compared with what he has had the audacity to call his "Poems." They consist of translations from the Greek, Latin, and German, in such execrable style, that the bones of their authors must have turned in their graves when they were done. We have no doubt that Theocritus, Virgil, Goethe, and Bürger, could they be conscious of the foul murder perpetrated on their dearest offspring, would haunt the criminal all the days of his mortal life. If Mr. Everett was compelled to resort to the writings of other men, to freshen his brains with a little original thought, why did he not lay his sacrilegious hands upon something else than "Faust" or "Lenore?" A person who can deliberately perpetrate such things against his fellow man is capable of almost anything. We have no patience with them, and therefore dismiss Mr. Everett with the abrupt expression of our contempt for his book.

The Quarterly Journal and Review. No. I. For January, February and March, 1846. Cincinnati: L. A. HINK, Editor and Proprietor. One Dollar per year, in advance. pp. 96.

The above is the title of a new laborer in the field of human progress, bearing the motto "Goodness, Greatness, and Happiness are the Birthright of every Son and Daughter of Humanity."

The contents of the present number are 1, Obligations of Wealth; 2, Peter Still; 3, Silver Bird, a Tale; 4, Genevieve, a Poem; 5, Scientific Pursuits; 6, Introduction to Geology; 7, Geology, Part I.; 8, Our Social, Political and Educational System; 9, Trust in God, a Poem; 10, Hurlbut's Human Rights, reviewed; 11, Poe's Poems, reviewed.

The articles are generally well written, in an admirable spirit; they display (with the exception of the tale and the poetry which are wretched,) a good deal of talent, and are, we presume, well adapted to the sphere for which they are designed. They are however, too much of the character of sermons on goodness, honesty, charity and the virtues in general to have any profound effect. Social evils must, as far as our experience goes, be attacked in another

manner, if we wish to remove them or to call thinking men to the side of reform.

We began with no intention but to welcome the new comer into the great and busy arena, where those that follow the banner of Hope and Humanity are not so numerous as to make us critical as to the tone of every new voice that takes up the battle cry. We trust that Mr. Hine will find no lack of encouragement in his enterprise.

The Cricket on the Hearth, A Fairy Tale of Home. BY CHARLES DICKENS. Boston: G. W. Redding and Co., 8 State Street. 1846.

We have received an extra copy of the Boston Yankee, containing the above story by this popular writer, which some of our friends highly commend. Without any definite notions as to the destiny of man or the means of redeeming the degraded and suffering masses, his writings are always worth reading, from their sincere human sympathies, and the genial faith in Providence which they display.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

EROTIS.

Who can reckon Nature's treasures,
That giveth of her healthy pleasures
To every soul in needful measures?

Her pomps a glorious queen bespeak her,—
No trusting maid was ever meeker;
We twain are lovers; yet I seek her,

Not in my seasons of high madness,
Not in my hours of human gladness,
But when I'm overborne with sadness;

And when my world to me is dearest
Her sacred heart for me beats dearest,
Then her embrace enfolds me nearest.

Fear making the warm heart to shiver,
Despair like a black, whelming river,
Remorse threatening to kill forever,

Even out of memory I lose them,
As resting on her gentle bosom
She wreaths my head with many a blossom.

And her own thrice-blessed peace instilling,
My soul with a new courage filling,
With hope, and trust, and power of willing,

Points me to Duty, solemn, earnest,
To thee, O Pilgrim Man! that yearnest,
For that lost Home where thou returnest;

And bids me serve with life-devotion
Thy great hosts, that with loud commotion
Move forward like a moving ocean.

But not alone this lore she teacheth
The fainting heart that her beseecheth,
To every mood her influence reacheth.

And as, no earthly burden bearing,
I wander thoughtless and uncaring,
Like some gay traveller onward faring,

A spiritual presence o'er me stealing,
She comes God's boundless Love revealing,
Too great for human thought and feeling.

And when great thoughts like streams eternal
That flow from unknown founts supernal
Bearing Hope's flowers forever vernal,

Swell through me, till my mind, expanding,
Seems on some mount of vision standing
The vast expanse of life commanding;

Then she that erst so loving tender,
Could stoop the simplest care to render,
Appears in her imperial splendor.

'Twas thus, my Friend! the other even,
The last true word of parting given,
I stepped beneath the open heaven.

From that full hour's high conversation,
From its immortal aspiration
To the fair scene, fit alternation!

Across the moon the clouds were driving,
Each with the other swiftly striving,
All bright, and various, and living.

The fields with the quick light were hoary,
That flashed and changed like the strange
glory

A child sees in some ancient story.

Now hushed, now loud to Heaven soaring,
From Nature's central heart outpouring,
As if the blessed Christ adoring,

Her voice through the wide forest thrilling,
With her great prayer all creatures filling,
I felt, all other passion stilling.

And, as before an altar holy,
In trustful silence bending lowly
I prayed, "Let God on Earth rule wholly!"

Moments are given to every being,
Moments of deep and blissful seeing,
From weary bonds the spirit freeing;

But O no words there are expressing
The awed joy then my life possessing
With its imperishable blessing?

Nor any speech of mortal creature
Can tell the debt I owe to Nature
From my first breath to manhood's stature.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.—NO. II.

The Concerts thus far during the winter, excepting those of the Philharmonic Society and De Meyer, have been very thinly attended. Mr. Huber, Mr. Fontana, and Mr. Burke, who have been the chief debutants, played to small audiences. These gentlemen were unfortunate in immediately succeeding Masters upon their respective instruments. Knoop, indeed, has been sometime absent, but none who have heard him can forget how the violoncello sang under his bow, and although Mr. Huber was a pleasing, simple and accurate performer he had evidently not sounded the depths of his instrument. Mr. Burke arrived as Ole Bull went. He is a fine performer and promises great attainment, but neither he nor

his friends could expect much enthusiasm from a public which was still thrilling with the remembrance of Ole Bull and Vieux Temps. His own Concerts have been thin, but his reception was good, and he played with great approbation at the last Concert of the Philharmonic Society. Mr. Fontana's style is quiet and rich. We have not yet heard De Meyer, but presume the impression made by Fontana will not be extinguished. The two styles are

"As moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

The German opera closed after a struggle of a fortnight. *Der Freischütz* was the principal piece presented, and it was sung uniformly well, but attracted little notice among those who supported the Italian opera so liberally during the last winter, and as the issue showed, did not sufficiently interest the German residents to derive its support from them. Its wild and romantic music was sung by those who were wise enough to trust to its intrinsic melody and not court applause by prolonged and interpolated cadences, and the Prima and Seconda Donne, Madame Otto, and Fräulein Korsinsky, merited a larger audience for their chaste and simple singing. It was satisfactory to know that the project failed from no fault or insufficiency in the presentation of the opera, but from the differing taste of the public; and yet it was hard to see it disappear, with the promise of Don Giovanni, the Magic Flute and Fidelio, still warm.

Afterward the Seguius played an unsuccessful engagement at the Park Theatre, singing the "Bohemian Girl," and "Amelia."

The Oratorio of St. Paul by Mendelssohn was produced twice at the Tabernacle. The chorusses were very effective, and the music so beautiful, that we sat three hours without the least fatigue. What was said in our last notice of the music of this composer, was justified by this Oratorio. The audience was so small, that it was not thought expedient to repeat it a third time.

The Philharmonic Society gave their second Concert on Saturday Evening, January 17th. Beethoven's Symphony in C minor was performed, and the second part comprised an overture by Mr. George Loder the Vice President of the Society, a Quintette by Lindpaintner, a Concerto for the piano and orchestra by Mendelssohn, performed by Mr. Timm upon the piano, an overture of *Perrugino*, and a Concerto of De Beriot's, played by Mr. Burke.

The Symphony was played too rapidly, nor were the performers so prompt as they should have been. Some of the magnificent chords were not given with perfect precision. It seemed as if the

orchestra were too much accustomed to the Symphony to devote the closest attention to it, and so did not play it as well as the succeeding pieces which were new. Did the rapidity of the performance arise from the fear that the audience might not tolerate graciously so long a piece?

But the music did not lose any of its majesty, and the orchestra should be most charitably judged,—since so sublime a work suggests a style of performance as great as itself, as Shakspeare suggests acting which we shall never see. The Concerto of Mendelssohn was admirably played by Mr. Timm. He is a most delicate, graceful and accurate pianist, and his style is peculiarly adapted to the exuberant richness and flowing melody of Mendelssohn's music. Mr. Burke played well, although the piece selected was not interesting. The rest of the Concert was tedious.

In New York there is more musical cultivation than taste, and hence the performer is more regarded than the music. Mr. Max Bohrer is considered a great genius, and we have heard Haydn called "too simple." It is with some reason, therefore, that an orchestra may fear that the Fifth Symphony will seem too long.

Mr. Burke has advertised a farewell concert, before his departure for the South, and the Sacred Music Society are to bring out Mr. Hewitt's "American" oratorio of "Jephtha."

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

NEW ENGLAND FOURIER SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of this Society was held in a Hall of the Tremont Temple, Boston, on Tuesday, Jan. 27, and Wednesday, the 28,—the sessions continuing through the day and evening. A good audience was assembled during the day, and on both evenings the Hall was crowded to overflowing with an intelligent and deeply interested company. The following persons were elected Officers for the ensuing year.

GEORGE RIPLEY, *President*.

FRANCIS G. SHAW, of West Roxbury,
S. C. HEWITT, of Duxbury,

PELEG CLARKE, of Coventry, R. I,

Vice Presidents.

JOHN SAWYER, *Treasurer*,

J. BUTTERFIELD, *Recording Secretary*,

JOHN ALLEN, *Corresponding Secretary*.

The meeting on Tuesday was opened with some remarks by the President, Mr. RIPLEY, who spoke of the general condition of the Associative movement in this country, the practical attempts at realization, and the prospects of the cause. He stated that although no brilliant success had crowned the experiments of practical Association in different parts of the country, there was every reason for encouragement and hope in the present condition of thought and feeling, among the most devoted and earnest characters. He alluded to the general discontent which was every where more or less manifested with the present order of society, the universal interest in reform which characterized the age, and the intelligence, fervor, and profound conviction with which the idea of the Associative Order had been received by so many enlightened and powerful minds.

He was followed by ALBERT BRISBANE, and JOHN S. DWIGHT, whose remarks were listened to with great attention and apparent satisfaction. In the afternoon, the meeting was addressed by JOHN ALLEN, Mr. BRISBANE, JOHN ORVIS, and S. C. HEWITT. Mr. Brisbane presented an historical view of the progress of society, described its different stages of development, and showed how the whole history of man was a preparation for the Combined Order, in which wealth, intelligence, and happiness would be universal, and the human race, redeemed from the scourges of a false social order, and having attained its true terrestrial destiny, would display the wisdom and glory of God in its creation. Mr. Orvis went through a searching analysis of the different reforms which now occupy the attention of philanthropists, and admitting their utility and importance, showed the necessity of a more radical labor for the organization of society on just principles. Mr. Hewitt spoke of the adaptation of human nature to a better order of society, and argued from this fact to the certainty of a true social regeneration.

In the evening, addresses were made by Mr. ALLEN, J. M. SPEAR, Mr. RIPLEY, and Mr. DWIGHT.

The President read the following letter from WILLIAM H. CHANNING.

BRATTLEBORO', Jan. 25, 1846.

To the President of the New England Fourier Society:

I have hoped, until the last moment, that health would permit me to be present at your Anniversary Meeting, once again to bear my testimony in behalf of THE GREAT MOVEMENT OF THE AGE, as—in these days of its weakness, amid contempt, suspicion, obloquy, opposition, I am more than ever disposed to call "Association."

But all that I am free to do is to say to my brethren: "Be strong in the assurance, that it is the Divine Will, through all the past aspirations of Humanity, which impels us to seek, now and here, a Perfect Society; be strong in the confidence, that the Future will rear in light and glory the Temple of Justice,—Truth,—Love, whose foundations we are now laying unseen in the dust; be strong in the hope that this generation will not pass, before tens of thousands welcome with hallelujahs into the City of Peace, the Reform, by whose lowly manager we now gather to worship. We have heard,—it is no delusion,—the angels' chant of 'Gloria in Excelsis' over the nativity of Universal Unity. And with unfaltering voices let us echo the exulting cry of the prophets of all ages 'The Reign of Heaven is at hand.'"

Especially should the children of this Nation hear themselves summoned to magnanimous designs for the elevation, freedom, union of all men. Our parentage, principles, institutions, tendencies, privileges—all animate us to fulfil the Mission which Providence assigns, the Hope which the world entrusts to us. Slavery, serfdom, human degradation *must* be put from among us, or we shall stand adjudged before Humanity as traitors, hypocrites, cowards. And they shall be reformed. All vital elements of the Nations, all omens of the times are the pledge of our redemption. The spirit of Love, seeking to unite all Christians in the bond of holiness; the established bond of free thought and speech making society a vast school of mutual educators; professed equality of all citizens before the law, shaming us forever by the contrast of our principles of brotherhood and our practices of poverty, temptation, desertion, and vice; the humanitarian movements of the day; the claim for universal culture for every individual; the practice of mutual insurance so rapidly extending to all the relations of life; the recognised power of joint-stock enterprise; all, all are full of promise, that the era has dawned wherein our countrymen will in deeds fulfil their motto of "MANY MADE ONE."

Our training as a People has been sublimely providential. All events of our history lead us irresistibly onward to the accomplishment of an Ideal Government, consisting of CONFEDERACIES WITHIN CONFEDERACIES, EACH FREE YET ALL COÖPERATIVE. Our fathers organised a system of divisions of land, into Townships, each of which was also a School District, and a Parish; thus making the Political, the Educational, the Religious interest identical; and solving the problem which had divided all other nations, by so uniting the Church, the College, the Commonwealth, that each should be independent,

yet all associated. These wise, and heroic ancestors demand of us to complete the work so nobly begun. We have but to develop their plans, and perfect the Township, the School, the Parish, in each State; and the highest conception which man can form of Human Society will become a reality around us. The Church, the College, the Commonwealth, can be perfected, only by so blending their influences while leaving each free,—that all places shall become at once a Temple, School, and Council Hall;—and all duties be at once Worship, Culture, Work. Association is the fulfilment of the very Spirit, Idea, and aim of this Nation of United Freemen.

Brethren! be of good cheer. The ages of war and violence,—of arbitrary legislation and caste,—of poverty contrasted with monstrous accumulation,—of want mocked and maddened by prodigal excess,—of frittered powers, and tantalized desires,—are passing, are passed forever. Before us are the ever brightening ages of united effort,—of universal education,—of free industry,—just recompense,—true loyalty and reverence,—true chivalry and elegance. And this land of my birth, is destined to be ruled and glorified by a People, whose law shall be Righteousness,—whose deeds Praise,—whose Spirit Holiness. So believes, so hopes, so prays

Your brother in Humanity,

W. H. CHANNING.

Mr. DWIGHT spoke of the radical want of faith, still lurking in the best of the reformers, in a doctrine of a Heaven on earth. Men regard the present state as merely discipline for the future. The unspirituality of the prevailing horror of materialism. Association would spiritualize matter, make the senses minister to the soul, &c. Christianity needs a body. The body of the spiritual unity of mankind, must be an organization of the material interests and functions of life according to a true science of the laws of divine order. For want of such a social science, of such an order, Christianity has been almost of none effect. But it is now moving to create for itself a body. All partial and special reforms of the abuses of society also fail for want of this. Abolition of Slavery, of Intemperance, of War,—these gain ground but very slowly, and the battle must be still fought over again. Political measures fail. Religious institutions fail; for their end is contradicted by the natural necessities of man, which have, for want of proper organization, resulted in a form of society which makes the love of man impossible in practice. Education also fails. Here he dwelt at length on the utter inability of civilization to educate its chil-

dren without a radical change in the social frame-work, which should secure to every individual a position and a sphere of action suited to his powers.

The meeting then adjourned till Wednesday afternoon.

Wednesday, P. M. The speakers were Messrs. ALLEN, BRISBANE, RIPLEY and HEWITT. Mr. BRISBANE gave a long and philosophical view of social destiny, with glimpses into Fourier's view of the probable destiny of man in future spheres; and was followed by Mr. RIPLEY in the same vein. Mr. HEWITT spoke of the spirituality of the movement, as offering the only chance for a spiritual life.

In the evening the meeting was happily opened by the President, who addressed the audience in the familiar tone of friendship, alluding to the constant presence of so many faces at all the meetings now for several years. At the same time for the information of strangers who were continually pouring in, he gave a brief review of the history of the Associative cause in this country, frankly confessing every failure, and disclaiming, as the principal speakers had done through the whole convention, any pretensions to great practical success thus far. We had come to declare our faith, strengthened by our very failures; for the failure was accounted for by the doctrine itself, inasmuch as no practical trial of Association thus far had at all realized the preliminary conditions of the experiment.

Mr. ORVIS followed in a speech of great eloquence, contrasting the *beauties* of civilization with those of the Combined Order, which was responded to by the now crowded audience with intense enthusiasm. GEORGE BRADBURN, of Nantucket, then rose. He knew not, he said, by what right he was invited to address a meeting like this, for he knew not that he had ever given in his adhesion publicly to the doctrine of the Associationists. But he did feel great sympathy with these "*Fourierists*." He had studied the condition of humanity, and proved the inadequacy of the various remedies attempted. He had been in England, and gave a most graphic contrast of the "two nations" living there. The rich, he said, acknowledged the wrong; but what could they do. Even Thomas Carlyle, who might be presumed to feel some interest in the sufferings of humanity, had declared that "Morrison's Pills and Acts of Parliament" did nothing, and was himself in despair of a remedy. Mr. BRADBURN might have talked to them like a Patriotic Republican Whig American, and told them to abolish their laws of entailment, primogeniture, church rates, &c. &c.: but he did not, for he knew better. What then is wanted? Why, to Christianize the world. But before this

can be done (the Fourierists are right in saying) there must be a Social Reorganization which will not stifle Christianity. Therefore he looks with interest on this movement. It is in the hands of some of the most earnest, gifted and high-minded men and women of this, or any country. It has been sincere, peaceful and unpretending in all its efforts thus far. If Association can reform one thing alone, namely, the shameful distribution of the public offices among the meanest of mankind, it would be worth the labor of half the population of America for the next year to bring it about. It had been said by the last speaker that we had Sancho Panzas for governors, and Dogberries on the bench of justice. Yes,—and these are what every political party has now learned to call its “available men,”—and he here entered into an inimitably satirical definition of an “available man,” which it would be impossible to report to the life. The silly public had criticised the experiment of Association without knowledge. He was well aware that no Association yet had started with sufficient means to guarantee success, if the system itself were perfect. If Brook Farm and all the others should disperse to-morrow, it would not settle the question with him. What a pity capitalists could not be inspired to test this thing, as they might easily do! What a pity the Associationists could not get hold of one of these same *available men*! The speech was in his happiest vein of satire, and full of sympathy and candor towards the movement.

Some remarks on the power of united and determined action were then made by Mr. DWIGHT, who was followed by Mrs. M. S. GOVE, who gave some account of the Associations at the West, which she had recently visited. She pointed out the folly of engaging in attempts to form Associations without ample pecuniary resources, and the necessary wisdom and experience, and closed with a description of the pleasing impression that had been made upon her mind by repeated visits to the Brook Farm Association.

Mr. EATON then spoke of his experience in a Western Association. He did justice to the zeal and sincerity of the members, spoke of the errors into which they had been led by their want of experience, and ended with expressing his devotion to the cause as the greatest hope of oppressed humanity, and his determination, if possible, to live and die in Association.

Mr. J. W. WILCOTT of Boston, said that his brother mechanics often told him that they admired the principles of Association, would rejoice in its success, but saw no way in which they could labor for its progress. He would reply by telling

them what he had found to be the best course in his own case. First, to subscribe for the Harbinger, and pay his subscription, two dollars a year, in advance. This he had done from the beginning, and he always got his money's worth, and no mistake. He welcomed his newspaper as he would an angel; and was thankful to it for all the good impulses it gave him. Second, when tired and disgusted with the noise and dust of the city, to make a holiday, and look in upon the friends at Brook Farm. Third, to devote a part of his earnings to the building up of Association. He would not fail of this on any account, believing that even though he might lose his money, which he did not fear, he would have the happiness of knowing that he had done what he could for a cause to which he felt that he owed the best powers of his life.

Mr. J. BUTTERFIELD said that many regarded Association as the working out of a grand scientific problem; they considered it almost entirely in an intellectual point of view; but for his part, and he knew that many in New England at least felt with him, he loved to contemplate it as the fulfilment of those aspirations, which fill every generous heart; as realizing, in some degree, the desire for harmony, order, and a better state of society than can be enjoyed under the civilized organization. On this account, he loved Association even now; imperfect as were all actual attainments, they were in advance of common society; and a truer and more elevated relation between man and man could there be enjoyed than the present order can boast of.

Mr. ALLEN then gave a graphic and somewhat quaint description of life in Association as he had found it in several months experience. He showed the sources of a higher life which prevail there, the good humor, friendship, and desire for improvement which were cherished by its influence, and the varied means of happiness and progress, which even in this day of small things, gave it a superiority over the best society to be found elsewhere.

Mr. W. C. HIBBARD of Boston, made a few remarks commending the literary character of the Harbinger.

The meeting was then closed by some encouraging remarks from Mr. RIPLEY, showing the reasons for the devotion of Associationists to their mission, and describing the spirit of pure aspiration, friendship, and hope in which they should work.

On the whole, the meeting fully sustained the great interest which the Anniversary of this Society has called forth in former years. The absence of Mr. DANA and Mr. CHANNING, both of whom were

prevented from attending by illness, was deeply felt; but their place was supplied, if not made good, by other speakers who came forward under the inspiration of strong feeling and devotion to the cause, with an eloquence and power, which must have produced the best impressions on every heart. The absence of PARKE GODWIN, HORACE GREELY, OSBORNE MACDANIEL, and other leaders of the Associative movement in New York, who were necessarily prevented from attending the meeting, was also the occasion of regret. They would have been gratified with the excellent spirit which is at work in New England, and which may be ascribed, in no small degree, to their own indefatigable labors. The result of this meeting may well quicken our courage, hope, and determination. A new interest is awakened in many minds. A firm conviction of the truth of our doctrines is widely expressed, the best wishes of the best men go with us, old blind prejudices are rapidly giving way, new converts are daily announced, a better order of society is now invoked with the prayer for daily bread, and the way is preparing for the reign of Justice, Truth, and Love, upon the ruins of the prevailing system of cowardice, deception, and discord.

MR. EMERSON'S LECTURES IN BOSTON.

Lecturing is a peculiar and characteristic amusement of the people of the good State of Massachusetts. “All work and no play” undoubtedly makes Jack a dull boy, and a dull boy is a detestable thing to a Yankee; but yet amusement for its own sake had no very stimulating relish and seemed idle and frivolous. Nevertheless it was found to be a necessary counterpoise to the sorrowful and plodding care of the day and must be had; but how, was long the unanswered question. The old puritanical taint demanded a serious object, it was afraid of revels and games and such hocus pocus of the devil's making, and went to preaching and camp meetings and religious experiences when it wanted excitement. The young blood hankered after fun and frolic, and would not be satisfied that life should always be a homily and that the only test of the goodness of any thing should be that it was a bore; and hence that hybrid between amusement for its own sake and amusement for instruction's sake, which was found in lecturing. Lecturing amused without damning the soul eternally as the theatre did; here the pious who found God only in churches and prayer books, might with safety venture to show themselves, and the young might find a chance to see each other and interchange a glance or a smile. Besides, there is still another reason for this spe-

cies of amusement, to be found in the anxious utilitarianism which is the key note to the New England chord. What amusement shall we have which will conduce to an end and will improve us, was the enigma, and the solution was found in the Lecture.

Thus too, seemed to be opened a safe and easy highway to knowledge. There information might be gained in respect to statistics, anecdotes of distinguished men, motion of the planets, quarrels of authors, with no more exertion than was required to keep the ears and eyes open. For a long time the market was supplied by venders of old news, stale common places, whims, Joe Miller anecdotes, newspaper information, and such ware, but of late, this taste has been glutted, and the vocation of lecturing has fallen into the hands of a better class, whose aim has been higher, and who have sought to elevate the taste and morals of the people, and to stimulate the activity of the faculties. Foremost among this class stands Mr. Emerson, and indeed he may be almost said, by creating the love for a healthier intellectual diet, to have called this class forth into action. His lectures are not the mere skimmings of anecdote, hearsay and vapidity, which were the old condiment of lecture-going people, but they are faithful revelations of his inward life and experience. With an entire conviction that the office of the lecturer is to elevate the audience to a better stand point, and to brace the intellect to a healthy tone, he has uniformly given us ideas instead of facts, and poetry and metaphysics instead of epitomes of the encyclopaedia. The result has been what all true men anticipated, and the opposite of what all old foghorns prophesied, success. Gradually the belief with which persons of one deaf ear inoculated others of two long ones, that all his metaphysics tended to nothing and had scarcely a plank between it and the awful deeps of insanity, has exploded, and during this course of lectures, all denominations and classes of persons, from cooks to clergymen, sat entranced by the music of his voice and the beauty of his thought. He has become the fashion, or rather the fashion has become him. His admirers have gradually become the public.

This success we much rejoice in. It indicates a progress from facts to ideas, from utilitarianism to poetry. The current, which seemed to have set irrevocably to the definite and actual, has won a few gleams from the heaven of the ideal, and there is promise of a better day for art, indicated in this as well as in other tokens of the times. /

After the humdrum and the toil and traffic of the day, it is well, that a better element than trade should be given for

the spirit of man to bathe in. The routine of life hardens and encrusts the spiritual nature, and were it not for the poets and men of ideas, mankind would become mere calculating machines. It is good even in trade to have a soul; no man does quite well without it, and thanks are well due to those who call the world away from barter, and compel them to breathe a higher and purer atmosphere. There is a great use in poets, who, standing far removed from the activity of external life, and out of the current of politics and business, declare the aberrations of men from their true path, and recall them to their better selves. And this Mr. Emerson does in his lectures. If it be that his system be only partly true, or that he has no system, and that all of his sayings will not rhyme and conjoin harmoniously, yet, nevertheless, he speaks always from a high point of view and with an earnest faith. What in his utterances is of the eternal will do its work and grow, and what is not, will sift into the air. Why should we trouble ourselves if there be chaff in his brain; he sows as he may, and the seeds which he has planted bear much good produce. One thing is certain, that a man stands behind his words, and that he is never idle in his speech, but sincere and strong. There are many, who will confess that he first fanned their enthusiasm for truth into flame, and as it were by a demonic influence, stimulated their spirits to a truer activity.

But here we are not to analyze the character or influence of Mr. Emerson, but to speak of the course of lectures which he has just delivered before the Boston Lyceum, on Representative Men. The course consisted of seven lectures, the subject of the Introductory Lecture being the value of Representative Men, and the subjects of the other six being Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Napoleon, Shakspeare, and Goethe. Of these it is difficult to say to which the preference is to be given. Some, it is evident, were scarcely finished, yet all abounded in fine analysis and vigorous thought. They were characterized by more definiteness and purpose than any previous course we have ever heard from Mr. Emerson, and were more clear and concise in their language. The preparation of them involved necessarily a study of each of the subjects, and the influence of their respective minds upon that of Mr. Emerson was very apparent. Towards Plato he has always had a natural leaning, and Montaigne is his representative man in the conduct and theory of life. Napoleon is at the other end of things from Mr. Emerson, yet his character was summed up more fairly and clearly than we have ever heard it, as a man who having a certain

end in view was thoroughly unscrupulous in respect of the means. That end was power, to attain which the whole faculties of a determined, practical judgement, an acute foresight, and an iron resolution were directed. Mr. Emerson considered him as a representative of the middle class of the present age, in his judgment, desire, direction, and must aptly called him a *Jupiter Scapin* or *Scamp Jupiter* indued with heroic strength and hatred of sham, and yet full of pitiful meannesses, vices, and vulgarities.

The lecture on Plato was one of the finest exaggerations which we have ever heard. As after looking at the sun, we find his disk printed upon all things, so a long contemplation of Plato had colored Mr. Emerson's eyes until wherever he looked he saw only his shadow. The whole world was Platonized, and no species of thought had ever appeared which did not owe its greatest debt to him. This exaggeration was natural, and did not trouble us;—had Mr. Emerson said less he would have been untrue to his own nature, which always delights in the Platonic. Mr. Emerson regarded Plato as the medium of the Asiatic faith and spiritual inertia, and European practicality and talent. He represents at once the contemplative depths of the internal nature and the many-handed dexterity of the external faculties; the unity of the one with the diversity of the other; of the centripetal force of genius with the centrifugal tendency of mere talent; thereby connecting the commonest fact in nature with the most interior religious conviction, and bridging the chasm between experience and truth, between nature and the ideal. Therefore he always seems modern and not of a dead age. But one great charm of this lecture was the analysis and description of the Platonic Socrates. This was touched with a master's freedom and boldness, and the picture was as life-like and distinct as it was quaint and humorous. No one who heard that lecture can forget the characterization of the old hard-headed questioner.

The exaggeration of Plato found its refutation in the Lecture on Swedenborg. This man at least, had never Platonized. He was an original nature of such peculiarity that his ideas refused to cast themselves into any but a new mould. He Swedenborgianized not only nature, but even heaven and hell,—for all with whom he conversed in his vision talked not themselves but Swedenborg, and were manifestly the shadowing of his spiritual nature, traversing the mountain peaks of imagination,—as the travellers' gigantic shadow climbs the Brocken. After doing complete justice to his scientific career, Mr. Emerson remarked of his theory of

the Universe that it wanted life, that it tended to nothing central as the origin of all things, that there was no postulate which could account for Nature, and no principle which could generate it. He said, that Swedenborg remained a bishop's son to the end of his life, and never emancipated himself wholly from sectarianism and theology. Hence came his diabolic region filled with hellish spirits and eternal punishments, and everlasting repentance, which every noble and free soul refused to believe. For in comparing our life with the eternal Beauty and Truth, the best of us is so deformed and imperfect, that should we pause to regret our past sins, more than the time allotted us for action would be wasted in repentance, — it were far better to go forward. This idea was announced with such a lofty emphasis, that it seemed to thrill through the audience and to claim an almost unanimous assent.

Montaigne represented, according to Mr. Emerson, the sceptic in the best signification of that term, — the sceptic, or considerer, who in view of human short-sightedness and fallibility dares not to settle every question by a yes or no, but believing as far as he can, holds his judgment in suspense as to the rest, and reverencing custom as far as he may without compromise of honesty, seeks to live out truly all that is best in him. This idea, Michel de Montaigne, an old heroic gentleman, free-handed, full-hearted, courteous, honorable and upright, endeavored to express by his life and writings. Let others sham and invent, Montaigne endeavored to speak the fact as it was. This constitutes the charm of his essays, which the world has read and will read with delight so long as the actual is interesting. He never selects the romantic or poetic in his life, but spreads before us the whole variety of his nature; so frank, so above concealment is he, that he records his vices with more readiness than his virtues, and even does himself less justice, than his countrymen and neighbors accorded to him. This Lecture on the essayist of Perigord was full of quaintness, humor, and felicities.

Shakspeare has been written upon almost to nausea by commentators and critics, who in most instances have done little more than repeat and exaggerate, without furthering the solution of this great enigma. Mr. Emerson's Lecture was not however of this class, but of a higher and more original quality. He said, that an account of the facts of his life was unnecessary, for the life which lay beneath them was everywhere visible in his writings, and was all that was fairly needed. Indeed to us it is matter of joy, that the actual biographical facts of this man's life are obscured by an impenetra-

ble veil, from the peering, cavilling curiosity of the world, while Shakspeare is wholly impersonal and is only the name of certain of the best and wisest words ever written. The man's thought must stand for the man, and we cannot say because he drank ale with the tapster, therefore Cordelia is not a lovely piece of womanhood. Mr. Emerson said, that Shakspeare was not original according to the vulgar idea of originality, which consists in the creation of somewhat entirely new out of nothing; for in this sense no man is ever original; but that true originality consists in selecting the integral and elemental particles of truth from the rubbish of facts, and seizing the spirit of things without loading it with their mass. In this latter sense Shakspeare was in the highest degree original. He found his materials collected to his hand; the play-house had possession of the common mind, unprinted plays had possession of the play-house. And because they were to be so represented, they were modelled and re-fashioned, and altered, by many hands, until they had become the property of no one. From this mass of acted material Shakspeare drew the stuff of his plays; throwing away the unnecessary and trivial, collecting and harmonizing and altering that which was good and true, adding much that was new, and fusing the parts into one luminous whole, by the transforming magic of his imagination. Mr. Emerson then commented on certain peculiar excellences of Shakspeare, as his diction; and in summing up his character said, that the Poet takes Beauty only for Beauty's sake, and is therefore as incomplete as the mystic who seeks Truth for Truth's sake only. We wait for one who shall harmonize the two desires and, by uniting Truth and Beauty, shape a complete whole.

The last Lecture was on Goethe, or the Writer. The view which Mr. Emerson took of the great German was fair and just. He considered him as the man peculiarly adapted to interpret the complexity of modern civilization, and by dint of his great comprehensiveness and sagacity and intellectual power to dispose of the multitudinous results of modern activity. Without taking to himself any high moral aim, he simply endeavored to solve the problem of this century. An earnest and untiring scholar, he for eighty years devoted himself to this labor, and everywhere he advanced the matter to which he applied his powers. In Botany, in Colors, in Poetry, in the practical rules of life, he showed his sagacity and added to previous results. The Helena or Second part of Faust, Mr. Emerson considered as his characteristic poem, for therein all systems and sciences and doctrines are merged. He occupied the po-

sition of the writer, who strives always to put the world into language, and to coin every idea into a word, and who believes that all things that exist can be thus transformed. His province was to examine and decide for himself, to take nothing upon hearsay; to cross-examine every fact and opinion. Thence came his free religious opinions, thence also his refusal to admit that the old superstitious devil that had ruled the world so long, was unreal, and did not exist in modern life, and therefore, from this hobgoblin he stripped his disguise of hoof and tail, and his accompaniments of fire and brimstone, and made him into a respectable gentleman of modern times, the central idea of whose life was the exercise of the intellect for its own sake, and who was merely an impersonation of complete and circular selfishness. Mr. Emerson spoke of Wilhelm Meister, and called it truly a novel or new work. Without much interest as a story, and extremely worldly in its tone, but full of wisdom and practicality and possessing many and varied charms; a work, which, though Novalis condemned it, for its worldliness and want of spirituality, he nevertheless read and re-read with great delight even to his death.

Thus the public takes leave of Mr. Emerson for a time, but we trust not for a long time. Never were his words more palatable and cheering than during these last few weeks; even the Rev. Mr. Choules, his successor at the Lyceum, can scarcely make good his place to the Bostonians; must they return to the Lectures on Waterloo, and the Military Art?

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THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

SECTION FIRST, NOTICE SECOND.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE PASSIONAL ELEMENTS
IN THE SERIES.

CHAPTER V.

Of the three Distributive Passions, or Organic Springs of a Passional Series.

It will not be in the material distribution of the series that the chief difficulty will be experienced; moreover, I might add many more instructions to those contained in the four last chapters on this subject.

The obstacle to be feared concerns the play of certain Passions which the moralists would fain suppress; and yet the best formed series would lose all its properties of industrial attraction, such as the direct accord of inequalities, the indirect accord of antipathies, etc., if you should neglect to give it the combined development of the three springs which I have named the Mechanizing or Distributive Passions. If one of the three is hindered in a series, that series will be false; all its accords, too, and its industrial attraction will be false, and reduced to such mere shadows as to render the principal equilibrium, that of repartition, utterly abortive.

Let us define these three Passions:

I begin with the *Alternating*; it is the want of periodical variety, of contrasted situations, changes of scene, piquant incidents, and novelties that are calculated to create illusion, to stimulate the senses and the soul at once.

This makes itself felt moderately at the end of every hour, and vividly at the end of every two hours. If it be not satisfied, a man falls into weariness and ennui.

On the full exercise of this Passion rests a branch of happiness attributed to the Parisian sybarites, the *art of living so well and so fast*, the variety and swift succession of pleasures; in short, rapidity of movement, a happiness infinitely beyond the reach of the Parisians. (See *Universal Unity*, for a parallel of a day spent by an Harmonian, with the happiest day for which a civilizee could hope,

showing how impossible it is for the latter to rise for a single day of his life to that degree of happiness which the least favored of the Harmonians may enjoy every day of his life.)

By means of very short sessions, of an hour and a half, or two hours at the most, every one may practice in the course of a day some seven or eight sorts of attractive labor, and vary the next day by frequenting a wholly different set of groups. This method is demanded by the eleventh Passion, called the *Alternating*, which tends to fit from pleasure to pleasure, to avoid the excess into which the civilizees continually fall, who prolong the same sort of labor through six hours; who keep up a feast six hours, a ball six hours and all night long, at the expense of their own sleep and health.

These civilized pleasures are altogether unproductive functions, whereas Association applies this alternation of pleasures to labor, which it makes attractive. Let us describe it by a journal of a day (1) of two Harmonians, one of whom we will suppose poor, the other rich.

A DAY OF LUCAS, IN THE MONTH OF JUNE.

Morning.

- 3 1-2 Getting up, preparations, &c.
- 4 Session of a group of grooms.
- 5 _____ group of gardeners.
- 7 *The Breakfast.*

- 7 1-2 Session of a group of mowers.

- 9 1-2 _____ group of vegetable growers, under a tent.

- 11 _____ Series for the care of animals.

Afternoon.

- 1 THE DINNER.
- 2 Session of a Series of foresters.
- 4 _____ group of mechanical labor.
- 6 _____ Series for watering lands.
- 8 _____ the Exchange.
- 8 1-2 *The Supper.*
- 9 _____ some assembly for amusement.
- 10 *Retire.*

They hold Exchange in every Phalanx, not to speculate upon stocks and commodities, but to agree upon the reunions for labor or for pleasure.

I have here supposed a day of only three meals, as it will be with the first beginners in Harmony: but when Harmony shall be in its full exercise, the active life, the habit of short and varied sessions, will cause a prodigious appetite: beings born and brought up in Harmony will be obliged to make five meals,

and this will not be too much for the consumption of the immense quantity of provisions which this new order will produce, in which the rich, varying their functions more frequently than the poor, will have more appetite and vigor. It is in every respect the contrary of the civilized mechanism.

I will now give a specimen of a day with five meals of a rich man, engaged in more various functions than the last, who is one of the villagers enrolled at the commencement.

A DAY OF MONDOR IN SUMMER.

Sleep from 10 1-2 P. M. to 3 A. M.

Morning.

- 3 1-2 Getting up, preparations, &c.
- 4 Public levee.
- 4 1-2 *Morning Lunch, (Dehite.)* First meal, followed by the industrial parade.
- 5 1-2 Session of a group of hunters.
- 7 _____ group of fishers.
- 8 *The Breakfast, the Gazettees.*
- 9 Session of an agricultural group under tents.
- 10 _____ at Mass
- 10 1-2 _____ of a group for raising pheasants.
- 11 1-2 _____ at the Library.

Afternoon.

- 1 THE DINNER.
- 2 1-2 Session in the green-houses.
- 4 _____ of a group for exotic plants.
- 5 _____ group for the care of fish ponds.
- 6 *Afternoon Lunch* in the field.
- 8 1-2 Session of a group of merinos.
- 8 _____ at the Exchange.
- 9 THE SUPPER, Fifth meal.
- 9 1-2 Session at the court of arts, concert, ball, theatre, receptions.
- 10 1-2 *Retire.*

Here are but few hours left for sleep: the Harmonians will sleep very little: the improved health-regime, joined to their great variety of occupations, will habituate them to labor without much fatigue; their bodily powers will not be used up in a day, and will need a very short sleep only, to which they will accustom themselves from infancy, since the day will scarcely suffice for the affluence of pleasures which invite them.

To facilitate the frequent changes of place required by this sort of life, all the sections of the phalaestery or unitary edifice of a phalanx, will be furnished with *street-galleries*, on the basement and first story, warmed by pipes in winter, and well aired in summer; also with *coulours* upon columns crossing from section to section, and with subterranean

gravel passages communicating from the phalanstery to the stables. By these means they may traverse all the halls, work-shops, and stables under cover, and never know whether it is warm or cold outside. In the fields they will employ large light carriages, holding eighteen persons, for the transportation of the agricultural groups.

Some civilizes pretend that this arrangement will be very costly: it will cost infinitely less than the actual expense of clothes and carriages, of damp, of mould and mud, of colds and fevers, gained by our abrupt transitions and excesses.

Others say that this frequent change of sessions will consume a great deal of time in going from one to another. It will cost from five to fifteen minutes, less than a quarter of an hour on the average, for out-of-door occupations, and only half of that for those within the house.

Those who grudge this small deduction, are like the man who proposed to abolish sleep, because it is time lost from industry. It is accelerating industry, to give it proper intervals of rest: the Harmonians will work from passion and with ardor; they will do in an hour more than our hired laborer can in three hours, who is so slow, awkward, weary, loitering, stopping and leaning on his spade if he sees a bird fly past. The ardor of the Harmonians in labor would become a dangerous excess, if it were not tempered by the frequent relaxations afforded by the change of sessions. But critics will persist in judging the Associative mechanism by the ways and means of civilization.

I pass to the other two mechanizing Passions.

The Cabalist and the Composite are in perfect contrast; the first is a speculative and reflective tendency; the second is a blind furor, a state of intoxication, of enthusiastic transport, springing from a combination of several pleasures of the senses and of the soul, when tasted simultaneously.

The *Cabalist*, or spirit of party, is the mania for intrigue, so ardent in the ambitious, in courtiers, affiliated corporations, commercial men, and in the world of gallantry.

The cabalistic spirit has for its distinctive feature, that it always mingles calculations with passion: all is calculation with the intriguer; if it is only a gesture, a wink of the eye, he does it with reflection and yet with celerity. This ardor of the tenth passion, called the *Cabalist*, then, is a reflective mania, forming a contrast with that blind mania which is the peculiarity of the *Composite*, or twelfth passion. They together stimulate the groups of an industrial Series by two contrasted impulses.

The Cabalist is such an imperative necessity of the human soul, that in the want of real intrigues, it eagerly seeks fictitious ones, in games, in theatres, in romances. If you assemble a company, you have to get up some artificial intrigue for their entertainment, by placing cards in their hands, or starting some electoral cabal. There is nobody so miserable as a man of the court exiled in a province, in some little country town, with no intrigues. A retired merchant, isolated all at once from the mercantile cabals which are so many and so active, finds himself, in spite of his fortune, the most miserable of men.

The principal property of the Cabalist, in the mechanism of a series, is to excite discords or emulous rivalries between the groups engaged on shades of work so much alike, that they dispute the palm with one another, and the suffrages are balanced.

Thus you will not see the groups accord which cultivate the early white, the late white, and the green piquet Beurre: these groups, being of contiguous shades, are essentially jealous and discordant. It will be the same with three groups cultivating the yellow, grey and green Reinettes.

The discordance of contiguous shades is a general law of nature: the color of scarlet harmonizes badly with the contiguous colors, the cherry, the bright orange (*nacarat*) and the nasturtium, but very well with its opposites, deep blue, deep green, white, black. The note *re* does not accord with *do* sharp, nor with *mi* flat, which are contiguous to it, and but very slightly with *do* and *mi* natural, which are next but one. We repeat it, there is need in Harmony of discords as well as of accords.

But discords cannot spring up between groups of remoter shades, as those which cultivate the pearl pear and the orange pear. There is already too pronounced a difference between these two little pears to suffer any hesitation of the judges: they will say that both of them are good, but too unlike to be compared: hence jealousy and party spirit will not spring up between the groups which cultivate them; the play of the Cabalist will be wanting.

It is necessary, therefore, in every passion series, whether of industry or of pleasure, to form a scale of functions in finely graduated shades, or what may be called a *close and compact scale*.

This is a sure way to call Cabalism into activity, to raise every product to a high degree of perfection, to excite an extreme ardor in the labors, and establish a great intimacy among the members of each group.

They will fall short, however, of this brilliant result, if they do not excite a refinement of tastes in the consumers as well as in the producers. Of what use to the Harmonians would be the great perfection of culture in every variety of product, if they had to do with a moralistic public, uniform in its tastes, eating only to moderate its passions, and forbidding itself every refined pleasure of the senses, for the benefit of a cast-iron morality! In this case, the general perfection of the products would fail for want of any one to appreciate them, the cabalistic spirit would lose its activity in the groups of producers and preparers, agricultural industry would fall back into grossness; as to-day we find scarcely one in a hundred of the civilizes capable of judging of the excellence of any commodity; whence it results that the seller who adulterates an article, has ninety-nine chances in a hundred of finding a purchaser. This is the reason why all articles of food are so bad in civilization.

To obviate this disorder, the Associative state will educate children to the cabalistic spirit, in the three employments of consumption, preparation, and production. From the earliest age it will develop and justify their tastes on every dish, every flavor and every sort of dressing; it will accustom them to demand for

even the most trifling article of food, a dressing varied according to their diversities of taste; in short, to form a cabalistic scale in consumption, in order to extend it equally to the labors of preparation, preservation and production.

This variety of tastes, which would be very ruinous in Civilization, becomes economical and productive in Association; it there procures the double advantage of

Exciting industrial attraction, and of Creating series in production and consumption.

The mechanism of the passion series would fail the moment it did not extend to consumption: happily it is easiest to introduce it there, by two scales or series of tastes, one in respect to dressings, and the other in respect to qualities. This scale of requirements springs up of itself wherever free course is left to the impulses of nature. For example, in an eating house, where each one pays his seat, and where there is neither father, nor mother, nor any other influence which obliges one to conceal his fancies, you will see several tastes manifest themselves about the smallest dishes, about a salad, or an omelette, and ten or twelve varieties perhaps will be called for; almost as many varieties as there are individuals, if their number does not exceed seven.

Thus the inclination for graduated preparations, or cookery by series, will spring up every where where it is not constrained. I know that in civilization it would be impossible to satisfy this multiplicity of tastes; a family would be ruined by having half a dozen different styles of cooking for the father, mother, children, and domestics; therefore the father summons morality to his aid, to prove that all ought to have uniform tastes, which he prescribes at pleasure. This is all very well in civilization; but we are about to speak of an order in which the graduated varieties will be more economical in the preparation and more productive in the raising; there will be no need of bringing in morality to stifle this propensity.

Consequently, the model Phalanx must make it a point to provoke among the people a great variety of tastes upon all articles of food; and accustom them to graduate their whims and likings in a compact scale, in shades minutely distinguished, and closely resembling one another. Without this compact scale, they will never succeed in establishing between the contiguous groups of every series, the discords which develop the passion called the Cabalist, one of the three which should direct the series.

The *Composite*, or exalting passion, creates the accords of enthusiasm. The Cabalistic spring, or spirit of party, alone does not suffice to electrify the groups in their labors; it is necessary to bring into play both contrasts, the reflective mania of Cabalism, and the blind furor of the *Composite*, which is the most romantic of the passions, the most an enemy to reason. I have said that it springs from the simultaneous tasting of several pleasures of the senses and of the soul. It is but a spurious form of the *Composite*, when it is formed of several pleasures of the same order, all sensual or all spiritual. This passion must be applied to all the labors of Association; the *Composite* and the Cabalist must there take the place of those vile springs of action which prevail in civilized industry, such as the

necessity of supporting a family, the fear of starving to death, or of being thrown into the almshouse.

In place of these abject motives, the Combined Order, by the continual employment of the three mechanizing passions, and especially of the Composite, knows how to animate every industrial group with a four-fold charm; to-wit: two illusions for the senses and two for the soul; in all, four sympathies between the members of the same group.

The two spiritual sympathies consist in the accord of identity and of contrast.

There is an accord of identity between the members of a group: they are of course of one identical opinion in favor of a function which they have passionately chosen, and which they can freely quit at any time. The accord of identity becomes a powerful charm when one sees himself seconded by a troop of zealous, intelligent, well-wishing coöperators, instead of those gross and awkward mercenaries, those tattered knaves whom he has to put up with in civilization. The presence of a gracious and friendly company inspires a living ardor in the work during the short session, an eager desire to return to it again, and to meet occasionally at the repasts of the group, at seasons when the labor is suspended.

The second charm of the soul is that of contrast: I have said, and I must repeat it, that, to make this spring up among the different industrial groups of a series, it is necessary to graduate them by fine consecutive shades, to employ the close and compact order from which spring discords between each group and its nearest neighbors, and accords between the groups which are opposite each other with regard to the centre. (See on this subject the table of a complete free series, at the end of chapter IV.)

Besides the two spiritual sympathies, of identity and contrast, an industrial group must be stimulated by two charms of the senses, which are: the charm of special perfection, or the excellence which each group gives to its peculiar product, and its pride in the praises it receives for it; and the charm of collective perfection, or the general luxury which reigns in the labors and products of the entire series.

Some groups may be wanting in one of these four charms, or possessing it only feebly; it matters little, for two charms are enough to create industrial attraction: moreover, we shall see that it has many other sources, and I shall enumerate more than a dozen of them in the following chapters. It is all in order that the Associative industry should present as numerous attractions as the civilized industry inspires disgusts.

This stimulus of sensual and spiritual charms will be incomplete, and only slightly active in the first model Phalanx; but even there we shall see fine germs of it rapidly growing; and these glimmerings will suffice to show to what a high degree the industrial charm will be raised, when the new order shall have acquired consistency, and shall act upon a generation that has been brought up in Harmony, preserved from the double outrage which is put upon children by the civilized education, which restricts the body by a false gymnastics, and the soul by prejudices.

Finally, as to these three mechanizing passions, which are the three organic springs of an industrial series, we would

observe that if they be not developed all three in combination, no industrial attraction will spring up, or if it does appear, it will only be to languish for a time, and quickly vanish altogether.

Thus the first condition to be fulfilled in order to make industry attractive, is to form series of groups subjected to the play of these three passions:

Rivalized by the CABALIST, or reflective mania which engenders discords between contiguous groups, provided that the scale of groups be compact, formed of tastes and functions differing from each other only by slight shades.

Exalted by the COMPOSITE, or blind furor, which springs from the charm of the senses and of the soul, when these two kinds of charm are united and sustained by the four accords above described.

Interlocked by the ALTERNATING, which is the stay of the two others, and keeps up their activity by the short sessions, by presenting periodically the choice of some new pleasure, before one gets so far as satiety or even weariness.

I insist on the importance of the Papillonne, or Alternating, which is the most proscribed; on the necessity of short and varied sessions, a principle which condemns all civilized industry. Let us observe the effects of this method, materially and passionately.

MATERIAL EFFECTS. It preserves the equilibrium of health: the health is necessarily injured if a man gives himself up for twelve hours at a time to any uniform labor, as weaving, sewing, writing, or any other which does not exercise successively every part of the body and the mind. In this case there is as much injury done by active agricultural labors, as by the more sedentary employment of the desk: one abuses the viscera and members, the other vitiates the solids and fluids.

It is worse if the active or inactive labor is kept up for months, or entire years. Thus in certain countries we see one eighth of the laboring population afflicted with hernia, independently of the fevers produced by excess and by bad nourishment. Several manufactories of chemical compounds, of glass ware and even of cloth stuffs, are a perfect assassination of the workmen, by the mere fact of the continuity of the labor. These occupations would be exempt from danger, if they employed only short sessions of two hours, held only two or three times a week.

The wealthy class, for want of this arrangement, fall into maladies unknown to the poor cultivator, such as apoplexy, gout, rheumatism. Obesity, so common with the rich, denotes a radical defect in the equilibrium of health, a regime contrary to nature, in their labors as well as in their pleasures. True health is found in this perpetual variety of functions which, exercising in turn every faculty of body and mind, would maintain the well-balanced activity of all of them. This is precisely the end of which our Parieian Sybarites fail, at the very time when they flatter themselves that they possess the art of living *so well and so fast*, a kind of life which is reserved for the passional series, and of which the Parisians know only the desire, without having any knowledge of the thing.

PASSIONAL EFFECTS. The Alternating passion produces accords of characters, even among contraries. For example: A and B are two persons of very incom-

patible humor; but it happens that out of sixty groups which A frequents, there will be found one third, or twenty in which his interests coincide with those of B, and in which he reaps advantage from the tastes of B, although opposed to his own. So too with the tastes of B with regard to A; without any real liking they have mutual regards, and consideration, and an interest in each other's protection.

Thus interest, which sunders friends in civilization, in Association unites even enemies: there it reconciles antipathies, making them indirectly to coöperate, through the interlocking and alternations of functions by short sessions.

By this brevity of sessions a series, though of only thirty persons, may introduce its members into a hundred other series, and form bonds of friendship, and of interest with them. It will be seen that this interlocking is indispensable to the two principle ends, which are 1st, the equitable repartition of the three-fold dividend assigned to capital, labor, and skill; 2d, perfect harmony of interests resulting from that very love of gain, which is today the most fruitful source of discord.

It is then by the use of the passion most proscribed by the philosophers, the Papillonne, that we are about to resolve all the problems upon which they have gone to wreck. Into what despair will they be thrown, to think that they have never made the calculation of the short sessions and the results which they will produce!

One must be like the moralists, an enemy to nature and to evidence, to deny this need of variety, which we see to reign even in material affairs. Every enjoyment which is too much prolonged, becomes abusive, deranges the organs, and exhausts itself: a feast of four hours will not terminate without some excess; an opera of four hours gets to be insipid to the audience. The mind is quite as exacting in this matter as the body; and hearts are very subject to variations with the great majority of both sexes.

Plants as well as animals require alternations and crossing of races. Without it they degenerate. The stomach has the same need of alternation: an habitual variety of food facilitates digestion; and the stomach soon rejects the finest dish, when it is presented every day.

The soul will surfeit on the exercise of any virtue which is not relieved at times by some other virtue. The mind demands this alternation: characters strongly governed by the Alternating passion need to have two or three intrigues at a time, as we see in ambition, and in love; to be reading two or three works at once.

The earth itself wants alternation in its plantings and harvests: the plant must be reproduced alternately from the seed, from the root, from scions, &c.; the ground requires changes and transportations of soil; all nature asks variety. The moralists and the Chinese are the only beings in existence who wish monotony and uniformity; and accordingly the Chinese are the most unnatural and false of beings.

Even the moralists themselves do indirectly approve of this want of variety, for they promise us *perpetually new delights* in obedience to their sound doctrines of contempt of riches, love of ennui, of bad cookery, of black broth, &c.

Since the three passions, the Cabalist, the Papillonne and the Composite, are the ones most criticized by moralists, who are the antipodes of nature, it may be pre-

sumed that these passions play a great part in the social mechanism which is designed by nature; there they hold the helm, for it is they who direct the passion series: every series is false in its mechanism, which does not favor the combined exercise of these three passions, which form the neuter element in the Gamut of the Twelve:

Active element, the four affective passions, tending to groups;

Passive element, the five sensitive passions;

Neuter element, the three mechanizing passions;

They are neuter (2) because they are only the play of some of the other nine; neither of the three can develop itself except as it sets in motion two at least of the other nine.

It is for this reason that they have escaped the observation of the analysts, and that no one has ever deigned to grant them a certificate of their existence. I was only able to discover them in the course of calculations concerning the neuter element, not recognized by the moderns, although admitted by the ancients. On this point, as on every other, the modern genius wanders farther and farther from the ways of nature, while boasting of its sublime flight towards perfectibility.

Let us observe that the three neuter passions conduct to their end, to the harmony and equilibrium of the passions, by all the methods which moralism disdains; we shall see in the course of the present abridgement that this equilibrium, so vainly dreamed of, springs from the action of the Papillonne which prevents all excesses, by always offering new pleasures before one has had time to abuse the present pleasure. It leads the passions into equilibrium, then, by the very affluence of pleasures, and not by a prescribed moderation; for it operates by the employment of the two stimuli,

The CABALIST, or reflective mania,

The COMPOSITE, or blind mania, both of which would drive to excess, even in virtue, without the periodical intervention of the PAPILLONNE or tendency to fit from pleasure to pleasure.

Thus the industrial series will be directed by three motive forces, the most reprobated by moralism, namely by two contrasted passions, which inconstancy will temper. Such is the secret of the equilibrium of the passions; it will be arrived at only by methods quite opposed to our visions of moderation and of icy reason, only by the employment of the passions the most defamed, as the love of money and of the pleasures of the table: in the Combined Order these are most useful to the general harmony: of this the reader may judge when he reaches the third Section, in which commences the application of the principles explained in the two first.

This chapter being the most important of all, since it contains the definition of the three springs which should govern all, I have felt it necessary to give it the extent which so new and great a subject requires. It is a bare uncolored outline, however, and enters into few explanatory details. *Sic voluerit dii*: so decrees the reigning monopoly of genius, which repulses every new idea, and restricts the publication of a new science to a few pages, by virtue of the principle:

"Nul n'aura de l'esprit que nous et nos amis."

With all their fine wit (*bel esprit*) can they reach the end to which my theory conducts? Can they attach to the practice of virtue a four-fold pleasure of the senses and of the soul, instead of the four-fold discomfort which one now reaps who confides in moralistic dogmas?

(1) *A day of two Harmonians.* The catalogue of the poor man's occupations here is made to differ somewhat from that of the rich man's; besides that the latter gets two extra meals in the day. This seems to be making broad the distinction between rich and poor, and to be adopting into harmony one at least of the present sources of discord and heart-burnings. But it will be seen that Fourier speaks of the poor man as a *debutant* or first beginner in Association. Entering without capital, it will of course be some time before his labor, even with the improved organization and juster distribution, can swell his dividends much beyond the minimum guaranteed. The tendency of the system however is to enlarge the powers of all by a unitary integral education, to stimulate to vigorous effort by attraction, to open abundant sphere to every one, and ensure him his just share in every earning, and thus to bring the inequalities of fortune nearer and nearer together, even while the principle of individual property is retained.

Certain differences, however, there must be, if property, under a true system, is in any way an exponent of individuality in character and talent. The person, who has the most varied powers, or as Fourier expresses it, the greatest number of dominant passions in his nature, will of course engage in the greatest variety of occupations, and will acquire most vigor and versatility of the whole man, and consequently most productive power. Where fortune represents individuality only, it may differ in individuals without harm to any one. It will then be no more a wrong for one man to be richer, than it will for one man to be taller, or handsomer, or more talented in some way than another. Where every faculty has equal chance, where the education is equal, the spur to industry attraction, the distribution equitable, and where there are society and sympathy for all,—in a word, where each one finds his place,—whatever inequalities may result must be the very will of nature and of God, and must be beautiful and essential to a harmonious whole. Very different will that be from the present state of things!

(2) *They are neuter, &c.* Let it not be supposed that the three Distributive Passions are merely a compound of several of the Sensitive and Affective passions. They are three distinct and independent principles or tendencies of the soul. They are neuter inasmuch as they do not point directly to any actual objects,

as the other passions do. Their end is more abstract. They seek conditions and not objects; they seek to harmonize the passions and all their outward mechanisms and results. They cannot act alone, therefore; but must have the others to combine, contrast, and differentiate. Still it is as much an innate propensity of the soul to do this, as it is to seek harmonies of sounds and colors, or to form ties of love and friendship. We have as strong a passion for a graduated and contrasted distribution of all things, as we have for the things themselves. The soul does not demand beauty, does not demand sympathy more clearly than it demands law and serial order in the play and satisfaction of its own passions.

Thus while we call them neuter, we do not neutralize them, or resolve their substantial peculiarities into other passions as their elements. The soul still calls for difference, for alternation, and for combination, although these things are abstract qualities. Under this head of the Distributives, or the neuter element, comes what we call the intellectual principle in man, in modern metaphysics termed the Reason. Mark then the injustice of the charge of blind indulgence of the passions, which is so often urged against the philosophy of Fourier! In his Distributive or Mechanizing principles, which he makes the governing principles, the presiding wisdom over every love, the law-givers to every series,—behold that very Reason, under whose control all moralists would bring the passions.

MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

IV.

Still, after the first hours of this overpowering sleep, she was awakened by the continual noise around her. On one side the old grandmother, whose bed almost touched hers, coughed and hawked in the shrillest and most distressing manner; on the other, a young woman nursed her child, and sang to hush it to sleep again; the snores of the men resembled roars; another child, the fourth in a bed, cried as he quarrelled with his brothers; the women rose to pacify them, and made still more noise with their scoldings and their threats. This perpetual movement, these cries of children, the dirt, the bad smell and the heat of an atmosphere loaded with thick miasmas, became so disagreeable to Consuelo, that she could

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

no longer endure them. She dressed herself without noise, and profiting by a moment when every body was asleep, she left the house, and sought for a corner where she could sleep till day.

She flattered herself she could sleep better in the open air. Having passed the previous night in walking, she had not been sensible of the cold; but besides her being in a state of exhaustion very different from the excitement of her departure, the climate of this elevated region already showed itself more harsh than that of the vicinity of Riesenburg. She felt herself seized with shivering, and a horrible disquiet made her fear that she could not endure a succession of days of travel and nights without rest, the commencement of which announced itself so disagreeably. In vain did she reproach herself with having become a *princess* in her effeminate life at the chateau; she would have given the rest of her days at this moment for an hour of good sleep. Still, not daring to reënter the house, for fear of awakening her hosts and exciting their suspicions, she searched for the door of the barn; and finding that of the stable half open, she entered on tiptoe. A profound silence prevailed there. Judging this place empty, she stretched herself upon a crib filled with hay, the warmth and pleasant smell of which seemed delicious to her.

She began to fall asleep, when she felt upon her forehead a warm and moist breath, which withdrew with a violent snort and a kind of smothered imprecation. Her first fright having passed away, she perceived by the light of the dawn which began to break, a long face and two formidable horns above her head; it was a fine cow, which having passed her neck through the rack, had smelt of her with astonishment, and afterwards drew back from fear. Consuelo gathered herself up in a corner so as not to disturb her, and slept very quietly. Her ear was soon accustomed to all the noises of the stable, the rattling of chains in their rings, the lowing of heifers, and the rubbing of horns against the bars of the mangers. She did not even wake until the milkmaids came in to drive out their cattle and milk them in the open air. The stable was empty; the dark corner into which Consuelo had retired prevented her being discovered, and the sun had risen when she again opened her eyes. Buried in the hay, she enjoyed the comfort of her situation for some instants more, and was rejoiced to feel herself rested and refreshed, ready to resume her journey without effort and without anxiety. When she jumped down from the crib to seek for Joseph, the first object she saw was Joseph himself seated in front of her on the opposite crib.

"You have caused me a great deal of anxiety, dear signor Bertoni," said he to her. "When the young girls told me you were not in the chamber, and that they did not know what had become of you, I sought for you every where, and it was only from despair of finding you that I returned to the place in which I had passed the night, and where, to my great surprise, I discovered you. I went out in the darkness, and did not think of your being there opposite to me, covered with that hay and under the very noses of those animals which might have wounded you. Indeed, signora, you are very rash, and do not reflect upon the dangers of every kind to which you expose yourself.

"What dangers, my dear Beppo?" said Consuelo, smiling and extending her hand to him. "These good cows are not very ferocious animals, and I caused more fear to them than they could have done injury to me."

"But, signora," replied Joseph, lowering his voice; "you came in the middle of the night to find a refuge in the first place that presented itself. Other men might have been in the stable besides me; some vagabond less respectful than your faithful and devoted Beppo; some clownish serf. If instead of the crib in which you slept, you had chosen the other, and in place of me, awakened with a start some soldier or some rustic!"

Consuelo blushed at the thought of having slept so near to Joseph, and all alone with him in the darkness; but this only increased her confidence and her friendship for the young man.

"Joseph," said she to him, "you see that Heaven does not abandon me in my imprudences, since it conducted me to the place where you were. It was Heaven that made me encounter you yesterday morning on the bank of the fountain, where you gave me your bread, your confidence, and your friendship; it was Heaven again that placed my thoughtless sleep this night under your brotherly protection."

She related to him, laughing, the bad night she had passed in the common chamber with the noisy family of the farm, and how happy and quiet she had felt among the cows.

"It is true, then," said Joseph, "that the animals have a more agreeable habitation and more elegant manners than the man who tends them!"

"That is what I was thinking of as I fell asleep in this crib. Those animals caused me neither fear nor disgust, and I reproached myself for having contracted habits so aristocratic that the company of my fellow-creatures, and the contact of their indigence, had become insufferable to me. How is that, Joseph? One who was born in misery, ought not, when

again reduced to it, to experience that disdainful repugnance to which I yielded. And when the heart is not visited in the atmosphere of riches, why does it remain delicate in its tastes, as I was last night when I fled from the noisome heat and the stunning confusion of that poor human nest."

"The reason is, that neatness, prudence, and a well ordered house are doubtless legitimate and imperious necessities for all chosen organizations," replied Joseph. "Whoever is born an artist has a feeling for the beautiful and the good, an antipathy for the gross and the ugly. And misery is ugly! I, too, am a peasant, and my parents gave me life under a thack; but they were artists: our house, though poor and small, was neat and well arranged. It is true that our poverty was allied to comfort, while excessive privation often takes away even the wish for any thing better."

"Poor people!" said Consuelo. "If I were rich, I would immediately have a house built for them; and if you were born queen, you would not wish to do so. So goes the world!"

"Then the world goes very badly!"

"Alas, yes! and without music which transports one into an ideal world, it would be better to kill one's self, when one has the feeling of what happens in this."

"Killing one's self is very convenient, but it does no good to any body else! Joseph, we must become rich and still be humane."

"And as that does not seem at all possible, it is at least necessary that all poor people should be artists."

"That is not a bad idea of yours, Joseph. If all unfortunates had the sentiment and love of art to poetize suffering; and embellish misery, there would be no more un-neatness, nor discouragement, nor forgetfulness of self, and then the rich would not allow themselves to despise the wretched and trample them under foot as they now do. Artists are always somewhat respected."

"Ah! you make me think of it for the first time," replied Haydn. "Art may then have a serious object, very useful to mankind! —"

"Have you hitherto thought that it was only an amusement?"

"No, but a disease, a passion, a storm which howls within the heart, a fever which burns within us and which we communicate to others. If you know what it is, tell me."

"I will tell you when I understand it well myself; but it is something grand, be sure of that, Joseph. Come, let us be moving, and do not forget the violin, your sole property, friend Beppo, and the source of your future riches."

They began by making their little provision for breakfast, which they intended to take upon the grass in some romantic spot. But when Joseph drew out his purse and wished to pay, the farmer's wife smiled and refused without affectation, though with firmness. Notwithstanding Consuelo's solicitations, she would not accept any thing, and even watched her young guests so narrowly that they could not slip the smallest present to the children.

"Remember," said she at last, with a little haughtiness to Joseph, who insisted, "that my husband is of noble birth, and do not think that misfortune has so degraded him as to make him sell hospitality."

"That reluctance seems to me rather excessive," said Joseph to his companion, when they were again on the road. "There is more of pride than charity in the feeling which actuates them."

"I am willing to see only charity," replied Consuelo; "and my heart is full of shame and repentance at the thought that I was not able to endure the inconveniences of that house, which did not consider itself soiled and overburdened by the presence of the vagabond whom I represent. Ah! cursed nicety! foolish delicacy of the spoiled children of this world! you are a disease, since you are health for some only to the detriment of others!"

"For such a great artist as you are, I consider you too sensible to the affairs of this lower sphere," said Joseph. "It seems to me that an artist ought to have more indifference and forgetfulness of all things which do not relate to his profession. They said at the inn of Klatau, where I heard them speaking of you and Giants' Castle, that Count Albert of Rudolstadt was a great philosopher, with all his singularity. You felt, signora, that one could not be an artist and philosopher at the same time; that is why you took to flight. Do not then be any more affected by the misfortunes of mankind, and let us resume our yesterday's lesson."

"I am very willing, Beppo; but know beforehand that Count Albert is a greater artist than either of us, philosopher as he is."

"Indeed! Then he wants nothing in order to be loved!" returned Joseph with a sigh.

"Nothing in my eyes but to be poor and of humble birth," replied Consuelo; and gently led on by the interest that Joseph manifested, stimulated by other simple questions which he tremblingly addressed to her, she gave herself up to the pleasure of conversing a long time about her betrothed. Every answer led to an explanation, and from details to details, she related to him minutely all the

peculiarities of the affection with which Albert had inspired her. Perhaps this absolute confidence in a young man, whom she had known only since yesterday, would have been inconvenient in any other situation. It is true that this strange situation alone could have produced it. However that might be, Consuelo yielded to an irresistible necessity of recalling to herself and confiding to a friendly heart the virtues of her betrothed; and while conversing thus, she felt the same satisfaction that one experiences on trying one's strength after a serious illness, that she loved Albert more than she had flattered herself when she promised to strive to love him alone. She indulged her imagination without anxiety; and all that was beautiful, great and worthy of respect in his character, appeared to her under a more brilliant light, when she no longer felt the fear of taking an absolute resolution too precipitately. Her pride no longer suffered at the idea that she could be accused of ambition; for she fled, she renounced in some sort the material advantages attached to this union: she could therefore, without constraint and without shame, give herself up to the prevailing affection of her soul. Anzoleto's name did not come to her lips a single time, and she even perceived with pleasure that she had not thought of mentioning him in the account of her residence in Bohemia.

This frankness, misplaced and rash as it might have been, produced the best results. It gave Joseph to understand how seriously attached Consuelo's soul was; and the vague hopes he might have involuntarily conceived, vanished like dreams, the remembrance even of which he strove to dissipate. After one or two hours of silence which followed this earnest conversation, he firmly resolved to see in her no more a beautiful siren, nor a dangerous and problematic comrade, but a great artist and a noble woman, whose advice and friendship would diffuse a happy influence over his whole life.

As much to respond to her confidence, as to create a double barrier to his own desires, he opened his soul and related to her how he himself was also engaged, and as it were betrothed. His romance of the heart was less poetical than that of Consuelo; but to whomsoever knows the termination of that romance in Haydn's life, it was not less pure or less noble. He had testified some friendship for the daughter of his generous host the hairdresser Keller, and the latter, seeing their innocent familiarity, said to him: "Joseph, I have confidence in you. You appear to love my daughter, and I see that you are not indifferent to her. If you are as faithful as you are industrious

and grateful, you shall be my son-in-law; when you have secured a livelihood." In a moment of exalted gratitude, Joseph had promised, sworn! — And though his betrothed did not inspire him with the least passion, he considered himself bound for life.

He related this with a melancholy which he could not conquer, on thinking of the difference between his real position and the intoxicating dreams he was obliged to renounce. Consuelo looked upon this sadness as the indication of a deep and invincible love for Keller's daughter. He did not dare deceive her; and her esteem, her complete confidence in Beppo's purity and loyalty increased in proportion. Their journey was not therefore troubled by any of those crises or explosions which might have been anticipated on seeing two amiable young persons, intelligent and filled with sympathy for each other, depart together on a tête-à-tête for fifteen days, and under circumstances which guaranteed the most perfect impunity. Although Joseph did not love Keller's daughter, he consented to let his fidelity of conscience pass for fidelity of heart; and though he still sometimes felt the storm threatening in his bosom, he knew so well how to master it, that his chaste companion, sleeping upon the heath in the midst of the woods, guarded by him as by a faithful dog, traversing at his side the profoundest solitudes, far from every human eye, often passing the night with him in the same barn or same grotto, did not once have an idea of his conflicts and the merits of his victory. In his old age, when Haydn read the first chapters of Jean-Jacques Rousseau's Confessions, he smiled, and his eyes filled with tears as he recalled his journey over the Boehmerwald, with Consuelo, trembling love and pious innocence as his travelling companions.

Once, however, the virtue of the young musician experienced a severe trial. When the weather was fine, the roads easy and the moon bright, they adopted the true, and only good method of travelling on foot, without running the risk of bad resting places. They established themselves in some quiet and sheltered place, and there passed the day with talk, music, dinner, and sleep. As soon as the evening became cold, they finished their supper, packed up, and resumed their journey until day. They thus escaped the fatigue of a walk in the sun, the danger of being curiously examined, the dirt and expense of an inn. But when the rain, which became more frequent in that elevated part of the Boehmerwald where the Moldaw takes its rise, compelled them to seek a shelter, they retired where they could, sometimes into the

cabin of a serf, sometimes into the out-buildings of a chateau. They carefully avoided the inns, in which they could more easily have found a lodging, from fear of unlucky meetings, coarse jokes and noisy scenes.

One evening then, compelled by the storm, they entered the hut of a goat-herd, who, for all demonstration of hospitality, said to them, yawning and pointing in the direction of his fold :

"There is some straw."

Consuelo glided into a very dark corner, as she was accustomed to do, and Joseph was going to place himself at some distance in another corner, when he stumbled over the legs of a man asleep, who apostrophized him roughly. Other oaths replied to the imprecations of the sleeper, and Joseph, terrified at such company, reapproached Consuelo, and seized her arm, in order to be sure that no one should come between them. At first they thought of going out, but the rain poured in torrents upon the boarded roof of the hut, and everyone had fallen asleep again.

"Let us stay," said Joseph, in a low voice, "until it has stopped raining. You can sleep without fear; I will not close my eyes; I will remain by your side. No one can imagine that there is a woman here. As soon as the weather becomes tolerable, I will wake you, and we will slip out." Consuelo did not feel very much reassured; but there was more danger in going out immediately than in remaining. The goat-herd and his guests would remark this fear of lodging with them; they would have some suspicion, either respecting their sex or the money they might be supposed to have; and if these men were capable of bad intentions, they would follow them into the fields to attack them. Consuelo, having made all these reflections, kept herself quiet; but she entwined her arm within that of Joseph, from a very natural feeling of terror and of well founded confidence in his care.

As soon as the rain ceased, as they had neither of them slept, they prepared to depart, when they heard their unknown companions move, rise, and talk with low voices in an incomprehensible jargon, after having raised some heavy bundles with which they loaded their shoulders. As they departed, they exchanged with the goat-herd some words in Gorman which made Joseph think they were smugglers, and that the host was in their confidence. It was barely midnight, and the moon had risen, and by the light of a ray which fell obliquely upon the half opened door, Consuelo saw the glittering of their arms, as they concealed them beneath their cloaks. At the same time she satisfied herself that there was no one in the hut,

and the goat-herd himself left her alone there with Haydn; for he followed the smugglers to guide them in the paths of the mountain, and show them a passage to the frontier, known, he said, to himself alone.

"If you deceive us, at the least suspicion I will blow out your brains," said one of those men with a grave and determined face. These were the last words that Consuelo heard. Their measured steps creaked upon the gravel for some instants. The noise of a neighboring stream, swollen by the rain, at last covered that of their march, which was lost in the distance.

"We were wrong to fear them," said Joseph, still without quitting Consuelo's arm, which he all the while pressed against his breast. "These people avoid observation even more than we."

"It is on that very account, that I think we incurred some danger," replied Consuelo. "When you stumbled over them in the dark, you did well not to answer their oaths: they thought you one of themselves. Otherwise they might have taken us for spies and done us some injury. Thank God! there is nothing to fear now, and we are at last alone."

"Repose yourself then," said Joseph, feeling with regret Consuelo's arm detach itself from his. "I will still watch, and at day-light we will depart."

Consuelo had been more fatigued by fear than by walking. She was so accustomed to rest under the guardianship of her friend, that she yielded herself to sleep. But Joseph, who also, after many agitations, had acquired the habit of sleeping by her side, could not this time obtain any repose. That hand of Consuelo which he had held trembling in his own for two hours; those emotions of terror and of jealousy which had excited all the intensity of his love, and even those last words which Consuelo had uttered as she went to sleep: "We are at last alone!" awakened in him a burning fever. Instead of retiring to the bottom of the hut to testify his respect, as he was accustomed to do, seeing that she did not think of withdrawing from him, he remained seated at her side; and the palpitations of his heart became so violent, that Consuelo might have heard them had she not been asleep. Every thing agitated him, the melancholy noise of the stream, the moaning of the wind in the firs, and the rays of the moon which glanced through an opening in the roof, and feebly illumined Consuelo's pale features, surrounded by her black tresses as with a frame; finally, that something, I know not what, of terrible and savage which passes from external nature into the heart of man, when life is wild about him. He began to grow calm, and to fall asleep, when he

thought he felt hands upon his breast. He bounded upon his feet, and seized in his arms a little kid which had come to kneel and warm itself upon his bosom. He caressed it, and without knowing why, covered it with tears and kisses. At last the day appeared; and on seeing more distinctly Consuelo's noble brow, and grave and pure features, he was ashamed of his torments. He went out to bathe his face and his hair in the freezing water of the stream. He seemed to wish to purify himself from the culpable thoughts that had inflamed his brain.

Consuelo soon came to join him there, and to make the same ablution, in order to dissipate the heaviness of sleep, and to familiarize herself courageously with the morning atmosphere, as she gaily did every day. She was astonished to find Haydn so pale and sad.

"O! this time, friend Beppo," said she "you do not bear fatigues and emotions as well as I do; you are as pale as these little flowers which seem to weep on the surface of the water."

"And you are as fresh as those beautiful wild roses which seem to laugh on its banks," replied Joseph. "I believe I can endure fatigue, notwithstanding my pallid face; but emotion, it is true, signora, that I cannot endure."

He was sad all the morning; and when they stopped to eat bread and hazel nuts in a beautiful meadow on a rapid declivity, under an arbor of wild vine, she tormented him with such ingenious questions, in order to make him confess the cause of his gloominess, that he could not help making an answer which testified a great discontent with himself and his own destiny.

"Well, since you will know," said he, "I think that I am very unhappy; for I am every day approaching a little nearer to Vienna, where my destiny is engaged while my heart is not. I do not love my betrothed; I feel that I shall never love her; and yet I have promised, and shall keep my word."

"Can it be possible!" said Consuelo, struck with surprise. "In that case, my poor Beppo, our destinies, which I thought agreed in many points, are entirely opposed; for you are hastening to a betrothed whom you do not love, and I am flying one whom I love. Strange fortune! which gives to some that which they fear, to snatch from others that which they desire."

She affectionately pressed his hand as she said this, and Joseph saw clearly that this answer was not dictated by any suspicion of his temerity; of the desire of giving him a lesson. But the lesson was only the more efficacious. She pitied him for his misfortune, and sympathized with him, while she showed by a deep

and sincere utterance of her heart, that she loved another without distraction and without diminution.

This was Joseph's last folly towards her. He took his violin, and scraping it with force, forgot that stormy night. When they resumed their route, he had completely abjured an impossible love, and the events which followed made him feel only the strength of his devotedness and of his friendship. When Consuelo saw a cloud pass over his brow, which she strove to dissipate by affectionate words, "Do not be anxious about me," he replied. "If I am condemned not to have love for my wife, at least I shall have friendship for her; and that friendship can console for the want of love I feel much more sensibly than you can imagine!"

V.

Haydn never had reason to regret this journey, and the sufferings he then underwent; for he received the best Italian lessons, and even the best notions of music he had yet had in his life. During the long halts they made on fine days, under the sequestered shades of the Boehmerwald, our young artists revealed to each other all they possessed of intelligence and genius. Although Joseph Haydn had a fine voice, and could use it to the best advantage as a chorister; although he played agreeably on the violin, and on several other instruments, he soon understood, on hearing Consuelo sing, that she was infinitely superior to him as a virtuoso, and could make him a skilful singer without the aid of Porpora. But Haydn's ambition and powers were not limited to this branch of the art; and Consuelo, seeing him so little advanced in practice, while in theory he expressed such elevated and healthy ideas, said to him one day with a smile:

"I know not if I am doing well in making you apply yourself to the study of vocal music; for if you should become attached to the profession of a singer, you might perhaps sacrifice higher powers which are in you. Let me see some of your compositions! Notwithstanding my long and severe studies in counterpoint with so great a master as Porpora, what I have learned only enables me to understand well the creations of genius, and I should not have time, even if I had the boldness, to produce works of much importance; but if you have the creative genius, you should follow that path, and look upon vocal music and the study of instruments as your material means only."

Since Haydn had met Consuelo, it is very true that he had only thought of becoming a singer. To follow her or live

by her side, to encounter her every where in her wandering life, such had been his ardent dream for several days. He therefore made some objections about showing her his last manuscript, though he had it with him, and had finished writing it on his journey to Pilsen. He equally feared to appear indifferent to her in this branch of art, and to exhibit a talent which would lead her to combat his inclination to sing. He yielded at last, and half willingly, half by force, allowed the mysterious manuscript to be taken from him. It was a little sonata for the piano, which he intended for his young pupils. Consuelo began by reading it with her eyes, and Joseph was astonished to see her seize the idea as perfectly by a simple perusal as if she had heard it executed. Then she made him try several passages on his violin, and she herself sang those which were possible for the voice. I know not if Consuelo divined, from this sketch, the future author of "*The Creation*," and so many other eminent productions; but it is certain that she foresaw a good master, and she said to him, as she returned the manuscript, "Courage, Bepo! you are a distinguished artist, and may be a great composer, if you apply yourself. You have ideas, that is certain. With ideas and science much may be done. Therefore acquire science, and let us conquer Porpora's bad temper; for he is the master whom you require. But think no more of the stage; your place is elsewhere, and the pen is your baton of command. You must not obey, but prescribe. When one can be the soul of a work, how can one think of taking place among the machines? Come, maestro in bud, study no longer the trill and the cadence with your throat. Know where they are to be placed, and not how to make them. That belongs to your very humble servant and subordinate, who engages of you the first woman's part you shall be pleased to write for a mezzo-soprano."

"O Consuelo *de mi alma*!" cried Joseph, transported with joy and hope; "write for you, be understood and expressed by you! What glory, what ambitions you awaken in me! But no, it is a dream, a madness. Teach me to sing. I would rather be able to execute the ideas of another, according to your heart and your intelligence, than to place upon your divine lips accents unworthy of you."

"Come, come," said Consuelo, "a truce to compliments. Try to improvise, first upon the violin, then with your voice. It is thus that the soul comes to the lips, and to the fingers' ends. I can tell if you have the divine spirit, or are only a clever scholar, stuffed with reminiscences."

Haydn obeyed her. She remarked with pleasure that he was not learned; there was freshness, youth and simplicity in his first ideas. She encouraged him more and more, and thereafter was willing to teach him singing only to show him, as she said, how to make use of it. They amused themselves afterwards by singing some little Italian duets, which she taught him, and which he learned by heart.

"If we should happen to want money before the end of our journey," said she, "we may be obliged to sing in the streets. Besides, the police may wish to put our talents to the proof, if they take us for wandering pickpockets, as there are so many who dishonor the profession; unfortunates! Let us therefore be prepared for every event. My voice, used entirely in contralto, might pass for that of a young boy before the change. You must also learn some little songs in which you can accompany me on the violin. You will see that it is not a bad study. Those popular oddities are full of nerve and original sentiment; and as to my old Spanish chants, they are pure genius, uncut diamonds. Maestro, profit by them; ideas engender ideas."

These studies were delicious to Haydn. It was from them, perhaps, that he conceived the idea of those infantile and charming compositions which he afterwards made for the marionettes of the little princes Esterhazy. Consuelo introduced so much gaiety, grace, animation and spirit into those lessons, that the good young man, restored to the pertness and thoughtless happiness of youth, forgot his thoughts of love, his privations, his anxieties, and earnestly wished that this travelling education might never end. We do not pretend to give an itinerary of Consuelo's journey with Haydn. Little familiarized as we are with the paths of the Boehmerwald, we should perhaps give incorrect indications if we followed their route with the confused recollections that have been transmitted to us. It is enough to say that the first half of that journey was more agreeable than painful, up to the time of an adventure, which we cannot help recording.

They had followed from its source the northern bank of the Moldaw, because it seemed to them the least frequented and the most picturesque. They therefore descended for a whole day the narrow defile which is prolonged as it slopes in the same direction as the Danube; but when they were on the height of Schenau, seeing the chain of mountains slope towards the plain, they regretted not having followed the other bank of the river, and consequently the other range of the chain, which became more distant as it rose towards Bavaria. Those wooded

mountains presented more natural shelters and poetical situations than the valleys of Bohemia. During the stoppages they made by day in the forest, they amused themselves by catching small birds with bird-lime and nooses; and when, after their siesta, they found their snares filled with this little game, they cooked them in the open air with dead wood, and made a repast which they considered sumptuous. They granted life only to the nightingales, on pretext that those musical birds belonged to the fraternity. Our poor children searched therefore for a ford, and found none; the river was rapid, enclosed by high banks, deep and swollen by the recent rains. At last they found a landing-place where lay a little boat, guarded by a boy. They hesitated a little about drawing near, as they saw several persons approach it before them and bargain for a passage. Those men separated after saying farewell to each other. Three prepared to follow the northern bank of the Moldaw, while the other two entered the boat. This circumstance determined Consuelo.

"We shall meet them on the right, we shall meet them on the left," said she to Joseph; "we may as well cross, since such was our intention."

Haydn still hesitated, and pretended that those people had wicked looks, loud voices, and brutal manners; when one of them, who seemed to wish to give the lie to that unfavorable opinion, stopped the boatman, and addressing Consuelo:

"Eh! my child! come then," cried he in German, and manifesting a cheerful benevolence; "the boat is not full, and you can cross with us if you wish."

"We are much obliged, sir," replied Haydn, "and will profit by your permission."

"Come, my children," resumed he who had already spoken, and whom his companion called Mr. Mayer; "come, jump!"

Hardly was Joseph seated in the boat, before he remarked that the two strangers looked at Consuelo and himself alternately with much attention and curiosity. Still Mr. Mayer's face announced only gentleness and gaiety, his voice was agreeable, his manners polite, and Consuelo gathered confidence from his grizzled hair, and his paternal aspect.

"You are a musician, my boy?" said he soon to the latter.

"At your service, my good gentleman," replied Joseph.

"You also?" said Mr. Mayer to Joseph; and pointing to Consuelo, "That is your brother, doubtless?" added he.

"No, sir, it is my friend," said Joseph; "we are not of the same country, and he only understands a little German."

"Of what country is he then?" contin-

ued Mr. Mayer, still looking at Consuelo.

"Of Italy, sir," replied Haydn again.

"Venetian, Genoese, Roman, Neapolitan, or Calabrian?" said Mr. Mayer, articulating each of these denominations in the dialect which belonged to it, with an admirable facility.

"O! sir, I see that you can talk with all kinds of Italians," at last replied Consuelo, who feared to draw attention by a more prolonged silence; "I am from Venice."

"Ah! that is a beautiful country!" resumed Mr. Mayer, immediately using the dialect which was familiar to Consuelo. "Is it long since you left it?"

"Only six months."

"And are you travelling over the country, playing on your violin?"

"No; he accompanies," replied Consuelo, pointing to Joseph; "I sing."

"And do you play on no instrument! neither hautboy, nor flute, nor tambourine!"

"No, there is no need of it."

"But if you are a good musician, you would learn easily, would you not?"

"O! certainly, if it were necessary."

"But you do not care to?"

"No, I had rather sing."

"And you are right; still you will be obliged to come to it, or to change your profession, at least for a time."

"Why so, sir?"

"Because your voice will soon change, if it has not begun to already. How old are you? fourteen, fifteen, at most."

"Somewhere thereabouts."

"Well! before a year, you will croak like a little frog, and it is by no means certain that you will again become a nightingale. This passing from childhood to youth, is a very doubtful matter with boys. Sometimes the voice is lost when the beard comes. In your place, I would learn to play on the fife; you would then be always sure of earning your living."

"I will see, when I require it."

"And you, my brave fellow?" said Mr. Mayer, addressing Joseph in German, "can you play on any thing besides the violin?"

"Excuse me, sir," replied Joseph, who recovered confidence in his turn on seeing that the good Mayer caused no embarrassment to Consuelo; "I play a little on several instruments."

"Which, for example?"

"The piano, the harp, the flute; a little of all, when I find a chance to learn."

"With such talents, you are very wrong to stroll about the roads as you do; it is a hard business. I see that your companion, who is still younger and more delicate than you, can bear it no longer, for he limps."

"Have you remarked that?" said Joseph, who had only too well noticed it himself, though his companion had not been willing to confess the swollen and painful condition of her feet.

"I saw that he could hardly drag himself to the boat," replied Mayer.

"Ah! sir, what can one do!" said Haydn, concealing his trouble under an air of philosophical indifference; "we were not born to have every comfort, and when we must suffer, we suffer!"

"But when you could live more happily and respectably by establishing yourselves! I don't like to see intelligent and gentle children as you appear to be, following the life of vagabonds. Believe a good man, who has children of his own, and who, in all probability, will never see you again, my little friends. You will kill and corrupt yourselves by running after adventures. Remember that I tell you so."

"Thanks for your good advice, sir," replied Consuelo, with an affectionate smile; "perhaps we will profit by it."

"God hears you, my little gondolier!" said Mr. Mayer to Consuelo, who had taken an oar and mechanically, from a habit entirely popular and Venetian, had begun to row.

The boat reached the bank, after having made a considerable bend, in consequence of the current, which was rather strong. Mr. Mayer addressed a friendly farewell to the young artists as he wished them a pleasant journey, and his silent companion prevented them from paying their part to the boatman. After the proper thanks, Consuelo and Joseph entered a path which led towards the mountains, while the two strangers followed the level bank of the river in the same direction.

"That Mr. Mayer seems an honest man," said Consuelo, turning for the last time upon an eminence as she lost sight of him. "I am certain he is a good father of a family."

"He is curious and talkative," said Joseph, "and I am very glad to see you freed from his questions."

"He likes to talk, as do all persons who have travelled much. He is a cosmopolite, to judge by his facility in pronouncing various dialects. What country can he belong to?"

"He has a Saxon accent, though he speaks the low Austrian well. I think he is from the north of Germany. A Prussian, perhaps!"

"So much the worse; I don't like the Prussians, and their king Frederic still less than all his nation, from what I heard of him at Giant's Castle."

"Then you will be in favor at Vienna. That fighter and philosopher king has no partisans either at the court or in the city."

Conversing thus, they gained the thick wood, and followed paths which were sometimes lost among the firs, and sometimes skirted an amphitheatre of steep mountains. Consuelo found these Hyrcinio-Carpathian mountains more pleasant than sublime; having crossed the Alps many times, she did not experience the same transports as Joseph, who had never before seen such majestic summits. The impressions of the latter therefore led him to enthusiasm, while his companion felt more disposed to revery. Moreover, Consuelo was much fatigued that day, and made great efforts to conceal it, in order not to afflict Joseph, who was only too much afflicted already. They slept for some hours, and after their meal and music, resumed their road at sunset. But soon Consuelo, though she had for a long time bathed her feet in the crystal water of the spring, after the manner of the heroines of romance, felt her heels bruised upon the flints, and was compelled to confess that she could not perform her nightly task. Unfortunately the country was entirely desert on that side. Not a cabin, not a convent, not a hamlet on the slope of the Moldaw. The night was too cold for them to remain in the open air. Through an opening between two hills, they saw some lights at the bottom of the opposite valley. That valley, into which they descended, was Bavaria; but the village they saw was more distant than they imagined. It seemed to the disconsolate Joseph, that it withdrew as they approached it. To complete their misfortune, the clouds gathered on every side, and soon a fine cold rain began to fall. In a few moments it so obscured the atmosphere, that the lights disappeared, and our travellers, who, not without trouble and danger, had reached the foot of the mountain, no longer knew to which side to direct their steps. Still they were upon quite a smooth road, and they continued to drag themselves along continually descending, when they heard the noise of a carriage advancing towards them. Joseph did not hesitate to approach it, and to ask for some information respecting the country, and the possibility of finding a shelter.

"Who goes there?" replied a strong voice, and at the same time he heard the click of a pistol. "Be off, or I will blow out your brains."

"We are not very formidable," replied Joseph, without being disconcerted. "Look! we are only two children, and we ask for nothing but information."

"Eh!" cried another voice, which Consuelo immediately recognized as honest Mr. Mayer's, "but those are my little acquaintances of this morning; I recognize the accent of the oldest. Are you

there too, gondolier?" added he in Venetian, calling Consuelo.

"Here I am," replied she in the same dialect. "We have lost our way, and we ask you, my good sir, where we can find a palace or a stable to sleep in. Do tell us if you know."

"Eh! my poor children!" returned Mr. Mayer, "you are two long leagues from any kind of habitation. You will not find even a dog-kennel on this whole mountain. But I will have pity on you; get into my carriage; I can give you two seats without inconveniencing myself. Come, no ceremony; jump up!"

"Sir, you are a thousand times too good," said Consuelo, affected by the hospitality of this honest man; "but you are going towards the north, and we towards Austria."

"No, I am going west. In an hour at the outside, I will put you down at Biberek. You shall pass the night there, and to-morrow you can reach Austria. It will even shorten your road. Come, be quick, unless you take pleasure in getting wet and stopping us."

"Well! courage and confidence!" said Consuelo in a low voice to Joseph, as they entered the carriage. They remarked that there were three persons, two in front, one of whom drove; the third, who was Mr. Mayer, occupied the back seat. Consuelo took one corner, Joseph the middle. The carriage was spacious and solid, with six places. The large and strong horse, driven by a vigorous hand, resumed his trot, and made the bells of his collar jingle, as he shook his head impatiently.

To be Continued.

THE GROUPING OF ANIMALS.

BY JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON, M. R. C. S.

[We publish the whole of this admirable Essay, noticed in a late number of the Harbinger. Its author is the distinguished editor of the London edition of Swedenborg's "Animal Kingdom," and wrote the profound and beautiful Introduction to that work. Rarely do we get so much original thought, so clearly stated in so brief a compass.—Eds.]

The relation between man and animals is a subject which has variously occupied the attention of the naturalist, the anatomist, and the philosopher, ever since the early days of the sciences; and the order of the animal creation has also been an object of incessant inquiry, and many are the modes in which it has been viewed. The pure naturalist has attempted to trace it by a reference to the habits and visible peculiarities of living beings; the pure comparative anatomist, by a scrutiny and comparison of their interior organization; and the pure philosopher, by doctrines, derived in the first instance from his own mind, and applied afterwards to natural history, and to comparative anatomy and physiology. Frequently also,—

perhaps most frequently,—the attempt to follow the series of animated nature has been of a mixed kind, and has consisted of a combination of all the three methods just alluded to.

I have chosen this subject,—the relation between man and animals,—as the text for a few homely remarks, not in order to add to your practical knowledge of a department in which so much has been accomplished (for I am neither a naturalist nor a comparative anatomist,) and not to lay before you any new philosophical scheme; but as a mere looker-on, watching the game of science, to make a few comments which would be out of place in the mouths of the learned, and, in short, to start objections and frame inferences on the untechnical ground of common sense.

Each walk of nature may be studied for very different purposes; but the purpose will determine the order into which the knowledge gained during the study is distributed. Thus animals may be classed either, 1, To assist the memory; for instance, to enable it to hold together a multitude of facts by virtue of some general point of connection. Or, 2, To aid the rational faculties, to strengthen their perceptions of the order of nature, of man himself, and of the human mind, and of the relations in which all things stand to the Creator. Natural history, therefore, as a ground, like all the other series in the universe, may furnish any thing, from a bare catalogue to an order reflecting a profound philosophy.

In agreement with this, Lord Bacon well says, in his *Novum Organum Scientiarum*, that "a natural history, compiled for its own sake, is one thing; and a natural history, collected for informing the understanding, in order to the building up of natural philosophy, is another." (Sect. VI.)

When the end proposed in a classification of animals is to fortify the memory and to facilitate the record of knowledge, it would seem that similarity of form, and similarity in general, may constitute the basis of the classification. On the other hand, when the end is of a philosophical character, when we wish to treat our classification as a truth, and to reason from it, we must have recourse to something more vital than analogy of form, and in this case, as I hope to show, we must rather consider affinities of use and character than the resemblances perceptible to the senses.

I am not aware that either naturalists or anatomists have hitherto attempted any other classification than one based upon the principle of similarity, either of points of external form and habits, or of interior organization. Thus, in the system of Linneus, we find man and the monkey forming part of the group, and standing conjointly among the primates of the animal kingdom. In the system of Cuvier, man and the monkey are again contiguous to each other; and species are associated into genera on the ground of similarity in their hands, teeth, claws, and feet,—of similarity in the substances they eat, &c. &c.

This is in some respects a convenient distribution of knowledge, and it must be allowed that, in the existing state of science, it is the most obvious one that presents itself to notice. It is well adapted for the formation of a sort of dictionary

of animated nature; that is to say, a tabular statement of the most elementary kind; and so long as it is confined to this it can do no harm to the cause of truth. Yet I submit that a classification framed upon the one principle of uniformity involves a hypothesis and not a fact; that, if used for higher purposes than those of reference and *memoria technica*, it will carry us away from the laws of nature; and that, when so abused, it must cause small facts to extinguish great ones, particular instances to over-ride general laws, exceptions to put down rules, and the senses of the body to be discordant with the common sense of mankind.

It is to be observed, that the rule of uniformity desiderates for its due carrying out a far more equable chain of beings than we know to exist on this globe: any sensible break is an imperfection to it, and seems to draw upon our faith and not upon our science; or, indeed, to suggest some further law. Although the species in each order and genus may possibly, without much violence, be reduced to analogical proportions, yet the differences between the genera are so vast as to amount to a disruption of all fair analogy, and to proclaim either that nature is broken, or that the understanding requires a better instrument than the doctrine of external resemblances to guide it through the maze of living things.

I propose, then, in place of the rule of similarity of form or structure, to make trial of the principle of affinity of use as a ground of classification; and I will now endeavor to illustrate the position, that any arrangement of things by external marks of similarity discloses nothing of the inner laws of nature. I shall attempt this, with your leave, by other than purely scientific considerations; for the scientific faculty is not the highest power of the human mind, but must borrow all the order, light, and life that can ever belong to it, from the rational and moral sphere. The author of man's faculties, the author of the good in human society, and the author of nature in all its kingdoms, is one and the same Being; and he works with the same principles, because for the same ends, in all these fields. Of this point I attempt no demonstration: it is sufficiently proved to us, as practical men, by the fact that human reason is paralytic without it. And I state it here, because it justifies me in pursuing a course of analogical reasoning, by which instances in one department are brought to bear in the way of illustration upon what is dark or obscure in another.

In the first place it may be observed, that animated nature is not a museum of stuffed specimens, in which species are neatly brought together, and where every end is attained by a simple apposition of an orderly kind; but it is a vast social organization of living things, in which not apposition but conjunction is required; in which independence is the exception and mutual dependence the law; in which beings subsist for no other reason than because they have a part to play, and a distinct cause to represent, on the theatre of the universe.

And, accordingly, the grouping of animals in nature is not according to a scale of similarities, but according to a scale of differences. We do not find all the cat-tribe pushed into one end of a continent, and there surrounded with an impassable barrier, or in museum-fashion, with a

glass case; but, on the contrary, they are spread in different species, and intermixed with other animals, throughout the globe. Although we are such great admirers of fox-hunting in England, we do not find all kinds of foxes concentrated here; but nature, like a cruel mother, has gratified us with only a single species. No one land has a monopoly of the rat species, but nearly every climate has its own rat: and so of other cases. This is the mode in which nature distributes the species of animals and groups the genera: she groups the species very sparingly, because they are too like each other to admit of conjunction. Each climate has its own so-called animal kingdom, more or less perfect; and this associates as a whole, through man, its universal representative, with all the similar wholes upon the face of the planet. But in no other way does the general mother group her children.

I speak here, not from theory, but according to common facts; and these, I assert, are Nature's representatives in the sciences.

This method of nature may be exemplified by various comparisons, which, indeed, are themselves real instances of the same method. Of these I may be permitted to use one or two, untechnical though they be, in order the better to convey my meaning.

Take, first, a case from ranks in society, and look at the upper classes. Now, human society is a wonderful instance of grouping. But are its grades associated by extrinsic similarity alone? Who are the parties that most closely copy the nobleman? Decidedly his own servants and the swell mob. Do they come next to him in rank? No. The classes who really approach the upper, as a general rule, have an order and manner of their own,—a manner determined by their rank, and which flows naturally enough from the functions they have to perform. They are joined to the upper classes, not by virtue of apishness—which, wherever it does not exist, is a cause of disjunction—but because they accomplish indispensable uses, without which rank itself must stand nearly on the bare ground, like a statue without a pedestal.

Such, also, is the relation of man and animals. The animal which is an imitation of man, does not enter into the grouping that nature brings about between the human race and those good and useful creatures that adorn our fields and gather round our homesteads; for the ape is no more next to man in the nature of things, than the actor is next to the monarch he personates, or the valet next to the peer.

It is true the ape is like man, disgustingly like; but this very fact it is that degrades him and removes him from his prototype; for he is a copy without a useful character of his own; and the poorest creature with an originality is nearer to man in essence than he.

Indeed, there is no real order, whether in history, art, or science, but exemplifies the same thing. Take the similars, copies, or *simiz* in any case, and you will find you cannot construct a series by placing them next to the originals. Were it wished, for instance, to construct a series of English poets, and to show the order in which genius was succeeded by genius, you would probably name Shakspeare and Milton as two links in the chain; but the bare imitators of each

would drop clean out of your consideration: those who had copied these great writers might, indeed, constitute a subordinate series by themselves, but you would never place them between Shakspeare and Milton. Shakspeare's imitators are far more like Shakspeare in form than is Milton: Milton's imitators are more like Milton in form than is Shakspeare; but the imitators are altogether unlike either in essence, because they have no poetic originality; and Milton and Shakspeare themselves are allied, not by similarity of form, but by harmony of variety; each contributing something which the other could not give, to realize that which was the common end of both, namely, the exaltation of the poetic art.

Take another illustration, borrowed from language, which also is an organic reality, and shows in its use, that the higher intellectual powers are constantly working to produce a unity, not out of similars, but out of dissimilars. I before stated, that existing classifications may be likened to dictionaries of animated nature, and the parallel involves an interesting truth. In an ordinary dictionary, the words of a language are brought together by the rule of literal similarity; and a mighty convenient thing such a dictionary is. But in making use of language as an instrument of thought, we depart at once from the order of the dictionary; and in proportion as the subject lifts us into the art of expression, we avoid similarities of sound, lest the progressive spiral of ideas should be drawn back into a dull round of jingling terms. Now, there is just the same difference between the present method of the naturalist and the method of nature that there is between a dictionary and a grand composition: the former coheres by a single thread, namely, the rule of uniformity; the latter is a connected tissue of ends, means, and uses, and the bond of connection throughout is the harmonious working of the parts, all with each, and each with all.

Is it not, then, curious that classification should be based exclusively upon similarities, when the grouping of nature is effected between dissimilars? It argues little for the docility of the human mind that it persists in substituting a single kind of order, and that the lowest, for the combined order of creation; and this, too, so long after Bacon began to expound the inductive method, and taught that "man is the minister and interpreter of nature." It is also curious that the prime link in our classifications—I mean the relation of man to the monkey—should be typical of all schemes of the kind, as involving a series in which different forms *ape* each other, without any bond of principle or use.

I am led to dwell somewhat on this latter circumstance, because eminent naturalists, forgetting that their artificial systems were not framed to stand as truths, but only to aid the memory (in which light, indeed, they are commendable and excellent), have fabricated a dirty hypothesis of developments, which leads them to consider that man himself is no better than a monkey, duly curtailed, cultivated and extended. Passing by the fact, that no development of imitation (which is the bodily and mental characteristic of the *simia*), could give man more than one faculty of imita-

tion, and could furnish him with nothing to imitate but what was lower than himself, which would drive him back again into monkeyism, it may be observed, that this hypothesis is incapable of being carried out. Were it worth anything, the monkey must have come from something else; the quadruped from the bird; the bird from the fish, and so forth. Now, although imagination, which can do much, may seem to show some of the stages by which monkeys might become men, yet it is not so evident how all the other animal forms could be made to pass into monkeys. It would be hard work, for instance, to resolve an elephant into a monkey. But I trust I have said sufficient to show that the hypothesis itself is inept, as supposing, on sensual grounds, that two beings stand together, which yet, in the order of nature and reason, are wide as the poles asunder.

Were a theory of developments sound in itself, and were the animal kingdom that from which man was to arise, still the world's master could proceed from no one animal, but the whole kingdom must be developed at once to produce him; and this, not by an evolution of forms, but by a spiritual outgrowth, expansion, and concentration; in which case we have recourse to a principle which virtually extinguishes the theory of development, so far at least as it is one-sided, and attributes activities to nature which can only belong to the Creator.

But if external analogies will not furnish a principle of classification accordant with the grouping of nature, so neither will the internal analogies which it belongs to comparative anatomy to discover. The same reasoning applies to both cases. Comparative anatomy is inestimable as a handmaid to human anatomy, but it deals with parts, not with wholes, and can have no function, or a most subordinate one, in indicating the order of natural history. The voluntary grouping in human society is according to the perceptions of a common sense, and is not founded upon the dissection of our friends and acquaintances; and so the grouping of the animal kingdom must be perceived by a common sense appropriate to itself, and not by virtue of comparative anatomy.

Before passing to the conclusion, I will venture an opinion, which I think is not without practical validity, that the question, "What animal comes next to man?" involves in its statement a radical inaccuracy. It is based upon the notion, that man, as a physical being, is a part of the so-called animal kingdom, whereas I hold that, instead of being a *part*, he is *the* animal kingdom *itself*, and contains all below him, as the universal includes the partial, or the accomplished end the means; and therefore, if we are to have a theory of evolution, we must seek the matrix of the human race not in the animal but in the vegetable kingdom, from which, according to any such theory, the animal kingdom must originally have been evolved. But in this case the question, What animal comes next to man? would be changed into this other question, In what order do animals stand, as ministering to human uses, and representing the scale of human faculties? For as all animals are related to man by use or its opposite, and as they all shadow forth somewhat of his mental constitution, so do they all come next to some part of his nature.

This it is which must render the natural history of animals dependent, in some degree, upon the higher science of the natural history of mankind. For as different climates support distinct races of men and animals, so the grouping is various according to circumstances, and these circumstances primarily consist in the character and wants of the various nations and tribes into which the human race is divided. These nations, moreover, are associated with each other according to organic laws, and form higher combinations or larger groups; constituting at last the great ethnic series, of which every point has its own specific relation (I speak here from fact) to some corresponding point in the so-called animal kingdom. I repeat, then, that in order to complete the study of natural history, and to see it in its flexibility and organic variety, we must, perforce, take account of the mutual relations of mankind.

A few words now on the doctrine of use as the highest principle of grouping. I need not enter upon this subject abstractedly, for it can, indeed, be better treated practically, as being but a piece of common sense, which is the ultimatum of all sound philosophy. I remark, then, that every-day experience shows certain animals in immediate and harmonious contact with man. And herein lies the main object of my paper, to hint to you that the domestic animals, speaking generally, constitute the first rank in the array of animated nature.

If man be indeed the "paragon of animals" (and who has doubted it?), then we may proceed from him as the centre. Now I put it to you as practical men, whether either nature, or the force of circumstances, or necessity and physical want, has not grouped the domestic animals close around the human race. They are of the most immediate use to us, and in evidence thereof, live almost under the same roofs with ourselves. They are near our affections, and near our thoughts. They exalt civilization, and in return receive more and more of the benefits of our advancement. The need we feel of them, and the good we owe them, bring into existence a distinct branch of the healing art, which becomes forthwith an integral part of medical experience. Last, not least, the relation of man to *them*, calls forth in our breasts the ennobling sentiment of humanity, which is nothing less than religion, extending its regards by means of man to whatever is good and useful in the creation.

Are these great, broad facts, to pass for nothing, simply because the horse does not *ape* man in external appearance? Is the harmony they imply between man and the domestic animals, the harmony of use and variety, to be overlooked by the scientific naturalist, because it puts him out of those first leading-strings of the human mind, similarities of form? If it be so, he must continue for ever to be a dictionary-maker, and an order of men must be instituted for the investigation of nature.

The mental qualities of the domestic animals show precisely the same thing as their natural grouping. In them alone do we recognize an analogy with the highest qualities of the human mind. All animals, indeed, manifest peculiar faculties, tending to self-preservation and to the perpetuation of their species; and some, as the monkey, alternately amuse and

disgust us by their cleverness, cunning, and perverse imitations. But the domestic animals, properly so called, have one distinguishing *trait*, the power of yielding obedience to a being higher than themselves, which power practically is the representation of wisdom. Such a power no animal *can* exhibit which is not either domesticated or domesticable.

I may here remark, however, that the word domesticated involves a hypothesis which has hitherto been quietly assumed, without any attempt at proof: this, namely, that certain animals were once in a wild and uncultured state, and have been gradually brought into agreement with man. To the best of my knowledge, such a view is not supported by history, nor do I regard it as a dictate of reason. We have certain universal traditions in the world, which are not without their value in determining obscure points of history. But where is the traditive light that informs us who was the first tamer of the horse, or who it was that first brought flocks and herds about the dwellings of mankind? Why, I ask, at the beginning of things, when the world was divinely prepared for man, — why should not the sheep be ready for the shepherd? It costs as little to assume an order of gentle and obedient creatures, as to assume a man capable of reducing them to gentleness and obedience. True it is, that some animals, as the horse and elephant, exist in both a wild and a domesticated state, and that those in the wild state are caught and subjugated at the present day: but why should not the wild races have proceeded from the tame, rather than *vice versa*, and, on this very account, be capable of the wonderful change involved in domestication?

But to return to the former question, — it is plain, on the view here propounded, that the domestic animals give us at once what we want, — a number of centres to commence from in our classification.

Be it observed, however, that I by no means put this forward as a scheme which may be easily carried out. For besides that these animals are various in character, and therefore require an arrangement among themselves, and that the grouping of them is different in different countries and among various nations, it may be doubted whether they yet form a complete series, and whether certain individuals fairly represent the beginnings of their respective orders. But one thing, I think, is clear, that at present the horse is the prime unit of the whole, and the most allied to man, — that he is the head of animated nature. We ride upon his back, because the bond of use is indissoluble between us. The centaur is an ancient attestation of this, and, like all similar fables, involves a deep scientific and rational truth.

And suppose that our scheme is more difficult than dictionary-making, and that its execution must for a long time be imperfect, — this is no reason why we should give it up. At all events we see a distinct luminous spot, man and the domestic animals shining as a great light in the centre of animated nature. What if it be surrounded, as worlds always are at first, with a dark circumference of chaos and obscurity; this is the very matter out of which order and beauty are to be created. It only shows that, as followers of Nature, she imposes upon us the same

difficulties that she imposes upon herself. She works, and we must learn, by rational methods. The organization of knowledge must begin from principles, and be accomplished progressively, precisely as the organization of matter begins, and as solar systems are created. We have no right to be disappointed, if the one condition of exploring Nature consists in following that gradual order which she herself obeys in her operations.

Briefly to recapitulate the heads of this imperfect paper:—I have endeavored to prove to you that the naturalist adopts one kind of arrangement, and nature another; that the classification of the naturalist is based upon the principle of uniformity, the grouping of nature upon the principle of variety; that uniformity alone produces apposition, and not unity; but that the harmony of varieties determined by use produces unity and apposition as well: that by the very bond of nature, the bond of want and sympathy and fact, the domestic animals are allied to man: that, therefore, according to the dictates of reason and common sense, they, under man, are the primates of creation; and the rest of animated nature is to be grouped round them, on the principle of harmony or its opposite, in the same manner as they are grouped round man: and that when this is done, and not till then, natural history will be a mirror of actual nature.

REVIEW.

Over the Ocean, or Glimpses of Travel in Many Lands. By A LADY OF NEW YORK. New York: Paine and Burgess, 60 John Street. 1846. pp. 372.

We have here the notes made by a most indubitable lady of New York as she flitted through Europe. It needs no special announcement to inform us that it comes from a woman of civilized education, and New York is not written more plainly on the title page than on every one of the others. You hear the noise of Broadway and the rustle of fashionable silks through every paragraph.

It is of course impossible that a book of this size should contain anything but the briefest records of so extensive a journey. Nor does our fair traveller appear to have given more than a hasty glance at the countless things she describes. Indeed, as it appears from the dates of her letters, only some ten months were required to despatch Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Greece, Turkey, Italy, France, and Spain. The business of sight seeing, visiting collections of Art, ruins, and remarkable places, seems to have been conducted with true mercantile brevity. For example, Athens, or rather the whole of Greece occupied some three days!

It is hardly necessary to add, that we are bored with no tedious descriptions, nor any efforts at philosophising. If the writer has no deep sentiment for Art, and no conception of the innate necessities of human beings; if her eye never penetrates through the outside of things, she at least

puts on no false airs; she does not sentimentalise either about Raphael's pictures, or the falseness of European society, but in the most naive and lively way goes over her flying catalogue of places, persons and things. She tells us that she has been here and there, and seen this and that, and gives us her impressions of it, all as naturally and with as little thought as a child. But if in most matters her superficiality is as remarkable as her good spirits, like a genuine Gothamite, she is at home in every thing relating to clothes and furniture. These she describes with all the penetration and enthusiasm of a connoisseur. We give an extract to show her right to speak on these subjects, as well as the genuine tact and grace of her style.

"I omitted in my last from Athens to describe the beautiful Albanian costume, of which I can give you a specimen in the dress worn by our guide Antonio Nicolaki, (who is considered the best cicerone in Athens,) when he came to us in his fête dress the day we left. On his head was a high red cloth cap, with a large gold ornament on the top of the crown, from which hung a blue tassel of twisted silk cord, more than a quarter of a yard long, and thick in proportion. The cap comes quite low in the forehead, beneath it gleams the bright and sparkling eye of black, with the arched brow and fierce mustache. The snow-white cambric shirt is worn, Byron-like—its collar and front thrown open to expose the throat and chest. Next comes a vest of blue, (or any other color that suits the wearer,) fastened across the breast with loose braids, so as not to hide the shirt, and over this a jacket of blue, and usually this is covered with embroidery of braid of the same color; but this of today was loaded with silver braid, mixed with the blue, with a great deal of taste. The sleeves are open all the way down, with buttons and loops to fasten them together just as they like, which is generally in the bend of the elbow, leaving the loose white sleeve of the shirt free as well as the dark swarthy arm it exposes. The bottom of the sleeve is cut pointed, and hangs loose from the elbow, swinging gracefully to and fro with every motion of the body. About the waist, which they pride themselves in having very small, is bound a scarf of silk, corresponding in color to the rest of the dress. Antonio's was blue and white. This serves to confine the "fustenella" (a skirt of fine white cotton, extending to the garter,) made exceedingly full. Antonio said his contained one hundred and fifteen breadths, and I should think it possible. They wear drawers of red or white flannel or cotton, according to the season. These are met at the knee by a gaiter which meets the red sharp pointed slipper, and below the knee the gaiter is confined by a crimson silk cord or braid, wound round the leg till it forms a band as broad as the hand, and these gaiters are by no means the least ornamented part of the dress, being covered with embroidery of braid, and ornamented on the calf with a huge rosette in addition. To complete the costume, they have ever in their hand a string of beads, a yard long,

fastened together at the ends, which serve as a play-thing, and to say their prayers by. Antonio's were of amber, and you may imagine, if my description answers at all to the truth, that he was as he thought himself, irresistible. I could not forbear expressing my admiration of his dress, and my strong desire to pack him up and send him to America, to which he expressed his ready will and strong desire to go, and seemed quite delighted with the drift of my compliment. The picture cannot be complete till you have seen a Grecian walk. They carry themselves as if all the blood of their noble and warlike ancestors flowed in the veins of each individually, and the motion of their loose flowing dress, gives to their movements an indescribable grace. "Grace is in every limb, in every motion dignity and ease," even in the lowest cow-herd, with his goat-skin covering, the same is remarkable, and you cannot but repeat your renewed admiration. Their King, Otho, with whom Mr. C. was much pleased, has the good sense to adopt the Albanian costume.

Altogether we can commend the book to our readers; we are sure that they will agree with us that upon the whole they have seldom met with a more agreeable piece of gossip.

The Idea of a Christian Church. A Discourse at the Installation of Theodore Parker as Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Church in Boston, January 4, 1846. Delivered by HIMSELF. Published at the Request of the Society. Boston: Benjamin H. Greene. 1846. pp. 36.

We presume that Mr. Parker is known, by name at least, even to the more remote of our readers as the author of several publications whose views differ quite widely from the creeds of Christian denominations generally. We notice this discourse not to express any opinion concerning its theology, or as to the merits of the controversy between its author and the Unitarian sect. With matters like these, the Harbinger, for reasons which it is not now necessary to state, does not interfere. We merely take the occasion to express our respect for the eloquent statement of the doctrine of human brotherhood contained in the discourse, and to put forth a thought of our own as to the present duty of the Christian Church, and especially of its ministry.

We extract from the discourse some passages pregnant as it appears to us, with important conclusions on this head, which their author has overlooked.

"Here are the Needy who ask not so much your gold, your bread, or your cloth, as they ask also your sympathy, respect and counsel; that you assist them to help themselves, that they may have gold won by their industry, not begged out of your benevolence. It is justice more than Charity they ask. Every beggar, every pauper, is a reproach to us, and condemns our civilization. For how has it come to pass that in a land of abun-

dance here are men, for no fault of their own, born into want, living in want, and dying of want! and that while we pretend to a religion which says all men are brothers! There is a horrid wrong somewhere.

"Here too are the Drunkard, the Criminal, the Abandoned person—sometimes the foes of society—but far oftener the victims of society. Whence come the tenants of our alms-houses, jails—the victims of vice in all our towns? Why, from the lowest rank of the people;—from the poorest and most ignorant! Say rather from the most neglected—and the public sin is confessed and the remedy hinted at. What have the Strong been doing all this while, that the Weak have come to such a state! Let them answer for themselves.

"Now for all these ought a Christian church to toil. It should be a church of Good Works—if it is a church of Good Faith it will be so. Does not Christianity say **THE STRONG SHOULD HELP THE WEAK**? Does not that mean something? It once did. Has the Christian fire faded out from those words, once so marvellously bright? Look round you—in the streets of your own Boston! See the Ignorant—men and women with scarce more than the *stature* of men and women; boys and girls growing up in ignorance and the low civilization which comes thereof, the Barbarians of Boston. Their character will one day be a blot and a curse to the nation—and who is to blame? Why, the ablest and best men, who might have had it otherwise if they would. Look at the poor—men often of small ability, weak by nature, born into a weak position—therefore doubly weak: men whom the Strong use for their purpose and then cast them off as we throw away the rind of an orange after we have drunk its generous juice. Behold the Wicked—so we call the weak men that are publicly caught in the cobweb of the Law; ask why they became wicked; how we have aimed to reform them; what we have done to make them respect themselves, to believe in Goodness, in Man and God! and then say if there is not something for Christian men to do—something for a Christian church to do! Every Alms-house in Massachusetts shows that the churches have not done their duty, that the Christians lie Lies when they call Jesus Master and men Brothers! Every Jail is a monument—on which it is written in letters of iron that we are still Heathens,—and the gallows, black and hideous, the embodiment of Death, the last argument a "Christian" State offers to the poor wretches it trained up to be criminals, it stands there a sign of our infamy, and while it lifts its horrid arm to crush the life out of some miserable man—whose blood cries to God against Cain in the nineteenth century—it lifts that same arm as an index of our shame!"

We agree with Mr. Parker, as all men must, that "there is a horrid wrong somewhere,"—but WHERE? Is it solely the result of *individual* depravity and sin? Can the Christian church bring the world up to its heavenly ideal, by preaching to individuals, by simply holding up to their minds the beauty of goodness, of oharity, of love to God and love to man?

Why is it that after eighteen hundred years of Christianity, there is in the most enlightened and Christianized countries, an amount of human misery and degradation, such as no history records! The reason is, that the Christian Church always has been and yet is incomplete, the Christian idea has not been EMBODIED, but has always struggled for life, amidst social institutions of a most hostile and unchristian nature. A society founded on antagonistic interests, is only less incompatible with Christianity, than a society of cannibals.

Mr. Parker sees a horrid wrong in pauperism. But is it possible that either he or any other clergyman of common sense, can entertain the delusion that the Christian Church now offers any sufficient barriers to the growth of this evil? It may be that there are pious and wise men who thus deceive themselves, but we reckon it no presumption on our part, to say to them that as long as **LABOR FOR WAGES**, or the civilized system of competitive industry remains, pauperism will inevitably increase, in spite of their most fervent endeavors. Let them, then, if they would preserve Christianity, and do an acceptable service to God and man, if they would abolish pauperism, and every other form of physical slavery, give their days and nights to earnest search for a social system in which labor shall no longer be under the foot, either of its own necessities, or its employer's cupidity; a system of brotherly coöperation, of which Justice shall be the law, giving abundant satisfaction to all interests, and to the laborer a fair share of the wealth he creates, instead of a perpetually diminishing pittance. When such a system is established, we shall have no paupers and no slavery, but never before.

Sec, too, how unfruitful are the efforts of all the Churches! At the best, they but feebly keep alive a dim idea of religion, of spiritual realities, and of the duty of man to man.

What then is to be done? Shall the Clergy and the Churches abandon their altars and their temples? By no means; God forbid! But let them conscientiously and hopefully inquire what kind of social institutions are the true counterpart and body of the church, and labor to reform society accordingly; let them not preach from Sunday to Sunday "Love God; love man," and there be at an end, but seek with all their might to discover how God would have the **LOVE OF MAN** organized in all the various relations of human life, and organize them in that manner.

When the church shall thus turn her attention to the constitution of society we shall doubt no longer that the day of human deliverance is at hand. But while her

teachers continue preaching her sublime doctrine in the antagonism, the selfishness, and the falsehood which are the ruling principles of the civilized organism, leaving that organism itself untouched, they must reap but scanty harvests. In such an order of things the greatest learning, eloquence and piety seem, to use the homely but forcible comparison of a witty friend, "like a perfect and highly finished locomotive dragging after it nothing but a train of mud cars."

The Pioneer: or Leaves from an Editor's Portfolio. By HENRY CLAPP, Jr. Lynn: Printed by J. B. Tolman, 12, Exchange Street. 1846. pp. 208.

We have here a genuine product of New England, as we should be sure without any other than internal evidence. It consists of articles published from time to time in Newspapers edited by the author in Lynn, Mass.; interspersed with poetry of various merit, mostly selected.

The essays are written in a vigorous, fluent, and often quite felicitous style, and never fail to make the opinions they contain intelligible. These opinions are those of an ultra radical, who sees in the institutions of Church and State neither use nor beauty, but the opposite; and never hesitates to denounce them in the most unsparing terms. The churches are conservative, sanctioning and upholding all manner of wrongs:—down with them, he cries, sweep them from the earth, they are not of the Lord but of Satan. The state makes laws which deny the will of God, supports armies for human butchery, and engages in countless wrongs; our author, with a blast of his whirlwind would, if it were possible, blow that clean away also.

This is a very brief and incomplete summary of the views which appear through the whole of this volume. They characterize all that sect commonly called "Comeouters," who, as is always the case with fanatics, starting from isolated principles, with perceptions closed to all other ideas, run into error and extravagance tending to the subversion and falsification of the very truths from which they set out.

We cannot, we think, be accused of any weak partiality towards existing institutions. We are aware that most deadly evils are omnipresent in human relations, that the church, the state, and all spheres of civil and social life are polluted and degraded by false doctrines and corrupt passions. We have never refrained from speaking plainly of these things whenever it has seemed necessary for the demonstration of a universal principle, or to establish the necessity of institutions founded upon the laws of nature and of the Divine Providence. But we cannot be

blind to the fact, that, with all their evils and imperfections, the Church as it is, the State as it is, and Society as it is, are the result of many ages of human effort and Divine assistance not vainly spent. Without them we should never have been where we are, could never have raised our voices and put forth our hands in efforts for further progress. Nor can we entertain a doubt that they are necessary and indeed are, especially the church, absolutely essential to the growth of Humanity into a higher and better life.

Hence it is that we cannot sympathise with that fiery and rampant ethics which, without patient and careful study of the subject it lays hold of, without understanding the necessities of human nature or the law of human progress, without offering any substitute for what it would destroy, armed with one sided and imperfect notions of the right, runs a *muck* among human institutions in general, and should it succeed, would leave behind it even worse evils and worse confusion than now exist.

But on the other hand let it not be imagined that we have either sympathy or respect for that kind of conservatism which has no heart for human suffering and no ear for the great yearning cry which goes up to God from millions of wretched and despairing human beings, so long as its own selfish wants are satisfied and its own contemptible interests are not interfered with. Compared with the moral deadness, the utter selfishness and narrowness of mind, that seem equally at home in all walks of society, the bitterest zeal of the most fiery and mistaken reformer contains something humane and refreshing.

While we speak freely of what seems to us the fault of these essays, we should be guilty of injustice did we overlook the spirit of generous aspiration, of devotion to the interests of universal Humanity, and the love of intellectual freedom which they manifest. We hope to meet their author hereafter without feeling it our duty to dissent either from his opinions or the mode in which they are presented.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

MEMNON.

Darkness on my spirit lies
As the night lies on the sea,
Distant hopes like stars arise,
Shining silently.

But, alas! too faint and far,
Not the light of life they bear;
One by one before each star
Gathers thick despair.

Then thou risest like the sun,
Not a cloud can dim thy day,

All my world thou shin'st upon
With resistless ray.

Let thy love forever shine
Filling me with power serene!
My soul, my inmost soul is thine,
Thine hath ever been.

For throughout these vanished years
Hath the Blessed Destiny,
Even in sorrows and in fears,
Borne me still to thee.

Fold me then within thy heart,
Set thy seal on all that's mine,
Make my life some little part
Noblest soul! of thine.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

THEORY OF THE HUMAN PASSIONS.

No. III.

In our previous articles we pointed out the principal numbers which regulate the division or analysis of the Unity into its elementary parts.

Every Unity, besides being divisible into twelve primary elements, also contains within itself two distinct principles, the male and the female, as they are called in the animal and vegetable kingdoms; in music they are termed *major* and *minor*; and in other spheres are variously distinguished.

The Unity, being in this manner compound in its nature, admits of division into two scales of elements, the major and the minor, that is, into twelve male or major elements, and twelve female or minor elements.

The musical Unity, as the science of music teaches, contains two gamuts, called the major and the minor, each containing twelve notes: the *passional* Unity, the human Soul, contains in like manner two scales or gamuts of passions, twelve major passions in the male sex, and twelve minor in the female sex. Man is the major gamut and woman is the minor; or man is a *passional* unity, the elements of which are in the major mode, and woman a *passional* unity, the elements of which are in the minor mode. Thus we have the twelve male and the twelve female passions, and this distinction in the scales of the passions constitutes the true distinction between the sexes. The difference in the two octaves of affections in the sexes is the cause of the difference in the quality of the mind or intelligence, the form of the body, the tone and manner,

and in fact of all the distinctions, even the most minute, which we perceive between man and woman. For all things in nature are but effects corresponding to spiritual principles and causes; and the passions are the essential principle of being.

These male and female elements of the *passional* Unity are essentially the same in nature and essence; they differ from each other only in certain relations and proportions. Consequently we cannot consider them as distinct and separate elements, and say that there are *twenty-four* constituent parts in the Unity instead of *twelve*. Some distinction however must be made between them; and this is done by dividing them into two scales or gamuts,—the male and the female, or the major and the minor.

Thus we have two gamuts or octaves, ranging side by side, with twelve elements in each, differing only as before stated in degrees, proportions and relations. It is in this manner, that is, by double octaves, that Nature distributes the elements of all her high harmonies, such as the planetary, the *passional*, and the musical. The creations on the earth, with a very few exceptions, are distributed, not in this *measured series*, but in *free series*, the number of elements in which are irregular and are not graduated in perfect scales of harmony like the measured.

In addition to these twelve male and female elements of the Unity, there are certain ambiguous elements which partake of the nature of two regular elements; and being for this reason of a mixed character, they cannot be classed as distinct elements. They are *Transitions* which serve as links to connect the regular elements more nearly with each other, and to avoid abrupt passages; and also to unite the extremes of octaves. These transitions, which are things of a mixed nature, uniting the qualities and properties of different orders, classes, or species of things, are observable throughout all nature; and also in the human passions. As illustrations we may take the bat, which is a creature of an ambiguous nature, or a transition between birds and beasts; the eel, which is a transition between the fish and the snake; the quince, between the apple and the pear.

In a series composed of a double octave of twelve major and twelve minor elements, there are *four* Transitions or Ambigues. Though not regular elements in the Unity, they are to be reckoned in an enumeration of the constituent parts of a measured series of the *third* power; which is done in the table that follows.

As was said before, every series has a grand pivot, which is not classed among the regular elements of the Unity, and therefore is not counted as such; like *white*, the pivot among colors, which is

not considered or counted as a color in the series of colors. This grand pivot contains within itself, or is the representative of all the elements composing the Unity; as white is a summary of all colors. The Pivot may be reckoned in the series, though not counted among the regular elements of the Unity, as in the table following.

In addition to the grand pivot, there are in every series composed of a double octave, with all its parts complete, also four sub-pivots, which are reckoned in the series, but, like the grand pivot, are not counted as regular elements. For example, our solar system, which is a measured series of the third power, composed of the double octave of twelve major and twelve minor elements, has in it, besides the grand pivot the Sun, four sub-pivots, namely; Saturn, the Earth, Herschel, and Jupiter; the two first, major sub-pivots. A corresponding distribution of the passions of the Soul gives us a grand pivot, Unity-ism or Love to God, and as sub-pivots four cardinal affections, which are vaguely and imperfectly expressed by the terms Ambition and Friendship, the two major, and Love and the Family sentiment, the two minor sub-pivots.

Presented in a tabular form, we have, then, in the composition of a measured Series of the third power:

24 Regular Elements, — 12 Major and 12 Minor.

4 Transitions or Ambigues.

4 Sub-Pivots.

1 Grand Pivot.

Making in all thirty-three members in the Series, or thirty-two, not counting the pivot, which is the common statement when speaking of the constituent parts of a Series.

A measured series of the third power, of which the foregoing is a simple exposition and summary view, is the basis of all higher series. As this and the lower series are formed out of simple elements, so are higher series formed out of the measured series of the third power as an elementary basis. A thorough knowledge of the laws of distribution of a measured series of the third power furnishes the key to the distribution and arrangement of the elements of all the harmonies of the Universe.

Thus far, in our explanation of the laws governing the distribution of the human passions, and all other perfect unities or harmonies, we have given the terms in Series of the first, second and third powers. That is to say, if we divide the Unity into a series of the simplest and lowest form or first power, we have three parts or members, and, counting the pivot, four. If we divide the Unity into a series next in degree, or into a series of the second power, we have twelve members, and

counting the pivot, thirteen. When the Unity is divided into a series of the third power, the next above, as has just been shown, we have thirty-two members, and counting the pivot, thirty-three.

We may then sum up the results of all that has preceded, under the following division of

UNITY.

Division into a Series of the 1st Power, 3 members,

with pivot, 4

Division into a Series of the 2d Power, 12 members,

with pivot, 13

Division into a Series of the 3d Power, 32 members,

with pivot, 33

We will give a few examples of the measured series of the third power, in order to render this law of distribution more clear to the apprehension of the reader. The series of the first power, or trine division, has been sufficiently indicated in previous remarks. The measured series of the second power is contained in that of the third, and is explained by it, being one of the gamuts or octaves of twelve elements, developed in the major or the minor mode.

We will select our examples from the human body, which is the highest and most perfect material mechanism on the earth, and which is a beautiful natural revelation of the laws of Divine Order in the distribution and arrangement of harmonies.

The bones, muscles, nerves, blood vessels, &c. of the human body are all distributed in series. The bones are the most palpable: twelve bones in the fingers and the two bones of the thumb as pivots; twelve ribs on each side and the two collar bones as pivots. So too with the vertebrae, or the joints of the backbone. In a measured series of the third power, with all its parts complete, the pivots and ambigues are fixed in number, as explained above; but the pivots and ambigues are subject to exception and variation; in some cases the pivots are single, in others double, and in others quadruple; in some series the great pivot, and in others the sub-pivots are dispensed with, and the ambigues are subject to the same law of exception; but the twenty-four regular elements are always present in a measured series of the third power.

The teeth furnish an example of a measured series of the third power, with all its parts complete: —

4 Sub-pivots, or eye-teeth, cutting and chewing together.

4 Transitions, the wisdom teeth, which come late, and are placed at the extremes.

24 Regular teeth, forming two gamuts,

composed of eight incisors, or front teeth, four above and four below; and sixteen molars, or back teeth, eight above and eight below.

Grand Pivot, the Hyoid bone.

The whole human skeleton is distributed in a double measured series of the fourth power. This series contains four measured series of the third power, so that it is a mechanism consisting of eight series of the third power.

A PARISIAN PRACTICAL JOKE. A rich and very avaricious capitalist of Paris returned home one evening after having spent the afternoon as usual at his club. To his astonishment he saw the staircase decorated with splendid exotics; the upholsterers had taken possession of his apartments and had arranged throughout the most tasteful decorations. "What does this mean!" cried the rentier in surprise. "These are preparations for a ball which Monsieur gives this evening." "I! a ball!" The upholsterer exhibited the written order, which was in an unknown hand; it was a complete mystification. While the rentier was yet beside himself, came the confectioner, with a train of tarts and ices; champagne bottles were already standing in close batteries before the side-board; cold edibles stood ready in great baskets, and to complete his embarrassment, Musard, the son, appeared at the head of a powerful orchestra. The guests were not long in coming and the rentier was compelled to put a good face upon the joke. The supper was delicious; the poor man received a thousand flatteries about his good taste; and the next day paid the bills to avoid a suit which would have made him the talk of all Paris.—*Translated from the Schnellpost.*

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THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

SECTION FIRST, NOTICE SECOND. DISTRIBUTION OF THE PASSIONAL ELEMENTS IN THE SERIES.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the three Effects required in the Mechanism of the Passional Series.

We pass from the three causes or springs, to the three effects which ought to flow from them. When a doctrinal point is of the highest importance and forms the basis of an unknown theory, it is well to reproduce it under several phases, in order to make it intelligible to the several classes of minds. The method, which is the most regular, may prove a stumbling block to certain readers; it is necessary therefore here to have recourse to the precaution used in mathematics, where they give both proof and counter-proof. This chapter will be the counter-proof of the last; it is the same subject explained in an inverse manner.

The three Mechanizing or Neuter Passions are the Causes in the formation of the passional series: for they in every way impel to this distribution; they produce three effects which are absolutely requisite in every passional series:

Effect of the CABALIST: a compact scale of groups.

Effect of the ALTERNATING: short and voluntary sessions.

Effect of the COMPOSITE: subdivision of labor.

We are about to establish the demonstration upon these three effects, to prove that they are the levers by which the three passions must operate, that no one of the three can act usefully without the lever which we here see set against it. This will be descending from causes to effects; after which we shall remount from effects to causes.

I have already treated of the Cabalist and of its special effect. In the course of Chapter V. I demonstrated the necessity of the *Compact Scale*, to excite the spirit of cabalism, the jealousies and emulative rivalries between the groups. To arouse their emulation, you must hold opinion in suspense, and keep the judges undecided. Opinion would not hesi-

tate in judging of two species which bear very little resemblance to each other, in pronouncing on the rank, for instance, of two groups cultivating the Reinette and the Calvine apples; but there would be hesitation between two varieties of the Reinette or the Calvine; there would be controversy as to which group ought to have priority. This balance of votes will cause jealousies, pretensions, discords and intrigues to spring up between the groups which cultivate these two rival kinds of apples. These contentions are the proper food of the Cabalistic passion; it rests upon pretensions graduated by varieties and even by tennities, but not by species: it wishes, in the series, for the most minute and compact graduation possible.

I pass to a second lever, *Subdivision of Labor*, on which depends the exercise of the Composite.

This consists in applying a sub-group to every minute function of a service: take for example the culture of a flower, as the Jonquille. The group devoted to it has various functions to perform; let us distinguish them into three classes:

1. *Tillage*: spading, manuring, improving, mixing and watering the soil are so many different functions, to each of which the group will apply several of its members, but not the whole, since there will be some who will not have taste for all these branches.

2. *Furnishings*: care of tools and utensils, preparation and erection of tents (for in Harmony every plot of flowers is parasoled against excess of sunshine and of rain,) care of the pavilion and the working dresses deposited in it. (Every group has a pavilion to retreat to near the grounds which it is cultivating.)

3. *Reproductives*: care of bulbs, pulling them up and separating them, labelling and classing the varieties, gathering and saving seed, sowing seed.

Finally there is the pivotal function, which is the care of the records (*archives*), and the accessory one, the supply of refreshments.

Here are at least a dozen distinct functions. No member would wish to exercise them all; he would adopt only one or two, or three of them at the most. It will then be necessary to apply a dozen sub-groups to each one of these subdivided functions: since industrial attraction always tends to particulars and not to generals, it would be a sure way to weary and repel all the members, to require that each of them should hold himself in readiness for all these func-

tions. But it will be very easy, though the group should consist of only twelve persons, to form in it twelve sub-groups, of three, four and five individuals, who are passionately drawn to such or such a branch, or even to several branches of the twelve.

Let us now examine how this subdivision is a source of enthusiasm and of industrial luxury, developing the passion called the Composite.

Each one of the sub-groups is passionately devoted to that portion of the industry which he has chosen, and must in that develop all the dexterity and intelligence which one always carries into a function which he prefers and which attracts him. The result will be, that each of the twelve sub-groups will rely upon the other eleven for perfecting all the other branches of the work: each will say to the others: "We will do our best with the parcel we have chosen, do you the same with yours and the whole will be perfect."

The confidence, the friendship, the charm will be more vivid just in proportion as this subdivision is carried out, assigning to every individual the functions in which he excels and which he prefers.

Why is labor enfeebling in Civilization, even when it is attractive? Because the master has to watch over every single detail. I have often talked of this with florists, who have been obliged to combine and do themselves the coarse work of the mercenaries who steal the seeds and bulbs, if they are charged with planting, pulling and gathering them, and who, far from taking any interest in the labor, protract it all they can, and run the risk of spoiling it in order to secure employment for themselves for one day longer. Thus it happens that a man who wishes to raise flowers or fruits, becomes disgusted with the thing: he is deceived and robbed wherever he is not present; he is bunglingly served by the well-disposed among his hired men; his agricultural labors are to him a cup of bitterness, to say nothing of the risk of theft. We have seen a Marshal de Biron die with chagrin because the fruits of his garden, which he himself had raised, were stolen in one night. These are the charms of perfectible civilization, these are the sweets which moralism guarantees to the friends of rural labors!

Compare with this mechanism, so full of fraud, called Civilization, the pleasures of an associated and subdivided industry, in an order of things where theft and

cheating are impossible; compare with the sad lot of a civilized theoretic farmer, the satisfaction of these twelve sub-groups, each of which, sure of excellence in its own favorite detail, can rely upon the other eleven to carry all the branches of the labor to a like perfection; and then decide whether the civilized industry is compatible with the nature of man, who justly enough complains of finding in it only an abyss of snares and anxieties, an ocean of discomfitures.

Consider now this *parcellary* method as a means of industrial luxury, necessary to sustain the Composite passion, the exaltation which admits no mediocrity in pleasures.

Each one of the twelve sub-groups cultivating a flower, seeks to stimulate the others by proving itself a worthy co-operator; and for this end gives the greatest lustre which it can to its chosen parcel of the labor; hence the intervention of personal generosity to keep up the elegance and luxury of every branch.

Cæsus is a member of a sub-group with tents for the cultivation of the ranunculus (of two colors, one on the upper and one on the under side.) Lucullus is devoted to the motly parti-colored ranunculus: both of them, being very jealous of the public suffrage, wish their favorite flower to shine; they volunteer the expense of sumptuous tents of silk with fringes, feathers and festoons. The Phalanx has furnished them with elegant tents, to be sure, of striped canvass; but they want something more magnificent, so that the stranger, attracted by this luxury, may run to their plots of ranunculi, which shall figure as queens of the parterres in all that region.

Every rich man will do as much for the sub-groups of which he is a member; this will spread a general luxury over the fields and workshops, and raise the industrial charm to that exaltation which is necessary to the play of the twelfth or Composite passion.

It may be objected that there will not be a Lucullus found in every industrial sub-group, especially in those of the shoemakers and cobblers, in which the Luculli will not be so anxious to enroll themselves as they will in the groups for pinks and ranunculi. This is a mistake. We shall see hereafter that the Associative education has the property of diffusing the rich through all the functions, provided that this class be in sufficient numerical proportion and regularly graduated.

Thus we must recognize it as a principle that this subdivision of labor has the property of spreading over industry the two kinds of charm; the material, by the elegance which it creates in every branch; and the spiritual, by the enthusiasm which it causes to spring up in every sub-group, who are delighted to be freed from certain functions inherent in their labor and to see them exercised by intelligent colleagues.

Frequently this subdivision is effected by ramification and interlacing: if a group cannot furnish numbers enough for any given service, as the care of tents, it may draw upon several other groups or series, till it has brought together a mass who are passionately attracted to that service, and who will perform it for several groups of florists.

Without this *parcellary* method, the groups would not enjoy the charm of

identity of tastes; for, of twelve men fond of raising pinks, not one will have a liking for the twelve functions which this cultivation involves; consequently its members would fall into discord, should they fail to make a *parcellary* distribution of the labors.

On the other hand, the charm of contrast could not exist between two groups not mutually enthusiastic; the charm is only established by contrasts of harmony, and not by those of discord.

The subdivision of labor then is the way to raise the Composite or exalting passion to its highest pitch, and ensure its full activity. It rests upon subdivision of functions, as the activity of the Cabalist rests upon the compact scale, graduated even to varieties and tennities.

I have demonstrated that the application of the two levers called the *compact scale* and the *parcellary exercise* (or subdivision of labor), to the series of voluntary groups, secures in them the exercise of the two passions called the Cabalist and the Composite. It remains to prove that the third lever, *short and voluntary sessions*, when applied to series of free groups, secures in them the exercise of the passion called the Papillon or Alternating.

If we suppose every individual to have had free choice of these short sessions, then the shorter and more multiplied they are, the more perfect will be the equilibrium of passions, the more complete the guarantee against excess.

Hence it is that the rich in Association are more robust than the poor; they have more means of alternating, of varying their sessions even to the number of thirty in a day, of preventing satiety by the employment of the *Parcours* or accumulation of numerous pleasures in the same session. The rich in civilization have not these delights. The short sessions will only give full sphere to this volatile passion in an order where pleasures will be exempt from danger, and where the alternation can only promote the interests and health of every one.

In a word, the three organic springs of the series, the *Cabalist* or reflective mania, the *Composite* or blind mania, and the *Papillon* or passion for variety, are so identified with the three levers named the Compact Scale, Subdivision of Labor, and voluntary Short Sessions; that it is a matter of indifference whether we base our theory upon the levers or the springs, for they flow from one another; the action of these six motive powers is inseparable in a passional series; and in considering the three Springs as *CAUSES*, and the three Levers as *EFFECTS*, we may verify the regularity of a series in two ways; for a dissection of its mechanism must present the three *Causes* in action producing the three *Effects*; and the three *Effects* produced by the impulse of the three *Causes*. This is a double verification; and every one, to assure himself if an industrial series is true, whether in theory or in practice, will have his choice of these two touchstones. He has only to see the three causes in action in a series, to be assured that he will find the three effects there also: and *vice versa*.

Since the theory of Association rests upon the art of giving a combined activity to the three mechanizing passions, which must direct the whole, we cannot study them too much, and I will add a few details respecting them.

Our moralists blame the *Cabalistic spirit*; nevertheless our political economists and men of letters seek only to excite it in every branch of industry or pleasure, by change of fashions, by controversies in matters of taste, in painting, in poetry, &c., in artistical refinements not perceived by the vulgar. It is by a scale of these delicate shades, that a passional Series will know how to electrify its twenty groups, and communicate this cabalistic refinement from the consumers to the producers; at the breaking up of its short sessions, it scatters its members abroad; they go from consumption, to take part in a labor of production, and they carry into it all the party spirit with which they are animated.

Our administrative assemblies, in their solemn inaugural services, pray the Holy Spirit to preserve them from the spirit of cabal, to make them all brothers, all united in opinion. This is inviting the Holy Spirit to rebellion against God; for to annihilate the cabalistic spirit would be to destroy the passion which God has created to operate upon the discords, which are a necessary element of every well graduated series. The Comforter, far from deferring to their incongruous demand, leaves the passions in the state in which God created them; so, on coming out from Mass, we see the deputies, far from wishing to be united in opinion, proceed at once to organize cabalistic committees, and all the plots and intrigues of party-spirit. Such is constantly the fruit of this unreasonable prayer, which invites the Holy Spirit to imitate the philosophers, and to wish to change the laws of God respecting the employment of the passions.

The *Composite* is so inherent in the nature of man, that the person is despised who has a taste for simple pleasures, limited to a single delight. If a man has an exquisite table for himself alone, without ever inviting any one to partake, he will be riddled with quolibets, and most deservedly; but if he gathers about him a well assorted company, in which may be tasted, at the same time, a *pleasure of the sense* through the good cheer, and a *pleasure of the soul* through friendship, he will be praised, because his banquets will be a *composite* and not a *simple* pleasure.

An ambition is only laudable as it brings into play the two organic springs of this passion, interest and glory: it is vile if it have for its motive interest alone; it is a perfidious illusion if it only tends to glory; it is necessary, therefore, to rise from the simple to the composite, seeking interest and glory both at once. A love is only beautiful as it is a composite love, combining the double charm of the senses and of the soul; it becomes either triviality or dupery, if it limits itself to one of these two pleasures.

The *Papillon* is the means of equilibrium between the corporeal and the spiritual faculties, the pledge of bodily health and spiritual progress. It only can create that general good feeling dreamed of by philosophers; for if you scatter the laborers in any branch throughout a hundred groups, the result of all this interlocking will be that each group will have friends in all the others. It is the contrary with the civilized mechanism, where each profession is indifferent to the interests of the others, and often even hostile to them.

The Papillon, then, is wisdom presented under the colors of folly; it is the same with the other two.

These three passions are very active with children, the neuter sex, who, being deprived of the two passions called the *Minor Affectives*, sexual love and paternal love, give themselves up more freely to the three Mechanizing passions. Thus we see children inclined to *cabals*, to *enthusiastic excitement*, and to *inconstancy*, even in their sports, which they never continue more than two hours without varying them. Owing to this disposition in children, the manœuvres of the series will be organized among them sooner than among the parents.

I have had to define at length these three passions and the three levers which they employ, in order to prevent arbitrary arrangements in the founding of an Association. In every series they will have two trinities of rules whose observance they must verify; and every falling short of what is required by one of these six rules, will render a series suspected, like a piece of gold which by the very touch proves itself of inferior quality. By this test, any one may convince himself that all the so-called Associative establishments, which have been formed in England and America, are faulty in the highest degree, since they neither understand the formation and employment of the passion series, nor the six rules to be observed in this formation, which is the first and foremost affair in the Associative mechanism.

It remains to explain in what way the passion series tend collectively to unity of action, which is the end of the Creator in the social as well as the material movement.

The passions are distinguished into three orders, the active or the four Affectives, the passive or the five Sensitives, and the neuter or the three Distributives, which operate to give a combined development to the two other orders; their action is unitary, for they hinder nothing, they develop the three orders in full affinity.

Moralism, on the contrary, seeks to bring the three orders of passions into conflict; it would have the impulses of the soul stifle those of the senses, and reason repress those of the soul; and it would exclude the neuter order altogether. Its tendency is to stifle the three orders of passions or make them choke each other, to sacrifice them to each other, instead of associating them in a common development, free to all, whence there might spring unity of action.

The system of philosophy, establishing only divergence, hinderances, and conflicts in the play of the passions, introduces duplicity into every sort of organized action; it is the opposite of unity, and must give results contrary to those of unity. Unity would lead us to enjoy a composite and not a simple happiness, an enjoyment of the senses and of the soul at once; moralism, which sets the passions in conflict, and sacrifices them one to another, produces only composite and not simple misery, suffering of the senses and of the soul with the immense majority.

So the just man, who under the Associative regime would obtain fortune and honor, reaps only poverty and defamation under the philosophic or civilized regime. We are indignant at the result, but shall

find it very wise when we know the laws of social movement; for since God leaves us free will, to choose between his laws and those of the philosophers, we ought to expect from the laws of man all opposite results to what we should from the laws of God, namely, double happiness for the wicked, and double misery for the good: such is the constant effect of civilization or the philosophic regime.

God deplures, as we do, this state of inevitable subversion in the first ages of the globe; he leaves us always free to pass out of it: attraction, our interpreter of his sacred code, never ceases to make itself heard; it is always easy for us to calculate its impulses, to determine their mechanism and organize the regime of the passion series to which it wishes to conduct us.

THEORY OF THE HUMAN PASSIONS.

No. IV.

In our last article we carried the Measured Series to the third power, and explained the division of the Unity into its primary elements, forming two Gamuts of twelve elements each, one Major and one Minor, besides the Pivots and Ambigues, in all thirty-two elements; which constitute the Measured Series of the third power.

The higher divisions of the Unity, above 32, are 134, 404, 1620, &c.; these numbers form Measured Series of the fourth, fifth, and sixth powers; according to Fourier, there are Series of far higher powers; but this science of numbers, which contains the laws of the distribution and arrangements of the elements of all the harmonies of the universe, is so entirely beyond the most advanced scientific investigations of the age, and so foreign to general thought and speculation, that we will not enter further into the details which Fourier has given upon the subject.

It is a remarkable fact, that human science and philosophy have never undertaken a serious and integral study of the *laws of Universal Order*,—or laws of universal harmony, by which God orders and governs creation, and by which he distributes and arranges all the constituent parts and elements of that great mechanism called the Universe, assigning to each, from the highest to the lowest, from the planetary bodies of solar system, to the fibres of the plant, its appropriate place and function. This oversight is the more unfortunate, as a knowledge of those laws of order and harmony would have furnished human reason with the key to universal science, and would have explained the true or natural mode of Organization in all departments, including the organization of society, the understanding of which is the most important, as it is only by a true organization that mankind can be elevated to collective happiness. Nature furnishes an infinite num-

ber of examples of these laws; she exhibits them in all her creations; the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, the planets, the social systems, the mathematical and musical harmonies, the mechanism of the human body, are all distributed according to these laws of Universal Order. This oversight of human science is, therefore, the more remarkable. A great number of facts, or effects of creation, have been carefully noted and classified by men devoted specially to particular sciences; and it was only necessary to have observed, under the great diversity of phenomena, the simple and uniform principles which govern them, in order to ascertain these laws.

To resume our remarks on the Series. The Measured Series of the fifth power is the highest division of the Unity which Fourier treats of in his works; it is, as he says, the Series according to which the human characters are distributed; it is the measure and standard of all the creations on the earth, the passion series being the highest and most complete harmony, and all the creations below man being but transcripts and correspondences of himself.

The measured Series of the first, second, third, fourth and fifth powers, correspond to the natural divisions into Class, Order, Genus, Species and Variety, thus:

1st power,	2d,	3d,	4th,	5th.
Class,	Order,	Genus,	Species,	Variety.

The law of progressive division applied to the Soul, the elements of which, that is, the passions, are distributed according to the Measured Series of the fifth power, gives us the following tabular view of passion distribution:

As UNITY—the SOUL—One Immortal Passion.—UNIVERSAL LOVE.

As Division of the First Power, THREE PASSIONAL TENDENCIES.

- I. *The Senses*, tendency to material harmonies; or attraction to all that gratifies the sensitive or sensuous nature of man.
- II. *The Social Affections*, tendency to the formation of Social ties; or attraction to Moral and Social Harmonies.
- III. *The Intellectual Faculties*, tendency to Order, Distribution, and Mechanism; or attraction to Serial Harmonies.

As Division of the 2d Power 12 Passions,
“ 3d “ 32 “
“ 4th “ 134 “
“ 5th “ 404 “

The highest division of the Soul, is, as we have stated, according to Fourier's Analysis, into four hundred and four elements or varieties of passions, making, with the Pivot, four hundred and five,

Each one of these Passions or elements forms the basis or key note of a character, which gives a scale of four hundred and five distinct characters. These are doubled, being male and female, or in other words, they form a scale of male and a scale of female characters, making in all eight hundred and ten characters.

These eight hundred and ten characters, which embrace all the varieties of human character, constitute the fundamental number on which Fourier bases his calculations of Social Harmony.*

To render the subject of division somewhat clearer, and show how the passions branch out of the original spiritual unity, let us make another statement.

Considering the soul simply as a Unity or Whole, in an undeveloped state; the individual passions without manifestation, absorbed in the Unity without individual existence, as are the colors in the White Ray, before being divided by the prism; we have, as the first division, or development of the Unity into its component parts, three great primary Loves or attractions.

- I. Love to Nature with its material beauties and harmonies.
- II. Love to Humanity with its passional or social harmonies.
- III. Love to Order, with its hierarchical and serial harmonies.

PIVOTALLY — LOVE TO GOD, the centre of all harmony and attraction.

These three primary Loves or passional tendencies form the division of the first power in the elements of the soul. Out of these three spring twelve fundamental Passions or Loves, which as before said, form the complete Passional Octave, and constitute the division of the second power.

Out of the FIRST great primary passion or Love, — Love to nature or the material world, with its perfections and harmonies, — spring FIVE SENSITIVE PASSIONS.

- 1st. Taste; or attraction to the harmonies of flavor.
- 2d. Smell; or attraction to the harmonies of perfume.
- 3d. Sight; or attraction to the harmonies of form and color.
- 4th. Hearing; or attraction to the harmonies of sound.
- 5th. Touch; or attraction to the harmonies of contact and surfaces.

These five sensitive or material attractions, commonly called the *five senses*, contain within themselves the perception, and also the measure and standard of material beauty and harmony in every sphere; they place man in relation with

external nature and her creations, or with the material world and all its phenomena; excite in him delight by contact with nature, and from love or attraction, induce him to develop and perfect her.

Out of the SECOND great primary Passion or Love, — Love to Humanity, — spring FOUR SOCIAL PASSIONS or AFFECTIONS.

1st. FRIENDSHIP; embracing all varieties of affection based on pure sympathy between Mankind, without regard to sex, age, or condition. It extends from individual friendship, which is its most restricted development, to universal philanthropy, its highest and most extended.

2d. AMBITION; embracing all varieties of corporate and hierarchical sympathy and desire of elevation, from the desire of individual distinction — passion of pride, — to the desire of the elevation of the whole human race, and corporate sympathy with it.

3d. LOVE; embracing all varieties of affection and devotion between the opposite sexes, from volatile coquetry to permanent constancy.

4th. The FAMILY AFFECTION, or FAMILISM; embracing all varieties of sympathy and attachment between parents and children, both of the tie of blood and of adoption.

These four Cardinal Affections are the focal or governing passions in the human soul; they are the four loves which represent essentially the divine principle in man; they perceive spiritual and moral harmonies in all spheres, as the five senses perceive and feel all material harmonies; they possess within themselves the measure or standard of human relations, and govern and regulate the social world and its harmonies, as the five senses govern nature or the material world and its harmonies. These passional forces in man feel and comprehend that spiritual world which is beyond the cognizance of the senses; they reveal to man the qualities and attributes of mind or the Love principle, such as Justice, Benevolence, Reverence, Devotion, as the senses discover the qualities and attributes of matter, such as form, color, sound, flavor, density, &c. In their terrestrial development they constitute all the various forms of affection between human beings, and are the basis of social harmony; in their highest development transcending humanity and extending beyond the sphere of human affection, they then constitute the Religious Sentiment, or the Love of God, which is the supreme and final centre or focus of attraction of these four Cardinal Loves. Hence it is, that in Religion the love of God and the love of the neighbor, the love of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe and of man on earth, are al-

ways united. "God is Love," says Fourier, "and engenders the four cardinal loves." "The Love of the Neighbor in its supreme sense," (that is in its highest development,) says Swedeborg, "is the love of God."

Out of the THIRD great primary Passion or Love, — love to Order, Distribution and Classification, — spring THREE INTELLECTUAL PASSIONS or FACULTIES.

1st. THE CABALIST; the analyzing and classifying faculty, or the individualizing, comparing, and dissident power.

2d. THE ALTERNATING, or the love of variety and change; the equilibrating power.

3d. THE COMPOSITE, or the combining and synthetic power.

These powers and faculties are the least known and understood: they govern and direct the other passions internally and externally, that is, the passions among themselves in each individual and those of beings with beings. The social and sensitive passions are the impelling forces; these three are the distributing and arranging forces, or the *mechanizing* powers, taken in the highest and most comprehensive sense. Under this class of passions we comprise all those faculties which in Phrenology are termed Causality, Comparison, Eventuality, Individuality, Wit, Ideality, Constructiveness, Sublimity, &c.

The higher analysis of the Soul, which gives us 32, 134, and 404 passional elements, are sub-divisions of the fundamental 12. The 5th power, of 404, is composed of the minute varieties of passion, which give to the individual his particular character. For example, the love of personal ornament, of fine edifices, or equipages, form minute varieties of visual attraction, or the sense of sight, which taken as a Whole, is a passion of Order: the five senses combined form a passion of Class. Again, Coquetry is a minute variety of the passion of Love; the pride of distinction and excellence in any branch of art, science, and so forth, is a variety of Ambition. Every peculiarity of human character may thus be traced to the action of some one or more of the twelve radical passions.

The survey here taken of the Nature of Man presents to our view Three great Classes of Passions.

The first Class relate to the *Material World*, place Man in connection with Nature, and direct him in fulfilling the high function which has been assigned him of OVERSEER of the Globe and the creations upon it.

The second Class relate to the *Spiritual World*, or *Mind*; they place Man in relation with his fellow-men as moral beings, (as spiritual and not as corporeal existences,) and also in relation with

* In one of his unpublished Manuscripts Fourier remarks: "I sought for eleven years the distribution of the general scale of characters, and I did not believe that it could be found without the experience of a generation of Social Harmony."

God: they direct man in fulfilling his social destiny on earth.

The third Class relate to the *Laws of Order*, by which the elements and phenomena of these two worlds, the material and the spiritual, are governed; and by which union and harmony of action are established between them, and the great work of organization in the universe is accomplished.

MISCELLANY.

For the Harbinger.

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

Are thinking men aware of the immense strides which human science is making toward the comprehension and control of nature? A recent event, and that not a solitary one, leads us to ask this question. The world does not recognise the birth of its great men, and it often notes as little the dawning of a truth which is to work some change in human affairs. A recent English steamer brings us the intelligence that Faraday has discovered a reaction between light and electricity. We need not enter into the details of this discovery. Its simple announcement involves a new harmony in the universe. The long sought for connection which should join light and electricity, two of the great forces of nature, has been found. In 1819, Oersted discovered the first reaction between electricity and magnetism. Those sciences are now inseparable, if not identical, and their connection has brought us one step nearer to the ultimate nature of matter. In 1822, Leebeck discovered that electricity and heat, under certain conditions, mutually evolve each other from matter, and another chord of nature was struck. The discovery of electro-magnetism and thermo-electricity, both belonging thus to our century, led to the sublime theory of terrestrial magnetism, now generally adopted, by which the heat of the sun coursing over the surface of the earth as that revolves beneath it, awakens pursuing electrical currents, which by their constant and encircling chase, make the earth a vast electro-magnet with its poles North and South. Faraday has done for light what Oersted and Leebeck did for magnetism and heat. The results of this discovery who can foretell? That light should be a moving power in mechanics is not to-day so strange and improbable a speculation as it was a few years ago that light should copy the face of nature, and record its own action; nor is it stranger than it would have been before Galvani, that electricity, travelling with the identical and measured velocity of light, should be confined to a wire, and sent by man on his domestic errands round the globe. Yet these things are or must soon be. This

new tie, just brought to light, between the great forces of matter must give us new control over all of them. Man is richer than he was. Light, heat, electricity and magnetism, will be produced and governed in more numerous ways. It may give us new powers of analysis, new sciences, like the electrotrope which is the progeny of galvanism. When we consider that light is the great element of natural beauty and of the highest art, may we not hope that by its control some results of grace and adornment may be added to our present store, as power has come through electricity?

The electric telegraph has been alluded to, and has an important place among the discoveries of science, which are of yesterday, but which promise to renew the face of the earth and introduce a higher condition of human life. In a few years space will be no separation to the communion of those on the same continent. Time will have ceased to wait on space. The time taken by the susceptible messenger of man to encircle the globe will not be appreciably greater than that occupied in its passage to the next village. Nor, it has been predicted, will the ocean offer any obstacle. The words "it is impossible," are henceforth an impiety from the student of nature. The floor of the ocean, if need be, like the English Channel of to-day, will be paved by navies, with conducting wires, and the thoughts of Europe and America become simultaneous. To follow this agent still farther, let the question be asked, through what regions must the errands of man penetrate in order to be accomplished when a wire shall be stretched round half the globe, and, to complete the circuit, the ends of it shall be buried in the earth? The principle of nature which man has now taken into his service goes always by the shortest route. When the antipodes communicate, the very centre of the planet will be the highway of the messenger of his caprice. By a slight stretch of fancy beyond this, which is reality, we may conceive, at some distant day, of the light above the earth and the electricity within it, now first associated together, uniting to do the work of man without the insulating wire, or when by some principle like electrical induction, which man has already under his control, which, in its manifestations, simulates gravitation, and which shall be extended like it, intelligible influences shall be exerted by him without reference to space. This will serve at least to give us an idea of the infinite themes which may in possibility belong to the future of science. The problem of gravitation itself, which is yet unsolved, a principle which seems to cling more closely to that assemblage of forces which we call matter, than any other, and

to resist our present efforts to class it with other powers, will in that day be revealed, and will add beyond all imagination to human resource.

The daguerrotype has been alluded to. Light and shade have recently been brought to delineate themselves with surpassing accuracy, and almost without time. Color will soon be added, and the perfected art will be the true portraiture of nature by her own pencil. Soon after the discovery of photography, the papers described a new invention which was the record of sounds and tones, by an impression made by their own vibrations. This, though an imposition, was a very probable one. If the analogies of nature are true, we shall have an art which shall be to sound, what the daguerrotype is to light. Music and the human voice, and the music of nature also, will be written down by the impulses of the air in the presence of man.

Electro-magnetism is comparatively old in some of its aspects, yet but a short time has elapsed since the majority of scientific men, who were wise without faith, believed it impossible that this agent should ever become a moving power from the narrowness of its sphere of action. Dr. Page of Washington has discovered, or developed a new reaction, in which space ceases to limit its energy, and the year 1845 added this principle to the mechanical powers at the disposal of man.

In 1789, Galvani observed the first fact in the science which bears his name, and the first perhaps in the science of the new era upon which we have entered. Electricity was revealed in its latent state, underlying all matter, and imparting to it physical properties to which no limit has yet been assigned. Matter, which was dead, became full of life. One of the other great forces of nature, if not all of them, were found to enter into it in overwhelming proportion, and give birth to most of the laws and phenomena which had been considered inseparable from it. In illustration of the vast amount of power which lies hidden in matter, Faraday has shown that the quantity of electricity evolved during the solution of one grain of zinc in the galvanic battery is equal at least to that concerned in a discharge of lightning. The electrical machine and the lightning itself furnish electricity in its native intensity and strength, but deficient in quantity, while the galvanic battery, having little intensity furnishes quantity by which the effects of decomposition and magnetism are produced. It is very obvious that the next discovery in electrical science will be the means of eliminating electricity from matter with its quantity and intensity both unimpaired, when a power like the lightning will be at the disposal of man. Who can foretell

the applications and results of such an agent!

Not less striking to the scientific man, by whom they can be appreciated, than the facts and speculations, which have already been referred to, are the relations and harmonies which every day now unfolds, between the different properties and laws and forms of matter. The idea of the common mind that matter is manifold, self-subsistent, independent, finds no support from modern science.

Is not the question with which we commenced this sketch then a pertinent one? Are the startling results to which science is to conduct us foreseen? Is it understood that the ultimate nature of matter must slowly unfold itself in the succession of developments which the last half century has begun? Is the tendency of that revelation perceived in the religious tone which marks all truly great scientific minds of the present day? One question more should be asked, How can the indifference to science which prevails so widely be explained? Why are there no more laborers in this field which is so boundless, on the cultivation of which the hopes and progress of the race so much depend, and which presents such sublime subjects for human thought?

LAST WORDS OF A RESPECTABLE MAN.

"Such were the last words of one, universally respected, whose memory will ever be cherished by his inconsolable relations."

A rich man dying called his son,
To hear his last advice:
Whispering he spake,—his sight was gone,—
His feet were cold as ice!

✓ Beware of evil spendthrift ways,
And wasteful company;
Be wise and frugal all your days,
If you would virtuous be.

"Opinions current in the world
Adopt with deep respect,
New-fangled thoughts and things, at once,
My prudent son, reject.

"O'er word and deed keep constant guard,
Your bright side let men see;
Society lays down certain rules
For all morality.

"Be your attendance at your church
Constant; your prayer-book new;
Dress well, and do not fail to choose
A handsome central pew.

"In friendship have a wakeful eye;
Avoid a needy friend:
He's not your friend—something he wants,
Borrow not—neither lend.

"All men in troubled waters, shun,
And all things out of joint;
Good tables seek,—and dinners give,
As your best interests point.

"If any woman you have wronged—
Vice causes sad expense,—
Have fortitude,—O, fly from vice—
Leave her to Providence.

"For marriage in my will you'll find
A safe directing voice,
Where birth and competence combined,
Will bless your father's choice.

"Something I had to say on truth:
Something on honesty;—
My memory fails—but stick to both,
When the best policy.

"Gather my bills up—pay my debts,
And call my credits in;
With all men I would die at peace,
And all good memories win.

"One debtor—he is very poor—
A carpenter by trade—
He'll never pay;—so by this man
You'll get my coffin made."

Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.

THE VERMONT PHILOSOPHER. We find it stated in the *Vermont* that Mr. Davenport of Brandon, Vt., who has for a number of years been distinguished for his close and deep investigations in physical science, has recently made an exhibition before a body of scientific men of an application which he has made of electro-magnetism to the propelling of machinery. By this agency a trip hammer is made to fly with the rapidity of lightning, and rotary and reciprocating engines work with admirable correctness. In summing up the grand principles of galvanism and electro-magnetism, Mr. Davenport advances the hypothesis that the sun is a magnificent galvanic battery, and that the earth and all the planets take their motions from the current of galvanism evolved by that great luminary; and what is singularly wonderful, he proves by the laws of electro-magnetism that the planets may have originated from the sun without diminishing the power or size of that great dispenser of light and heat. Indeed, as says the editor of the "*Voice*," there can be but little doubt but that the development of this principle is yet to astonish the world, and there is more than a shadow of possibility that as a utilitarian philosopher, our humble Davenport may one day rank with Franklin. Who is prepared to say his theory of the planetary system is not correct? May he not only be a second Franklin, but an American Newton. Even should he advance no further, Vermont has much to be proud of in him.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

VI.

"Just as I was telling you!" cried Mr. Mayer, resuming his discourse where he had dropped it in the morning. "You cannot find a more rough and unpleasant profession than yours. When the sun shines, every thing seems beautiful; but the sun does not shine always; and your destiny is variable as the atmosphere."

"What destiny is not variable and uncertain!" said Consuelo. "When the sky is inclement, Providence places be-

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

nevolent hearts in our way to relieve us; we are certainly not tempted to accuse it at this moment."

"You have quick wit, my little friend," replied Mayer; "you are from that beautiful country where every body has it. But, believe me, neither your wit nor your fine voice will prevent your dying with hunger in these gloomy Austrian provinces. If I were in your place, I would go and seek my fortune in some rich and civilized country, under the protection of a great prince."

"Which!" said Consuelo, surprised at this insinuation.

"Ah! by my faith, I don't know; there are many such."

"But is not the queen of Hungary a great princess?" said Haydn; "is not one well protected in her dominions?"

"Eh! without doubt," replied Mayer; "but you do not know that her majesty Maria Theresa detests music, vagabonds especially, and that you will be driven from Vienna, if you appear in the streets as troubadours, such as you now are."

At this moment, Consuelo again saw, at a little distance, in a dark valley, below the road, the lights she had before perceived, and communicated her observation to Joseph, who at once mentioned to Mr. Mayer their desire to alight in order to gain this shelter which was so much nearer than the town of Biberek.

"That!" replied Mr. Mayer; "do you take that for lights! They are lights indeed; but they enlighten no other shelter than dangerous morasses, where many travellers have been lost and swallowed up. Did you never see any will-o'-the-wisps?"

"Many upon the lagunes of Venice," said Consuelo, "and upon the little lakes of Bohemia."

"Well, my children, those lights which you see there are nothing else."

Mr. Mayer talked a long while with our young people on the necessity of establishing themselves, and of the few resources which they would find at Vienna, without deciding however upon the place to which he wished they should go. At first Joseph was struck by his obstinacy, and he feared he might have discovered the sex of his companion; but the good faith with which he talked to her as to a boy (going so far as to tell her that she would do much better to embrace a military life as soon as she was old enough, than to tramp through the country,) reassured him on this point, and he persuaded himself that the good Mayer was one of those weak heads, with fixed ideas, who repeat for a whole day the first notion that comes into their brains on waking. Consuelo, on her side, took him for a schoolmaster, or a protestant minister, who thought of nothing but education, good morals and proselytism.

In an hour, they reached Biberek, the night having become so dark that they could absolutely see nothing. The chaise stopped in the courtyard of an inn, and Mr. Mayer was immediately accosted by two men who took him aside to speak with him. When they entered the kitchen where Consuelo and Joseph were busily drying and warming themselves at the fire, Joseph recognized in those two personages the same who had separated from Mr. Mayer at the passage of the Moldav when the latter crossed it, leaving them on the left bank. One of the two had but one eye, and the other, though he still retained both eyes, had quite as disagreeable a face. He who had passed the river with Mr. Mayer, and whom our young travellers had found in the carriage, rejoined them; the fourth did not appear. They talked together a language which was unintelligible to Consuelo herself, who understood so many tongues. Mr. Mayer appeared to exercise a kind of authority over them, and at least to influence their decisions; for, after quite a lively discussion in a low voice, respecting the last words he addressed to them, they retired, excepting him, whom Consuelo, in designating him to Joseph, called the silent man: it was that one who had not left Mr. Mayer.

Haydn was getting ready his companion's and his own frugal supper upon a corner of the kitchen table, when Mr. Mayer, returning, invited them to share his repast, and insisted with so much good nature, that they did not dare refuse. He led them to the dining hall, where they found a veritable feast, at least it was for two poor children, who had been deprived of every luxury of this kind during a rather toilsome journey of five days. Still Consuelo took part in it with a feeling of restraint; the good cheer which Mr. Mayer made, the earnestness with which the domestics appeared to wait upon him, and the quantity of wine imbibed by him as well as by his mute companion, compelled her to lower a little the high opinion she had formed respecting the presbyterian virtues of their amphitryon. She was above all shocked at the desire he displayed to make Joseph and herself drink beyond their thirst, and the very vulgar hilarity with which he prevented them from putting water into their wine. She saw with still more anxiety, that either from distraction, or from a real need of repairing his strength, Joseph did not refrain, and began to show himself more communicative and more animated than she could have wished. At last she was a little vexed at finding her companion insensible to the pushes she gave him with her elbow to stop his frequent libations; and taking away his glass at the moment when Mr. Mayer was about to fill it anew:

"No sir," said she, "no; allow me not to imitate you; it is not right."

"You are queer musicians!" cried Mayer, laughing with his air of frankness and carelessness; "musicians who do not drink! you are the first I have ever met with of that character."

"And you, sir, are you a musician?" said Joseph. "I bet you are! May the devil take me if you be not the master of a chapel in some Saxon principality!"

"Perhaps," replied Mayer, smiling; "and that is why I feel a sympathy for you, my children."

"If the gentleman is a master," returned Consuelo, "there is too much distance between his talent and that of poor street singers like ourselves, to interest him very vividly."

"There are some poor street singers who have more talent than people think," said Mayer; "and there are very great masters, even masters of chapels of the greatest sovereigns on earth, who began by singing in the streets. What if I should tell you that this morning, between nine and ten o'clock, I heard from a corner of the mountain on the left bank of the Moldav, two charming voices singing a pretty Italian duet, accompanied by agreeable and even learned ritornellos on the violin! Well! that did happen to me as I was breakfasting on a little hill with my friends. And afterwards, when I saw the musicians who had given me so much pleasure descend from the mountain, I was much surprised to find in them two poor children, one dressed as a little peasant, the other—very genteel, very simple,—but apparently not very rich. Therefore be not ashamed nor surprised at the friendship I testify for you, my little friends, and show me that of drinking to the muses, our mutual and divine patrons."

"Sir, maestro!" cried Joseph, quite joyful and entirely gained over; "I will drink to you. O! you are a true musician, I am certain, since you have felt enthusiasm for the talent of—of the signor Bertoni, my comrade."

"No, you shall drink no more," said Consuelo, impatiently snatching away his glass; "nor I either," added she, turning down her own. "We have only our voices to live upon, sir professor, and wine spoils the voice; you ought rather to encourage us to remain sober, than endeavor to intoxicate us."

"Well! you speak reasonably," said Mayer, placing in the middle of the table the decanter he had put behind him. "Yes, take care of your voices; that is well said. You have more wisdom than belongs to your age, friend Bertoni, and I am satisfied with the trial I have made of your good morals. You will do well, I see by your prudence as much as by

your talent. You will do well, and I wish to have the honor and merit of contributing to your success."

The pretended professor, placing himself at his ease, and talking with an air of extreme goodness and honesty, offered to carry them with him to Dresden, where he would obtain for them instruction of the celebrated Hasse and the special protection of the queen of Poland, the electoral princess of Saxony.

That princess, wife of Augustus III., king of Poland, was in fact a pupil of Porpora. A rivalry between that master and the *Sassone** for the favor of the diletante sovereign, had been the first cause of their deep enmity. Even had Consuelo been inclined to try her fortune in the North of Germany, she would not have chosen for her debut that court where she would find herself in opposition to the school and coterie which had triumphed over her master. She had heard the latter, in his hours of bitterness and resentment, say too much about it to be in the slightest degree tempted, under any circumstances, to follow the advice of professor Mayer.

As to Joseph, his situation was very different. His brain heated by the supper, he imagined he had met with a powerful protector and the prompter of his future fortune. He had no thought of abandoning Consuelo in order to accompany this new friend; but little intoxicated as he was, he gave himself up to the hope of again finding him some day. He trusted to his benevolence and thanked him heartily. In this joyful excitement, he took his violin and played very falsely. Mr. Mayer only applauded him the more, either because he did not wish to annoy him by remarking upon his false notes, or, as Consuelo thought, because he was himself only an inferior musician. The error in which he really was respecting the latter's sex, although he had heard her sing, satisfied her that he could not be a professor with a very well practised ear, since he allowed himself to be deceived as might be a village serpent, or a professor of the trumpet. Still Mr. Mayer continually insisted on their going with him to Dresden. Even while refusing, Joseph listened to his offers with such a dazzled air, and made such promises to go there as soon as practicable, that Consuelo thought herself obliged to undeceive Mr. Mayer respecting the possibility of this arrangement.

"It must not be thought of at present," said she in a very firm tone; "Joseph, you know very well that it cannot be, and that you yourself have other projects." Mayer renewed his seductive offers, and was astonished to find her immovable as

*Surname given by the Italians to Jean Adolphe Hasse, who was a Saxon.

well as Joseph, who recovered his reason when the signor Bertoni began to speak. At this moment the silent traveller, who had made only a short appearance at supper, came to call Mr. Mayer, who went out with him. Consuelo profited by the opportunity to scold Joseph for his readiness in listening to the fine words of the first comer, and to the inspirations of the good wine.

"Did I then say any thing too much?" said Joseph, frightened.

"No," returned she; "but it is in itself an imprudence to keep company so long with strangers. From the fact of looking at me, they might perceive or at least doubt that I was not a boy. Though I did rub my hands with my pencil to darken them, and kept them as much as possible under the table, their weakness would certainly have been remarked, if fortunately one of those gentleman had not been entirely occupied with his wine, and the other with his own chat. Now the most prudent way would be to remove, and to go and sleep in another inn; for I am not at all easy about these new acquaintances who seem to wish to dog our steps."

"What!" said Joseph, "shall we go away shamelessly and ungratefully, without saluting and thanking that honest man, that illustrious professor, perhaps? Who knows if it be not the great Hasse himself, with whom we have just supped?"

"I tell you no; and if you had had your senses, you would have remarked a number of miserable common places which he said about music. A master does not speak thus. He is some musician of the lowest benches in the orchestra, jovial, a great talker and a good deal of a toper. I don't know why, but I think I see from his face, that he has never blown except in brass; and from his side look, one would say that he always has an eye upon the leader of the orchestra."

"*Corno, or clarino secondo,*" cried Joseph, bursting into a laugh; "he is none the less an agreeable companion."

"And you are hardly so," replied Consuelo, a little angry; "come, get sober, and say farewell; but let us go."

"The rain falls in torrents; hear how it beats against the windows!"

"I hope you are not going to sleep on this table!" said Consuelo, shaking him and trying to rouse him.

Mr. Mayer returned at this moment.

"Here is another change!" cried he, gaily. "I thought I could sleep here and go on to-morrow to Chamb; but my friends wish me to retrace my steps, and pretend that I am necessary to them in an affair of importance at Passaw. I must acquiesce! Faith, my children, if I have

any advice to give you, since I must renounce the pleasure of carrying you to Dresden, it is to profit by the opportunity. I have still two places for you in my chaise, as those gentleman have their own. To-morrow morning we shall be at Passaw, which is only six leagues from here. There I will wish you a good journey. You will be near the Austrian frontier, and can even descend the Danube in a boat to Vienna with little expense and fatigue."

Joseph considered the proposition admirable to rest Consuelo's poor feet. The opportunity seemed a good one, in fact, and the navigation of the Danube was a resource of which they had not thought. Consuelo therefore accepted, seeing moreover that Joseph understood nothing of the necessary precautions for their night's resting place. In the darkness, entrenched at the back of the carriage, she had nothing to fear from the observations of their fellow-travellers, and Mr. Mayer said they would reach Passaw before day. Joseph was enchanted at her determination. Still Consuelo experienced I know not what repugnance, and the appearance of Mr. Mayer's friends displeased her more and more. She asked him if they likewise were musicians.

"All more or less," replied he, laconically.

They found the carriages ready, the drivers upon their seats, and the servants of the inn, well satisfied with Mr. Mayer's liberality, pressing about him to wait upon him till the last moment. In an interval of silence, in the midst of all this agitation, Consuelo heard a groan which seemed to proceed from the middle of the court. She turned towards Joseph, who had remarked nothing; and the groan being repeated a second time, she felt a shudder run through her veins. Still nobody seemed to notice it, and she might attribute the complaint to some dog weary of his chain. But, notwithstanding all her attempts at distraction, she received from it a very gloomy impression. This stifled cry in the midst of the darkness, the wind and the rain, proceeding from a group of persons all either animated or indifferent, without her being able to determine whether it was a human voice or an imaginary noise, struck her with terror and sadness. She immediately thought of Albert; and, as if she had believed she could participate in those mysterious revelations with which he seemed endowed, she was affrighted at some danger suspended over the head of her betrothed, or her own.

Still the carriage was already in motion. A fresh horse, even stronger than the first, drew it along with great rapidity. The other carriage, equally swift was sometimes in front, sometimes behind.

Joseph chattered anew with Mr. Mayer, and Consuelo tried to sleep, pretending to doze in order to give reason for her silence.

Fatigue at last overpowered sadness and anxiety, and she fell into a profound slumber. When she awoke, Joseph slept also, and Mr. Mayer was at last silent. The rain had ceased, the sky was clear, and day began to break. The country had an aspect entirely unknown to Consuelo. Only from time to time she saw appear upon the horizon the summits of a chain of mountains which resembled the Boehmer-wald. As the torpor of sleep was dissipated, Consuelo remarked with surprise the position of those mountains, which ought to have been on the left, and were on the right. The stars had disappeared, and the sun, which she expected to see rise in front of her, did not yet show himself. She thought the chain she saw must be another than that of the Boehmer-wald. Mr. Mayer was still snoring, and she did not dare address the driver of the carriage, the only person awake at the moment.

The horse began to walk on the ascent of a very steep hill, and the noise of the wheels was deadened by the soft sand of the ruts. Then Consuelo very distinctly heard the same dull and sad sob which had reached her ears in the tavern court at Biberek. The voice seemed to proceed from behind her. She turned mechanically, and saw only the leather back against which she rested. She imagined herself the victim of an hallucination; and her thoughts recurring always to Albert, she persuaded herself that at this very moment he was in the agony of death, and that, thanks to the incomprehensible power of the love felt by that strange man, she received the terrible and heart-rending sound of his last sigh. This fancy so seized upon her brain, that she felt herself fainting; and fearing to suffocate entirely, she asked the driver, who stopped about half-way up the hill to breathe his horse, for permission to ascend the rest on foot. He consented, and also alighting, walked whistling by his horse's side.

This man was too well dressed to be a coachman by profession. In a movement which he made, Consuelo thought she saw pistols at his girdle. This precaution was by no means unnatural in a country so deserted as that in which they were: and besides, the shape of the carriage, which Consuelo examined as she walked beside the wheel, showed that it carried merchandize. It was so deep that there must have been behind the back seat a double box, like those in which treasure and despatches are carried. Yet it did not appear much loaded, and one horse drew it easily. An observation which

struck Consuelo much more forcibly was the sight of her shadow extended before her; and turning round she saw the sun entirely above the horizon at the point opposite that in which she ought to have seen him if the carriage were going in the direction of Passaw.

"Which way are we going, then?" asked she of the driver, hurrying up to him: "we are turning our backs upon Austria."

"Yes for half an hour," replied he, quietly; "we are going back, because the bridge by which we were to have crossed the river is broken, and we have to make a turn of half a mile to find another."

Consuelo, somewhat tranquilized, again got into the carriage, exchanged a few indifferent words with Mr. Mayer, who was awake but soon fell asleep again; (Joseph had not stirred a moment from his slumber;) and they reached the top of the hill. Consuelo saw displayed before her a long, steep and winding road, and the river of which the driver had spoken showed itself at the bottom of a valley; but as far as the eye could reach, no bridge was to be seen, and they still journeyed towards the north. Consuelo, anxious and surprised, could not sleep again.

A fresh rising soon presented itself and the horse seemed much fatigued. The travellers all alighted except Consuelo, who still suffered from her feet. Then the groaning again struck her ears, but so clearly, and at so many different periods, that she could no longer attribute it to an illusion of her senses: the noise came without any doubt from the double back of the carriage. She examined it with care, and found in the corner which Mr. Mayer had always occupied, a little leather window like a shutter, which communicated with that double back. She tried to open it, but could not succeed. It had a lock, the key of which was probably in the pocket of the pretended professor. Consuelo, ardent and courageous in such adventures, took from her pocket a knife with a strong and sharp blade, with which she had provided herself on her departure, perhaps from an inspiration of modesty and with a vague apprehension of dangers from which suicide can always deliver an energetic woman. She profited by a moment when all the travellers were in front on the road, even the driver, who had no more to fear from his horse's impetuosity; and enlarging with a prompt and firm hand the narrow opening left by the shutter at its junction with the back, she succeeded in pushing it aside so that she could place her eye to it, and look into the interior of that mysterious case. What were her surprise and terror when

she discovered, in that narrow and dark box, which received air and light only from a small opening in the top, a man of athletic make, gagged, covered with blood, his hands and feet tightly bound and lashed together, his body bent upon itself in a state of horrible constraint and suffering! What could be distinguished of his face was of a livid paleness, and he appeared to be in the convulsions of death.

VII.

Frozen with horror, Consuelo leaped to the ground; and rejoining Joseph, she pressed his arm in secret, in order that he might withdraw with her from the group.

"We are lost, if we do not take to flight on the instant," said she to him, in a low voice; "these people are robbers and murderers. I have just had proof of it. Let us hasten and escape across the country; for they have reasons for deceiving us as they do."

Joseph thought that a bad dream had troubled the imagination of his companion. He hardly understood what she said. He himself felt weighed down by an unaccustomed languor; and the pains which he experienced in his stomach made him think that the wine he drank the night before, had been adulterated by the inn-keeper, and mixed with vile heady drugs. It was certain that he had not so decidedly infringed upon his habitual sobriety as to account for his feeling sleepy and heavy as he did.

"Dear signora," replied he, "you have the night-mare, and I believe I have too, on listening to you. Even if these honest folks were bandits, as you are pleased to imagine, what rich capture could they hope for by seizing upon us?"

"I know not, but I am afraid; and if you had seen as I have, in that very carriage in which we have been travelling, a man who has been assassinated——"

Joseph could not help laughing; for Consuelo's statement had all the appearance of a vision.

"Eh! can't you at least see that they are leading us astray?" said she, impetuously; "that they are carrying us to the north, while Passaw and the Danube are behind us! Look where the sun is, and see in what a desert we are travelling, instead of approaching a great city!"

The justice of these observations at last struck Joseph, and dissipated the almost lethargic security into which he was plunged.

"Well," said he, "let us advance; and if they appear to desire to retain us against our will, we shall soon learn their intentions."

"And if we cannot escape from them

at once in cold blood, Joseph,—do you understand? we must be very crafty, and seize some other opportunity."

Then she took him by the arm, pretending to limp even more than the pain of her feet compelled her to do, and still gained ground. But they had not made ten steps in this way before they were recalled by Mr. Mayer, at first in a friendly tone, soon in one more severe, and lastly, as they took no notice, by the energetic oaths of the others. Joseph turned his head, and saw a pistol levelled at them by the driver, who was pursuing them.

"They are going to kill us," said he to Consuelo, slackening his pace.

"Are we out of range?" said she, with coolness, still dragging him forward, and beginning to run.

"I don't know," said Joseph, trying to stop her. "Believe me the time has not come; they will fire on you."

"Stop, or you are dead," cried the driver, who ran faster than they, and kept them within range of his pistol.

"This is the moment to pay them off with assurance," said Consuelo, stopping; "Joseph, say and do like me."

"Ah! faith," said she in a loud voice, turning round and laughing with the readiness of a good actress, "if my feet were not too sore to run any further, I would let you see that that joke does not answer." And looking at Joseph, who was pale as death, she pretended to burst into shouts of laughter, as she pointed out his terrified face to the other travellers who had come up with them.

"He believed it!" cried she, with a perfectly well acted gaiety. "He believed it, my poor comrade! Ah! Beppo, I did not think you were such a coward. Eh! sir professor, look at Beppo, who really imagined that the gentleman meant to send a bullet after him."

Consuelo affected to talk Venetian, and thus by her gaiety kept at a distance the man with the pistol, who did not understand it. Mr. Mayer affected to laugh also. Then turning to the driver:

"What is this foolish joke?" said he, not without a wink of the eye, which Consuelo observed very well. "Why frighten these poor children?"

"I wished to see if they had any courage," replied the other, replacing his pistols in his belt.

"Alas!" said Consuelo, maliciously, "the gentleman will have a bad opinion of you now, my friend Joseph! As to me, I was not afraid, do me justice, Mr. Pistol."

"You are a brave boy," said Mr. Mayer; "you would make a pretty drummer, and would beat the charge at the head of a regiment without blinking in the midst of the shot."

"Ah! as to that I don't know," replied she; "perhaps I should have been afraid, if I had thought he really meant to kill us. But we Venetians know all sorts of plays, and are not to be taken in that way."

"No matter, the mystification is in bad taste," replied Mr. Mayer. And addressing his speech to the driver, he appeared to scold him a little; but Consuelo was not their dupe, and she saw by the intonations of their dialogue, that they carried on an explanation, of which the result was that they thought themselves deceived respecting her intentions to fly.

Consuelo had reentered the carriage with the others: "Allow," said she to Mr. Mayer, laughing, "that your driver with his pistols is a very strange fellow! I shall call him now *signor Pistola*. Well, you must allow besides, Mr. Professor, that that joke has nothing new in it!"

"It is a piece of German gentility," said Mr. Mayer; "there is better wit than that at Venice, is there not?"

"O! do you know what Italians would have done in your place, to play us a good trick! They would have driven the carriage into the first thicket on the road and would have all hidden themselves. Then when we turned round, not seeing any thing and thinking that the devil had carried every body away, who would have been well caught! I especially, who can hardly drag myself along; and Joseph also, who is as cowardly as a doe of the Boehmer-wald, and who would have believed himself abandoned in this desert."

Mr. Mayer laughed at her childish facetiousness which he translated as she proceeded to the *signor Pistola*, not less amused than he at the simplicity of the *gondolier*.

"O! you are entirely too sharp," replied Mayer; "nobody will try to lay a trap for you again!" And Consuelo, who at last saw the deep irony of his false good nature piercing through his jovial and paternal air, continued on her side to play the part of a fool who considers himself witty, a well known accessory of every melodrama.

It is certain that their adventure was becoming quite serious; and even while playing her part with skill, Consuelo felt that she was in a fever. Happily, it is in a fever that one acts, and in stupor that one sinks.

Thenceforth she showed herself as gay as she had been reserved until then; and Joseph who had recovered all his faculties, seconded her well. Even while appearing not to doubt that they were approaching Passaw, they pretended to open their ears to the proposition to go to Dresden, to which Mr. Mayer did not fail

to recur. By this means, they gained all his confidence, and he went to work to find some expedient for confessing frankly that he was carrying them there without their permission. The expedient was soon found. Mr. Mayer was by no means a novice in such matters. There was a lively dialogue in the strange tongue between those three individuals, Mr. Mayer, the *signor Pistola*, and the silent man. And then all at once they talked German and as if they continued the same subject:

"I tell you it is so," cried Mr. Mayer, "we have taken the wrong road; a proof of which is that their carriage does not come up. It is more than two hours since we left it behind, and though I looked back from the hill, I could see nothing."

"I cannot see it any where," said the driver, putting his head out of the carriage and again drawing it in with a disappointed air.

Consuelo herself had remarked from the first hill the disappearance of the carriage with which they had left Biberek.

"I was sure we were lost," observed Joseph, "but did not wish to say so."

"Eh! why the devil didn't you say so?" returned the silent man, affecting a great displeasure at this discovery.

"Because it was so amusing!" said Joseph, inspired by Consuelo's innocent machiavelism; "it is queer to get lost in a carriage! I thought that happened only to foot travellers."

"Well! it amuses me too," said Consuelo. "Now I wish we were on the road to Dresden!"

"If I knew where we were," returned Mr. Mayer, "I would rejoice with you, my children: for I must confess to you that I did not like going to Passaw for the good pleasure of those gentlemen my friends, and I should be pleased if we had gone astray far enough for an excuse to limit our complaisance towards them."

"Faith, Mr. Professor," said Joseph, "let that be as you prefer, that's your business. If we do not incommode you, and you still wish us to go to Dresden, we are ready to follow you, even to the end of the world. What say you, Bertoni?"

"I say the same," replied Consuelo. "We'll take our chance!"

"You are good children!" replied Mr. Mayer, hiding his joy under a pre-occupied air; "still I should much like to know where we are."

"Wherever we are, we must stop," said the driver; "the horse is done up. He has eaten nothing since last evening, and he has travelled all night. Neither of us would be at all the worse for some refreshment. Here is a small wood. We have some provisions left; halt!"

They entered the wood; the horse was unharnessed; Joseph and Consuelo earnestly offered their services; they were accepted without mistrust. The chaise was let down upon its shafts; and in this movement, the position of the invisible prisoner doubtless becoming more painful, Consuelo again heard him groan; Mayer heard it also, and looked fixedly at Consuelo to see if she noticed any thing. But notwithstanding the pity that rent her breast, she knew how to appear deaf and impassable. Mayer went round the carriage; Consuelo, who had withdrawn a little, saw him open on the outside, a little door behind, cast a glance into the interior of the double box, again close it, and replace the key in his pocket.

"Is the merchandise damaged?" cried the silent man to Mr. Mayer.

"All is well," replied he with brutal indifference, and began to get ready for their breakfast.

"Now," said Consuelo, rapidly, to Joseph, as she passed, "do as I do, and follow all my motions." She assisted in spreading the provisions on the grass, and in uncorking the bottles. Joseph imitated her, affecting great gaiety; Mr. Mayer with pleasure saw these voluntary servants devote themselves to his comfort. He loved his ease, and began to eat and drink as well as his companions, with manners more gluttonous and more gross than he had shown the night before. Every instant he reached out his glass to his two new pages, who every instant, rose, re-seated themselves and were off again, to run now on this side now on that, watching for the moment of running once for all, but waiting until the wine and the digestion should render those dangerous guardians less clear-sighted. At last Mr. Mayer lying down upon the grass and unbuttoning his vest, exposed to the sun his great chest ornamented with pistols; the driver went to see if the horse ate well, and the silent man undertook to search for some place in the miry stream by the side of which they had stopped, at which the animal could drink. This was the moment for flight. Consuelo pretended to search likewise. Joseph entered the thicket with her; and as soon as they were hidden by the closeness of the foliage, they took their course like two hares through the wood. They had nothing to fear from bullets in that thick undergrowth: and when they heard themselves called, they judged that they had got far enough ahead to continue without danger. "Still it is better to answer," said Consuelo, stopping; "that will avert suspicion and give us time for a fresh run." Joseph answered therefore: "This way! this way! here is water!"

"A spring! a spring!" cried Consuelo.

And immediately running at right angles, in order to deceive the enemy, they lightly hurried away. Consuelo thought no more of her suffering and swollen feet; Joseph had overcome the narcotic which Mr. Mayer had administered to him the night before. Fear gave them wings.

They ran thus for about ten minutes, in a direction opposite to that they had at first taken, not allowing themselves time to listen to the voices which called to them from two different directions, when they found themselves at the edge of the wood, and saw before them a rapid well grassed slope, which descended to a travelled road and a meadow studded with clumps of trees.

"Let us not leave the wood," said Joseph; "they will come here, and from this elevation will see us which ever way we go."

Consuelo hesitated an instant, explored the country with a rapid glance, and said to him:

"The wood is too small to hide us long. Before us there is a road and the hope of meeting some one."

"Eh!" cried Joseph, "it is the same road we were following just now. See, it turns round the hill and rises on the right towards the place we have come from. If one of the three mounts the horse, he will catch us before we reach the lowland."

"That is what we must see," said Consuelo. "We can run fast down hill. I see something on the road down there, which is ascending this way. Our only chance is to reach it before being overtaken. Come."

There was no time to be lost in deliberations. Joseph trusted to Consuelo's inspiration; they ran down the hill in an instant, and had gained the first clump, when they heard the voices of their enemies at the edge of the wood. This time, they took care not to answer, and still ran on, under cover of the trees and bushes, until they encountered a narrow stream, which had been hidden from them by those same trees. A long plank served as a bridge; they crossed it and threw the plank into the water.

They followed the other bank, still protected by a dense vegetation; and not hearing themselves called, they supposed that their enemies had lost their track, or that no longer deceived respecting their intentions, they meant to entrap them by surprise. Soon the vegetation of the bank was interrupted and they stopped fearing to be seen. Joseph stretched out his head carefully among the last bushes, and saw one of the brigands on the lookout at the spot where they had left the wood, and the other (probably the signor Pistola, whose superiority in running they had already proved) at the foot of the

hill not far from the river. While Joseph was reconnoitering the position of the enemy, Consuelo had directed her attention towards the road; and she suddenly turned towards Joseph:

"There is a carriage coming," said she to him; "we are saved. We must reach it before our pursuer thinks of crossing the water."

They ran in the direction of the road in a straight line, notwithstanding the bareness of the ground; the carriage approached them at a gallop.

"O! my God!" said Joseph, "what if it should be the other carriage, that of their accomplices!"

"No," replied Consuelo, "it is a berlin with six horses; two postilions and two outriding couriers; we are saved, I tell you; a little more courage!"

It was quite time for them to reach the road; Pistola had again discovered the tracks of their feet upon the sand by the side of the streams. He had the strength and speed of a wild boar. He soon saw in what place the tracks disappeared, and what pious hands had withdrawn the plank. He guessed the trick, passed the water by swimming, found the marks of the steps on the bank, and still following them, had just issued from the thicket, when he saw the two fugitives cross the meadow—but he saw the carriage likewise; he understood their design, and no longer able to oppose it, reëntered the bushes and kept himself on the watch.

The berlin did not stop at the cry of the two young people, who were at first taken for beggars. The travellers threw out some pieces of money; and their outriders, seeing that our fugitives, instead of picking them up, continued to run crying at the coach door, galloped upon them to free their masters from this importunity. Consuelo, out of breath and losing her strength, as almost always happens at the moment of success, could not utter a sound, but clasping her hands with a supplicating air, followed the riders, while Joseph, clinging to the coach door, at the risk of losing his hold and being crushed, cried with a gasping voice: "Help! help! we are pursued by robbers! by assassins!" One of the two travellers who occupied the berlin, succeeded at last in understanding these interrupted words, and made a sign to one of the couriers to stop the postilions. Consuelo, losing at the same time the bridle of the other courier, to which she was hanging, notwithstanding the rearing of the horse and the threatening her with his whip, came to join Joseph: and her face animated by running, struck the travellers, who entered into conversation with them.

"What does all this mean?" said one

of the two; "is it a new style of asking charity? We have given you something already; what more do you want? Can you not answer?"

Consuelo was almost ready to expire. Joseph, out of breath, could only articulate:

"Save us, save us!" and pointed to the wood and the hill without being able to say any more.

"They look like two foxes pressed in the chase," said the other traveller; "let us wait till their voices come to them." And the two noblemen, magnificently equipped, looked upon them, smiling with an air of sang-froid strangely contrasted with the agitation of the poor fugitives. At last, Joseph succeeded in uttering the words, robbers and assassins; immediately the travellers opened the carriage and stepping upon the foot-board, looked upon every side, astonished to see nothing that could occasion such an alarm. The brigands had hidden themselves, and the country was deserted and silent. At last, Consuelo, coming to herself, spoke thus to them, stopping at every sentence to take breath:

"We are two poor wandering musicians; we have been carried off by some men whom we do not know, and under pretext of doing us a service, made us enter their carriage and travel all night. At day-break, we found that they were betraying us, and carrying us to the north, instead of following the road to Vienna. We wished to fly; they threatened us, pistol in hand. At last, they stopped in that wood, we escaped and ran towards your carriage. If you abandon us here, we are lost; they are only two steps from the road, one in the bushes, the others in the wood."

"How many are there then?" asked one of the couriers.

"My friend," said one of the travellers in French, he to whom Consuelo had addressed herself because he was nearest to her on the foot-board, "learn that this does not concern you. How many are there, indeed! that's a fine question! Your duty is to fight if I command you, and I shall give you no order to count the enemy."

"Truly do you wish to amuse yourself with sabring?" returned the other nobleman in French; "remember, baron, that takes time."

"It will not take long and will warm us. Will you be of the party, Count?"

"So be it, if it amuse you." And the Count, with a majestic indolence, took his sword in one hand, and in the other two pistols, the butts of which were grained with precious stones.

"O! you do well, gentlemen," cried Consuelo, the impetuosity of whose heart made her forget her humble part for

an instant, and she pressed the Count's arm with both her hands.

The Count, surprised at so much familiarity on the part of a little scamp of that class, looked upon his sleeve with an air of scoffing disgust, shook it, and raised his eyes with a contemptuous slowness upon Consuelo, who could not help smiling, on remembering with what ardor Count Zustiniani and so many other illustrious Venetians had requested, in former times, the favor of kissing one of those hands, the insolence of which now appeared so shocking. Whether there was in her, at that instant, a ray of gentle pride which contradicted the appearances of her misery, or the facility with which she spoke the language then fashionable in Germany, gave reason to think she was a young nobleman disguised, or whether finally the charm of her sex made itself instinctively felt, the Count suddenly changed his expression, and instead of a smile of disdain, addressed to her one of benevolence. The Count was still young and handsome; one might have been dazzled by the advantages of his person, if the baron had not surpassed him in youth, in regularity of features and in nobleness of form. They were the two handsomest men of their age, as was said of them, and probably of many others.

Consuelo, seeing the expressive looks of the young baron also fixed upon her with an appearance of uncertainty, surprise and interest, turned their attention from her person by saying:

"Go, gentlemen, or rather come; we will act as guides. Those bandits have in their carriage an unfortunate man hidden in a part of the box, shut up as in a dungeon. He is there with his hands and feet tied, dying, covered with blood, and a gag in his mouth. Hasten to deliver him; that task belongs to noble hearts like yours!"

"Par Dieu, this is a fine boy!" cried the baron, "and I see, dear count, that we have not lost our time in listening to him. Perhaps it is some brave gentleman whom we shall rescue from the hands of the bandits."

"You say that they are there?" said the Count, pointing to the wood.

"Yes," said Joseph; "but they are separated, and if your lordships will please listen to my humble advice, you will divide the attack. You will ascend in your carriage, as quickly as possible, and after having turned the hill, you will find in the wood above, and just at its entrance on the opposite border, the carriage in which the prisoner is, while I conduct these gentlemen cavaliers directly across. There are only three bandits; they are well armed; but seeing themselves attacked on both sides at once, they will make no resistance."

"The advice is good," said the baron. "Count, remain in the carriage and keep your servant with you. I will take his horse. One of these children will be your guide to show you where to stop. My chasseur shall carry this one. Let us hurry; for if these brigands are on the look-out, as is probable, they will get off."

"The carriage cannot escape you," observed Consuelo; "their horse is tired out."

The baron leaped upon the horse of the count's servant, and that servant took his place behind the carriage.

"Pass," said the Count to Consuelo, making her enter first, but without himself noticing this movement of deference. Still he seated himself on the back seat and she on the front. Leaning over the door while the postilions urged their horses to a gallop, he followed with his eye his companion, who crossed the stream on horseback, accompanied by his courier, who had taken Joseph up behind him in order to pass the water. Consuelo was not without anxiety for her poor comrade, exposed to the first fire; but with esteem and approbation she saw him run to that perilous post. She saw him reascend the hill, followed by the two cavaliers who spurred their horses vigorously, and then disappear in the woods. Two reports of fire-arms were heard, then a third. The berlin turned the hill. Consuelo, unable to learn any thing, raised her soul to God; and the Count, agitated by an analogous solicitude for his noble companion, cried to the postilions with an oath:

"Force your horses, rascals! whip, whip and spur!"

To be Continued.

REVIEW.

A Defence of Capital Punishment, by GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D.; and *An Essay on the Ground and Reason of Punishment, with special reference to the Penalty of Death*, by TAYLER LEWIS, Esq. With an Appendix, containing a Review of Burleigh on the Death Penalty. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1846. pp. 365.

We opened this book with a resolute suppression of the intense nausea occasioned by its title page; we have read it with diligent attention, and lay it down with no envy for its authors. It would have been a remarkable production at any time, but considered as the work of two of the leading scholars of the Presbyterian Church, in America, in the nineteenth century, it is incomparable; literature has nothing like it. But let us inform our readers a little more fully what it is.

It is pretty generally known that within a few years, a party has been formed in this country, whose object is to abolish Capital Punishment. This movement has

attained such influence as seriously to affect public opinion, and in some States has nearly gained its end. This fact has alarmed several ultra conservatives, among them the authors of this book. Accordingly they come up in these pages to the defence of the old penal code, which they do philosophically, historically, theologically, and classically. Mr. Lewis's portion is new to the public; Mr. Cheever's, consists of the written arguments he used at the Tabernacle in New York, in the winter of 1843, in the discussion in which Mr. O'Sullivan so completely demolished him that his reappearance in the same form is to us altogether unexpected. These arguments Dr. Cheever gives us also, with some variations at about the same length in the shape of distinct essays. The whole concludes with an appendix, containing an examination of Burleigh's work on the Death Penalty, of the same quality as the book itself. Of the whole we will say briefly, that its premises are monstrous, its reasoning sophistical, its conclusions absurd, and its spirit diabolic.

Had we time or space, we would make good these assertions in an extended criticism, but more important duties as well as our crowded columns forbid. We are happy, however, to know that a labor which we are thus unable to attempt is to be done more thoroughly than we could hope to do it. We refer to the series of articles on the subject, in the New York Evening Post. Those which are already published leave no doubt that the matter will be set right before the public. We commend them to the careful perusal of our readers. We also commend to their perusal, as large a quantity of the book of which we are speaking, as they can bear. A sound and unprejudiced mind of humane sentiments, will learn from it to regard the gallows as even more revolting; to look upon punishment for the sake of punishment, with horror; and to suspect that extreme indignation which Messrs. Lewis and Cheever hold in such high esteem as the divinest impulse of the soul, which leads you, to use their own language, "when you see a wagoner in the street needlessly beating his horse, to wish to beat the wagoner," to be an insane and perverted feeling.

We have been in reading this book, more than ever impressed with the terrible necessity for a social reform, which, by giving every person his just place and assigning him the duties his nature demands, shall prevent crime, and make either the punishment of criminals, or their reform a subject of most rare consideration. Indeed, of the many philanthropic movements of the day, hardly any is a more glowing and direct prophecy of such a reform and of the future innocence

and harmony,—the innocence of wisdom and maturity, and not of ignorance and weakness,—of the human race; hardly any more earnestly protests against this Gehenna, through which for lack of faith and courage, mankind yet struggle. Our friends who labor in this cause, may not have the truest ideas of human destiny or of the Unity of the human family, they may not entirely understand either the progress of the race hitherto, or its future developments,—they may sometimes seek to maintain their position by weak arguments and false logic, but there is in them that glowing sentiment of Humanity, which under God is the salvation of this age.

The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems.
By HENRY WORDSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
Cambridge: Published by John Owen.
1846. pp. 151.

Mr. Longfellow has written some good poems, but he has been the subject of much injudicious and unfortunate praise. It would, we suppose, have been for his advantage had he been criticised with less admiration. The influence of a more severe judgment might possibly have imparted a real manliness to his writing. As it is, however, he is undoubtedly the most elegant sentimentalist that the literature of New England has produced, or is likely to produce. His poems are the production of a belle-lettres scholar of extensive reading and good taste, who transfuses into his silken rhymes what others have discovered by soul-racking experiences, or seen by the divine prerogative of genius. As happens of course in such a case, the vicinity in which they are composed influences their character not a little. Boston, as we all know, is the focus in which ferment the new ideas which have come to shake the age and announce a new epoch. Some of these iconoclasts reappear in Mr. Longfellow's costumes, which occasionally so disguise the original that its own friends might pass it by without recognition. For instance we have this versification of that remarkable notion which of late is getting into vogue that labor is not degrading to human beings. It is from the poet's address to his child.

"Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,—
To struggle with imperious thought,
Until the overburdened brain,
Weary with labor, faint with pain,
Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its motion, not its power,—
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labor there shall come forth rest.

"And if a more auspicious fate
On thy advancing steps await,

Still let it ever be thy pride
To linger by the laborer's side;
With words of sympathy or song
To cheer the dreary march along,
Of the great army of the poor,
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor."

That is, "My dear, if you are so unlucky as to have to work for a living, console yourself with the reflection that it is all for the best; but if you can live without work, be sure to put on your kid gloves and sympathize with all your might with those poor fellows who can't!"

The peculiar thoughts of these poems, the Past and the Present, Time and Eternity, and the catalogue of metaphysical impersonations which have long maintained so remarkable an intimacy with Mr. Longfellow, and do not yet seem weary of his company, are, be it observed, of Teutonic origin. They come from Germany. And herein consists in fact that borrowing without leave of which our author has been unjustly accused. He does not need to exercise the "right of appropriation" on any man's words. His own admirable diction wants no such assistance. But as to ideas, they are not often of his generating; as a thinker and creative artist his rank cannot be marked by any high figure. The reason of the popularity which we are glad to know his books have had in this country, is not that he has breathed any original inspiration into the public heart, but that he has repeated, often in beautiful and happy forms, thoughts to which that heart had already begun to thrill. To this merit we have no disposition to deny our most cordial tribute, and only wish that it were not inflated with that dilettantism which is a leading characteristic of the Cambridge school of writers.

The poems in this volume are not, we think, so successful upon the whole, as Mr. Longfellow's former efforts. They are less harmonious, and bear less the marks of that elaborate and careful finish which we have learned to expect from him. Occasionally too, though rarely, we find such surpassing bathos as the following:

"Till glimpses more sublime
Of theory, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of time."

There are however passages which their author has never excelled. The following is very beautiful, though it reminds us of some familiar acquaintances. It is from the poem to "A Child," from which we have before quoted.

"O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,

Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.
I see its valves expand,
As at the touch of Fate!
Into those realms of love and hate,
Into that darkness blank and drear,
By some prophetic feeling taught,
I launch the bold, adventurous thought,
Freighted with hope and fear;
As upon subterranean streams,
In caverns unexplored and dark,
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,
Laden with flickering fire,
And watch its swift-receding beams,
Until at length they disappear,
And in the distant dark expire.
By what astrology of fear or hope
Dare I to cast thy horoscope!
Like the new moon thy life appears;
A little strip of silver light,
And widening outward into night
The shadowy disk of future years;
And yet upon its outer rim,
A luminous circle, faint and dim,
And scarcely visible to us here,
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere;
A prophecy and intimation,
A pale and feeble adumbration,
Of the great world of light, that lies
Behind all human destinies."

But after all, these poems are much like sugar candy, pleasant in small quantities. After reading them above half an hour, their monotony gets as tedious as the jingling of bells that ring perpetually in the same key. They do not come sufficiently from any irrepressible heart in their author to compensate for their lack of variety. They seem too much as if a man should say to himself—"Go to, now, let me write something noble or beautiful!" and so, though they may contain noble and beautiful sentiments, we soon weary of them and lay them down with a longing for the wholesomeness of nature, and with no great anxiety ever to see them again.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

DE MEYER IN NEW YORK.

It is verily refreshing to feel that our great Gotham, in spite of its devotion to the twin idols of Mammon and Fashion, is beginning to give evidence of real progress in the appreciation of Musical Art. The clinking of dollars and dimes gives place occasionally to the ringing of purer metal than that which passes through the mints and markets of Everyday; and the crowded audiences which have attended the more than usually numerous musical entertainments of the present season, attest the hold which Music is taking on the general heart.

Foremost among the causes of this

growing love of Music, are the visits with which we have been favored by distinguished artists of the old world, and which have already exerted a great and beneficial influence upon the public taste; awakening a love of music where it had lain dormant, and giving, to those who were already alive to its pleasures, higher and wider views of the beauty, significance, and world-wide relations of this divine art.

To none among these welcome visitors has a more cordial reception been given than to LEOPOLD DE MEYER; and those who had been fortunate enough to share the enthusiasm excited by his first appearance among us, hailed the announcement of his concert of last evening with hearty satisfaction. The Tabernacle was crowded at an early hour, and the rapturous plaudits of the audience attested the warmth and sincerity of their admiration. The convalescence of M. de Meyer, apparently entire, was the theme of universal rejoicing; and his performance on this occasion fully sustained the unrivalled reputation won by his former visit.

The mechanical perfection of this artist is so transcendent that the first emotions awakened upon hearing him are those of amazement and actual incredulity: but after a while, his power is seen to be so sustained, so equal, and his prodigious achievements flow out so naturally and easily, that we soon lose sight of its wonderfulness, and begin to feel something of the magnificence and beauty so lavishly poured forth.

The rapidity of his execution, the immense complexity and perfect precision of his passages, the glancing lightness and anon the tremendous force of his magical touch; the graceful airs which seem to float self-sustained through their beautiful surroundings drawn seemingly from all parts of the instrument at once, like some exquisite design shining through boundless borderings of wildest arabesques; the prodigality of trills, warblings, and wreathings with which he garlands his massive columnar harmonies, must be heard to be understood. As we listen, we see pure sun-lighted fountains gushing from grassy hill-sides, and flowing in clear rippling streams through meadows full of trees and flowers, while all the singing-birds since the days of Adam, flutter and warble through the rejoicing sky; dark ruins of old feudal castles, shadows of dungeons deep and dread; tempest, with its howling winds and waves; ocean, with its heaving bosom, all pass before us; while fantastic imps wink and jabber in haunted wildernesses, changing as they approach us to troops of laughing children, twining rose-garlands and questing butterflies; these, and ten thousand ever-varying fancies flit

by one, all painted in vividest coloring by his wonderful music.

The arrangement from Lucrezia Borgia, so sportive, so brilliant, yet so delicate withal, was perhaps the most beautiful of the pieces performed last evening; but the Marche Marocaine, which we had already heard on several former occasions, though never with so much delight, was almost intoxicating. The impetuous wildness of this Corybantic dance, its Saturnalian glee, the jeering, fiend-yells which mock the uproarious procession, while chorusses of young Grecian voices hover sweet and silvery above the din, like the tones of angels heard above the roar of human life,

"Out of sight, yet blessing well," is spirit-stirring to an intense degree.

The entertainment concluded with a duet from *Le Desert*, by David, performed by M. M. Perabeau and De Meyer. It was of course, magnificent. Wild arid wastes, oases where "the Acacia waves her yellow hair," the indolent quiet and sudden storms of the odalisque, the wild grace of dancing-girls throwing silver balls into the air to the cadence of chiming waterfalls, wind-footed steeds and flashing scimitars, gleamed past in vivid succession.

To our own mind, and we think others also must have felt it to be so, De Meyer is descriptive rather than impassioned. There is a good hearty friendliness in his music, much also of a capricious don't-care sort of defiance; but Love, with its heights and its abysses, its tremulous yearnings, its infinite tenderness, its vague boundless hopes, and fathomless despair, enters not into the sphere of his influence. What then? Are his creations to be the less prized on this account? Shall we accept grapes with less gratitude that they are not peaches?

It is understood that De Meyer is about to visit the South, where his claims as a great artist will doubtless be recognized as enthusiastically as at the North. We predict for him a brilliant success among our southern friends, and shall meantime anticipate with great delight, his next visit to our city.

MUSIC.

BY MISS G. F. ROSS.

I heard a warbling lark,
On its upward flight it sprang:
The very air around
With its rich clear music rang:
And I fancied that the bird
That sang so close to heaven,
To give the very sounds
- That reached it thence had striven!
Oh God! if such on earth
Thy imperfect praise can be,—
Poured by a soulless bird,
Or human minstrelsy —
What can mortal heart conceive
Of the golden harps above,
That are never, never strung,
But to purity and love!

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

PROGRESS IN FRANCE.

A small number of Catholic priests have taken up the cause of the Laboring Classes, and are advocating the reforms necessary to secure their elevation, with eloquence and warmth. Among these is J. TERNON; we see by the French papers that he has lately been condemned to four months imprisonment, for having printed what the Government denounces as an incendiary publication. In a letter to the *Democratie Pacifique*, defining his position, he makes the following remarks, which will no doubt be of interest to our readers, as they show the tendency of one class of minds in the great intellectual movement of the age.

"In speaking of my religious convictions, I have said that I was not in vassalage to any system, to any communion, and that I was a Christian, but a *progressive Christian*. I call myself a progressive Christian, because I consider Christ as the type, the ideal, the word or incarnation of Truth, Justice, and Charity, in time, but not in eternity; transitorily, but not absolutely.

"I base this conviction, 1. Upon the horror in which Jesus held the dead letter or fixed formula of the law, saying that 'the letter killeth, the spirit alone giveth life.' 2. Upon his very remarkable parable of the vine and the husbandman, which is thus conceived: 'I am a true vine, and my Father is the Husbandman. He will cut off every branch that beareth not fruit, and he will prune every branch that beareth fruit, that it may bear yet more fruit.' 3. And lastly, upon these words addressed to his apostles: 'I have many more things to say to you, but you cannot bear them now.' Whence it evidently results that the doctrine of the gospel is progressive, onward, susceptible of modifications according to the wants and the progress of Humanity. It is the spirit of the gospel only, in so far as it is conformable to the Humanity, that is eternal and imperishable in its nature; its formulas, its dogmas or its form, are as perishable as are all other forms of life. For life is change, movement, continued development, and there is no absolute repose even in death: death itself is only apparent; otherwise it would be Nothing, and Nothing is an absurdity. Nothing which

is, can be annihilated; all is transformed, decomposed and recomposed incessantly; but nothing perishes, nothing disappears from life. Life is God. The annihilation of one single molecule of life, would disturb the universal equilibrium, would jar the harmony of the universe. Life, therefore, is eternal like God: its forms only pass away, like the waves of the ocean. Human institutions, then, of whatever nature they may be, are but the forms of terrestrial life; hence, they are modifiable in their nature; hence, the exclusive partisans of the letter of the law, whether political or religious, the men of *statu quo*, of immobility, are but the partisans of absolute death or Nothingness. Let them repose in eternal sleep if it so please them.

"I have said that I loved Christ more than my family, more than every thing, more than my life. I meant to say, by these words, that Christ being the type of Truth, Justice, and Charity, I have not hesitated to leave all, relatives, friends, social position, repose, to follow him; that is to say, to consecrate myself to the instructing of the ignorant, and the relieving of the poor."

BROOK FARM LECTURERS.

For a few weeks past, Mr. JOHN ALLEN and Mr. JOHN ORVIS, of the Brook Farm Association, have been engaged in lecturing on the doctrine of Association in different parts of Massachusetts, and they are now travelling for the same purpose in Vermont and New-Hampshire. Their visit to Barnstable County, where they spoke to numerous audiences in several of the principal towns was of a gratifying character, and, it is to be hoped, will not be without a permanent effect. A deep interest in the cause of social reform was manifested by a number of individuals, and in due time, it is impossible that public attention generally should not be aroused to this momentous subject.

The same lecturers recently visited Lowell, and spoke to a large and deeply interested audience. The cure of the present evils, from which all classes of society, and more particularly, those who are devoted to manual labor, are now suffering, could not fail to be listened to with curiosity, to say the least, in a city where industrial pursuits are so prominent. The friends of Social Reform in Lowell have since organized themselves into a Society, called the "Lowell Fourier Society," and have adopted a constitution similar to that of the New England Fourier Society. They propose to hold public meetings once a month, and social meetings every week. This is an excellent arrangement, and we hope to see the example followed in other towns and

villages, where an interest in social science is beginning to show itself. The Officers of this Society, are D. H. JAKES, President, Dr. ISAAC DOTON, Vice-President, and JOHN MCCOY, Secretary and Treasurer.

An interesting series of meetings have also been held by Mr. ALLEN and Mr. ORVIS, accompanied by GEORGE RIPLEY, in Manchester, Rockport, and Gloucester. In each of those towns, there are staunch and true friends of Association; intelligent men and women who have examined the subject for themselves; who are deeply convinced of the gross evils of the existing order; and with firm faith in a better future, are devoting themselves earnestly and steadfastly, to the promotion of the Associative cause. The hospitable welcome, which was extended to our friends in those places, and the deep interest with which their lectures were listened to, may be regarded as an encouraging sign, and we cannot doubt, that seeds of truth have been sown, which under genial influences, will spring up into a ripened harvest. We trust the friends of Association, who have been visited by our lecturers, will feel the need of union and communion with each other; that they will not let the flame which has been kindled, die out through neglect; and that while waiting for the favorable time, in which they can join the little band of pioneers, who are engaged in the practical movement, they will do every thing in their power for the diffusion of the ideas, on which the cause depends.

We hope hereafter to present our readers with an account of the movements of Mr. Allen and Mr. Orvis, during the tour which they are now making in Vermont and New-Hampshire.

ASSOCIATION THE BODY OF CHRISTIANITY.

The world has been divided between infidels and bigots. In Association there will be neither, for it will remove their causes. The frame-work of society is false which drives to such extremities. For most assuredly these opposites proceeded from one common centre, and will most gladly gravitate back again to that, so soon as the general order becomes just and genial to the real character and purpose of each individual soul. Unbelief is torment, as much as any obstinate refusing of food, and no one courts it because he will, but only accepts it because he must. On the other hand exclusive religionism has too much consciousness of secret sympathy with its avowed antipodes, to enjoy itself much better. They are only opposite forms of the same denial; opposite fleecings from the same great central wrong. They seem to hate each other; it is only because they are not per-

mitted to embrace: let them transfer their hate to that which separates them. And what is that?

It is the want of unity and of all recognition of unity in the material interests of men. If the material interest of each harmonized with the material interests of all, as fully as their spiritual interests do, the immediate result would be that the material and spiritual would harmonize with one another. Then religion would not have to renounce the world to save its very life; nor would the believer in natural reason and the lover of justice cry: away with all religion, since it leaves the world so bad!

There are certain instincts and convictions in every human soul which call for love, and truth and justice. There is a revelation from God which confirms them all. One noble life was all made up of these high qualities, a present incarnation of these seemingly almost unattainable ideals, and freely gave itself for man. Some say it was very God; all acknowledge that such virtue is the divinest thing known, that such love stands for the Most High, and that to reverence and obey it, is to obey the very saving principle of human nature; that such obedience in fact is perfect freedom. So that, leaving intellectual dogmas and theories out of the question, the essence of what is called Christianity is the natural faith of the human heart, and all men do in their heart of hearts long to have the Christian spirit, and to have that prevail throughout the world. But while the spirit of Christ is unity, the material interests of men are without unity. In the whole body politic of life the unity of the human race is not at all implied. On the contrary every thing contradicts the idea. Every man in seeking his material interests becomes the rival and antagonist of every other man. To gain his bread he must sacrifice friendship, generosity, and even honor. He must keep his convictions of nobleness and justice for a beautiful and holiday idea; he must consign them to the keeping of Religion; and she, like the gentle wife at home, has careful injunctions not to show her beautiful face in the market place. It is hard; since in the market-place mankind are doomed to spend the most part of their life; and very many men, and women and children *all* their life, except what nature claims for sleep. If there be no way, then, of realizing the unity of man with man, of growing into the beauty of Christian love and fellowship by the very act which earns us bread; if there be no reconciling of religion with this worldliness; if there be no possibility of raising in the very market-place the song: "The Lord is in his holy temple;" if religion calls us one way and necessity another; if business is

to be based on principles which render ineffectual every prayer for the spirit of love and charity; if work is the disavowing of all the bonds which thought and speech, and sentiment, and blessed dreams, and holy influences, with all the help too of God's Holy Spirit, strive to weave:—then is Christianity impotent, a heavenly voice that mocks mankind.

But no! As surely as Christ taught the love of God and of the neighbor, so surely did his prediction imply a change in the material organization of society which should fit it to be the container of this heavenly spirit. Did he think to "put new wine into old bottles!" Must not the spirit of Christianity create unto itself a body? It is a fruitless abstraction until it does. And this, if we read the signs aright, is the demand of this age. This is the tendency of all social movements. The material basis of our life, our social and industrial system, is entirely incompatible with the moral convictions and duties of this age. Our social economy all represents and preaches selfishness; but the idea of Christian love, the vision of Unity and Brotherhood, is born in the mind, and makes terrible and unendurable contrast with this state of things. The world is nearly ripe for the kingdom of Heaven; the organization of society precludes it. ASSOCIATION is the word that solves the problem. The earnest and believing hearts of this day everywhere have certain hopeful lookings towards that; and at this providential moment Science comes and offers us the key which shall unlock the whole sphere of material interests to its true lord, the spirit of religious love and unity. The organization of attractive industry will be the reconciliation of spirit and matter, of religion and the world; it will be the admission of Christ into all our spheres; it will make all nature holy, and clothe religion in the garb of nature.

THE ALPHADELPHIA TOCSIN ON FOURIER'S COSMOGONY.

We observe with some surprise an article in this paper, which does gross injustice to Fourier's Cosmogony lately published in the Harbinger. Had the writer characterized it as unscientific, imaginative or absurd, we should not have felt called on to notice his disquisition.

We are not responsible for the views of Fourier on this or any other subject, except so far as they are demonstrated to us by science; which his Cosmogony is not. We did not print it as any part of the Associative creed, nor with the obligation to defend any of its positions, but simply to show the grandeur and boldness of his mind, and to convince sceptics that he was not a man of mere mechanical detail. In this way, we supposed that they

might enter upon the reading of the more practical parts of his system which we are presenting in the translation of the New Industrial World, with greater interest, and a more just understanding of the man. Against the expediency of this course any person has a right to protest, though we do not think that any one who conceives aright the doctrine of the Cosmogony will be likely to do so. But we are not on our defence, we merely wish to correct the false impressions of the Tocsin.

The writer after a hasty statement of some points of the Cosmogony, goes on to accuse it of infidelity because it declares that God has delegated some important functions to stars and planets besides motion; this is in his opinion to deny the Almighty, and to set up an innumerable host of gods in his stead, in other words he does not think it possible for God to impart to created beings the power of creating! Fourier, on the other hand, had too true an idea of the divine Omnipotence to suppose it thus limited; for this reason the writer in the Tocsin has the presumption to accuse him of infidelity. We leave the argument between them to the good sense of our readers.

The writer also falls into a worse mistake in contrasting the principles of the gospel and those of the social system, set forth by Fourier. There is, as he should have known, no other contrast between them but that of internal and external, of soul and body. As the religion of Christ can be fully realized, in social life, in the Combined Order alone, so the latter must ever be, as to its life and spirit, the manifestation and embodiment of the former, and we are astonished that any Associationist should for an instant suppose that there is any opposition between them. Even granting that Fourier's transcendental speculations have the bad character which this writer attempts to fix on them, it does not change the nature of that divine system of social justice and human brotherhood of which he is the immortal discoverer.

These rash and sweeping conclusions come however from one only of the editors of the Tocsin. We trust that the others will not fail to express their dissent.

DEPOPULATION OF VIRGINIA. A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, writing from Wilton, Va., says:

"It often seems to me that as yet there are no people here, and I wish, therefore, to see them come. I have to take up a spy-glass to see the houses of my neighbors, they are so far off, and yet so near am I to a capital of about 24,000 inhabitants that I can see its spires and steeples, and almost hear the hum of its laborers. Back of me and below me, off the river as far as I have explored, I cannot find much else but woods, woods, woods. I

ride for miles and miles in the forest, looking for people. And yet this is the first settled and oldest settled part of Virginia! The people have gone off; they have settled in Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky, Missouri, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida; and now, as if there are too many people left, a bribe is held out to the rest to go to Texas! It is a shame that this beautiful country, so blessed in climate and so little needing only the fertilizing hand of man, should be without people. Here is a venerable river running by my door, older than the Hudson, which is now lined with towns and villages—much older than the Ohio, older in settlement and geography I mean, but where are the people? For a hundred and fifty miles, from Richmond to Norfolk, the first explored river running into the Atlantic ocean, the home of Powhattan and the scenes of the truly chivalrous John Smith—where are the people? Gone, I say, to the South and West; the trumpet is blowing among them now to go to Texas! Virginia has here depopulated herself to make homes elsewhere."

The celebrated chemist, Justus Liebig, has recently been created Baron, by the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt.

¶ We find in the Common School Journal, the following practical lesson in grammar;

"Where the seats in a school-house are so high that the children cannot reach the floor with their feet, and so narrow that they have to hold on with both hands, there the verb *'to sit'* must be an active verb."

An English minister was asked why he did not promote merit. "Because," replied the statesman dryly, "merit did not promote me."

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THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.
Translated for the Harbinger.

SECTION FIRST, NOTICE SECOND. DISTRIBUTION OF THE PASSIONAL ELEMENTS IN THE SERIES.

CHAPTER VII.

Of False Series and the Correctives to be applied.

To the rules prescribed in Chapters Fifth and Sixth, it is necessary to add some applications or examples of false series; *passional cacographies* to exercise the reader in discerning in what cases a *passional series* fulfils the conditions of attracting to industry, and in what cases it is false, unbalanced, and susceptible of corrections.

To form a true conception of the exact method, it is necessary to study the false. Take for examples the two following series, A and B, each containing seven groups of cultivators of pears.

SERIES A. *very false.*

Upper wing.	Group of the Dry Martin.
Breaking pears.	— Messire Jean.
Centre.	Group of the White Beurre.
Melting pears.	— Grey Beurre.
	— Green piquet do.
Lower wing.	Group of the Bon Chrétien.
Mealy pears.	— Russet.

SERIES B. *a little false.*

Upper wing.	Groups 1, 2: cultivating 2 varieties of the White Beurre.
Centre.	Groups 3, 4, 5: cultivating 3 varieties of the Grey Beurre.
Lower wing.	Groups 6, 7: cultivating 2 varieties of the Green Beurre.

Now the points to be explained are these: in what cases will these series violate or observe the rules of *Rivalry*, *Exaltation* and *Interlocking*, established in Chapter V.; and the rules of the *Compact Scale*, *Short Sessions*, and *Subdivision of Labor*, Chapter VI.? How will the series B approach to these conditions, altogether violated by A? Wherein will

this series A, fall short of the four springs of sympathy, namely: identity, contrast, special perfection, and collective perfection?

To treat this subject with exactness, it would require a chapter of the same extent with the two preceding; others which are to follow will require still greater length. Meanwhile renowned critics, good authorities in such matters, demand an extreme brevity, three hundred pages only, under penalty of not being read. One can only indicate the subjects, therefore, upon which one ought to treat. To merely graze them superficially would be to create doubts instead of giving elucidations.

The discussions which I am obliged to pass over in this Chapter, would tend to prove:

That there would be a lack of discords in every industrial series graduated by species, as for instance a series of twelve groups cultivating twelve species of bulbous flowers, the Tulip, the Fleur de Lis, the Jonquille, the Narcissus, the Iris, the Dahlia, &c.; that the groups of a series should be graduated at least by varieties, and still better by tennities and minimities, never by species, still less by genera; varieties being the simplest graduation from which discord ever springs.

I have already established this principle in treating of the compact scale, which alone can create controversy and obstinate devotion of parties to their special branch, together with the emulation which ensues. The contiguous groups of a series must be brought to the point of treating each other as traitors, as profane, as heretical, as people with no taste nor reason. The series B, here instanced, would approach this mechanism of obstinate discords, while the series A would produce only the apathy of fraternity.

The series A would excite no interest among the others; the series B would have partisans from every side engaging in its intrigues. It would be interlocked in intrigues with the whole mass of the phalanx, a bond which the series A could not create. The latter has the fault of embracing a whole region and not a township with its cultivation; for you almost never find a township of a square league which can furnish suitable varieties of soil for its three kinds of pears. Nature varies the qualities of the soil every one or two or three leagues; therefore a series which should wish to adopt three genera, would run the risk of failing in two of them, of becoming false for want of sufficient attraction and enthusiasm.

On the contrary, a series which embraces only one genus, or a half of one, and which perfects its varieties and tennities, excites enthusiasm in the neighboring townships as well as in its own; it becomes internally and externally interlaced in intrigues.

This rule is opposed to the civilized methods by which each province, each village seeks to have an assortment of all species, and to do without purchasing from its neighbors. They follow the opposite principle in harmony; a township prefers to limit itself to a single species of pear or potato, and to cultivate some twenty varieties and tennities of that; it will furnish twenty loads of them to the neighboring townships, and receive in return twenty loads of other species which its own soil could not raise to the perfection necessary for the mechanism of *passional attraction*. Always bear in mind, too, that in Association there will be no fear of the commercial frauds, which now cast suspicion upon all exchanges and oblige each one to cultivate twenty species of vegetables or fruits, to preserve himself from relations with ill-disposed and deceitful neighbors.

I have said that those who should undertake to found a model Phalanx without me, would fall into a thousand errors in the distribution of their *passional series*; they would make them false in nine cases out of ten, while they would believe themselves to be literally following the rules, as in the series A, which at first sight seems very regular, but which nevertheless is an assemblage of all the vices to be shunned.

Its centre has no tie with the two wings.

Each wing forms a loose and not a compact scale.

Each division is in apathy for want of discords.

I might count up many other vices in it although the centre is good enough, if you consider that alone.

Series distributed in this way would form only a *cacophony* and not a *passional harmony*; they would fail not only in industrial attraction, but also in the mechanism of the distribution of profits, and then they would betake themselves to the discoverer and tell him that his theory is a beautiful chimera. I have given very precise rules for this distribution in Chapters V. and VI.; it would have been well to add here some *cacographies* to accustom the student to the complete application of the method; if it is not followed in full, we shall see the whole industrial

mechanism destitute of rivalry, of enthusiasm, and of interlacing.

The principal defect of the series A is the want of discords between contiguous groups; the species 1, 2, 6, 7, have no rivalries with the centre, which on its side has none with them. The whole mechanism of rivalry and emulation falls to the ground, if the scale be not very compact. Let us point out the remedy for this defect, the means of restoring that compactness which cannot be in any scale of species.

Suppose the tastes to manifest themselves in a Phalanx in such a manner as to form the series A; it will have to be tolerated, faulty as it is, for it will never do to hinder the exercise of attraction; but art will come to the aid of nature, and to make this series more compact, the General Direction or Areopagus of the Phalanx will first examine which of the five species contained in the series is best adapted to the soil of the domain: suppose it to be the species of melting pears called the *Beurre*; some management will be required to make the cultivation of this prevail, without contradicting the attraction of any person. They will then declare that the four species of the wings are unsuitable to the soil of the domain, and cannot give distinction to the township, or figure in its escutcheon.* They will be cast into *eclipse*, and will have to bear upon their banner the badge of half mourning, the violet crape with silver fringe, denoting the disavowal of the township.

At the same time they will make efforts to organize a complete series of *Beurres*, like the series B, and raise it to ten, twelve, fifteen groups; and also to organize, if possible, a second series of melting pears, the *Bezy* or some other, in order to be fully engaged in the genus in which they can excel.

As to the four groups under *eclipse*, if they produce passable fruits, they will add them as bastard branches to the series of their species which excel in other townships.

In every judgment upon the species to be eclipsed, favor can have no influence, for it is the entire country which will be the judge *by the fact*, by its eagerness or its unwillingness to purchase such a product. The kinds which meet with few or no purchasers, are evidently not above mediocrity and liable to *eclipse*.

In following this course, every township will restrict itself to species, in the culture or manufacture of which it can excel, neglecting every thing which it can only produce of a mediocre quality; of this it will buy its assortment of the townships which excel in it, and sell to them a similar assortment of those kinds in which it excels itself.

All these orders and supplies will be made by an assorted, graduated and compact scale. A Phalanx does not sell a thousand quintals of wheat all of the same quality; it sells a thousand quintals

* In Harmony, armorial bearings and escutcheons will not be insignificant as they are with us; they will be emblematic of the means of industry and celebrity which a Phalanx possesses; they will represent its natural and artificial riches.

Civilization, always unreasonable, chooses only escutcheons destitute of sense, a lion passant, a double cross, a field of gules, *au pal de sable*, and other nonsensical devices worthy of a society which is in every way a mere chaos of falseness and absurdity.

distinguished in a scale of five, six, seven shades of taste which it has tried in its own bakery, and which it characterizes according to the soil on which they grew and the methods of culture.

Even in the smallest crops or vegetables, a Phalanx would never sell one of its qualities all together; they would only trade according to a graduated scale of varieties, because the consumption takes place by series of qualities, in order to establish series well intrigued among the producers; consumption must correspond exactly with production, the same identical mechanism must apply to both: this order will be explained in the following Sections.

In the Associative state, every township will raise only exquisite products; but it will need to take in supplies from among twenty of its neighbors, contrary to the practice of the civilizees. The neighboring commerce of the Harmonians will be at least a hundred fold what ours is; for of every vegetable, every radish or cabbage, a Phalanx will draw ten supplies from ten neighboring Phalanxes, of whom it will take ten loads of famous cabbages, sending back as many loads of that quality of cabbages in which it excels itself, and which it will deliver in a graduated scale of tastes.

This enormous commerce will be established only upon good qualities; inferior ones will find no purchaser, because their employment would vitiate the mechanism of industrial attraction, the three rules of rivalry, exaltation and interlocking.

Such a mechanism would be the contrary of our world up side down, of our perfectable civilization, in which the whole industrial movement operates in contradiction to the above three rules. Thus with us we see articles of a bad quality twenty times as abundant and easy to dispose of, as good articles upon which no one is willing to set a just price, and which few ever know how to distinguish from the bad: since moralism accustoms the civilizees to eat the good and bad indifferently. This brutality of tastes is the support of all mercantile and agricultural frauds, as any one will see by a parallel of the two mechanisms, the Associative and the Civilized.

CHAPTER VIII.

Of the Qualities and Quantities of Attraction.

To complete our elementary notions, let us analyze the degrees of industrial Attraction and the uses to be made of them. These degrees are three in number:

Attraction direct, or converging,
Indirect, or mixed,
Inverse, or diverging and false.

1. The attraction is DIRECT when it springs from the object itself upon which the industry is exercised. Archimedes, in the study of geometry, Linnæus, in the study of botany, Lavoisier, in the study of chemistry, did not labor from the love of gain, but from an ardent passion for science. A prince who cultivates pinks, or oranges; a princess who raises canaries, or pheasants, does not labor through cupidity, for this care costs them more than it will produce: they are then passionately attracted to the object, to the function itself.

In this case the attraction is direct, converging with the labor; this sort of attraction will reign in seven-eighths of the Associative functions, when the passionate series are methodically formed.

Most of the domestic species of animals and vegetables will excite direct attraction in the Associative regime: it will even apply to swine, when the industrial series are well intrigued.

2. Attraction is INDIRECT when it springs from something foreign to the industry itself, from some passionate stimulus strong enough to overcome the industrial taste, without the temptation of gain. Such is the situation of a naturalist who deals with disgusting reptiles, or with venomous plants; he does not love these unclean beings upon which he bestows so much care, but his zeal for science causes him to surmount the disgust, from pure passion, even without any reward.

This indirect attraction will belong to those Associative functions which are destitute of any special attraction; they will constitute one-eighth of the whole mass of labors in a Phalanx.

3. DIVERGING, or false attraction, is that which accords neither with our industry nor our purpose; it is the situation of the laborer who is moved only by necessity, by venal or by moral considerations, without gaiety, without taste for his occupation, without any indirect enthusiasm.

This kind of attraction, inadmissible in the passionate series, is nevertheless the only one which politics and moralism know how to create: it is that which reigns in seven-eighths of the labors of the civilizees. They hate their industry, it is for them the only alternative besides famine or ennui, a punishment which they approach with slow steps, with a pensive and down-cast air.

All diverging attraction is a real repugnance, a state in which man unwillingly inflicts a punishment upon himself. The Associative order is incompatible with this third kind; and even in the most repugnant occupations, as the care of sinks and drains, it must attain at least to indirect attraction, and put in play motives that are without venality, noble impulses like *esprit de corps*, the religious sentiment, friendship, philanthropy, &c.

It will be necessary then to banish altogether from an Associative Phalanx this diverging attraction, this labor as a last resource, founded on the dread of want.

Let us here introduce a parallel of the qualities and quantities of industrial attraction under the two regimes. The civilized order presents:

One-ninth of indirect attraction;

Seven-ninths of diverging attraction, passive repugnance;

One-ninth of active repugnance, or refusal of industry on the part of the indolent rich, the rogues, the mendicants, &c. &c.

The analysis of the Associative regime will present:

One-ninth of indirect attraction;

Seven-ninths of direct attraction;

One-ninth of intermission, occasioned by disease, infirmity, extreme old age or infancy, but not by taste.

Direct attraction, then, will extend to the immense majority of labors, and indirect attraction to the rest: this last, moreover, will be very strong, and equal

to the most vehement attractions which we know.

The temptation of gain, which in the hired workman excites only a diverging attraction, a last resource against famine or ennui, will often be a noble stimulus in Association. For example, if there is urgent need of some neglected invention, as some preventive against smoke, the Associative order will know how to ally the two incitements of cupidity and of glory. Suppose that it offers a prize of ten francs for the invention in question. The person who shall solve the problem will formally receive, on the part of the whole globe, a sum of *five millions* of francs, which will be assessed upon each of the five hundred thousand Phalanxes which the actual population will form. The inventor will also receive a diploma as a magnate of the globe, and enjoy, wherever he goes, the honors attached to that rank. (How great the blindness of these savans, enemies of the Associative theory, which will raise them to so high a fortune!)

It would be colossal even in the smallest branches; for if a bagatelle, an ode or symphony, is rated at two sous by a vote of the majority of the five hundred thousand Phalanxes of the globe, the author receives a notification to that effect from the Congress of the Spherical Unity. Authorized by this, he draws upon Constantinople (the natural capital of the globe) for the sum of fifty thousand francs. Several times in the course of the year he may gain this sum and even greater sums. Does a good dramatic piece obtain a franc? here are five hundred thousand francs for the author; besides a profit from the sale of copies, ten at least in every phalanx, say five million copies, without possibility of fraud or piratical editions. If they grant the author four sous profit on a copy, that will make a million. Total, fifteen hundred thousand francs remuneration for a good piece, tragedy or comedy, with a guarantee that the examination, admission and representation shall not be deferred an instant, and that no intrigue shall prevail to affect the judgment of the public.

I can assure the learned bodies that they will soon declare themselves, that they were mad when they repulsed the Associative theory, more desirable for them than for any other class of civilizes.

The second attraction, the *indirect*, which will be employed but rarely in Association, can also furnish very powerful means. Here is an example. In 1810, a coal mine was inundated at Liege, and eighty workmen were shut up there without food. To deliver them in season, it was necessary to make a considerable aperture in a very few days: all their comrades took hold of it with ardor; the strongest solicited the preference as a point of honor, and in four days they performed a labor which would have taken our hired laborers twenty days. The accounts said:—*What they did in those four days is incredible*; and it was not from any venal motive, for the workmen felt themselves insulted when money was proposed, to encourage them to force the work and save their buried comrades.

It is evident, then, that a work repugnant in itself, like that of boring a shaft with miners, may become *indirectly attractive*, if it is sustained by noble impulses. Such is the faculty enjoyed by

the passional series: they create a quantity of these indirect attractions, which are at least equal in power to the direct: of this you may judge hereafter when we come to speak of the *LITTLE HORDES*.

I add one more example of indirect attraction. At the storming of Mahon, the French soldiers scaled some rocks so steep, that the Marshal de Richelieu could not conceive how they were able to succeed, and wished the next day to have the assault repeated, by way of parade. The soldiers could not mount the rocks in cold blood, which they had scaled the day before under the fire of the enemy. Now it was not the hope of pillage that stimulated them, for there was nothing in a citadel to carry off; it was the *esprit de corps*, the blind furor which an impassioned mass communicates to each one of its members. In this case, the coöperators perform prodigies incredible even to themselves when they have done them. (Effect of the twelfth passion, the Composite or Exalting.)

We have seen so many examples of it, that this beautiful property of indirect attraction must have fixed attention at last. Our age, absorbed in industrialism, should have offered a premium for the investigation of the means of applying to industry one of these two attractions, the direct or the indirect, which beget such prodigies. The industrious animals, the beavers, the bees, have received from nature the gift of *direct* attraction for their industry; had not this same nature some means in reserve for communicating to man that faculty of attraction which is enjoyed by the animals?

Here a repetition is necessary. Philosophy teaches us *that we must not believe nature limited to known means*. This nature then may have some means unknown to us for introducing attraction into the exercise of industry; but where are we to seek the means? Again philosophy instructs us, for it commands us "to explore the *entire* domain of science, to believe that there is nothing done so long as there remains any thing to do." Now there is every thing to be done in the investigation of attraction, of its analysis and its uses: men have not yet commenced, nor even proposed this labor; they have not even made the preliminary distinction of the three kinds of attraction just defined; it is a subject of which philosophy obstinately prevents the study: in the mean time how are we to solve the problem of introducing direct and indirect attraction into industry, if we do not consent to study Attraction by analysis and by synthesis? *Seek, and ye shall find*.

MISCELLANY.

For the Harbinger.

WHO ARE THE INFIDELS?

Many professing to be governed by a spirit of toleration and Christianity, improve every suitable occasion in trying to make out that those who advocate social reform, by bringing about equitable relations between man and man,—the individual and society,—capital and labor,—are infidels. They profess to believe in the bible, and to have been sanctified by its truth, and spirit, and to pray daily that the "kingdom of God may come, and

God's will be done on earth as it is done in heaven,"—yet stigmatise those who believe in the practicability of this heaven-taught prayer, as infidels. They seem to think that religion consists more in going to meeting on the Sabbath, and giving in their adherence to established creeds and forms of worship, than in obeying the "weightier matters of the law, faith, justice, and mercy." It seems to be a part of their religious belief, that if they take good care of themselves and families, they need have but very little concern for the welfare of others—they are not their "brother's keeper."

God requires us to "love him with all our hearts, and our neighbor as ourselves." He that refuses to *obey these requirements* in his life, is the infidel, no matter what he may possess. We have the authority of inspiration in saying that he that does not "love his brother, whom he has seen," cannot love "God whom he has not seen,"—those who profess to love God, but give no evidence of love to their brethren, are liars.

It seems to me that both parties are somewhat out of the way, religion neither consists in all love to God, or man, but in a union of the two. God should be loved supremely, and our neighbor as ourselves.

If we love our neighbor as ourselves, we should never injure him, but in all things seek to promote his happiness and well being; we should do something more than merely *let him live*,—we should try to *help him live*.

Yours for all mankind,

D. E. R.

Haydenville, Feb. 9, 1846.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

VIII.

The *signor Pistola*, to whom we can give no other name than that which Consuelo had bestowed upon him, for we have not felt sufficient interest in his person to make any researches in this respect, had from the place where he was hidden seen the berlin stop at the cries of the fugitives. The other anonymous whom we also call as did Consuelo, the *silent man*, had made the same observation and reflection from the top of the hill: he had run to rejoin Mayer, and both took measures to save themselves. Before the baron had crossed the stream, Pistola had gained some distance and was already covered by the wood. He let them pass, and fired two pistol shots at them from behind, one of which pierced the baron's hat, the other

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

slightly wounded the servant's horse. The baron wheeled round, perceived him, and rushing upon him, stretched him on the ground by a bullet from his pistol. Then he left him to roll swearing among the thorns, and followed Joseph, who reached Mr. Mayer's carriage almost at the same time as did the Count's. The latter had already leaped to the ground. Mayer and the silent man had disappeared with the horse, without losing time in hiding the chaise. The first care of the conquerors, was to force the lock of the box in which the prisoner was confined. Consuelo with transports helped to cut the bonds and gag of the unfortunate, who no sooner saw himself free, than he fell prostrate on the earth before his liberators, and thanked God. But as soon as he had looked at the baron he thought he had fallen from Charybdis into Scylla. "Ah! sir baron de Trenck," cried he, "do not kill me, do not give me up! Mercy, mercy for a poor deserter, who is the father of a family! I am no more of a Prussian than you are, sir baron; I am an Austrian subject like yourself, and beseech you not to have me arrested. O! have mercy on me!"

"Have mercy on him, sir baron de Trenck!" cried Consuelo, without knowing to whom, or of what she spoke.

"I will have mercy on you," replied the baron; "but on condition that you bind yourself by the most fearful oaths, never to say from whom you received your life and liberty." And as he spoke, the baron, drawing a handkerchief from his pocket, carefully wrapped up his face, so that only one eye could be seen.

"Are you wounded?" said the Count.

"No," replied he, pulling his hat down over his face; "but if we meet these pretended brigands, I prefer not to be recognized. I already do not stand too well in the books of my gracious sovereign; this only was wanting."

"I understand the matter," returned the Count, "but you need have no anxiety; I take it all on myself."

"That may save this deserter from the cat and the gallows, but not me from disgrace. No matter! one knows not what may happen; we must oblige our fellow creatures at every risk. Here, unfortunate! can you stand? Not too well, by what I see. You are wounded?"

"I received many blows, it is true, but I no longer feel them."

"In fine, can you clear out?"

"O! yes, sir aid-de-camp."

"Don't call me by that name, you rascal; be silent, and now be off! And let us, dear Count, do the same. I am in a hurry to get out of this wood. I have brought down one of the recruiters; if the king knew it, my business would be

done! though, after all, I don't care!" added he, shrugging his shoulders.

"Alas!" said Consuelo, while Joseph passed his gourd to the deserter, "if he is abandoned here, he will soon be retaken. His feet are swollen by the cords, and he can hardly use his hands; see how pale and faint he is!"

"We will not abandon him," said the Count, who had his eyes fixed on Consuelo. "Franz, dismount," said he to his domestic; and addressing the deserter: "Mount that animal; I give it to you, and this also," added he tossing him his purse. "Have you strength enough to reach Austria?"

"Yes, yes, my lord!"

"Do you wish to go to Vienna?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Do you wish to serve again?"

"Yes, my lord, provided it be not in Prussia."

"Go to her majesty, the empress-queen; she receives every-body one day in the week. Tell her that Count Hoditz makes her a present of a very fine grenadier, perfectly drilled à la Prussienne."

"I hasten, my lord."

"And be careful never to mention the baron's name, or I will have you taken by my people and sent back into Prussia."

"I would rather die at once. O! if those wretches had only left me the use of my hands, I would have killed myself when they recaptured me."

"Decamp!"

"Yes, my lord."

He finished swallowing the contents of the gourd, returned it to Joseph, embraced him, without knowing that he was his debtor for a more important service, prostrated himself before the Count and baron, and upon a gesture of impatience from the latter, which cut short his words, he made a great sign of the cross, kissed the earth, and mounted the horse with the assistance of the servants, for he could not move his feet; but hardly was he in the saddle, than, recovering courage and strength, he spurred on both sides, and began to gallop at full speed on the road to the south.

"That is enough to complete my ruin," said the baron to the Count, "if it should ever be discovered that I allowed you to do it. It's all the same," added he with a burst of laughter; "the idea of making Maria Theresa a present of one of Frederick's grenadiers is the most charming thing in the world. That fellow, who has sent bullets at the hulans of the empress, is going to send them at the cadets of the king of Prussia! What faithful subjects, what well chosen troops!"

"The sovereigns are none the worse served for that. Well now, what are we going to do with these children?"

"We can say, like the grenadier," re-

plied Consuelo, "that if you abandon us here, we are lost."

"I do not think," replied the Count, who introduced a sort of chivalric ostentation into all his words, "that we have thus far given you any reason to doubt our feelings of humanity. We will carry you with us until you are far enough from this spot not to fear any thing. My servant, whom I have brought down to his feet, shall ride on the box of the carriage," said he addressing the baron; and he added in a lower voice, "Do you not prefer the company of these children to that of a valet whom we should be obliged to admit into the carriage, and before whom we must restrain ourselves much more?"

"Eh! doubtless," said the baron; "artists, however poor, are misplaced nowhere. Who knows if that one who has just found his violin among the bushes and is bringing it with so much joy, be not a Tartini in bud? Come, troubadour!" said he to Joseph, who had in fact just recovered his bag, his instrument and his manuscripts upon the field of battle, "come with us, and at our first resting place, you shall sing to us of this glorious conflict in which we have found no one to speak to."

"You can laugh at me at your leisure," said the Count, when they were installed in the back seats of the carriage, and the young people in front of them, (the berlin already rolling rapidly towards Austria,) "you who have brought down one of those gallows-birds."

"I am quite afraid I did not kill him on the spot, and that I shall find him some day at the door of Frederick's study; I therefore surrender this exploit to you with all my heart."

"As for me, who did not even see the enemy," returned the Count, "I envy you your exploit sincerely; I took some interest in the adventure, and would have had a pleasure in chastising those villains as they deserve. To come and seize deserters and raise recruits on the very territory of Bavaria, now the faithful ally of Maria Theresa! it shows an insolence for which no name can be found."

"It would be a good pretext for war, if all were not tired of fighting, and if this were not the season for peace. You will therefore oblige me, sir Count, by not mentioning this adventure, not only on account of my sovereign, who would be much dissatisfied at the part I have played in it, but still more on account of the mission with which I am entrusted to your empress. I should find her but ill disposed to receive me, if I made my appearance at the very moment of such an impertinence on the part of my government."

"Fear nothing from me," replied the Count; "you know that I am not a zealous subject, from the very fact that I am not an ambitious courtier."

"And what ambition could you still have, dear Count? Love and fortune have crowned your wishes, while I— Ah! how dissimilar are our destinies at this moment, notwithstanding the analogy they present at first sight!" As he spoke thus, the baron drew from his bosom a portrait set in diamonds, and began to contemplate it with eyes full of emotion, uttering deep sighs, which gave Consuelo some inclination to laugh. She thought that a passion which betrayed so little delicacy was not in very good taste, and she inwardly derided this style of great lord.

"Dear baron," said the Count, lowering his voice, (Consuelo pretended and even did her best not to hear,) "I beseech you not to grant any one the confidence with which you have honored me, and especially not to show that portrait to any other than me. Return it to its case, and remember that this child understands French as well as you and I."

"Apropos!" cried the baron, reclosing the portrait, upon which Consuelo had been careful not to cast a glance, "what the devil could our kidnappers have wanted with these two little boys? Say, what did they propose to induce you to follow them!"

"In fact," said the Count, "I did not think of that, and now can find no explanation for their fancy; what could they, who only seek to enrol men in the prime of life and of an enormous stature, do with two little children?"

Joseph related that the pretended Mayer had called himself a musician, and had continually talked of Dresden and an engagement in the elector's chapel.

"Ah! now I understand!" returned the baron, "and this Mayer, I bet that I know him! He must be a man called N—, ex-chief of military music, now a recruiter for the bands of the Prussian regiments. Our natives have such hard heads, that they would not succeed in playing truly and in time, if his majesty, who has a more correct ear than the late king his father, did not draw from Hungary and from Bohemia, his clarionets, his fifes, and his trumpets. The good professor of *clatter* thought he should make a fine present to his master, by bringing to him, besides a deserter recovered from your territory, two little musicians of an intelligent appearance; and the pretext of promising them Dresden and the delights of the court, was not a bad one to commence with. But you would not even have seen Dresden, my children, and, whether you would or no, you would have been incorporated in the music of

some regiment of infantry, only for the rest of your days."

"I know what to think now of the fate which was reserved for us," replied Consuelo; "I have heard of the abominations of that military regime, of the bad faith and the cruelty with which recruits are carried off. I see, from the manner in which that poor grenadier was treated by those wretches, that nothing had been exaggerated to me. O! the great Frederick!"

"Know, young man," said the baron, with an emphasis which was a little ironical, "that his majesty is ignorant of the means and knows only the results."

"By which he profits, without caring for the rest," replied Consuelo, moved by an irresistible indignation. "O! I know, sir baron, kings never do wrong and are innocent of all the evil that is done to please them."

"The little scamp is a wag!" cried the Count, laughing; "but you must be prudent, my pretty little drummer, and not forget that you are speaking before the superior officer of the regiment into which you would perhaps have entered."

"Knowing how to be silent myself, sir Count, I have never entertained a doubt of another's discretion."

"Do you hear him, baron? he promises you the silence you had not thought of asking from him. Is not he a charming boy?"

"And I trust to him with all my heart," returned the baron. "Count, you ought to enlist him yourself and make a present of him to her highness."

"It is done, if he consents," said the Count laughing. "Will you accept this engagement, much more easy than the Prussian service? Ah! my child! you will not be obliged to lug a kettle drum, nor to beat the recall before day-light, nor receive the cat and eat bread of stolen bricks, but to carry the train and fan of an admirable, beautiful and gracious lady, to dwell in a fairy palace, to preside at games and laughter, and take your part in concerts which are certainly equal to those of the great Frederick. Are you tempted? Do you not take me for a Mayer?"

"And who then is this so gracious and so magnificent highness?" asked Consuelo, smiling.

"It is the dowager margravine of Bareith, princess of Culmbach, my illustrious spouse," replied Count Hoditz; "she is now the chatelaine of Roswald in Moravia."

Consuelo had heard the canoness Wenceslawa of Rudolstadt repeat a hundred times the genealogy, alliances, and anecdotic history of all the great and little principalities and aristocracies of Germany and the neighboring countries;

many of those biographies had struck her, and among others that of the Count Hoditz-Roswald, a very rich Moravian lord, discarded and abandoned by his father, who was irritated by his misconduct, an adventurer well known in all the European courts; finally, chief squire and lover of the dowager margravine of Bareith, whom he had secretly married, ran away with and conducted to Vienna, thence into Moravia, where, having inherited from his father, he had recently placed her at the head of a brilliant fortune. The canoness had often recurred to this history, which she considered very scandalous, because the margravine was a sovereign princess, and the Count a simple gentleman; and it gave her an opportunity to inveigh against mis-alliances and love marriages. On her side, Consuelo, who strove to comprehend and to know the prejudices of the noble caste, improved these revelations and did not forget them. The first time that Count Hoditz had named himself before her, she had been struck by a vague reminiscence, and now she had present in her mind all the circumstances of the life and romantic marriage of this celebrated adventurer. As to the baron de Trenck, who was then only at the commencement of his memorable disgrace, and who by no means anticipated his horrible lot, she had never heard him mentioned. She therefore listened to the Count as he displayed with some vanity the picture of his new opulence. Laughed at and despised in the proud little courts of Germany, Hoditz had for a long time blushed at being looked upon as a poor devil enriched by his wife. Inheritor of immense riches, he thenceforth considered himself reestablished by exhibiting the ostentation of a king in his Moravian county, and produced with complaisance his new titles to the consideration or the envy of those little sovereigns much less rich than himself. Full of politeness and delicate attentions towards his margravine, he nevertheless did not pique himself upon a scrupulous fidelity towards a woman much older than he was; and whether that princess had the good principles and the good taste of the age to shut her eyes, or thought that a husband rendered illustrious by herself would never open his to the decline of her beauty, she did not trouble herself about his fancies.

After some leagues, they found a relay expressly prepared beforehand for the noble travellers. Consuelo and Joseph wished to alight and take leave of them; but they opposed it, alleging the possibility of new enterprises on the part of the recruiters distributed over the country.

"You do not know," said Trenck to them, (and he did not exaggerate,) "how crafty that race is, and how much to be feared. In whatever part of civil-

ized Europe you place your foot, if you are poor and without protection, if you have any strength or any talent, you are exposed to the deceptions or the violence of those people. They know all the passages of the frontiers, all the bye-paths of the mountains, all the cross-roads, all the equivocal resting places, all the villains from whom they can expect aid and assistance in case of need. They speak all languages, all dialects, for they have visited all nations and followed all trades.

"They excel in managing a horse, in running, swimming and leaping precipices, like real bandits. They are almost all brave, accustomed to fatigue, ready and impudent liars, revengeful, crafty and cruel. They are the offscourings of the human race, of whom the military organization of the late king of Prussia, *Gros-Guillaume*, has made the most useful providers of his power, and the most important supporters of his discipline. They would retake a deserter in the depths of Siberia, and go to seek him in the midst of the bullets of an enemy's army, solely for the pleasure of carrying him back into Prussia and having him hung as an example. They have seized a priest at the altar while saying his mass, because he was six feet three; they have stolen a physician from the electoral princess; they have thrown the old margrave of Bareith into a fury ten times, by carrying off his army of twenty or thirty men, without his daring to demand an explanation openly; they made soldier for life of a French gentleman who was going to visit his wife and children in the vicinity of Strasburg; they have taken Russians from the Czarina Elizabeth, hulans from the Marshal of Saxony, pandours from Maria Theresa, magnates of Hungary, Polish noblemen, Italian singers, and women of all nations, modern Sabines, married to soldiers by force; besides their pay and their travelling expenses which are largely reimbursed, they have a premium of so much per head, what do I say, of so much per inch and line of stature —"

"Yes!" said Consuelo, "they furnish human flesh at so much the ounce! Ah! your great king is an ogre! — But doubt not, sir baron, continue; you have performed a noble action in restoring liberty to our poor deserter. I would rather undergo the punishments that were in store for him, than say a word which could injure you."

Trenck, whose fiery character was not consistent with prudence, and who was already irritated by the rigor and incomprehensible injustice of Frederick towards him, took a bitter pleasure in developing, before count Hoditz, the atrocities of that military regime of which he had been a witness and accomplice, at a period of

prosperity and when his reflections had not always been so just and so severe. Now, secretly persecuted, though he apparently owed it to the confidence of the king that he was about to enter upon an important diplomatic mission at the court of Maria Theresa, he began to detest his master, and to let his sentiments appear with too much freedom. He related to the Count the sufferings, the slavery and despair of that numerous Prussian soldiery, precious in war, but so dangerous in peace, that in order to restrain them, a system of unexampled terror and barbarity had been adopted. He mentioned the epidemic of suicide which had spread through the army, and the crimes committed by soldiers, otherwise honest and devout, with the sole object of being condemned to death in order to escape the horror of the life to which they had been compelled. "Would you believe," said he, "that the suspected ranks are those which are sought for with the greatest ardor? You must know that those suspected ranks are composed of foreign recruits, of men who have been kidnapped, or of young Prussians, who, at the commencement of a military career which is to finish only with life, are generally the victims of the most horrible depression. They are divided by ranks, and compelled to march, whether in peace or war, before another rank of men more submissive or more determined, each of whom has the order to fire upon the one in front of him, if the latter testifies the least intention of flight or resistance. If the rank charged with this execution neglects it, the rank placed next, which is again chosen among the more insensible and the more brutal, (for there are such among the hardened soldiers, and the volunteers, who are almost all villains,) this third rank, I say, is ordered to fire upon the first two; and so in succession, if the third rank fails in the execution. Thus every rank of the army has in battle, the enemy in the front and the enemy in the rear, nowhere fellows, companions, or brothers-in-arms."

"It is thus," says the great Frederick, "that invincible soldiers are formed." Well! a place in those first ranks is envied and sought for by the young Prussian soldier; and as soon as he is placed there, without conceiving the least hope of safety, he disbands and casts away his arms, in order to draw upon himself the bullets of his comrades. This movement of despair saves many, who, risking all for all, and braving the most insurmountable dangers, succeed in escaping, and often pass over to the enemy. The king is not deceived respecting the horror with which his yoke of iron inspires the army, and you perhaps know his saying to the duke of Brunswick, his nephew, who was present at one of his great re-

views, and did not cease admiring the beautiful condition and superb manœuvres of his troops. "The collection and appearance of so many fine men surprise you?" said Frederick to him; "but there is something still more surprising which astonishes me!" "What is it?" "That you and I are in safety among them!" replied the king."

"Baron, dear baron," returned Count Hoditz, "this is the reverse of the medal. Nothing is done miraculously among men. How could Frederick be the greatest captain of his age, if he were gentle as a dove? Come, let us speak no more of him. You will oblige me to take his part against you, his aid-de-camp and his favorite."

"From the manner in which he treats his favorites on a day of caprice, one may judge," replied Trenck, "of his style of action with his slaves! You are right! let us speak no more of him! For on thinking of him, I have a diabolical desire to return to the wood, and strangle with my own hands his zealous purveyors of human flesh, to whom I granted mercy from a foolish and cowardly prudence."

The baron's generous excitement pleased Consuelo; she listened with interest to his animated descriptions of military life in Prussia; and not knowing that this courageous indignation was mingled with a little personal spite, she saw in it the indication of a great character. There was nevertheless, real grandeur in the soul of Trenck. That beautiful and proud young man was not born to grovel. There was a great difference in this respect between him and his improvised travelling friend, the rich and superb Hoditz. The latter, having been the terror and despair of his preceptors in his childhood, was at last abandoned to himself; and though he had passed the age of noisy follies, he retained in his manners and his conversation a something puerile, which contrasted with his herculean stature, and his handsome face, a little faded by forty years full of fatigue and debauchery. He had acquired the superficial information which he displayed from time to time only from novels, the fashionable philosophy, and attendance on the theatre. He prided himself on being an artist, and wanted depth and discernment in that as in all things. Nevertheless, his noble appearance, his exquisite affability, his fine and cheerful ideas, soon operated upon the imagination of young Haydn, who preferred him to the baron, perhaps also on account of the more decided attention which Consuelo bestowed upon the latter.

The baron, on the contrary, had studied much; and if the illusions of courts and the effervescence of youth had often misled his perceptions of the reality and

worth of human greatness, he had preserved in the depths of his soul, that independence of sentiment and that equity of principle, which are produced by serious reading and by noble instincts developed by education. His proud character might have been rendered torpid by the flatteries and caresses of power, but he had never bent so low, but that at the least appearance of injustice he raised himself fiery and burning.

Frederick's handsome page had touched his lips to the empoisoned cup, but love, an absolute, rash, exalted love, had come to reanimate his boldness and his perseverance. Stricken in the most sensitive part of his heart, he had raised his head, and braved to his face the tyrant who wished to bring him to his knees.

At the period of our recital, he appeared to be twenty at most. Masses of brown locks, which he would not sacrifice to the puerile discipline of Frederick, overshadowed his broad forehead. His figure was superb, his eyes sparkling, his moustache black as ebony, his hand white as alabaster, though strong as that of an athlete, and his voice fresh and manly as his face, his ideas, and the hopes of his love.

Consuelo thought of that mysterious love, which he had every moment upon his lips, and which she no longer considered ridiculous in proportion as she observed, in his transports and in his reserve, that mixture of natural impetuosity and of too well founded mistrust, which kept him in a state of continual warfare with himself and his destiny. She experienced, in spite of herself, a lively curiosity to know the lady of the thoughts of so handsome a young man, and found herself making sincere and romantic wishes for the triumph of the two lovers. She did not find the day long, as she had expected, placed opposite to two strangers of a rank so different from her own. She had acquired at Venice the notion, and at Riesenbourg the habit, of politeness, of gentle manners and of chosen expressions, which are the pleasant side of what was exclusively called in those days, good company. While keeping herself on the reserve, and not speaking unless addressed, she felt entirely at her ease, and internally made her reflections upon all she heard. Neither the baron nor the Count appeared to perceive her disguise. The first paid no attention either to her or to Joseph. If he addressed some words to them, he continued his remarks turning towards the Count: and soon, still speaking with enthusiasm, he no longer thought even of the latter, and seemed to converse with his own thoughts, like a spirit which is nourished with its own fire.

As to the Count, he was by turns

grave as a monarch, and frisky as a French marchioness. He drew his tablets from his pocket, and took notes with the serious air of a thinker or diplomatist; then he read them over in a humming voice, and Consuelo saw that they were little verses in a gallant and pleasant French. Sometimes he recited them to the baron, who declared them admirable without having listened to them. Sometimes he consulted Consuelo with a good-natured air, and asked her with a false modesty, "What do you think of that, my little friend? You understand French, do you not?"

Consuelo, impatient at this pretended condescension, which appeared to seek to dazzle her, could not resist the temptation of mentioning two or three faults which were found in a quatrain to beauty. Her mother had taught her to pronounce and enunciate well the languages which she herself sang easily and with a certain elegance. Consuelo, studious and seeking in all things harmony, measure, and the neatness which her musical organization suggested to her, had found in books the key and rules of these various languages. She had especially examined prosody with care, exercising herself in translating lyric poetry, and in adjusting foreign words to national airs, in order to become mistress of the rhythm and accent. She had also succeeded in understanding the rules of versification in many languages, and it was not difficult for her to detect the errors of the Moravian poet.

Astonished at her learning, but not able to resolve upon doubting his own, Hoditz consulted the baron, who confidently gave judgment in favor of the little musician. From this moment, the Count occupied himself exclusively with her, but without appearing to doubt her real age or her sex. He asked only where he had been educated, to know so well the laws of Parnassus.

"At the charity school of the singing foundations of Venice," replied she laconically.

"It would appear that the studies of that country are more severe than those of Germany; and your comrade, where did he study?"

"At the cathedral of Vienna," replied Joseph.

"My children," resumed the Count, "both of you have much intelligence and quickness. At our first resting-place, I wish to examine you upon music, and if you correspond to the promise given by your faces and manners, I engage you for my orchestra or my theatre, at Roswald. I wish at any rate to present you to the princess my spouse; what do you say? ha! It would be a fortune for children like you."

Consuelo, had been seized with a strong desire to laugh at hearing the Count propose to examine Haydn and herself in music. She could only incline herself respectfully, while she made great efforts to preserve a serious face. Joseph, feeling more powerfully the advantageous consequences of a new protection for himself, thanked and did not refuse. The Count resumed his tablets, and read to Consuelo half of a little Italian opera, singularly detestable and full of barbarisms, which he promised to set to music himself, and to have represented on his wife's fête day, by his actors, upon his stage, in his chateau, or rather, at his residence: for, considering himself a prince in the right of margravine, he did not speak otherwise.

Consuelo pushed Joseph's elbow from time to time, to make him remark the count's blunders, and overcome by ennui, said to herself, that to be seduced by such madrigals, the famous beauty of the hereditary margravit of Bareith with the appanage of Culmbach, must be a very stupid person, notwithstanding her titles, her gallantries, and her years.

While reading and declaiming, the Count kept crunching little comfits to moisten his throat, and incessantly offered them to the young travellers, who, having eaten nothing since the day before and dying of hunger, accepted, for want of a better, this aliment, fitted rather to deceive than to satisfy it, saying to themselves that the Count's sugar-plums and rhymes were very insipid nourishment.

At last, towards evening, they saw appear in the horizon the fortifications and spires of that city of Passaw, where in the morning Consuelo had thought they never should arrive. This sight, after so many dangers and terrors, was almost as sweet to her as in former times would have been that of Venice; and when they crossed the Danube, she could not restrain herself from grasping Joseph's hand.

"Is he your brother?" demanded the Count, who had not yet thought of asking the question.

"Yes, my lord," replied Consuelo at random, in order to free herself from his curiosity.

"Yet you do not resemble each other," said the Count.

"There are so many children who do not resemble their fathers," said Joseph, gaily.

"You have not been educated together?"

"No, my lord. In our wandering condition, we are educated where we can be, and as we can be."

"Yet, I know not why," said the Count to Consuelo, lowering his voice, "I imagine you must have been well born. Every thing in your person and in your

language announces a natural distinction."

"I do not at all know how I was born, my lord," replied she, laughing. "I must have been born a musician from father to son, for I love nothing in the world but music."

"Why are you dressed like a Moravian peasant?"

"Because my clothes being worn out by travel, I bought those which you see at a fair in that country."

"Then you have been in Moravia, at Roswald perhaps?"

"In its neighborhood, yes, my lord," replied Consuelo, maliciously; "I saw from a distance, and without daring to approach, your superb domain, your statues, your cascades, your gardens, your mountains, what do I say? wonders,—a fairy palace!"

"You have seen all these?" cried the count, astonished not to have known it sooner, and not perceiving that Consuelo, having heard him describe the delights of his residence for two hours, could easily make the description after him with a safe conscience. "O! that must give you a desire to revisit it?"—said he.

"I am burning with that desire, now that I have the happiness of knowing you," said Consuelo, who felt the necessity of revenging herself for the reading of his opera, by laughing at him.

She leaped lightly from the bark in which they had crossed the river, crying with a strong German accent:

"O Passaw, I salute thee!"

The berlin carried them to the dwelling of a rich lord, a friend of the Count, absent for the moment, but whose house was destined as a stopping place for them. They were expected; the servants were preparing supper, which was promptly served. The Count, who took an extreme pleasure in the conversation of his little musician, as he called Consuelo, could have wished to carry them to his table; but the fear of displeasing the baron prevented him. Consuelo and Joseph were contented to eat in the kitchen, and made no difficulty at seating themselves with the servants. Haydn had never been treated any more honorably by the great lords who had admitted him to their feasts; and, though the sentiment of art had elevated his heart sufficiently to enable him to comprehend the indignity attending this style of proceeding, he remembered without false shame, that his mother had been cook to Count Harrach, the lord of his native village. Later in life, and when he had reached the development of his genius, it was Haydn's lot not to be any better appreciated by his protectors as a man, although he was so by all Europe as an artist. He passed twenty-five years in the service

of prince Esterhazy; and when we say in the service, we do not mean that it was as musician only. Paër saw him with a napkin on his arm, and a sword by his side, behind his master's chair, exercising the functions of *maitre d'hotel*, that is, of head servant, according to the custom of the time and of the country.

Consuelo had not eaten with domestics since her youthful travels with her mother, the Zingara. She was much amused at the grand airs of these lacqueys of a great house, who considered themselves humiliated by the company of two little mountebanks, and who, placing them by themselves at the end of the table, served them with the poorest morsels. A good appetite and their natural abstemiousness, made them find these excellent; and their cheerful air having disarmed those haughty souls, they were requested to enliven the desert of the gentlemen lacqueys by music. Joseph revenged himself for their disdain by playing on the violin very obligingly; and Consuelo herself, hardly feeling any more the agitation and the sufferings of the morning, began to sing, when word was brought them that the Count and the baron claimed the music for their own amusement. There were no means of refusing. After the assistance those lords had given them, Consuelo would have regarded all evasion as ingratitude; and besides, to excuse themselves on account of fatigue or hoarseness would have been but a poor pretext, since their voices, ascending from the kitchen to the saloon, had already reached the ears of the masters.

She followed Joseph, who as well as herself, was in the humor to take in good part all the consequences of their pilgrimage; and when they had entered a beautiful saloon, in which the two lords were finishing their last bottle of Hungarian wine by the light of twenty wax candles, they remained standing near the door after the manner of musicians of low rank, and began to sing the little Italian duets which they had studied together on the mountains.

"Attention!" said Consuelo maliciously, to Joseph, before beginning. "Remember that his lordship, the Count, is going to examine us upon music. Let us try to do our best!"

The Count was much flattered by this remark; the baron had placed the portrait of his mysterious Dulcinea upon his down-turned plate, and did not seem disposed to listen.

Consuelo was careful not to display the whole extent of her voice and her powers. Her pretended sex did not accord with such velvety accents, and the age which she appeared to have under her disguise, would not allow it to be believed that she could have attained such great

perfection. She therefore sang with a boy's voice, somewhat harsh as if prematurely injured by the abuse of her profession in the open air. It was an amusement for her at the same time, to counterfeit the simple mistakes, and the rashnesses of crippled ornament which she had heard made so many times by the children in the streets of Venice. But though she played this musical parody wonderfully, there was so much natural taste in her fancies, the duet was sung with so much nerve and harmony, and that popular chant was so fresh and original, that the baron, an excellent musician and admirably organized for the arts, replaced his portrait in his bosom, raised his head, moved about in his chair, and finished by clapping his hands with vivacity, crying out that it was the truest and best understood music he had ever heard. As to Count Hoditz, who was full of Fuchs, of Rameau, and his classic authors, he liked less the style of composition and the method of delivery. He looked upon the baron as a barbarian of the north, and upon his two protégés as quite intelligent scholars, whom he would be obliged to draw by his lessons from the darkness of ignorance. His mania was to form his artists himself; and shaking his head, he said to them in a dogmatic tone: "There is something good here: but there is a great deal to be found fault with. Well! well! we will correct all that!"

He imagined that Joseph and Consuelo already belonged to him, and made part of his choir. He afterwards requested Haydn to play on his violin, and as the latter had no reason to conceal his talent, he played admirably an air of his own composition, which was remarkably well written for that instrument. This time the Count was very well satisfied. "As to you," said he, "your place is found; you shall be my first violin; you are just what I want. But you must practise upon the violoncello. I love the violoncello above all other instruments. I will teach you how to use it."

"Is my lord the baron, also satisfied with my comrade?" said Consuelo to Trenck, who had again become pensive.

"So much so," replied he, "that if I make any stay in Vienna, I will have no other master but him."

"I will teach you the violoncello," returned the Count, "and I ask of you the preference."

"I like the violin and that professor better," replied the baron, who in his preoccupation displayed an incomparable frankness. He took the violin, and played from memory, with much purity and expression, some passages of the air which Joseph had just given; then returning it: "I wished to let you see,"

said he to him, "that I am only fitted to become your scholar, but that I can learn with attention and docility." Consuelo requested him to play something else, and he did so without affectation. He displayed talent, taste, and intelligence. Hoditz bestowed extravagant eulogiums on the composition of the last piece.

"It is not very good," replied Trenck, "for it is mine; yet I love it, for it pleased my princess."

The Count made a terrible grimace to warn him to weigh his words. Trenck did not even take notice of it, and lost in his thoughts, made the bow run over the strings for some moments; then throwing the violin on the table, he rose and walked to and fro with great strides, passing his hand across his brow. At last he returned towards the Count, and said to him:

"I wish you a good evening, my dear Count. I am compelled to depart before day-break, as the carriage I have sent for will take me hence about three o'clock in the morning. Since you will remain all the forenoon, it is probable I shall not see you again before we meet at Vienna. I shall be happy to find you there, and to thank you once more for the agreeable portion of my journey passed in your company. It is from my heart that I am devoted to you for life."

They grasped each other's hands several times, and at the moment of quitting the apartment, the haron, approaching Joseph, gave him several pieces of gold, saying: "This is on account of the lessons I shall receive of you at Vienna; you will find me at the Prussian embassy." He nodded his head to Consuelo, and said: "As for you, if I ever find you trumpeter or drummer in my regiment, we will desert together; do you understand?" And he went out, after having again saluted the Count.

IX.

As soon as Count Hoditz found himself alone with his musicians, he felt more at his ease, and became entirely communicative. His favorite mania was to assume the chapel-master, and to play the part of *impresario*. He therefore wished to commence Consuelo's education immediately. "Come here," said he to her, "and take a seat. We are alone, and you will not listen with attention a league off. Seat yourself likewise," said he to Joseph, "and try to profit by the lesson. You do not know how to make the smallest trill," said he, addressing himself anew to the great cantatrice. "Listen carefully,—this is the manner in which it should be done." And he sang a common phrase into which he introduced several of those ornaments in a very vulgar style. Con-

suelo amused herself by repeating the phrase, and making the trill inversely.

"No, that is not it," cried the Count with the voice of a stentor, and striking the table. "You have not listened."

He began again, and Consuelo marred the ornament even more oddly and provokingly than the first time, preserving her seriousness, and affecting a great effort of attention and will. Joseph was bursting, and pretended to cough in order to conceal a convulsive laugh.

"La, la, la, trala, tra la!" sang the Count, mimicking his awkward scholar, and bounding in his chair with all the symptoms of a terrible indignation which he did not feel the least in the world, but which he considered necessary to the power and magisterial dignity of his character.

Consuelo mocked him for a good quarter of an hour, and when she was satisfied, sang the trill with all the neatness of which she was capable.

"Bravo! bravissimo!" cried the Count, throwing himself back in his chair. "At last that is perfect! I knew that I could make you do it! Give me the first peasant you meet, and I am sure of forming him, and teaching him in a day what others would not teach him in a year! Sing that phrase once more, and mark all the notes without seeming to touch them.—That is even better, nothing could be better! we will make something of you yet!" And the Count wiped his forehead, though there was not a drop of sweat on it.

"Now," resumed he, "the cadence with *fall and turn of the throat!*" He gave her an example with that facility which the poorest choristers acquire by rote from listening to the best singers, admiring in their manner only the plays of the throat, and believing themselves as skilful as they because they succeed in imitating them. Consuelo again diverted herself by putting the Count into one of those great cold-blooded passions which he loved to display when galloping on his hobby, and ended by making him hear a cadence so perfect and so prolonged, that he was forced to cry out:

"Enough! enough! That is it; you have it now. I was very sure I could give you the key. Let us pass to the roudade. You learn with an admirable facility, and I wish I could always have pupils like you."

Consuelo, who began to feel overpowered by sleep and fatigue, abridged considerably the lesson of the roudade. She made with docility all those which the opulent pedagogue prescribed to her, however faulty in taste they might be; and even allowed her beautiful voice to resound naturally, no longer fearing to betray herself, since the Count was re-

solved to attribute to himself even the sudden splendor and the celestial purity which her organ acquired from one moment to another.

"How much clearer it becomes in proportion as I show him how to open his mouth, and bring out his voice!" said he to Joseph, turning towards him with an air of triumph. "Clearness in teaching, perseverance, example; these are the three requisites with which to form singers and declaimers in a short time. We will take another lesson to-morrow; for you must have ten lessons, at the end of which you will know how to sing. We have the *coule*, the *flatte*, the *port de voix*, *tenu*, and the *port de voix acheve*, the *chute*, the *inflexion tendre*, the *martellement gai*, the *cadence feinte*, &c. &c. Now go and repose yourselves; I have had chambers prepared for you in this palace. I shall stop here on some business until noon. You will breakfast and will follow me to Vienna. Consider yourselves from this moment as in my service. To begin, do you, Joseph, go and tell my body servant to come and light me to my apartment. Do you," said he to Consuelo, "remain and go over again that last roudade I showed you; I am not perfectly satisfied with it."

Hardly had Joseph gone out when the Count, taking both of Consuelo's hands with very expressive looks, tried to draw her towards him. Interrupted in her roudade, Consuelo looked at him also with much astonishment; but she quickly drew away her hands and recoiled to the other end of the table, on seeing his inflamed eyes and his libertine smile. "Come! come! do you wish to play the prude?" said the count, resuming his indolent and superb air. "Well! my darling, we have a little lover, eh? he is very ugly, poor fellow, and I hope that you will renounce him from to-day. Your fortune is made, if you do not hesitate; for I do not like delays. You are a charming girl, full of intelligence and sweetness; you please me much, and from the first glance I cast upon you, I saw that you were not made to tramp about with that little scamp. Nevertheless, I will take charge of him also; I will send him to Roswald and establish him there. As for you, you will remain at Vienna. I will lodge you properly, and if you are prudent and modest, even bring you forward in the world. When you have learnt music, you shall be the prima donna of my theatre, and you shall see your little chance friend, when I carry you to my residence. Is it understood?"

"Yes, my lord Count," replied Consuelo with much gravity and making a low bow, "it is perfectly understood."

Joseph returned at that moment with the valet de chambre, who carried two

candles, and the Count went out, giving a little tap on the cheek to Joseph, and addressing a smile of intelligence to Consuelo.

"He is perfectly ridiculous," said Joseph to his companion as soon as he was alone with her.

"More so than you think," replied she thoughtfully.

"No matter, he is the best man in the world, and will be very useful to me at Vienna."

"Yes, at Vienna, as much as you please, Beppo; but at Passaw, not in the least, I assure you. Where are our bundles, Joseph?"

"In the kitchen. I will go and get them and carry them to our chambers, which are charming from what they tell me. At last you will get some rest!"

"Good Joseph," said Consuelo, shrugging her shoulders: "Go," resumed she, "get your bundle quickly, and give up your pretty chamber in which you expected to sleep so well. We leave this house on the instant; do you understand me? Be quick, for they will certainly lock the doors."

Haydn thought she was dreaming. "What!" cried he, "is it possible? Are these great lords kidnappers too?"

"I fear Hoditz even more than Mayer," replied Consuelo impatiently. "Come, run! do not hesitate, or I leave you and go alone."

There was so much resolution and energy in Consuelo's tone and features, that Haydn, surprised and distracted, obeyed her hurriedly. He returned in three minutes with the bag which contained their music and clothes; and three minutes afterwards, without having been remarked by any one, they had reached the suburb at the extremity of the city.

They entered a small inn, and hired two chambers which they paid for in advance, in order to leave as early as they wished without being detained.

"Will you not at least tell me the occasion of this fresh alarm?" asked Haydn of Consuelo, as he bid her good night on the threshold of her chamber.

"Sleep in peace," replied she, "and know in two words that we have not much to fear now. His lordship the Count, divined with his eagle eye that I am not of his sex, and did me the honor of a declaration which has singularly flattered my self-love. Good night, friend Beppo, we will be off before day-light, and I will knock at your door to rouse you."

On the next day the rising sun saluted our young travellers as they were floating on the Danube, and descending its rapid stream with a satisfaction as pure and hearts as light as the waves of that beautiful river. They had paid for their pas-

sage in the bark of an old boatman who was carrying merchandise to Lintz. He was an honest man, with whom they were well satisfied, and who did not interfere with their conversation. He did not understand a word of Italian, and his boat being sufficiently loaded, he took no other passengers, which at last gave them that security and repose of body and mind which they needed in order to enjoy completely the beautiful spectacle presented to their eyes at every moment of their voyage. The weather was magnificent. There was a very clean little cabin to the boat, into which Consuelo could retire to rest her eyes from the glare of the water; but she had become so accustomed during the preceding days to the open air and broad sun, that she preferred to pass almost the whole time, lying upon the bales, delightfully occupied in watching the rocks and trees of the bank, which seemed to glide away behind her. She could make music at her leisure with Haydn, and the comic recollection of the music-mad Hoditz, whom Joseph called *master-mad*, mingled much gaiety with their warblings. Joseph mimicked him exactly, and felt a malicious joy at the idea of his disappointment. Their laughs and their songs cheered and charmed the old mariner, who was passionately fond of music, as is every German proletary. He also sang to them some airs in which they found an aquatic physiognomy, and which Consuelo learnt of him with the words. They completely gained his heart by feasting him as well as they could at their first landing place, where they laid in their own provisions for the day; and that day was the most peaceful and the most agreeable they had yet passed since the commencement of their journey.

"Excellent baron de Trenck!" said Joseph, changing for silver one of those brilliant pieces of gold which that nobleman had given him: "it is to him that I owe the power of relieving the divine Porporina from fatigue, from famine, from danger, from all the ills that misery brings in its train. Yet I did not like him at first, that noble benevolent baron!"

"Yes," said Consuelo, "you preferred the Count. I am glad now that the latter confined himself to promises, and did not soil our hands with his benefits."

"After all, we owe him nothing," resumed Joseph. "Who first had the thought and the resolution to fight the recruiters! it was the baron; the Count did not care, and only went through complaisance and for fashion's sake. Who ran all the risk and received a ball through his hat, very near the skull! again the baron! Who wounded and perhaps killed that infamous Pistola! the baron! Who saved the deserter at his own expense perhaps, by exposing himself to

the anger of a terrible master! Finally, who respected you, and did not pretend to recognize your sex? Who comprehended the beauty of your Italian airs and the good taste of your style?"

"And the genius of Master Joseph Haydn!" added Consuelo smiling; "the baron, always the baron!"

"Doubtless," returned Haydn, to give back the roguish insinuation; "and it is perhaps very fortunate for a certain noble and dear absent one of whom I have heard speak, that the declaration of love to the divine Porporina proceeded from the ridiculous Count instead of the brave and seductive baron."

"Beppo!" replied Consuelo, with a melancholy smile, "the absent never suffer wrong except in ungrateful and mean hearts. That is why the baron, who is generous and sincere and who loves a mysterious beauty, could not think of paying court to me. I ask you yourself, would you so easily sacrifice the love of your betrothed and the fidelity of your heart to the first chance caprice?"

Beppo sighed profoundly. "You cannot be the *first chance caprice* for any one," said he, "and the baron would have been very excusable had he forgotten all his loves, past and present at the sight of you."

"You grow gallant—complimentary, Beppo! I see that you have profited by the society of his lordship the Count; but may you never wed a margravine, nor learn how love is treated when one has married for money."

They reached Lintz in the evening, and slept at last without terror and without care for the morrow. As soon as Joseph woke he hastened to buy shoes, linen, many little niceties of male dress for himself and especially for Consuelo, who could make herself look like a smart and *handsome* young man, as she jestingly said, in order to walk about the city and vicinity. The old boatman had told them, that if he could find a freight for Moelk, he would take them *aboard* the following day, and would carry them twenty leagues more on the Danube. They therefore spent that day at Lintz, amused themselves by climbing the hill, examining the fortification below and that above, whence they could contemplate the majestic meanderings of the river through the fertile plains of Austria. Thence they also saw a spectacle which made them quite merry: this was Count Hoditz' berlin, which entered the city triumphantly. They recognized the carriage and the livery, and being too far off to be perceived by him, amused themselves with making low salutations down to the ground. At last, towards evening, returning to the river's bank, they there found their boat laden with merchandise

for Moelk, and joyfully made a new bargain with their old pilot. They embarked before dawn and saw the serene stars shining above their heads, while the reflection of those stars glistened in long lines of silver upon the moving surface of the stream. This day passed not less agreeably than the preceding. Joseph had but one trouble, which was to think that he approached Vienna, and that this journey, of which he forgot all the sufferings and the dangers, to recall only its delightful moments, would soon be brought to its close.

At Moelk, they were obliged to leave their honest pilot, and this not without regret. They could not find in the craft which were offered for a continuation of their voyage the same conditions of isolation and security. Consuelo felt herself rested, refreshed, strengthened against all accidents. She proposed to Joseph to resume their journey on foot until some new opportunity. They had still twenty leagues to travel, and this manner of journeying was not very expeditious. The truth is, that Consuelo, even while persuading herself that she was impatient to resume the dress of her sex and the proprieties of her position, was, at the bottom of her heart, it must be confessed, as little desirous as Joseph to see the end of their expedition. She was too much of an artist in all the fibres of her organization, not to love the liberty, the hazards, the deeds of courage and address, the constant and varied aspect of that nature which the pedestrian alone enjoys completely, in fine all the romantic activity of wandering and isolated life.

I call it isolated, friend reader, in order to express a secret and mysterious impression which is easier for you to comprehend, than for me to define. It is, I believe, a state of mind which has no name in our language, but which you must necessarily recall, if you have ever travelled on foot to any distance, alone, or with another self, or indeed, like Consuelo, with an easy companion, who was cheerful, obliging and sympathizing. In those moments, if you were free from all immediate solicitude, from all disturbing thoughts, you have, I doubt not, experienced a kind of strange delight, a little selfish perhaps, as you said to yourself, "At this instant, nobody is troubled about me, and nobody troubles me. No one knows where I am. Those who domineer over my life would search for me in vain; they cannot discover me in this situation unknown to all, new even to myself, in which I have taken refuge. Those whom my life impresses and agitates, rest from me, as I from my action upon them. I belong to myself entirely, both as master and as slave;" for there is not one of us, O reader, who is not at

once, with regard to a certain group of individuals, by turns and simultaneously, somewhat of a slave, somewhat of a master, whether he will or no; without confessing it and without pretending it.

No one knows where I am! Certainly that is a thought of isolation which has its charm, an inexpressible charm, savage in appearance, legitimate and gentle at bottom. We are made to live a life of reciprocity. The highway of duty is long, rough, and has no horizon but death, which is perhaps hardly the rest of a single night. Let us march on then, and without sparing our feet. But if, under rare and beneficent circumstances, in which rest may be inoffensive and isolation without remorse, a green by-path presents itself to our steps, let us profit by some hours of solitude and contemplation. Those hours free from care are very necessary for the active and courageous man to recover his strength; and I tell you, that the more you are devoured by zeal for the house of God, (which is no other than humanity,) the better fitted are you to appreciate some moments of isolation in order to reënter into possession of yourself. The selfish man is alone always and everywhere. His soul is never fatigued by loving, by suffering and persevering; it is inert and cold, and has no more need of sleep and of silence than has a corpse. He who loves is rarely alone, and when he is, he is happy. His soul can enjoy a suspension of activity, which is as a deep sleep to a vigorous body. That sleep is a good witness of past fatigues, and the precursor of new labors for which he is preparing. I hardly believe in the real grief of those who do not seek distraction, nor in the absolute devotedness of those who have no need of rest. Either their grief is a deadness which reveals that they are broken, extinguished, and would no longer have the strength to love that which they have lost; or their devotedness without cessation and without failure of activity, conceals some shameful desire, some selfish and culpable compensation which I distrust.

These observations, though a little too long, are not out of place in a recital of the life of Consuelo, an active and devoted soul, if there ever was one, who still might sometimes have been accused of selfishness and frivolity by those who did not know how to comprehend her.

To be Continued.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE. A young man, of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young men whose office it was to instruct.

While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they

saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was at work in the field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work.

The young student turned to the professor saying, "let us play the old man a trick: we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves, at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man.—Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man had soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path, where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on the coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; but feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it around, and looked again and again; then he looked round him on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes.

"Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

"O dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I will never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood, 'it is better to give than to receive.'"

We should never approach the poor but with the wish to do them good.

PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE. The following amusing incident of professional etiquette, I had from Dr. Joel Lewis, of Pittsburgh, an eminent physician who flourished there twenty-five or thirty years since.

The Dr. had a valuable cow, which became sick and seemed likely to die. He asked an Irish servant who lived with him, if he knew any body who followed cow doctoring. "It's meself diz that same," said the man, "there's Jemmy Lafferty can cure any cow in the world, barring she's at the left." "Well, then," replied the Dr., "go for Lafferty." The cow doctor accordingly came, drenched and physicked the brute for four or five days, in the lapse of which time he waited on Dr. Lewis and pronounced her cured. The Doctor, greatly delighted, put his hand to his pocket book, "Well, Lafferty, what do I owe you?" "Owe me," replied Jemmy, drawing himself up with great dignity, "orra the

haporth! *We doctors never take money of one another.*"

"My first impulse," said the Doctor, while telling the story, which he gave me directly after the incident happened, "was to kick the fellow out of the house, and throw his fee after him, but on second thought, the whole affair seemed so ridiculous that I bowed him my acknowledgments with as much gravity as I could assume, and as soon as he left the house lay down on the carpet, rolling over and over to indulge the fit of laughter which I must give way to, or burst."—*Cist's Adv.*

MR. BALLOU'S ADDRESS

at the Annual Meeting of the Hopedale Community.

The following Address by our respected friend ADIN BALLOU, will be read with interest and pleasure by all the advocates of the Associative order. It shows the social and moral advantages arising from united industry, even under unfavorable circumstances; and the admirable spirit of Christian benevolence and hope which it breathes must command the esteem of every candid reader.

BELOVED ASSOCIATES:—This is our fifth annual meeting, the fourth since our settlement on these premises. I congratulate you on its arrival. We welcome it amid blessings which ought to inspire our hearts with profound gladness, gratitude, confidence, and zeal. It comes to us replete with satisfactions and hopes. It is a green eminence in the progress of our enterprise, from which we may survey with complacency the past and the future. Never before were our affairs so prosperous, our foundations so firm, our prospects so cheering. This day's Financial Report will inform you that for the first time in our history we are prepared to declare a dividend of nearly or quite the constitutional four per cent. on all our Joint Stock from the time of its investment. This will clear us of all arrearages on that account, and enable us to commence the new year with a fair probability of being able at its close to declare at least a moderate dividend on *labor* itself. Such a result is the more probable from the fact, that under our present improved industrial organization, all branches of business are conducted with increasing efficiency, regularity, and order. And also from the fact that some important branches, for which we have made considerable outlays, are but just now beginning to render a profitable return.

A brief review of the past will impress us with a just appreciation of our present highly auspicious circumstances. We commenced this great undertaking with less than four thousand dollars clear capital. We have now four times that amount, including with our Joint Stock private property equally useful to the Community; besides our borrowed capital, which we are prepared to employ to good advantage. We commenced with one time-shattered dwelling house, and two or three rickety old barns, without a single mill-dam, manufactory, or shop of any kind for mechanical business, or school-room for the comfortable accommodation of our children. We have now a thriving little village of a dozen dwelling houses, highly improved and comfortable

barns, two valuable mill-dams, a commodious Mechanic shop filled with useful tools, labor-saving machines, and various facilities for the successful carrying on of several branches of business; a convenient building for schools, religious and other public meetings; and numerous other rooms fixtures and accommodations for the public advantage. The farm was completely run down, but is now in the way of material improvement—promising continually increasing returns for the labor bestowed on it.

All this time we have had a large proportion of children to provide for and educate, who till recently could not be employed to any tolerable advantage. Yet we have maintained schools for them from four to six hours per day, five days in the week, forty-eight weeks in the year, for at least three years out of the three years and nine months of our inhabitation on this Domain. And all this has been done entirely at our *own* expense, while we have been paying hundreds of dollars out of our hard earnings into the Town Treasury in the shape of taxes,—not a cent having been refunded. Our direct and indirect taxes to the Government of the old order of Society, to maintain its paupers, its prisons, its criminal code, its army and navy, its civil list and its education, (leaving its roads out of the account, which are directly beneficial to us) you will perceive are of some consequence to us, as items in the cost of living. But to the Government, or rather to the old order of Society, which is taxing us, we occasion no expense whatever. But by precept and example are promoting those salutary moral reforms which tend constantly to the diminution of its public expenses. So far as *we* are concerned we make no paupers, and can make none. We make no criminals to punish, nor put the public to any expense for punishing *their* criminals on *our* account. We bring no actions at law to be tried in their costly court-houses, by liberally salaried judges, extravagantly feed lawyers, and well-paid officers and attendants. We educate our own children and youth. We govern ourselves by the divine law. And the Almighty in whom we trust protects us, without the intervention of military and naval forces. Constables, sheriffs, magistrates and prisons are rendered unnecessary to us. Our principles and our arrangements prevent all necessity for such appliances. The world cannot do without these things, because it has no faith in anything higher than its own standard, and no willingness to conform to the conditions on which alone it can ever be free from its present curses. *We can* do without them, for the contrary reasons. We are also anxious to bring the whole human race into our own social position. But this is a work of centuries, and for a long time we must bear our own burdens, and those of the world *too*. We will not complain of this: but while we make a proper estimate of it, rejoice that our Heavenly Father has accounted us worthy of a place among the daring and hardy pioneers of human improvement. It is an arduous yet most honorable and pleasant service to all the faithful and true hearted who engage in it. I have adverted to the expense of it merely to show more strikingly how highly favored we have been, to sustain so many burdens and yet present a financial exposé of affairs so satisfactory.

During the nearly four years of these operations, we have been able to meet our pecuniary liabilities to the satisfaction of all concerned, and to maintain an unsullied credit. Our seceding members, to the number of nearly twenty in all, have been honorably settled with at their departure, and paid either in cash or acceptable securities every cent due them. This has been a draft upon our resources of several thousand dollars. But we have sustained it with firmness. And now we stand up in every possible respect better conditioned for future operations than at any former period. Without hard toil, incessant anxiety and peculiarly favorable providence of God, it would have been impossible for us to reach our present hopeful position. Let us therefore humble ourselves in the dust, in view of all our unworthiness, and ascribe the glory, the whole glory, to our Father in Heaven.

It is He from whom our sublime religious and moral principles came. He revealed them through his beloved Son, whom it is our delight to acknowledge Lord and Master. His Holy Spirit enlightened us to perceive, and warmed our hearts to embrace those blessed principles. That Spirit awakened us to a sense of the hoary evils which inhere in the old order of society, and scatter mildew over its entire surface. It is our Father, the God of love, who called us to this noble work of social reform. He assigned us this eventful mission—the showing forth a more excellent way of human association. He sent us forth out of Egypt, an untried company, strangers to our own infirmities, and with every thing of detail to learn by experience. He has sifted us as wheat, and tried us as in the furnace of perplexity. He has brought us by a way that we knew not, and led us in paths wherein our feet had never walked. But he has made darkness light before us, crooked things straight and rough places even. These things has he done for us and not forsaken us. His strength has sustained us through every struggle. His own right hand has been our unflinching support. His grace has always been sufficient for us. When our hearts fainted he revived them. When our hands fell down in weariness he refreshed them. When we knelt in secret agonizing prayer, full of tears and trembling for the fate of our Community, he whispered to the soul in a still small voice—"fear not, you shall prevail over all adversity." And so he breathed health into all the winds that have swept this valley. He caused it to gurgle among the stones of our pleasant little river. He directed the pestilence to spare us and our little ones, and sickness to enter our abodes only to remind us that we are mortal. He commanded Death not to select a single victim from this Domain, and the grave to remain closed till his people had out lived their early trials. His unslumbering eye watched over us for good and not for evil; because he had consecrated this spot, despicable in the eyes of the world, to great and glorious purposes—to be eminent in future times as the nursery of a reformation in human society, which should demonstrate that *his foolishness* is wiser than men, and *his weakness* stronger than men. He has multiplied our well wishers, raised us up faithful friends, and disappointed the evil expectations of them that watched for our halting. He has neutralized the poison-

ous sting of envy, broken up the snares of treachery, turned aside the fiery darts of slander, and eradicated the rising root of bitterness. He has overruled the murmurers of unbelief, dissipated the illusions of error, and corrected the defects of inexperience. He has brought forth a new creation out of chaos, and commanded light to shine in the midst of darkness. He has been a cloud to us by day, and a pillar of fire by night. He has given his angels charge over us, and commanded his chosen ones to conduct us in safety through the wilderness of our probation. Blessed be his holy name forever more; and let all the people old and young say AMEN.

"We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Father, to thy name?"

But let us remember that the very glory we ascribe to God, for his unequaled goodness and tender mercies towards us, reflects shame and humiliation on ourselves just in proportion to our own unworthiness. This we must not forget. His goodness leads to repentance. And his loving kindness augments the vastness of our obligations to be faithful to our high calling. It was not our worthiness that procured his blessings. It was not our excellence that elevated us to the responsible station we now occupy in the vanguard of the army of human Reform. He loved us before we loved him. He called us out of darkness into his marvelous light, while yet we were groping amid the confusions of sin and folly. He raised us up and qualified us to carry forward this work. He assigned us to this mission, as heralds of a new Social State for the whole human race. He has blessed, prospered, and crowned us with success, not because we were in ourselves so wise and good, but rather in spite of all our frailties and imperfections, "that no flesh should glory in his presence."

But how happy ought we to feel that he has appointed us to so glorious a service! Though accounted fools by the world, and pitied for the devotion with which we prosecute what appears to them so worthless an undertaking, are we not sensible that we occupy one of the most honorable positions to which the universal Father can call mankind in this mortal state? If we are not sensible of this, we ourselves have yet to learn the destiny of man and the influence which this Community will exert towards the consummation of that destiny.

War is to cease, slavery to cease, crime to cease, cruelty to cease, competition of interests to cease, false education, false religion, false government, false industry, false wealth, poverty, misery, — all are to cease. To this end the true conditions of human happiness have been announced to mankind through Heaven's only begotten Son, Jesus Christ. So soon as men rise high enough in the intellectual and moral scale, to resolve on conforming to those conditions, the work is accomplished. God has raised us high enough, and we have begun the work. From this beginning here and elsewhere, it will go on to its consummation. Like leaven hid in many measures of meal, it will leaven the whole lump. Ages may first transpire, but the result is certain. Is it, then, a small thing that we have been elevated high enough to perceive

and be willing to conform to those indispensable conditions of social and individual happiness? Are we beating the air without end, object, suitable adaptation of means, or hope of success? By no means. We really occupy an illustrious position. This now humble Hopedale, is a Bethlehem of salvation to the glorious social future. If others despise it, or protrude at us the lip of scorn because we thus esteem it, let them do so. It becomes us to stand up erect in faith, firm in purpose, determined in zeal, immovable, uncompromising, entrenched behind our impregnable ramparts of divine strength, intent only on that sublime destiny which time will assuredly prove to have been decreed to this Community. Our only concern should be to do our duty, our whole duty, manfully, cheerfully, unfalteringly. God will take care of the rest. That we may thus discharge our duty, let us act like men and women of faith, not of mere momentary sense. Let us look beyond our own day and generation to the great future, — beyond self to the good of the whole human brotherhood. This only is the noble part for us to act. In acting it, the Infinite Father will surely crown our labors with immortal success. Let us love one another, forbear with one another, forgive one another, encourage one another, cooperate with one another, — be united, true, faithful and firm. Then all will be well.

I tender you anew my heart and hand. I am with you for life and death. By the grace of God I will faithfully watch over your interests, and will defend to the utmost of my ability, the ark of your testimony, — your religious and moral Test, — the Declaration of your principles. I will heartily concur in the bearing of all sacrifices, the endurance of all toils, and the prosecution of all measures necessary to the common welfare. And now I commend you, and this our beloved enterprise, to the guidance and guardianship of the most High God. May his benediction be upon us all according to the strength of our hopes. And should it be so ordered, may we who are now in the meridian of life, after bearing the heats and burdens of these days, meet together in the place of our assembly, in a good old age, rejoicing in the fruits of our toils, and worshipping as we lean on the top of our staves, Him, "of whom, through whom, and to whom are all things; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen."

IRISH SCHOOLS. Irish schools are greatly effective in opening the way to the Roman Catholic heart, in procuring an introduction for the Gospel into the districts and family circles, and in furnishing a people prepared for the Lord. Those who know not what an Irish priest is, cannot understand what an Irish school is. An Irish school is like an old Covenanter sacrament, in the days of Claverhouse and Dalziel; it does not know the moment when it may be surprised by the priest's dragoons. — An Irish school is an assemblage of all ages, under a hedge, or behind a turf-stack in the moors, for reading the Irish Bible, when the work of the day is over. — An Irish school is a little knot of grandfathers and grandchildren, men of threescore and children of ten, who have crept stealthily in the dark night to the cot of the poor weaver, to learn their

Father's will in their mother tongue. An Irish school is a Bible in the cells of the Inquisition — it is Luther living in Rome and striving with the Pope — it is Daniel in the lions' den — it is, in one word, the bush burning and not consumed.

POETRY.

SPRING IS COMING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Old Winter must away, away!
He mopes about the house all day,
Looking so heavy and forlorn:
He must get ready and be gone.

See Spring before the door appear!
He's come to pull him by the ear,
To take him by the beard so gray:
He hath a rude, mischievous way.

Gay Spring begins to knock and beat; —
Hark, hark! I know his voice so sweet;
With little lily-buds he drums,
And rattles at the door, and hums.

And you must let him in straightway;
For he hath servants in his pay,
Whom he can summon to his aid,
And thunder through — he's not afraid.

First comes young *Morning-wind* so wild,
A chubby-cheeked and rosy child;
He'll bluster till all ring again;
He'll make you let his master in.
See *Sunshine*, gallant knight, advance!
He'll shiver through with golden lance.
Flower-fragrance, cunning flatterer — think
How he can wind through every chink.

The *Nightingale* to th' onset sounds:
And hark! and hark! the note rebounds:
An echo from my soul doth ring!
Come in, come in, thou joyous Spring!

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

ASSOCIATION IN THIS COUNTRY.

It was the desire of Fourier, to the latest day of his life, to induce some wealthy capitalist to engage in a practical experiment for the realization of his ideas in Social Science. His works contain many powerful appeals, addressed to men of this class, showing the facility with which the enterprise could be accomplished, its freedom from hostility towards existing interests, and the momentous benefits that would accrue to Humanity from its successful prosecution. This was no doubt the most judicious course which he could pursue, in his situation and circumstances. He had no intelligent middling classes, accustomed to exertion and self-reliance, possessing a moderate share of wealth

accumulated by their own industry, prepared to take part in an intellectual and social movement of the most profound character, to whom he could explain his sublime conceptions of human destiny, and on whom he could depend for coöperation. The masses in France were not sufficiently enlightened to be relied on for devotion to a work, which required wisdom, address, and a strenuous adherence to an ideal purpose. Hence, he addressed himself exclusively to men of wealth and intelligence, and sought the aid of capital only from the higher ranks of society.

The case is entirely different in our own country. It is not necessary with us to court the favor of enormous capitalists, who, with the rarest exceptions, are the last men to approve of novel movements for the general good. We need not wait for the advent of some great potentate of the money-bags, who shall be such an anomaly in natural history, as to prefer the progress of humanity to the conservation of his gains; but, without looking for any such miraculous interposition, we may cheerfully pursue our task of unfolding the doctrines of Association, with an undoubting faith that they will be embraced by a sufficient number of the mass of the people, to ensure the ultimate triumph of the movement. We depend on the intelligence, the sense of justice, the faith in progress, the practical skill and energy, and the material resources, which will be consecrated to this cause, by the great middling classes of American society. Not from one individual of overgrown wealth, is the social redemption to proceed, from which all Humanity will be blessed. It is the union of intelligent, earnest minds, of sincere and devoted hearts,—the combination of moderate capitalists, of effective industry, and of dauntless enterprise,—which is to give a demonstration of a better social order, and present, in a brilliant material embodiment, the scientific principles which have made Fourier's name immortal. This is in accordance with the character of the American mind, and with the spirit of society, in this country. There is sufficient intelligence, scientific culture, mental refinement, and material wealth among the masses with us, to warrant the highest hopes, from their combined endeavor. It only needs to awaken a general attention to the subject, and as sure as the sun will rise in the morning, the experiment will be triumphantly carried through. We might select a hundred men, in the immediate circle of our acquaintance, any ten of whom would be able to make such a trial of the Associative system, as to convince the world of its truth. They would have to work on a small scale, to be sure, but it is in this manner that the

most sublime truths are oftenest illustrated; as Franklin reduced the lightning to a theory, with a hempen string and a bit of iron.

We shall realize in this country, by the combination of men from the common walks of life, what Fourier looked for in vain among the capitalists of France. Even now the work has prosperously commenced. A train of causes are in operation which will prepare the way for magnificent social results. Within the last few years, the progress which has been made in the general tone of thought towards a superior social order is in the highest degree remarkable. A spontaneous action, as it would seem, has taken place, which will lead to the introduction of a true organization of society; it is manifested in various forms; but its tendencies are identical, and cannot be misunderstood.

The mass of the people in this country are tending to Association, by their dissatisfaction with the present structure of society. There is a pervading sense, in many instances dim and perhaps unconscious, of aggravated evil and wrong in our social arrangements, like the sense of oppression which one feels in an exhausted atmosphere. This is not confined to any special classes. It is felt alike by persons who hold the highest rank in the social scale, as well as by those at the extreme point of depression. Among the wealthiest classes, there are just and generous minds, which are alive to the gross inequalities that now exist, which perceive that the discrepancy between the marble palace and the mud hovel is not of divine appointment, which can receive no enjoyment from the luxuries of the gilded and silken saloon, when compared with the drudgery and wretchedness of those who are doomed to menial services, and which would freely renounce the costly appliances that surround them, for the sake of a more genial and equitable order, that would realize the character of a Universal Home. This is especially the case with many of the younger portions of our most opulent families, whose hearts have shown themselves proof against the seductive influences of custom and fashion, and the subtle poison engendered by the lust of gain. They listen to the promptings of their better nature; they manfully protest against the abuses, of which they are conscious, though they cannot remedy them; they keep themselves unspotted from the world; and extend a cheering welcome to the resolute pioneers, whose souls are stirred up by faith and hope to vigorous action. Their discontent will terminate in wise endeavors for higher progress. The spirit of the age is preparing them for noble and effective deeds. The oil of

consecration is poured out on their youthful brows, and they will yet show themselves the elect servants of the Highest, who are destined to crown Humanity with blessings, though they should wear the crown of thorns themselves.

The movement among the less prosperous classes is a still stronger indication of the approach of a social order, that shall be a more adequate expression of the essential principles of human nature. The injustice of their present social position is widely and deeply felt; they are awakening every day to a more lively consciousness of the rights and the obligations of man; they feel the demands which the individual is entitled to make on society; and they are beginning to call loudly for the guarantees which must ever be the indispensable conditions of social happiness and improvement. The doctrine that the soil belongs to Humanity and cannot be subjected to mercenary speculation and monopoly, in accordance with the will of the Creator, is now earnestly expounded, and warmly embraced; and, in like manner, men are opening their eyes to the fact, that the fruits of labor rightfully belong to the producer, and cannot be set aside and hoarded up for the aggrandizement of a few, who had no share in their creation, without jugglery and imposition. The promulgation of these views is adapted to produce confusion in the present social order. They cannot, however, be kept back; they are proclaimed on the house-tops; and are welcomed with enthusiasm. They will be merely negative and barren propositions, without the social organization which is proposed in the Combined Order. Their ultimate effect must be to convince men of the truth of the Associative doctrines, and lead them to engage in the practical movement, which will gradually accomplish a revolution in society, without violence, disorder, or prejudice to actual interests,—a revolution, which will best substantiate its claim to a divine origin, by its resemblance to those operations of nature, by which the most beneficent changes are accomplished under the gentlest and most harmonious influences.

THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

It will be seen by a letter which we give below, and which we translate from the *Democratie Pacifique* of Paris, that the Religious movement, commenced by Ronge in Germany, tends to assume a social character, and to look to the elevation of man on earth, as well as to his salvation hereafter. If Ronge preaches sincerely the doctrine of Charity and Love, if his heart is truly filled with the great commandment—"Thou shalt love

thy neighbor as thyself," that is, the whole human family, his influence must tend to this result. To us it seems amazing that the Christian clergy in this country, who, we believe, as a general rule, to be sincere and true men, who have engaged in this sacred office from conviction, and not from worldly considerations,—as is so often the case in Europe,—do not feel and proclaim the necessity of the elevation of mankind from their present condition of poverty, ignorance, degradation, vice, and crime, to a condition of universal prosperity, intelligence, virtue, and happiness. Let them do this, and they then can save the race *collectively*, instead of snatching, as at present, a brand here and there from the burning.

Let it not be said that this elevation of mankind, their terrestrial redemption, is impossible; that the depravity of the human heart raises up insurmountable obstacles. It is not so: the earth is fertile enough, and the powers of production of man, with the aid of machinery, are almost incalculable. Enough can be produced to secure abundance, and even superabundance to all; with prosperity come the means of education, with education refinement and intelligence, and with these the virtues.

The world wants practical reform in Industry and in Social Institutions. The present system of Hireling Labor, of envious Competition, of fraudulent Commerce, of antagonistic Interests, of unjust division of profits, the grasping monopoly of Capital, which is allowed unbounded license, the general discord, conflict, and opposition, which reign in the practical affairs of man—all these are false and Satanic, in violation of the law of Charity and Love; and in the name of Christianity they should be reformed. It is these false institutions and arrangements of society, which deprave, at least to a very great extent, the heart of man: they chill and destroy the love of the neighbor, and by degrees, the love of God. *If a man love not his brother man whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen.*

It is in a society like the present, with its opposition of all interests, its antagonism, its individualism, its selfishness, its discords, and its universal and ceaseless conflicts in all spheres, in parties, sects, commerce and industry,—it is in such a society, that the doctrine of salvation by Faith alone has arisen, and the heavenly doctrine of Love and Charity been eclipsed and rendered subordinate.

The Christian clergy should rise up in opposition to this state of things; they should advocate an industrial and social reform, and the Christianizing of society, which now is anti-Christian and infernal

in all its practical workings; they should aim at the *collective salvation* of the whole human race, and this is only to be effected by elevating the race to a state of universal abundance, intelligence, and virtue.

Letter from Stuttgart, dated Nov. 16, 1845.

"M. RONGE has just left the middle of Germany to return to Breslaw. Let us glance at the progress of the reform in which he is engaged in this part of Germany.

"And first let us establish a fact which can no longer be doubted, a fact whose importance is beginning to startle the men of *statu quo*. I refer to the utter discredit into which old-established religious ideas have fallen among the great majority of enlightened men. Hence the sudden and immense popularity of Ronge, who has personified in himself, in so energetic a manner, the religious negation. Hence the consternation apparent in the ranks of Roman Catholicism and Protestant pietism. So much for the negative side of the reform: let us now look at its positive side.

"If Catholic and Protestant dogmatism has hitherto preached the necessity of FAITH,—and God knows with what profit! Ronge, on his side, insists upon the much neglected precept of LOVE, and in this he shows a profound insight into the needs of our epoch; and be it remembered, he no longer speaks of it vaguely, as he has hitherto done, but begins to form and set forth plans, which are often in accordance with those of the Associative school; and those who are somewhat intimately acquainted with the reformer are well assured that he considers his true mission to have but just commenced, and that he will successfully persevere to the end of the career upon which he has so auspiciously entered. What honor for the reformer? What a triumph for the ideas represented by the Associative school!

"Great, then, you will easily believe, is the joy of the reformer's friends, and not less great is the spite of his stupid or hypocritical enemies. This arises from the fact that on both sides it is instinctively felt that *here* is the important point. This gained, the triumph of religious reform is certain. It is the tendency of Ronge to a social reform that has no doubt induced the Archbishop of Posen to denounce him and his adherents to the Prussian government as a gang of communists and demagogues, fit only to be outlawed, and the Jesuits of Protestantism, the good and gentle leaders of the pietistic portion, join in the chorus. But the cause of reform has henceforward nothing to fear from its enemies: it is already too strong to be annihilated by

government measures. It will triumph, for the spirit of our epoch decrees it, and the world has an immense interest in its success.

"The earliest news from Germany may perhaps apprise you of highly important facts, since the question now to be decided is whether Ronge's reform will be as fortunate in the work of organization, as it has hitherto been in that of criticism. Perhaps Silesia may be destined to be the first field on which the glorious banner of Association, and of Christian fraternity, is hoisted."

RAIL-ROADS.

When the idea of Rail-Roads was first suggested, it required a certain degree of management and reserve, not to subject it to universal derision. The witnesses who appeared before the British House of Commons, were directed to make a very large deduction in their statements of the speed which it was calculated could be obtained, lest the whole project should be discarded with incredulity and contempt. Men had been so accustomed to lumber along the road with their crazy vehicles, that they could not get an idea of locomotion, without a prodigious waste of horse-flesh. Their fathers had always gone to "mill" and to "meeting" in this way, and surely none but an idiot could suppose that any change in their modes of conveyance would be an improvement. Five miles an hour was the most that they had ever travelled, and in all conscience, no good Christian could wish to go faster. And then to think of whirling from place to place on a path of iron with fire-power; who had ever heard of such a thing; why, the very thought of it was preposterous, and could be indulged in by none but the most arrant visionaries. Besides, to give up the comfort of one's own carriage, to renounce the aristocratic privacy of the isolated vehicle, to travel pell-mell with nobody knows who in promiscuous confusion, to sacrifice all the glories of "gigmanity" at one fell swoop,—this was a thought not to be endured for an instant. Yet the iron steed has superseded the old horse of flesh and blood; fire and water do the work of living muscle; clean paths take the place of highways filled with dust or mud; and the swiftness of the wind is deemed a safer as well as a pleasanter rate of travelling, than the moderate jog-trot, in which our respectable grandmothers rejoiced.

Thus far no alarming consequences to Church or State have been the result. The world rolls round as ever; we have as much sunshine and as much moonshine; people eat and drink with as good an appetite as before; the Board of Brokers are no less bland and velvety than

of old; commerce flourishes; and the well-known standard firm of Messrs. Smoothespeech and Cutkeen is driving a profitable business.

It is by no means impossible, perhaps we may indulge the thought without too great presumption, that the progress of science may also effect some changes in the relations of society. We venture on the suspicion that the art of locomotion is not the only one inherited from our pious ancestors which will be found susceptible of improvement. The time may come when it will be clearly seen that good sense applied to the organization of the social state will produce something better than the present gigantic structure of deception and violence. It may be that the convenience, economy, and elegance of the rail-road car, which shows the superiority of combination over isolation in travelling, may suggest the advantages of a combined order of society, instead of the old system of antagonism.

THE CHRONOTYPE. This is the rather quaint title of a new daily paper which has just been started in Boston, under the editorial care of Mr. ELIZUR WRIGHT. If newspaper readers have any taste for originality, pungent brevity and terseness of expression, and a quiet vein of Yankee wit, we predict for the Chronotype an extensive popularity. We find in it the vivacity, genial humor, and power of language, which we naturally expect from the accomplished translator of La Fontaine; and its independence, manliness, and liberality of sentiment, sustain the character of its Editor as a powerful advocate of the rights of Humanity. He is welcomed by no one more warmly than by ourselves, and we shall be truly disappointed if an enterprise, commenced with such a union of earnestness and hilarity, shall fail to meet with the success which it so richly merits.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN SPRING. This is another paper recently sprung up in that most beautiful of all the Green Mountain villages, Brattleboro, Vt., edited by our old friend and fellow laborer in the cause of Associative Unity, DAVID MACK. It is devoted to the exposition of the principles of Hydropathy, in connection with the Water-Cure Institution of Dr. WESSELHOEFFT. Its Editor will always write with the unction, that proceeds from sincere conviction and deep love, and his paper cannot fail to be interesting, not only to the invalids who are exhorted to "wash, and be clean," but to all, who would see "the ills that flesh is heir to" diminished by the simple processes of nature. We send him our cordial good wishes in his work of organic reform, whether applied to the human body or to human society.

SOCIAL MEETINGS IN BOSTON. We are happy to learn that the friends of Association in Boston, contemplate holding a series of meetings at each other's houses, for inquiry and conversation. This is just what is needed to meet the present state of thought and feeling, with a large number of individuals. The attention of so many is now directed to the question of social reform, that though they cannot share personally in any practical attempt to establish Association, they must have free communication with each other, to compare notes, if nothing else. The less formal these meetings are made, the better; and if they should become too large for familiar conversation, it would perhaps be wise to divide into different circles. We have no fear that the interest now awakened will die out, although we urge the importance of frequent, and friendly meetings. There is too much reality in this movement, it is founded on too solid facts, it is too deep and universal in its character, to release any one from its service, who has once truly appreciated its nature. It seizes upon the soul, that does not reject it, with a grasp that cannot be relaxed, and leads into the serene regions of hope in Providence and Humanity, though all around is darkness and discouragement. We wish for the concentration of those, who feel that the doctrines of Association have surrounded their life with new prospects; and for judicious, united endeavors to give practical efficiency to the faith which they cherish in their heart.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW. We do most sincerely forgive this able Journal its insertion of the malignant article concerning Association, on which we have heretofore commented, for the sake of the temperate and most conclusive reply from the pen of Mr. BRISBANE which appears in the number for the present month. We can only commend this article to the attention of our readers to-day, but shall lose no time in reprinting it in our paper. We hope that it may have a wide circulation. It sets forth the position and aims of the Associationists of this country, with a clearness and thoroughness which must satisfy every honest mind, and lead the public to do justice at least to their purposes, if it does not accept their plan of social reform. We challenge every friend of progress, every just and benevolent man, to study with care the expositions presented in this article, and then to deny the importance, the utility, or the desirableness of the movement to which they are devoted.

"A great lie," says the poet Crabbe, "is like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and fling, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still, and it will die of itself."

BROOK FARM SCHOOL.

The Directors of the School connected with the Brook Farm Association have made arrangements for enlarging the establishment, and are now prepared to receive an additional number of pupils.

The course of study comprises instruction in the various branches usually taught in the High Schools and Academies of New England, with particular attention to the modern European languages and literature.

Pupils of different ages and of both sexes are received; a constant maternal care exercised over the youngest; and the more advanced subject to the friendly counsel and assistance of the teachers, without the restraints of arbitrary discipline. Young men are fitted for College, or for commercial pursuits, or carried through a course of instruction, in the higher branches usually taught in the University.

Lessons are given in Music, Dancing, Drawing, and Painting, without any extra charge.

The School is under the immediate direction of Mr. and Mrs. RIPLEY, Mr. DWIGHT, and Mr. DANA, assisted by experienced teachers in the different departments; and every pupil of tender age is entrusted to the particular care of a lady of the establishment, who has charge of his wardrobe, personal habits, and physical-education.

For young children, who are deprived of parental care, and for older pupils who wish to pursue a thorough and exact course of study, without the usual confinement of a large seminary, it is believed that this School affords advantages, that are rarely to be met with.

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Application may be made by mail to

GEORGE RIPLEY.

Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass. }
February 28, 1846. }

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THE HARBINGER.

THEORY OF THE HUMAN PASSIONS.

No. V.

Our object in previous articles has been to give in an abstract manner, an elementary analysis of the Passions of the Soul, that is, the number of fundamental elements composing it, according to the Law of Universal Distribution. We shall pursue this analysis no further, but proceed to examine the functions, the employment and use assigned by the Creator to those springs of action, termed passions, attractions, or affections. This is the most interesting and important part of the study of the Passions, as it unfolds fully and clearly the mystery of the Destiny of man on earth, and explains the mechanism of a true Social Order.

The Passions are the living and active principle in man, the sole impelling powers, the cause of all action, all movement, all manifestation of life. In their true and harmonious development they are revelations of the will of the Creator; they manifest his intentions and designs; they are the voice through which he speaks to us, the forces which impel us onward to our destiny.

But in their false and subversive development, in civilization and other false societies, the institutions and conditions of which are so wholly unsuited to them, the Passions exhibit in their manifestations the very reverse of the will and intentions of the Creator. In these false societies they produce discords, anarchy, and general duplicity, which may be regarded as an inverse image of the sublime harmony, concert, and unity, of which they are capable, and which will reign in a true social order whose institutions and conditions are in all respects adapted to them. The discord and evil they now produce, and ever have produced in the false societies which have existed on the earth, are one of the strongest assurances of their power to produce harmony and good. Like an orchestra of instruments

unskillfully played upon, the complicated and intolerable discord coming from them, which is just in proportion to their number and their power of producing harmony, is but an inverse image of the delightful concert of sweet sounds which would result from their perfect management. As they, the Passions, are powerful for discord and evil, so also are they powerful for good. The very creative power of good which is inherent in them, is the causative power producing evil when perverted and misdirected. Like the Arch-angel who in heaven was the highest among the angels, but who, when he fell, was the chief among devils, the passions are the instruments of divine love, the peaceful messengers of heaven, or they are demons of infernal hate and the agents of hell. The strong passions of a Napoleon, misdirected, lead to war and destruction, and deluge the world with blood, but rightly directed, they would be equally powerful for the execution of plans for the improvement and benefit of mankind. On the other hand, while the feeble passions of an ordinary man in their subversive action produce comparatively little discord or evil, so they are capable only of a moderate degree, comparatively, of harmony and good in their true development.

The mistaken idea of the moralists and philosophers of civilization is, that the only means of securing order, virtue and morality in society, is to *repress, compress, and suppress* the Passions, the result of which is a *passive or negative morality, that merely avoids evil.*

The true doctrine is to develop the Passions fully, but harmoniously and in perfect equilibrium, the result of which will be a *positive morality, that will seek and produce good.*

In short, the Passions are active agents or forces, and like all active forces, they are capable of a true and harmonious action, or a false and discordant action,—in one case they produce good and in the other evil. *The forces remain the same; it is their action or development only*

which varies or is changed. We must be careful not to condemn the forces themselves, because when perverted and misdirected, evil results from them. One of the greatest and most fatal errors which has been committed by moralists and philosophers, is to condemn the Passions and pronounce Human Nature depraved and vicious, because the Passions under the influence of a false social system, have been perverted and misdirected and produced pernicious results.

We have made this digression in order to show that the Passions in themselves are good, and that we must separate their temporary perversion from their real essence and their true nature. We will now enter into an examination of the functions and employment of the passions in their various spheres, and in directing man to fulfil his destiny on earth.

To render this subject more comprehensible, we will first examine briefly the destiny of man on earth, for the passions, having been created and given to man to direct him in its fulfilment, it follows that if we understand the end of their creation, we can then comprehend the functions which they have to perform in accomplishing that destiny.

By the destiny of man, we understand the purposes and ends of his creation; the function assigned to Humanity by God in creating and placing it on the planet it inhabits. Mankind, considered as one great being, have a high function, a great and noble work to perform; and the kingdom of nature, the elements of industry, the passions of men, have all been ordained for and adapted to its execution.

It is not for mere individual gratification and happiness that man was created and placed on the earth, but to fulfil a great and useful end in the economy of the universe. This end must be understood, to obtain a clear idea of the elements,—particularly of the motive powers within man—which concur in accomplishing it.

The ideas generally entertained upon

the great question of Human Destiny are extremely vague and incomplete. In fact it is not understood that mankind have a collective Destiny or function to fulfil; that they should be united as one in carrying it out. Ideas of a mere individual destiny only occupy the attention of men. One portion of the world believes that the only Destiny of man is to secure individual happiness on earth, by obtaining wealth, rank, and consideration in society. Another portion believes that the Destiny of man is to secure his eternal individual welfare hereafter. The views which are taken in either case do not exceed the limits of individual good: it is happiness here or happiness hereafter, but for self alone. The idea of a collective Destiny of the race has not yet been perceived and acknowledged by mankind.

Let us endeavor to throw some light upon this subject.

Human Destiny is composed of three branches, or in other words, man has a three-fold destiny to fulfil.

1. A Terrestrial or Industrial Destiny.

2. A Social or Moral Destiny.

3. A Compound or Scientific Destiny.

When man fulfils this three-fold destiny he then enters into Association and Unity with God, which constitutes his Religious Destiny.

I. THE TERRESTRIAL OR INDUSTRIAL DESTINY. Man is the Overseer of the globe and the creations upon it; the earth is a great and noble domain confided to the collective care and supervision of the human race; they must cultivate, fertilize, and embellish it, develop all its resources in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and perfect them: they must efface all material discords, by purging it of beasts of prey and noxious reptiles, and by reclaiming and fertilizing the waste places and marshes. They must take the globe in its comparatively rude state of primitive nature, with its vast forests, its unregulated streams, which overflow and ravage the plains in their course, its stagnant waters, and sandy deserts, its irregular climates, its wild herds and flocks, its fruits, flowers, grains, and vegetables in their imperfect and undeveloped state, and by their united power and industry, by their science and their art, and by their collective wisdom, they must transform it into a magnificent terrestrial abode, teeming universally with material harmony, and forming an adequate foundation for the social and moral development that is to result from the fulfilment by man of the second branch of his destiny.

This universal cultivation and embellishment of the globe by the race, this perfecting of nature, we call the Industrial Destiny of man, because it is through industry that we achieve it.

To impel, and at the same time, to attract man to fulfil this destiny, the attractive passions have been given to him. They place man in contact and relation with external nature and her creations; and while they require imperiously her products, they are attracted to the enjoyment of her harmonies. Thus while the sense of Taste for example, absolutely demands food for nourishment, it delights also in exquisite flavors, and is impelled to the one, while it is attracted to the other. Careful analysis leads us to distinguish between the rude and primitive wants of a passion, which are the wants of mere instinct, and common to animals as well as to man, and the delicate perception and desire of harmonies in the same sphere. Thus for instance, there is a difference between the crude desire for food, which the most common substances may satisfy, and the love of exquisite flavors, such as a delicate repast may offer. Again, the sense of Sight requires the light of the sun; this is the primitive want of the sense; but the eye when cultivated, delights in the richest and most varied harmonies of forms and colors, in natural scenery, architecture, painting, sculpture, &c. And so of the other sensitive passions.

The love and attraction to material harmonies in the human soul can only be satisfied by the integral and perfect cultivation of the globe, by perfecting all the harmonies of nature, and developing all the resources of art, so as to surround man with universal material beauty, elegance and refinement, corresponding to his innate perceptions of harmony; which perceptions are of five orders, generated by the five sensitive passions, the satisfaction of which constitutes one of the three-fold branches of human happiness — the material or sensuous.

To execute this great work of Development in nature and art, is the function of the Sensitive Passions, which both *impel* and *attract* man to it.

II. THE SOCIAL OR MORAL DESTINY. The Industrial Destiny of man, as we have shown, is to establish the perfecting of Nature; the Social Destiny of man is to establish the unity of man with man, or the moral harmony of the race, in all degrees, from great collective bodies, like states or nations, down to the township and family, and thereby realizing, on our planet, social harmony and unity. The fulfilling of this branch of human destiny we hold to be what in the language of Scripture is called the establishing of the Kingdom of God on earth, and the doing of his will.

To direct man in fulfilling this second branch of his Destiny, the four Cardinal or Affective Passions have been given to him. They are, the love to Hu-

manity with its spiritual harmonies, as the Sensitive Passions are the love to Nature. They comprise all varieties of human sympathies, such as friendship, benevolence, philanthropy, justice, reverence, love, paternal and filial affection, and regulate all the social and moral relations, and the duties of mankind in all spheres of intercourse.

As the universal cultivation of the earth, is of high importance in the economy of creation, as it enables the planet to perform certain great functions in the operations of the solar system, so the establishment of universal social harmony on earth is of a corresponding importance in the spiritual economy of the universe, in that grand scheme of moral harmony which flows from the great centre, from God to his least creatures.

III. THE COMPOUND OR SCIENTIFIC DESTINY. Man is a *compound* being, and not a *simple* one, like the animal, which is governed by instinct alone; he must govern his life, his actions, by laws and principles, for the discovery of which he has been endowed with intellectual faculties. The animal is supplied by Nature with the means of existence; its wants are adapted to her spontaneous productions; its food, its covering, &c., are furnished without the application of art or science. Man, on the contrary, obtains what is necessary to his existence and happiness, only by the exercise of intelligence, by the discoveries of science and the applications of art; he must construct edifices for his habitation, which requires a knowledge of the laws of architecture; he must manufacture his clothing, which requires the discovery of the use of metals and the invention of machinery; and he must cultivate the earth to obtain his food, which requires a knowledge of agriculture. Thus the primary wants of man require the application of a high degree of art and science.

Again, the animal lives to a great extent within and for itself, having few external relations with others of its species; and is guided in all its acts by simple instinct, or more definitely, by attractions proportioned to its restricted destiny. Man, on the other hand, is a social being, and must live in union with his fellow men; he forms numerous ties and relations with them, associates and identifies himself with them, in various degrees of combination, — in the family, the township, and thence up to the nation; and in a true Social Order his relations and interests will extend, directly and indirectly, to the whole Human Race, which will form one great Brotherhood, united under one polity. Man by his constitution, both physical and mental, by his numerous material wants, by the varied social sympathies with which he is endowed, by his

love of the arts and the sciences, is a dependent being, — dependent upon the labors, upon the sympathies, and upon the genius and talents of his fellow men. In the extensive ties and relations growing out of his complex nature, in the various functions and duties which he must fulfil, his industrial sentiments and attractions alone are not a sufficient guide; these relations, functions, &c. form a vast system, *which must be governed by laws and principles*; and these laws and principles, and the institutions based upon them, constitute what is called Society.

Thus man is a compound being, not a simple one like the animal. He must govern and regulate all his industrial and social relations and the action of his passions by general laws. To discover and apply these laws is the *Scientific Destiny of Man*; and it is to direct and enable him to fulfil this destiny, that God has bestowed upon him the high order of intellectual faculties he possesses.

Mankind have established various systems of society, which have all been incomplete and false, having been based upon arbitrary laws of their own devising. Under the government of these arbitrary and imperfect societies, the Passions have been perverted and misdirected, and discord, conflict and anarchy have been introduced into the social relations and interests of men: — hence war, oppression, slavery and other evils which afflict the race.

The especial task of human intelligence is to discover the laws and principles of a true Social Order, and by applying them establish it on earth: they can be no other than the laws and principles by which God governs the Universe, and are to be sought for in the operations and harmonies of creation.

When man has fulfilled his three-fold destiny he will enter into Unity

1st. With Nature, by the universal cultivation and improvement of the globe.

2d. With his fellow men and himself, by the establishment of social harmony on earth.

3d. With the Universe, by the discovery of the Laws of Divine Order and their practical application to all the relations of Life.

And Pivotal, with God, as the complex and summary of Human Destiny, by perfectly obeying Divine Will and fulfilling the designs of the Creator.

There is, to use the words of Hermann, a certain science and art of being ignorant, for if it is shameful not to know those things which we ought to know, it is not less shameful to think we know those things which cannot be known.

MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

X.

On the first day of their new journey, as our young travellers were crossing a small river, upon a wooden bridge, they saw a poor beggar woman, who held a little girl in her arms, seated upon the parapet extending her hand to the passers by. The child was pale and suffering, the woman wan and shaking with fever. Consuelo was seized with a deep feeling of sympathy and pity for those unfortunates, who recalled to her her mother and her own childhood. "See how we were sometimes," said she to Joseph, who understood her at a word, and stopped with her to look at and question the beggar woman.

"Alas!" said the latter to them, "I was very happy only a few days ago. I am a peasant from the neighborhood of Harmanitz in Bohemia. I was married, five years since, to a handsome and tall cousin of mine, who was the most industrious of workmen and the best of husbands. About a year after our marriage, my poor Karl, who had gone to cut wood on the mountain, disappeared suddenly, without any one knowing what had become of him. I sank into poverty and sorrow. I thought that my husband had fallen from some precipice, or that the wolves had devoured him. Although I had an opportunity of being married again, the uncertainty of his fate and the friendship I felt for him prevented my thinking of it. Oh! I was well rewarded, my children! Last year, somebody knocked at my door in the evening; I opened it and fell on my knees at the sight of my husband before me. But in what a condition, good God! He looked like a phantom. He was all dried up, yellow, his eyes haggard, his hair stiffened with ice, his feet all bloody, his poor feet, which had travelled I know not how many hundreds of miles over the most horrible roads and in the most severe winter! But he was so happy at again finding his wife and his poor little daughter, that he soon recovered his courage, his health, his strength and his good looks. He told me that he had been kidnapped by brigands, who had carried him far, very far away, even to the sea, and had sold him to the king of Prussia for a soldier. He had lived for three years in the most gloomy of all countries, suffering great hardships and receiving blows from morning to night. At last he had succeeded

in escaping, deserting, my good children! In fighting desperately against those who pursued him, he had killed one and put out the eye of another with a stone; finally, he had travelled day and night, hiding in the swamps, in the woods, like a wild beast; he had crossed Saxony and Bohemia, and he was saved, he was restored to me. Ah! how happy we were the whole winter, spite of our poverty and the rigor of the season! We had but one anxiety, that was of again seeing in our neighborhood those birds of prey who had caused all our sufferings. We formed the project of going to Vienna, presenting ourselves to the empress, and relating our misfortunes to her, in order to obtain her protection, military service for my husband, and some subsistence for myself and child; but I fell ill in consequence of the shock I experienced at again seeing my poor Karl, and we were obliged to pass the whole winter and all the summer in our mountains, always waiting for the moment when I could undertake the journey, always on our guard and sleeping with one eye open. At last, that happy moment arrived, I felt myself strong enough to walk, and our little girl, who was also suffering, was to make the journey in her father's arms. But our evil destiny awaited us on leaving the mountains. We were walking tranquilly and leisurely by the side of a much frequented road, without paying attention to a carriage which, for a quarter of an hour, slowly ascended in the same direction with ourselves. Suddenly the carriage stopped, and three men got out. 'Is that he?' cried one. 'Yes,' replied another, who was blind of an eye, 'that is he! quick! quick.' My husband turned at these words and said to me, 'Ah! those are Prussians! that is the man whose eye I put out! I recognize him!' 'Run! run!' said I to him, 'save yourself!' He began to fly, when one of those abominable men rushed upon me, threw me down, and presented one pistol at my head and another at my child's. But for that diabolical idea, my husband would have been saved; for he ran better than those bandits and had the start of them. But at the shriek that escaped me ~~causing my child under the impulse of~~ the pistol, Karl turned, uttered great cries to prevent the shot and retraced his steps. When the villain who had his foot on my body saw Karl within reach: 'Yield,' cried he, 'or I kill them. Make one step more to fly and it is done!'

"I yield, I yield; here I am!" replied my poor man, running towards them with more speed than he had fled, notwithstanding the prayers and signs I made that he should let us die. When those tigers had him in their grasp, they overwhelmed him with blows and covered him

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

with blood. I wished to defend him; they maltreated me also. On seeing him bound before my eyes, I sobbed, I filled the air with my groans. They told me they would kill my little one if I did not keep still, and they had already torn her from my arms, when Karl said to me: 'Silence wife, I command you; think of our child!' I obeyed, but the effort I was compelled to make at seeing my husband beaten, bound and gagged, while those monsters said to me: 'Yes, cry away! you will never see him again, we carry him to be hanged,' was so violent, that I fell as if dead upon the road. When I opened my eyes it was night; my poor child, lying upon me, was convulsed with sobs, enough to break one's heart. There was nothing on the road but my husband's blood and the mark of the wheels which carried him away. I remained there an hour or two more, trying to console and warm Maria, who was benumbed and half dead with fear. At last, when my senses returned to me, I thought that the best I could do was not to run after the kidnappers whom I could not overtake, but to go and make my declaration to the officers of Wiesenbach, the nearest city. This was what I did, and afterwards I resolved to continue my journey to Vienna, and to throw myself at the feet of the empress, in order that she might at least prevent the king of Prussia from having the sentence of death executed upon my husband. Her majesty might claim him as her subject, in case the recruiters could not be overtaken. I therefore employed some alms which had been given me in the territory of the bishop of Passau, where I related my disaster, to reach the Danube in a wagon, and thence I descended in a boat to the city of Moelk. People to whom I tell my story are not willing to believe me, and suspecting me of being an impostor, give me so little, that I must continue my journey on foot; happy if I can arrive in five or six days without dying of fatigue! for illness and despair have exhausted me. Now, my dear children, if you have the means of giving me some little assistance, do so immediately, for I cannot rest any longer; I must march, march, like the Wandering Jew, until I have obtained justice."

"O! my good woman, my poor woman!" cried Consuelo, clasping the poor body in her arms, and weeping with joy and compassion; "courage, courage! Hope and be tranquillized! Your husband is delivered. He is galloping towards Vienna on a good horse, with a well lined purse in his pocket."

"What do you say?" cried the deserter's wife, her eyes becoming red as blood, and her lips trembling with a convulsive movement. "You are certain, you have

seen him? O my God! great God! God of goodness!"

"Alas! what are you doing?" said Joseph to Consuelo. "If you should be giving her a false joy; if the deserter whom we helped to save should be another than her husband?"

"It is himself, Joseph! I tell you it is he: remember the man with the one eye; remember Pistola's style of proceeding. Remember that the deserter said he was the father of a family and an Austrian subject. Besides, it is easy enough to be convinced. What sort of a man is your husband?"

"Red haired, with grey eyes, a large face, six feet and an inch tall; his nose a little flattened, his forehead low; a superb man."

"That is he," said Consuelo smiling; "and his dress?"

"A poor green frock, brown breeches and grey stockings."

"That is he again: and the recruiters, did you notice them?"

"O! if I did notice them, Holy Virgin! Their horrible faces will never be effaced from my recollection." The poor woman then gave, with much exactness, a description of Pistola, the one-eyed, and the silent man. "There was," said she, "a fourth, who remained by the horse and took no part. He had a great unmeaning face, which seemed to me more cruel than the others; for, while I was crying, and they were beating my husband and tying him with cords like an assassin, that brute sang and made the noise of a trumpet with his mouth, as if he were sounding a charge: broum, broum, broum, broum. Ah! such a heart of iron!"

"Well! that is Mayer," said Consuelo to Joseph. "Do you doubt still? Has he not that trick of singing and playing the trumpet with his mouth every moment?"

"It is true," said Joseph. "Then it was Karl whom we saw delivered? Thanks to God!"

"O! yes, thanks to the good God before all!" said the poor woman, throwing herself upon her knees. "Maria," said she to her little girl, "kiss the earth with me to thank the guardian angels and the holy virgin. Your father is found, and we shall soon see him again."

"Tell me, dear woman," observed Consuelo, "has Karl also the custom of kissing the ground when he is well satisfied?"

"Yes, my child, he never fails. When he returned after having deserted, he would not pass the door of our house before kissing the threshold."

"Is it a custom of your country?"

"No; it is a manner of his own, which

he taught us, and which has always brought us luck."

"Then it certainly was he whom we saw," returned Consuelo; "for we saw him kiss the earth to thank those who had delivered him. You remarked it, Beppo?"

"Perfectly! It was he; there is no more doubt possible."

"Come, let me press you to my heart," cried the wife of Karl, "O you two angels of paradise, who bring me such news. But tell me all about it."

Joseph related all that had happened; and when the poor woman had breathed forth all her transports of joy and of gratitude towards Heaven and towards Joseph and Consuelo, whom she rightly considered as the first deliverers of her husband, she asked them what she must do to find him again.

"I think," said Consuelo, "that it will be best for you to continue your journey. You will find him at Vienna, if you do not meet him on the road. His first care will be to make his declaration to his sovereign, and to request in the bureaux of the administration that you shall be informed in whatever place you may be. He will not have failed to make the same declaration in every important town through which he passed, and to obtain information of the route you had taken. If you reach Vienna before him, do not fail to communicate to the administration the place where you lodge, that notice may be given to Karl as soon as he presents himself."

"But what bureaux? what administration? I know nothing of those customs. And such a great city! I shall lose myself. I, a poor peasant!"

"Hold!" said Joseph, "we have never had an opportunity of knowing any more than you, but ask the first person you meet to show you the Prussian embassy. Ask for his lordship the baron—"

"Be careful of what you were going to say, Beppo!" said Consuelo in a low voice to Joseph, to remind him that he must not compromise the baron in this adventure.

"Well, Count Hoditz?" returned Joseph.

"Yes, the Count! he will do from vanity what the other would do from charity. Ask for the dwelling of the margravine, princess of Bareith, and present to her husband the billet I am going to give you."

Consuelo tore a blank leaf from Joseph's memorandum book, and traced these words with a pencil:

"Consuelo Porporina, prima donna of the Saint Samuel theatre at Venice, ex-signor Bertoni, wandering singer at Passau, recommends to the noble heart of Count Hoditz-Roswald the wife of Karl

the deserter, whom his lordship rescued from the hands of the recruiters and covered with his benefits. Porporina promises to thank his lordship the Count for his protection, in presence of madame the margravine, if his lordship the Count will allow her the honor of singing in the private apartments of her highness." Consuelo wrote the address with care, and looked at Joseph; he understood her, and drew out his purse. Without any further consultation and by a spontaneous movement, they gave the poor woman the two gold pieces which remained of Trenck's present, in order that she might ride the rest of her journey, and conducted her to the neighboring village, where they helped her to make a bargain with an honest vetturino. After they had made her eat something and bought her some clothes, an expense which came from the rest of their little fortune, they sent away the poor creature whom they had just restored to life. Then Consuelo asked laughingly how much remained at the bottom of their purse. Joseph took his violin, shook it at his ear, and replied, "Nothing but sound."

Consuelo tried her voice in the open country with a brilliant roulade and cried: "There remains a good deal of sound!" Then she joyously stretched out her hand to her companion, and clasped his heartily, saying: "You are a brave lad, Bepo!"

"And you also!" replied Joseph, wiping away a tear, and bursting into a shout of laughter.

XI.

It is not very disquieting to find yourself without money when you are near the end of your journey; but even though they had still been very far from their destination, our young artists would not have felt less gay than they were when they found themselves entirely penniless. One must also have been without resources in an unknown country (Joseph was almost as much of a stranger at this distance from Vienna as Consuelo) to know what a marvellous security, what an inventive and enterprising genius is revealed as by magic in the artist who has just spent his last copper. Until then, it is a kind of agony, a constant fear of want, a black apprehension of sufferings, embarrassments and humiliations, which disappear as soon as you have heard the ring of your last piece of money. Then, for poetic souls, a new world begins, a holy confidence in the charity of others, and many charming illusions; but also an aptitude for labor and a feeling of complacency which soon enable them to triumph over the first obstacles. Consuelo, who experienced a sentiment of ro-

mantic pleasure in this return to the indigence of her earlier days, and who felt happy at having done good by depriving herself, immediately found an expedient to ensure their supper and night's lodging. "This is Sunday," said she to Joseph; "you shall play some dancing tunes in passing through the first village we come to. We shall find people who want to dance before we have gone through two streets, and we will be the minstrels. Do you know how to make an oaten pipe? I can soon learn to use it, and if I can draw some sounds from it, it will be enough for an accompaniment."

"Do I know how to make a pipe?" replied Joseph; "you shall see!"

They soon found a fine reed growing at the river's side, hollowed and pierced it carefully, and it sounded wonderfully well. A perfect accord was obtained, the rehearsal followed, and our young people went on very tranquilly until they reached a small hamlet three miles off, into which they made their entrance by the sound of their instruments and crying before each door: "Who wishes to dance? Who wishes to dance? Here is the music, the ball is going to begin!"

They reached a little square planted with beautiful trees; they were escorted by a troop of children, who followed them marching, shouting, and clapping their hands. Soon some joyous couples came to raise the first dust by opening the dance; and before the soil was well trodden, the whole population assembled and made a circle around a rustic hall, improvised without hesitation and without conditions. After the first waltzes, Joseph put his violin under his arm, and Consuelo, mounting upon her chair, made a speech to the company to prove to them that fasting artists had weak fingers and short breath. Five minutes after, they had as much as they wanted of bread and cheese, beer and cakes. As to the salary, it was soon agreed upon: a collection was to be made and each was to give what he chose.

After having eaten they mounted upon a hog'shead, which was rolled triumphantly into the middle of the square, and the dance began again; but after two hours, they were interrupted by a piece of news which made every body anxious, and passed from mouth to mouth, until it reached the minstrels; the shoemaker of the place, while hurriedly finishing a pair of shoes for an impatient customer, had just stuck his awl into his thumb.

"It is a serious matter, a great misfortune," said an old man who was leaning against the hog'shead which served them as a pedestal. "Gottlieb, the shoemaker, is the organist of our village; and to-morrow is the fête-day of our patron saint. O! what a grand fête, what a

beautiful fête! There is nothing like it for ten leagues round. Our mass especially is a wonder, and people come from a great distance to hear it. Gottlieb is a true chapel-master; he plays the organ, he makes the children sing, he sings himself; there is nothing he does not do, especially on that day. He is the soul of every thing; without him all is lost. And what will the canon say, the canon of Saint Stephen's! who comes himself to officiate at the great mass, and who is always so well pleased with our music! For he is music-mad, the good canon, and it is a great honor for us to see him at our altar, he who hardly ever leaves his benefice, and does not put himself out for a trifle."

"Well!" said Consuelo, "there is a means of arranging all this: either my comrade or myself will take charge of the organ, of the direction, of the mass in a word; and if the canon is not satisfied you shall give us nothing for our pains."

"O ho!" said the old man, "you talk very much at your ease, young man; our mass cannot be played with a violin and a flute. O no! it is a serious matter, and you do not understand our scores."

"We will understand them this very evening," said Joseph, affecting an air of disdainful superiority, which imposed upon the audience grouped around him.

"Come," said Consuelo, "conduct us to the church; let some one blow the organ, and if you are not satisfied with our style of playing, you will be free to refuse our aid."

"But the score, Gottlieb's masterpiece of arrangement?"

"We will go and see Gottlieb, and if he does not declare himself satisfied with us, we renounce our pretensions. Besides, a wound in his finger will not prevent Gottlieb from directing the choir and singing his part."

The elders of the village, who were assembled around them, took counsel together, and determined to make the trial. The ball was abandoned; the canon's mass was quite a different amusement, quite another affair from dancing!

Haydn and Consuelo, after playing the organ alternately, and singing together and separately, were judged to be quite passable musicians, for want of better. Some mechanics even dared to hint that their playing was preferable to Gottlieb's, and that the fragments of Scarlatti, of Pergolese and of Bach, which they had made them hear, were at least as fine as the music of Hœzaüer, which Gottlieb always stuck to. The curate, who had run to listen to them, went so far as to say that the canon would much prefer these songs to those with which they

usually regaled him. The sacristan, who was by no means pleased with that opinion, shook his head sorrowfully; and not to make his parishioners discontented, the curate consented that the two virtuosos sent by Heaven, should come to an understanding, if possible, with Gottlieb, to accompany the mass.

They all went in a crowd to the shoemaker's house; he was obliged to show his swollen hand to every body, in order to be excused from performing his functions as an organist. The impossibility was too real for his liking. Gottlieb was endowed with a degree of musical intelligence, and played the organ passably; but, spoiled by the praises of his fellow-citizens and the somewhat ironical approbation of the canon, he introduced an abominable self-love into his direction and execution. He was vexed when they proposed to fill his place by two wandering artists; he would rather that the fête should fail and the patronal mass be deprived of music, than divide the triumph. Still, he was obliged to yield; he pretended a long while to be looking for the score, and only consented to find it when they threatened to give the two young artists the choice and care of all the music. Then Consuelo and Joseph must show their knowledge by reading at sight those passages which were considered most difficult in that one of Hœzbaüer's twenty-six masses which was to be executed on the morrow. This music, without genius and without originality, was at least well written and easily understood, especially for Consuelo, who had surmounted so many more important trials. The audience were astonished, and Gottlieb, who became more and more vexed and morose, declared that he had a fever and was going to bed, enchanted that every body was satisfied.

Immediately the voices and the instruments assembled in the church, and our two little improvised chapel-masters directed the rehearsal. Every thing went on well. The brewer, the weaver, the school-master and the baker of the village, played the four violins. The children constituted the choirs, with their parents, all good peasants or mechanics, phlegmatic, attentive and willing. Joseph had already heard Hœzbaüer's music at Vienna, where it was in favor at that period. He had no trouble in accustoming himself to it, and Consuelo, taking her part alternately in all the burdens of the song, led the choirs so well that they surpassed themselves. There were two solos which were to be given by Gottlieb's son and niece, his favorite pupils and the first singers of the parish; but these two leaders did not appear, under pretence that they were sure of their parts.

Joseph and Consuelo went to sup at the presbytery, where apartments had been prepared for them. The good curate was in the joy of his heart, and they saw that he was much interested in the beauty of his mass, for the sake of pleasing the canon.

On the morrow, every body was moving in the village before day. The bells rang in fine style; the roads were covered with the faithful coming from all parts of the surrounding country to be present at the solemnity. The coach of the canon approached with a majestic slowness. The church was dressed in its most beautiful ornaments. Consuelo was much amused at the importance every one ascribed to himself. There was almost as much self-love and rivalry in play there, as in the green-room of a theatre. Only matters were conducted with more simplicity, and there was more occasion for laughter than for indignation.

Half an hour before the mass, the terrified sacristan came to reveal to them a great plot conceived by the jealous and perfidious Gottlieb. Having learnt that the rehearsal had been excellent, and that all the musical public of the parish were charmed with the new-comers, he gave out that he was very sick, and forbade his niece and his son, the two principal leaders, to leave his bed-side; so that they would have neither the presence of Gottlieb, which every body considered indispensable to carry matters along, nor the solos, which were the finest part of the mass. The singers were discouraged, and it was with great trouble that he, the important and busy sacristan, had assembled them in the church to take counsel.

Consuelo and Joseph ran to find them, made them repeat the dangerous passages, sustained the failing parts, and restored confidence and courage to all. As to replacing the solos, they soon came to an understanding between themselves to take charge of them. Consuelo sought and found in her memory a religious song of Porpora's which was adapted to the tune and words of the required solo. She wrote it upon her knee, and repeated it hurriedly with Haydn, who also prepared himself to accompany her. She likewise found for him a fragment of Sebastian Bach which he knew, and which they arranged between them, tolerably well for the occasion.

The mass was rung, while they still rehearsed and listened to each other, spite of the uproar of the great bell. When the canon, clothed in his vestments, appeared at the altar, the choirs had already set out, and were galloping through the figured style of the German composer with a steadiness of good prom-

ise. Consuelo took pleasure in seeing and hearing those good German proletaires with their serious faces, their true voices, their methodical accord, and their strength always sustained, because always restrained within certain limits. "These," said she to Joseph, in an interval, "are the proper executors of this music: if they had the fire which is wanting in the master, every thing would go wrong; but they have it not, and the thoughts that were forged mechanically are rendered by pieces of mechanism. Why is not the illustrious maestro Hœditz Roswald here to fashion these machines! He would take a great deal of pains, would be of no use, and would have the highest satisfaction in the world."

The solo for a man's voice was expected with anxiety by many. Joseph acquitted himself wonderfully; but when Consuelo's came, her Italian style astonished them at first, scandalized them a little, and at last excited their enthusiasm. The cantatrice took pains to sing her best, and the expression of her grand and sublime song transported Joseph to the skies.

"I cannot believe," said he to her, "that you have ever been able to sing better than you have just done, for this poor village mass."

"At least I have never sung with more enthusiasm and pleasure," replied she. "This audience is more sympathetic to me than that of a theatre. Now let me look over the gallery to see if the canon is satisfied. Yes, he has quite a sanctified air, that respectable canon; and from the manner in which every one seeks in his expression for the recompense of their efforts, I see that the good God is the only one here of whom nobody thinks."

"Excepting yourself, Consuelo!—Faith and divine love alone can inspire accents like yours."

When the two virtuosos left the church after the mass, but little was wanting to induce the populace to carry them in triumph to the presbytery, where a good breakfast awaited them. The curate presented them to the canon, who covered them with praises, and wished again to hear Porpora's solo after his meal. But Consuelo, who was rightly astonished that no one had recognized her woman's voice, and who feared the eye of the canon, excused herself, on the pretext that the rehearsals and her active co-operation in all the parts of the choir had much fatigued her. The excuse was not admitted, and they were obliged to appear at the canon's breakfast.

The canon was a man of about fifty, with a fine and good face, very well made in his person, though somewhat loaded with flesh. His manners were distin-

guished, even noble; he told every body in confidence that he had royal blood in his veins, being one of the four hundred illegitimate children of Augustus II., elector of Saxony and king of Poland. He showed himself gracious and affable, as a man of the world and an ecclesiastical personage ought to be. Joseph noticed by his side a layman, whom he appeared to treat both with distinction and familiarity. It seemed to Joseph that he had seen the latter at Venice, but he could not fit, as is said, his name to his face.

"Well, my dear children," said the canon, "so you refuse me a second hearing of the theme of Porpora! Still here is one of my friends even more of a musician and a hundred times better judge than I am, who has been much struck by your manner of delivering that piece. Since you are fatigued," added he, addressing Joseph, "I will not trouble you any more; but you must be so obliging as to tell us what is your name, and where you studied music."

Joseph saw that they attributed to him the solo which Consuelo had sung, and an expressive look of the latter made him understand that he must confirm the canon in his mistake.

"I call myself Joseph," replied he briefly, "and I studied at the foundation of St. Stephen's."

"And I likewise," replied the unknown personage, "I studied at the foundation, under Reuter the father. You doubtless under Reuter the son."

"Yes, sir."

"But you have had other lessons since. You have studied in Italy?"

"No, sir."

"It was you who played the organ?"

"Sometimes I, sometimes my comrade."

"And which of you sang?"

"Both of us."

"Very well! But the theme of Porpora, that was not you," said the unknown, casting a side glance at Consuelo.

"Bah! It was not that child!" said the canon, also looking at Consuelo; "he is too young to know how to sing so well."

"So it was not I, it was he," replied she quickly, pointing to Joseph. She was in a hurry to free herself from these questions, and looked at the door impatiently.

"Why do you tell a falsehood, my child?" said the curate naively. "I both heard and saw you sing yesterday, and I recognized your comrade's voice in the solo of Bach."

"No matter, you must be deceived, sir curate," resumed the unknown with a sneering smile, "or else this young man

is excessively modest. However it may be, we give praises to both the one and the other." Then, taking the curate aside, "You have a discriminating ear," said he to him, "but you have not a clear-seeing eye; that does honor to the purity of your thoughts. Still, I must undeceive you: that little Hungarian peasant is a very skilful Italian cantatrice."

"A woman in disguise!" cried the astonished curate. He looked attentively at Consuelo, who was engaged in answering the canon's benevolent questions; and either from pleasure or indignation, the good curate blushed from his band to his cap.

"It is as I say," replied the unknown. "I search in vain for whom she may be, I do not know her; and as to her disguise and the precarious condition in which she is, I can only attribute them to some folly—a love affair, sir curate; that does not concern us."

"Some love affair! as you say very truly," returned the curate quite excited; "a running away, a criminal intrigue with that little young man! But all that is very wrong! And I fell into the snare! I lodged them in my presbytery! Fortunately I gave them separate chambers, and I hope there was no scandal under my roof. Ah! what an adventure! and how the wits of my parish (for there are such, sir, I know several) would laugh at my expense if they knew that!"

"If your parishioners did not recognize the woman's voice, it is probable that they did not recognize her features or her walk. See what pretty hands, what silky hair, what little feet, spite of the coarse shoes!"

"I wish to see nothing of all that!" cried the curate beside himself; "it is an abomination to be dressed like a man. There is a verse in the Holy Scriptures which condemns to death every man or woman guilty of quitting the dress of their sex; *To death!* do you understand, sir! That sufficiently indicates the enormity of the sin. For all that she has dared to enter the church, and impudently sing the praises of the Lord, while her body and soul are stained with such a crime!"

"And she sang them divinely! She brought tears to my eyes; I have never heard anything equal to it. Strange mystery! Who can this woman be! All those I can think of are much older than she."

"She is a child, quite a young girl!" returned the curate, who could not help looking at Consuelo with an interest which was combated in his heart by the austerity of his principles. "O! the little serpent! see with what a gentle and modest air she answers the canon! Ah!

I am a lost man, if any one has discovered the cheat. I shall be obliged to leave the country!"

"How, neither you nor any of your parishioners recognized the woman's voice? You are certainly very simple auditors."

"As you please. We thought there was something very extraordinary in the voice; but Gottlieb, said it was an Italian voice, that he had heard others like it, that it was a voice of the Sistine chapel. I do not know what he meant by that; I understood no music out of my ritual, and I was a hundred leagues from imagining—what shall I do, sir, what shall I do?"

"If no one has any suspicions, I advise you not to say anything. Discharge these children as soon as you can; I will undertake, if you wish, to rid you of them."

"O! yes, you will do me a favor! Here, here, I will give you the money—how much must I give them?"

"I have nothing to do with that; we pay artists largely. But your parish is not rich, and the church is not obliged to do like the theatre."

"I will do things liberally, I will give them six florins! I will go at once—but what will the canon say? He seems to suspect nothing. There he is talking with her quite paternally—the holy man!"

"Frankly, do you think he would be much scandalized?"

"Why should he not be? Besides, what I fear, are not so much his reprimands as his raillery. You know how he loves a joke; he has so much wit! O! how he will laugh at my simplicity!"

"But if he shares your error, as he now seems to—he will have no right to ridicule you. Come, appear to suspect nothing: let us approach, and do you seize a favorable moment to discharge your musicians."

They left the recess of the window in which they had held this conversation, and the curate drawing near to Joseph, who appeared to interest the canon much less than the signor Bertoni, slipped the six florins into his hand. As soon as he had received this modest sum, Joseph made a sign to Consuelo to disengage herself from the canon and to follow him out; but the canon, recalling Joseph, and persisting in accordance with his affirmative answers, in believing that it was he who had the woman's voice: "Tell me then," said he, "why you chose that piece of Porpora's, instead of singing the solo of Mr. Hoesbauer?"

"We did not have it, we did not know it," replied Joseph. "I sang the only thing of my studies which was complete in my memory."

The curate hastened to mention Gottlieb's petty malice, and this artist's jealousy made the canon laugh a good deal.

"Well!" said the unknown, "your good shoemaker did us a great favor. Instead of a bad solo, we had a chef-d'œuvre of a great master. You gave proof of your taste," added he, addressing Consuelo.

"I do not think," answered Joseph, "that Hoezbaüer's solo could have been bad; what we sang of his was not without merit."

"Merit is not genius!" replied the unknown with a sigh; and persisting in speaking with Consuelo, he added:

"What do you think of it, my little friend? Do you think they are the same thing?"

"No, sir, I do not think so," replied she laconically and coldly; for the look of that man embarrassed and troubled her more and more.

"But still you had some pleasure in singing that mass of Hoezbaüer!" returned the canon; "it is beautiful, is it not?"

"I had neither pleasure nor displeasure," answered Consuelo, her impatience giving her an irresistible impulse to frankness.

"That is to say, it is neither good nor bad," cried the unknown, laughing. "Well, my child, you have answered very well, and I am entirely of your opinion."

The canon burst into a laugh; the curate seemed much embarrassed, and Consuelo, following Joseph, disappeared, without troubling herself about this musical difference.

"Well, sir canon," said the unknown, maliciously, as soon as the musicians had gone out, "what do you think of those children?"

"Charming! admirable! I ask you pardon for saying so, after the basket the little one has just given you."

"Me! I consider that child adorable! What talent in so tender an age! it is wonderful! How powerful and precocious those Italian natures are!"

"I can say nothing of the talent of that one!" returned the canon, with a natural manner. "I did not distinguish it much; it is his companion who is wonderful; and he is of our own nation, if it please your *Italianomania*."

"O ho!" said the unknown, winking at the curate, to draw his attention, "then it was decidedly the oldest who sang that piece of Porpora's?"

"I presume so," replied the curate, quite troubled at the falsehood into which he was drawn.

"I am sure of it," said the canon; "he told me so himself."

"And the other solo," returned the

unknown, "it must have been some one of your parish who sang that!"

"Probably," replied the curate, making an effort to sustain the imposition.

Both looked at the canon, to see if he was their dupe, or was laughing at them. He appeared not to think of it. His tranquillity reassured the curate. They talked of something else. But after a quarter of an hour the canon returned to the subject of music, and wished to see Joseph and Consuelo again, in order, as he said, to carry them to his country house and hear them at his leisure. The curate, frightened, stammered some unintelligible objections. The canon, laughing, asked him if he had put his little musicians into the pot to complete the breakfast, which seemed to him sufficiently splendid without that. The curate was on tenter-hooks; the unknown came to his relief. "I will go seek them," said he to the canon; and he went out, making a sign to the curate to trust to some expedient on his part. But there was no need for him to imagine one. He learned from the servant-woman that the young artists had already gone across the country, after having generously given her one of the six florins they had received.

"How! gone!" cried the canon, with much vexation. "Somebody must run after them; I wish to see them again; I wish to hear them; I must, absolutely!"

They pretended to obey him; but were careful not to run in the direction they had taken. Besides, they had flown away like birds, hurrying to escape from the curiosity that threatened them.

The canon experienced much regret, and even a little vexation.

"God be thanked! he suspects nothing," said the curate to the unknown.

"Curate," replied the latter, "remember the story of the bishop, who, inadvertently eating meat on a Friday, was reminded by his grand-vicar. 'How unlucky' cried the bishop; 'could he not have been silent until after dinner?' Perhaps we ought to have left the canon to be deceived at his ease."

To be Continued.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATIONISTS.

To the Editor of the Democratic Review:

I have read in the December number of the Democratic Review, a criticism of the "Wandering Jew" of Eugene Sue. This work is made the occasion of a violent philippic against the American Associationists and the social doctrines of Charles Fourier. The article is such a tissue of misrepresentations and perversions that I hardly know how to answer it, or what part to take up and refute, without exceeding ten-fold the limits you could give me. Knowing, as I do, that the article was published during your absence from the country, I hasten to take advantage of your return, to appeal to your sense of justice to allow me the

privilege, on behalf of no small number of high-minded and honorable men, honest in their views of social reform, of replying in the same pages to that which we regard as personally injurious, as well as calumnious and unjust to a doctrine. Without putting this reply in a controversial form, or undertaking a detailed criticism of the article of your correspondent, I shall best attain my object by proceeding to explain simply and briefly the aims, the objects, and the principles of those who have been so extremely and unwarrantably misrepresented.

The American Associationists advocate a *Social Reform*—a thorough and organic reform in the present system of Society, inherited from the dark ages of monarchical Europe and blood-stained Greece and Rome, and which is still erect, governing the destinies of the most advanced nations on the earth. We believe that this system of Society called Civilization, has entailed carnage and servitude, misery, conflicts, disunion and ignorance, long enough upon mankind, and that the time has at length arrived, for a change in this monstrous social mechanism, and the peaceful establishment of a new social order in its place.

The American people have taken the initiative in this great and righteous work; they have reformed a part of this old and rotten social system—the offspring of epochs of war, slavery and oppression; they have reformed the political part; they have stripped it of its political tyranny, injustice, inequalities and extortions—and kings, aristocracies, entailed estates, titles, &c. &c., have been swept away by the spirit of progress of the American people. It now remains for us, as a people, to complete the great work, and reform the social system itself, with its false, degrading, brutalizing, unrequited and ill-requited system of Labor—its unequal war of Capital against Labor—and its fierce, envious and relentless competition, with its hatred and jealousies, and the industrial anarchy to which it gives rise—its grossly unequal social opportunities and privileges—its domestic servitude—its system of menial and hireling labor—its protracted, unjust, and quibbling system of Law, and its other social evils and abuses.

We believe that this is the *true work* of our age and nation, and we, as Americans, have undertaken it. We advocate a Social Reform, and we are, in fact, Social Reformers; we prosecute our enterprise in the name of God and humanity, with a deep and firm faith and conviction that we are right; that we are engaged in the most sacred and holy of causes in which men can be engaged—for it is the cause of the elevation of mankind from poverty, suffering, ignorance, and degradation, to universal abundance, universal intelligence and happiness.

Not wishing to take a name so much abused as that of "Reformer," we have chosen the simple name of "Associationists," and used it in all our works and on all occasions.

The writer of the article to which I answer, the reasonings and sophistries of which, together with isolated quotations from Eugene Sue, are strung together in a manner most disgusting to the moral sense of our souls—has seen fit to call us *Fourierites*, a name which we have always rejected, first, because we do not wish to clothe our great work with the livery of

any man's name; and second, because we look upon Fourier as an eminent writer and thinker on *Social Science*,—and it would be false to give it his name, as it would be to give to Astronomy the name of Kepler or Newton.

Let me state the general principles on which we base our conviction of the necessity of a great reform in the social condition of the human race, and the possibility of their elevation to a high state of dignity, truth and happiness. My view of these principles may differ slightly from those of others, but I believe not essentially.

1. We believe that a God of *infinite Love and infinite Wisdom*, created and governs the Universe.

2. We believe that our globe and the Humanity upon it form a part of the Universe, and that hence the *Laws of divine Justice, Order, and Harmony, which govern the Universe, can be extended to, and established upon our earth.*

3. We believe that these Laws of divine Order are revealed and manifested in the works of creation—in the movement of the heavenly bodies, in the distribution and arrangement of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms—in the harmonies discovered by science, like the mathematical and musical; and in all other departments. These laws are the attributes of the wisdom of the Creator. We believe, also, that the commandments of his Love have been given to the world by the Prophets, and in their fulness by Christ, who proclaimed the brotherhood and unity of the race—that they were all one, brothers of one family, children of one God; and who said: "As I have loved you, so love ye one another;" and instructed his disciples to pray and labor that the kingdom of God, and his justice, might come, and his will be done ON EARTH, as it is in heaven—and that to all might be given their daily bread or an abundance of all things necessary to the body and soul.

4. We believe that man is a free agent, endowed with independent action, and the high gift of reason and mental association with God, and that he *must discover by his own efforts and genius* these Laws of divine Order and Justice, and establish them upon earth. If Man does not do this, then discord and incoherence reign in their place, govern the world, and engender all the evils that now oppress and curse it. But to be impelled to seek for these Laws, man must be animated by love to God and humanity; the love must exist first, and give power and direction to his intellect. If those literary critics that are biting at the heels of genius, were fired by any spark of this noble sentiment, they would endeavor to discover remedies for the miseries that oppress their fellow men, instead of making a hypocritical parade of their pretended purity and virtue, and sensibility to truth and principle.

That the laws of divine Order and Harmony with their results, the brotherhood and unity of the race, and the elevation and happiness of the whole human family, do not exist on the earth, is abundantly proved by facts around us.

Look at your wars between nations, with their carnage and devastation; look at your incompatible castes and classes in each nation—masters and slaves, rich and poor, employers and hirelings—with arrogance, oppression, and contempt on one

side, and envy and hatred on the other; look at your strifes and intrigues between sects and parties; at your frauds, over-reachings, duplicity, lying, cheating and legalized plunder in commerce, finance, and industry; look at your dissensions in families, at your quarrels, antipathies and calumnies between individuals in all their daily business affairs; look at rampant mammon, wringing from the toiling millions the wealth created by their sweat and their blood; look at men devouring the substance of each other like beasts of prey; look at the vice, crime, and drunkenness that prevail, particularly in your large cities; look at the prostitutes in your streets, at your poor-houses and your prisons; at your beggars and your criminals,—look at all this and far more than I can describe, and say whether the present system of society is a true and divine Order, in which the laws of God reign, or if it is not rather a *Social Hell*? When we contemplate this awful scene, what can we say of those benighted souls, who, instead of taking any part in the great and sacred work of social progress and human elevation, have only attacks, calumnies and criticisms to level against every and all reforms that come up, and who, in order to pander to and gain the favor of interests monstrously selfish and inhuman, actually uphold this *Social Hell*?

The day is not far distant when these defenders of things as they are—in the midst of the complicated miseries that reign, will receive, as they merit, the contempt of mankind.

5. We believe that a great *Social Reform* must and will be effected; that the condition of mankind throughout the world calls for it with imperious necessity. We believe that the new Social Order, which is destined to replace the old social system of man, slavery, oppression, and gigantic wrong, and which has now lasted about thirty centuries, must be based upon those principles of eternal Justice, those laws of divine Order which produce harmony throughout the universe, and not upon any arbitrary plan or theories of human devising or invention.

As we said, these laws of universal Harmony, having their origin in the wisdom of God, are manifested in all the works of creation; Man is the interpreter of them for this globe; he must, by the efforts of the high intelligence with which he has been endowed, discover and apply them to the world over which he presides, and thus bring it under the government of the laws of harmony and justice of the Creator. We believe that several interpreters of parts of these laws, have appeared within a century or two, and that the present epoch in the history of the world is destined to explain them, and give to mankind the true scientific basis of society. We, who are laboring for a Social Reform, feel particularly the want of full knowledge of these laws, for we know that this greatest of all problems, can only be solved by the highest wisdom. For this reason we study with deep interest, and impartially, the labors of every man of genius who pretends to have had an insight into this intricate subject.

We believe that the illustrious Swedenborg has discovered some portion of these laws of universal Harmony; his scientific works in particular, his *Animal Kingdom*, *Principia*, &c., contain most important things. He is condemned as a visionary and an impostor, by many sects,

yet we consult him with reverence, and take gladly whatever we can find to guide us in our difficult and complicated work.

Charles Fourier had a clear insight into the existence of these laws, and the absolute necessity of their discovery before mankind could have *positively a sure guide* in the organization of their societies, and their social career on earth. He labored for years at their discovery, and it is said by those who knew him, that he has passed six days and nights without sleep, engaged upon the solution of some deep and complicated problem. I, who knew him well, and who knew the intensity and the power of his nature, can readily believe that it was so. Fourier claims to have discovered the laws of universal Harmony in all their powers or degrees, but in his works he has given only a general outline of them, and laid down their general and fundamental principles. The results of the labors which he has left behind, are however, of inestimable value, and candid minds, if they would but look into the subject, would see it, and pursue the study, and endeavor to arrive at a complete knowledge of these laws.

Many of the leading scientific minds of the day are now searching for the *great principles of Nature, which control and regulate, with such sublime wisdom, the vast universe.* Among others, we find BURDACH, the physiologist; CARUS, the comparative anatomist; and OXEN, the naturalist, of Germany; GEOFFROY ST. HILAIRE, of France, and others. There is a decided tendency, in our age, to arrive at this Science of Sciences, or a knowledge of the Laws of Nature, or universal Order and Harmony, and, we believe, that it may be accomplished.

From what we have said, it will be seen that we hold there are many interpreters of Nature's Laws. We consult these interpreters with great respect, but do not take the men as our leaders and masters; we accept only the *Laws themselves*. These Laws, as we said, are not yet fully discovered, and clearly and scientifically explained, and we are still seeking. Fourier has had a deeper, a more definite and comprehensive view of them than any other man we know; he has given, in addition, an Organization of Society, which he believes is based upon them, so that we consult him with respect, and in one important practical sphere, in the *Organization of Industry*—by which Labor will be dignified, and rendered honorable and attractive—we take him as a guide. We look upon him as an interpreter, not as our master: he was not a prophet, a revealer, a being clothed with undoubted authority; he was a man of gigantic genius, operating with the powers of reason, which are always liable to error, in him as well as in every one else. It is very probable that he did commit errors, as he operated in so new and vast a field; it would, indeed, be remarkable if he did not; we know that the great Kepler, and the great Newton, wrote some extravagant things—as extravagant as their genius was great, for powerful men do nothing, whether for good or evil, in a small way. It may be the same with Fourier, but it is for the men who are following in the same direction,—that is, searching for the Laws of divine Order and Justice, and their application to this world,—to correct these errors, and to substitute the corresponding truths in their place. Besides,

the common sense of mankind, as the great work of a Social Reform progresses, can test, step by step, the truth and practicability of principles and measures, which may be proposed by Interpreters or Discoverers of Social Laws.

Small souls and triflers do not know how to separate any errors that may occur in a system, or in the discoveries of a man, from the truths that are contained in them—making use of the one while they correct the other: all they can do is to cry out like frightened children, and point with great trepidation to some dreadful things they have seen. This appears to have been the case with the poor Critic in the last number of the Democratic Review. He has read, in Eugene Sue, something that is in conflict with marriage as it now exists: he attributes all this to Fourier's system, and the American Associationists, (although I know, positively, that Eugene Sue does not know what Fourier's views are upon the question of the relation of the sexes, for they are not explained in his works,) and then, sets up a cry of alarm, and proceeds to save the world from the danger that impends over it.

Let me state, here, that in Fourier's works, or discoveries, there are two entirely distinct parts. One relates to the Organization of Labor and similar practical questions, such as the system of commerce, of property, of education, the division of profits, &c. All this is clear and practical, and can be judged by the common sense of people, and practical experience.

The other embraces a wide field of scientific speculation and analogical conjectures upon the system of the universe, and of the most transcendent character ever penned, we believe, by any man. The latter includes the theory of the Laws of Universal Harmony—or the *Law of the Series*, as Fourier calls it—a theory of the Immortality of the Soul—of Cosmogony, embracing an explanation of the mode of the creation of animals, vegetables and minerals on the surfaces of the planets, and of future creations, and developments of Nature that are to take place on our own—a description of the processes for ameliorating the climate of our globe—an explanation of the theory of Universal Analogy, and an outline of the future and successive Orders of Society that will be established on the earth as the Race progresses, and the great changes which he predicts, will take place generally. It is in this part that we class what he says of the habits, customs, and the nature of the social relations that will exist in future and far distant periods; and as great changes have taken place in the past, so he anticipates that they will also take place in the future. He has said very little about the relation of the sexes, and what he has said is stated in such extremely technical language, and so vague and general, that it is impossible to arrive at a clear knowledge of the system which he had in view. He has, however, said enough in condemnation of the abuses and evils of the present system to expose himself to the criticism of those minds of small calibre, who, from petty interests hate all reform and progress, and seek out some one or more points which are objectionable to the habits and feelings of the Age, and then harp upon them, instead of seeking for what is evidently good and sound, and

advocating it, as men of intelligent views and honest hearts, should do. Fourier, however, has stated in the most explicit manner, that this second part of his works may be considered as a romance—as his poetry. He says that Newton wrote upon the Apocalypse, Kepler upon Astrology, and that the positive part of those great men's discoveries are not rejected on account of their apocalyptic or astrological vagaries; he claims the same liberty to treat certain transcendent questions—leaving it to future ages to determine whether he is right, and if so, to merit a reputation equal to the reachings of his genius—but he says, that the practical and industrial part of his discoveries, which can be tested on a small scale, and at comparatively little expense, and of which the present age can judge, should not be rejected on that account.

So much for Fourier. Now, let me explain briefly, the views which the Associationists hold on the subject of marriage, and a few other leading points.

We believe that a Social Reform has become absolutely necessary, and must, sooner or later, be effected; we have explained the reasons for it, and the principles on which a true Social Order should be based,—namely, upon the same great system of Laws as produce Harmony in all other branches of creation.

In this difficult and arduous work, we must begin at the beginning; that is, with the practical and material interests and affairs of Society. We must give to Labor, which is the great source of wealth and riches, a *good organization*; we must dignify it and make it attractive; we must apply to it all the resources of science and invention, so as to increase production greatly—four, six, eight fold. By this means we can secure *abundance to all*, and banish the scourge of poverty from the world, the prolific source of so many lesser evils—this is the first great step to be taken.

We must then secure to every being—to the man, the woman and the child—his or her rights, particularly the Right of Property, and the Right of Labor, or productive and congenial occupations. By this means, we shall secure to all, *pecuniary independence*, which is the second great step.

In the third place, we must give to all children, without exception, equal social opportunities, and particularly equal chances of education, and the best possible one, both industrial and scientific, that the human mind can discover, and the experience of the past suggest. This will secure *universal culture and refinement, and unity of habits, manners, language, &c.*

These three measures, which could so easily be carried out, if there was a sincere Love of Humanity to prompt the hearts and the intellects of men to seek for the means, would bless the world with *abundance*, with *real liberty and independence*, and with *universal knowledge and elevation*.

Jointly with these three measures, we must introduce into society, *Unity of Interests, Combined Action*, and the principle of *Association*, and replace by them the conflict of all interest, the incoherent action, and the universal individualism, and the antagonism, that now reign.

When Mankind have achieved these preliminary reforms; when a foundation of practical truth and justice is laid, which will take two or three generations; then

they will be in a position to discuss and legislate upon any higher reforms which may be deemed necessary: and they will be capable of so doing, for abundance and knowledge will be universal, and refined and elevated generations will be there to decide upon them.

Our duty and business are to work for the present generation, to propose and carry out such measures as the present time requires—as are appropriate to the actual wants and conditions of mankind, and form the first of a regular series of links in the great chain of a Social Reform. We have too much common sense, we trust, to undertake to say what Humanity shall do ages hence, and to lay down laws and principles which it shall follow. It will be guided, we do not doubt, by its own sentiments, researches and studies; and on looking back to the dark age in which we now live, with its ignorance, misery, brutality, selfishness, slavish and disgusting subserviency to pecuniary considerations, its prejudices and general intellectual weakness, it will think as little of taking advice of the beings of such an age, as we do of following the views of the darkest of the middle ages, and, in fact, I might say, as we should of asking the councils of a band of Congo negroes, or a horde of savages, upon questions of social and political interests.

AN INDUSTRIAL REFORM, and the ORGANIZATION OF LABOR, the guarantee of all Rights—the Right of Property, the Right of congenial and productive Occupations, and the Right of Education and Social Protection, or a Social Providence for the child—these are the measures for which the Associationists are contending, the reforms which they are endeavoring to carry out.

As regards Marriage, the Associationists have not treated it, scarcely even adverted to it. They leave marriage as it is, and maintain it in its present condition, for they are fully convinced that it is not a question for the present age. It is their opponents who moot the question, and not they.

As regards their opinion upon the goodness and truth of the Institution, I will state the views which, I believe, are held by most of us. This will meet the question direct.

In the first place, we do not at all believe that Marriage, that the promise and vow between two beings before God to love each other for ever, is the cause of the quarrels, the discords, the antipathies, the jealousies, the sorrows, the materialism, the oppression, the abuses, and the thousand abominations that now exist and take place between married couples. We believe that all other evils in society combine to produce these results; that poverty and ignorance, that coarseness and brutality, particularly on the part of men, with vices like gambling and drinking, that antipathetic and incompatible characters, that undeveloped and misdeveloped minds and bodies, with repulsive habits, views and opinions growing out of these moral and physical deformities, that the pecuniary dependance of woman, that rash marriages, the fruit of the mere sensual impulses—these, and other evils and abuses, combine to poison and degrade the relations, and cover it with their contamination. But above all, we believe that the system of separate or isolated households, which makes woman a

domestic drudge, reduces her to a state of entire pecuniary dependency upon man—forcing her in so many cases to barter the desires and aspirations of her soul for clothes to cover her, for food to eat, and for a house for shelter—which brings up between the man and the woman a thousand petty discussions upon low and common place subjects, upon pecuniary concerns, expenses, economy, &c. and which soon dissipate the sentiment that produced the union—it is this system in particular which exercises a most deleterious influence upon the relations of the sexes.

Now, we do not wish to change or abolish marriage, to correct the abuses which we see at present connected and interwoven with it. We wish first, to change all the social, political, and household evils that surround it; and when this is accomplished, we shall then be in a position to form a clear and correct opinion as to what is to be done next, if other evils still remain. We are positively certain that if marriage were to be done away with at present, and all the monstrous abuses and defects which now exist in society, left standing, that chaos and derangement, far greater than now exist, would be the consequence.

But suppose, in the second place, that Marriage is an incomplete and imperfect institution, and requires to be reformed; what, then, are your views and your policy in regard to it?

Our views are very clear upon this point; and I will state them.

We believe that it is for the women of a future generation—when all the preliminary reforms, of which we spoke, are carried out, when woman possesses her pecuniary independence—when she enjoys all her rights, and gains her own livelihood by her own efforts, in a system of dignified and attractive industry—when she is fully and integrally developed, morally and intellectually, and when the paternal protection of society or a social providence, is extended to all children; it is, we believe, for the noble women of the future; of a regenerated race, to decide upon this most delicate and intricate question.

In industrial and political affairs, man should hold the preponderating power; in all things relating to marriage and the family, it should be held by woman. Man has usurped both; and we deem it unjust on the part of Reformers, composed almost exclusively of men, to continue this assumption; and to undertake to legislate, not only for the future, but also for the opposite sex, in matters peculiarly its own.

Now, both from theory and conviction, we abstain entirely from laying down laws or building up a system, for the government of the relation of the sexes. We know and feel that we are not capable of doing it. It requires, in the first place, the deepest experiences of the heart, and the profoundest judgements of the mind, based upon those experiences; and, in the second place, it is a question to be decided in an age of universal abundance, universal refinement and intelligence, complete moral and physical development, freedom from pecuniary dependence, and disenthralment from the numerous material considerations that now press upon us all on every side.

In short, we leave this whole question to the soul of fully developed, fully edu-

cated, and fully independent woman, in a true social order; we are convinced that that soul will then be noble, pure and elevated, and that the decrees which go forth from the heart, will be the voice of God, speaking through the divine affections, which He has implanted in humanity—will be a true guide and a true revelation upon this great subject.

These are intimate convictions; this is the ground which we take. If the Associationists of the United States have arrived at such conclusions by experience in reform, and by reflection, and hold to them, then they are not responsible for anything that Eugene Sue may write on the same question, nor any one else; not even for views which Fourier may have entertained, although they hold him to be a man of a truly noble genius, and accept his Organization of Industry, as both beautiful and natural.

And now in conclusion, what shall we say of those men, who, with the spectacle of the flood of misery and wretchedness which surrounds us on all sides, before them—have no real pity for their fellow men, no living and heartfelt philanthropy to stimulate them to seek for a remedy, or to give them the energy and the zeal to search after or devise measures of relief, and hoist the banner of reform; but endeavor to pick out of a great plan of amelioration—thought upon and advocated long and seriously by men who certainly have as much common sense and honesty of purpose as they—some one point or two, which they think they can attack, and then by quotations from a distant source, and foreign to the plan; by slanderous suppositions, by gratuitous misrepresentations, and calumnious insinuations, commence their attack, and appeal to all the prejudices, and the selfish conservatism of the age; and make themselves the apologists of a cold, heartless, and disgusting humanity?

A. BRISBANE.

LUXURY AND STARVATION. The reflection is terrible that a portion of Europe are in danger of Starving. But in what terrible contrast to such a fact or fear stands the following, which is copied from a letter of the foreign correspondent of the Boston Traveller:

"In the evening after the inauguration of the Lord Mayor he gave the usual inaugural dinner in Guildhall on the most sumptuous and magnificent scale. There were six tables, and some idea of the quantity of food provided for the occasion may be formed from the quantity of one of the principal tables. There were over one thousand pits of real turtle, two hundred bottles of sherbet, sixty dishes of fowls, sixty pullets, sixty capons, sixty pigeon pies, fifty hams, fifty tongues, two barons of beef, three rounds of beef, thirteen surloins, fifty dishes of shell fish, two hundred jellies, fifty blanc-manges, and three hundred dishes of tarts, pastry and pies. The removes were eighty roast turkeys, eighty pheasants, twenty-four geese, forty brace of partridges, and twenty dishes of wild fowl.

"The dessert for this table consisted of one hundred hot-house pine apples, which cost from one to three guineas each; two hundred dishes of hot house grapes; three hundred ice creams; one hundred dishes of pears; and one hundred side dishes of walnuts, dried fruit, preserves, nut-cakes and chips, and brandy cherries!"

THE UNIVERSAL YANKEE NATION. It is harder than a Chinese puzzle to put your finger on a bit of territory, disputed or undisputed, where the Yankee-Doodle is not. If you go to Land's End, he is there; to Mount Arrarat, he is there; to Chimbrazo, Himalaya, the mountains of the Moon, or the Pyramid of Cheops, he is there; any where, in fine, where an ark, a dove, a camel, or snake, can arrive, by their several faculties; bartering, scratching his name on trees, and stones and African slaves. He knows the whole map of the ancient dominions of Prester John, and every nook and corner of Mozambique, and he is hand-in-glove with all the savages of the world. He has been to Ichaboe until he has scraped it perfectly clean; and if your English trader has discovered a new bank of Guano, and is getting ready to fire a gun or two and take possession of it in the name of her Majesty, imagine his concernment, to discover a dozen of these fellows twenty feet deep in a Guano cavern, scooping it out with their fingers, and a Bangor schooner bouncing up and down in a little cove like a duck among bulrushes. Now if you walk on the sea shore of Bildaraxa, you will find that you are not the first there, perhaps to your great sorrow, as Captain Jix swore violently when in walking through the streets of Rundown, at the very limits of the dominions of Prince Pompadella, in Africa, he heard a sharp whistler going through the tune of "Yankee Doodle," with an easy execution and a devilish unconcern, which threw him at once into a coast fever. And just so it was with the poor soul who discovered Bimpez, and was just uncorking a bottle of Madeira in commemoration of the event, when he saw a Yankee on the hill-side administering the cold water pledge to three natives.—Knickerbocker.

REVIEW.

The Artists of America; a Series of Biographical Sketches of American Artists; with Portraits and Designs on Steel. By C. EDWARDS LESTER. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1846. pp. 32.

This is the first of a series of Biographies in which Mr. Lester proposes to enlighten his country as to the merits of "Our Artists." The design is not a bad one, and in the hands of a practised book maker will probably be turned to profit.

The Author's purpose as his preface informs us, is to make "Our Artists and their works better known," but in the present sketch of Washington Allston his success has not been remarkable, though not as we premise, through any fault of his. But we cannot withhold our admiration for the boldness of the attempt. To write a book with ample materials, full preparation, and a perfect understanding of the matter in hand, requires no great courage, but with none of these accessories it is an undertaking reserved for those knights errant of literature who are never deterred from a subject by its importance, its magnitude or their own unfitness to treat it. For this sort of daring we had learned by experience to give Mr.

Lester full credit, but we confess we were not prepared for so many and fruitless a conclusion as the present. Unless those which are to follow are vastly better, we hope for the sake of justice that the author and publishers will find them as unsatisfactory as will the intelligent among their readers.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

SIXTH CONCERT OF THE BOSTON ACADEMY.

The Boston Academy of Music at their sixth concert presented an exceedingly good programme of performances, and the execution of the different pieces was marked by a degree of spirit which is quite unusual at the Academy. It is somewhat a matter of wonder that the concerts by this society are of so moderate a degree of excellence, when we consider how select and well qualified are the different members of the orchestra, and how many good pieces are performed. Yet it is nevertheless true, that in spite of this, the concerts are tame although they are fashionable, and that they who can best appreciate good music are the most dissatisfied part of the audience. The high rank, which this society bid fair to take, has not been realized, and ever since Schmidt left them their performances have degenerated annually. The directors of the Academy began with the design of elevating the standard of musical taste, by the performance of classical pieces in a thorough manner, and although their concerts were but ill-attended at first, they soon got a hold upon the people, and nourished a better taste, and finally became fashionable. But no sooner were they fashionable, than they ducked to fashion; their popularity became their bane; their original object was lost sight of, and the whole view of the directors seems to have been to make pleasing and popular concerts, which in their opinion could only be done by pandering to a medium and uneducated taste. From Mozart and Haydn and Spohr they fell down to Auber, and then slipped a stage lower in wearisome solos by second rate performers, dropping finally as low as school-boy and school-girl chorusses, which were roared as soft as if they were cooing dove-songs. Beethoven was always kept as the lion of the occasion, and was brought out in the second part as a sop to the appetites of those, who were bored to death by the first slap of the performance. Many persons put on their shawls when the Allegretto of the Symphonies began, but the directors were bold enough to keep the lion, for the sake of peace.

It was in this condition that the Academy concerts were, during the last season;

and it was with great joy, therefore, that we heard the sixth concert of this season, betokening the return of a better day, and reviving the satisfaction which the Academy gave when it began its career of public concerts. But there is great room for improvement even upon this concert, and there is no satisfactory reason why the present orchestra should not perform far better than they do. It is with reluctance that we confess that in our opinion, the only real obstacle which opposes the progress of the orchestra, is the want of an efficient leader. That Mr. Keyser is an exceedingly deserving man, and a good musician, and in every way entitled to respect we heartily believe, but he has not the qualifications which are essential to a good conductor. He lacks promptness, vigor, elasticity and determination; does not command the orchestra, but is only one of them; therefore, there is an entire want of unity in the performance, the music does not express one idea, but each one plays as it seems fit to him, and the result is, a body of disorganized and contradictory striving. The mass of sound, instead of sweeping onward in one full stream in the channel of a well defined thought, is broken up by continual little divergences and opposing currents, by wilful personal inflections, and is hindered by many obstacles and confused by many differences. It has all the faults incident to a *democratic* orchestra, when the leader is only one of the people. In fact, an orchestra should be a complete despotism, and the leader should be an unflinching despot. It is even better to have an ignorant despot than an inefficient genius. To be a good leader, he must ordain and command; he must animate the whole orchestra with his own fire and enthusiasm; he must have that elasticity of temperament which shall bend to every fluctuation of the music; he must be ready, intelligent, and hundred-eared; his perceptions must penetrate the whole body under him; he must be the head and soul, and the others only the members of *one* frame; — again, he must completely know the piece to be played, must sway its tempos and retard or stimulate, as the chance may be, or else the whims and passion and pathos of the music will be lost. To bang through an overture like a machine is not the thing; no machine has whims and inflections, and therefore, it only makes cast-iron music. Again, unless the leader command with an iron hand, and the orchestra give itself over to him, body and soul, there will be always a want of unity and sympathy of execution. It is necessary that some *one* idea should be expressed, and not some sixty at once, and it is better that all should coincide to express *one* imperfect idea, than that

each player should give his own, for in one case there is at least something definite, while in the other there is merely a jumble of parts. To express to the whole orchestra the feeling and emotion of the leader is indeed difficult, but it is necessary; he must, therefore, convey it to them by the motion and expression of his figure and face, by his action, by the direction of his eye, and by means of his instrument, particularly enforcing his meaning. When any one lags, he must press him forward by signs; when the time drags, he must hurry it; when it hurries, he must retard it. Every musician must look to him, as the earth and planets look at the sun for light and guidance. Unless this is done, a mere beater of time is worth nothing, but to embarrass all parties and to kill the music, and Maelzel's metronome were quite as good a thing and less expensive.

But to return to the sixth concert by the Academy. The first piece was the overture to *Le Serment* by Auber, and contained his peculiar characteristics. It began with a sort of lazy, languishing, languid air, as if you were listening to girls' talk after dinner with your cigar. Then came a rushing, clattering, followed by a full martial swell of the whole orchestra, sliding gradually into a blithe vein, as if lithe-limbed girls were dancing to the clicking of their castanets. The overture finishes with a brilliant, pointed, and spirited mustering of the instruments. And this is a fair specimen of Auber. He only represents two phases of life, both of which are entirely sensuous: first, when we fret our blood in our veins, and are impatient to exert our limbs, and are ready to dare any danger, and hate nothing but inaction; and second, that languid condition of being, in which we are merely passive and receptive of sensuous impression, and live a sort of indolent harem life, careless of the future, and basking in the contentment of the senses, as a cow in the summer noon. Between these two conditions Auber always vibrates, and therefore he is almost always pleasing, and especially to those who are less intellectual, or who have a strong animal nature. He gives a relish to life when it is jaded; he stimulates the appetite; he tickles the senses with a straw; he is either the soy and curry and cayenne, or he is the cigar or houqua, or champoo bath. These are all very good things, and when we are in a state for them they are very satisfactory and relishing, but they are not the best as daily food.

The second piece which was performed, was the Larghetto movement from the Symphony No. 2, by Beethoven. This has always been a favorite with us. Many and many times in the twilight, have we

lingered over this movement, drawing it from the keys of the piano forte, and inhaling the gentle atmosphere of friendship, which it breathes around. In the aberrations and suspensions, which lend a zest and pungency to the harmonies, and which continually blend with their steady and full progression, we seem to perceive that slight skepticism, which, while it continually questions and does not consent to dogmas, is nevertheless reconciled by an enlarged humanity to the belief, that the system of things as a whole is most good: and which gives a faith superior to his who never doubts. There is a tenderness and warmth of feeling in this whole movement, which grows from the friendship of wise and gentle spirits, and it has always suggested to us, that it was a sympathizing conversation between two loving friends, perhaps at midnight, when the lateness of the hour drew them closer together. The change from the overture by Auber to this *Larghetto* by Beethoven, was like walking out from a Bacchanalian revel into the calm patient starlight. This was played very well and with a good feeling.

The overture to *La Jeune Henri*, by Mehul, which was the third piece in the programme, was not very much to our taste, although it had many excellencies as a composition. Mehul as a composer, is of the simple and uneducated school, but his simplicity has not the effect of fullness and depth, as Beethoven's has, but rather of dryness and rigidity. It seems more like the old heads of Giotto and Cimabue, than of Raphael and Titian. Still there is much that is pleasing in this overture, and particularly in the latter part, in one or two phrases of which there is considerable resemblance to the Pastoral Symphony by Beethoven, and some good feeling for nature. The first part was of an exceedingly dry character, and seemed like an old psalm-tune crooned out by some pious old covenant-er,—say Maase Headrigg. Towards the latter part there is a well marked climax, and the overture ends with a triumph and exulting, as of a home returning army rejoicing over peace. The horns which are somewhat tasked in this overture, seemed to struggle with a severe cold in their head and nose, so that they endeavored in vain to get out their notes.

The fourth piece was a duet between Messrs. Ribas and Grönveldt, Mr. Ribas playing on the flute, and Mr. Grönveldt playing on the clarinet. This was exceedingly well performed, and the airs were thrown off with great lightness and delicacy, and as if the performers were at home with their instruments. Mr. Ribas has been long and favorably known as a performer on the oboe, but his per-

formance on the flute is quite as good if not better. His tones were clear, and not woolly and sputtering as they are prone to be with flute players, and his execution was vigorous and correctly enunciated. The flute is, however, a tame and feeble instrument, and lacks the individuality of the oboe. Mr. Grönveldt played the clarinet with great freedom and spirit, and showed himself to be a master of the instrument. The unity of intention in the two performers was especially to be commended.

The overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, by Rossini, was the next piece, and was well played on the whole. The orchestra, however, more signally fails in the playing of brilliant overtures, than of those which are more quiet and uniform, or slower. Indeed, the great want, which is perceptible in their rendering of the French overtures, is, that the tempo drags, and the point and brilliancy and clearness of finish, which is the life of all these compositions, is thereby wholly lost. It would perhaps be more correct to say, that the more severe and perfect compositions lose less from slovenliness of execution, because they do not depend entirely thereon for effect. But in the French overtures and in all the modern school of composition, the effect is the principle point and object of the piece, or at least as necessary an accessory as the scene to the common melo-drama. Indeed the modern school of music is too melo-dramatic in its nature to disregard the scenic effect produced by accurate and vivid playing; its point and brilliancy can only be expressed by point and brilliancy of execution. Rossini is, of course, far higher than Auber as a composer; he has greater genius and depends more upon the intrinsic formation of his music for its effect, than upon its execution. But the principal characteristic of Rossini is *vitality*, and a species of brilliant quaintness; and nonchalant humor and full bloodedness are perceptible in all his compositions. He is fanciful and vigorous, but he is never intellectual and very seldom sentimental,—and therefore his music must be pointedly and clearly played, or it loses its relish. Intellectual and ~~passionate music on the contrary~~, will show itself in spite of mediocre performance. So, we can enjoy Shakspeare without scenery, but not a common melo-drama—so, also, Raphael overlaid with dust and dirt is great, but David is not. Rossini's music is generally the music of society and modern life, rather than of nature and Humanity. It is the birth of the senses, rather than of the intellect or heart. It needs therefore its drapery and costume, and does not stand well naked. Take for instance, his *Mose in Egitto*; as an opera (which it really is, and nothing

else) it is effective, because it borrows much of its effect from the costume and scenery of the stage. But bereave it of these and produce it as an oratorio, and it is tiresome and tedious, and is not sacred in spite of the words, and of the fact that it is played here on Sunday evening, to audiences whose consciences would revolt at the performance of one of Beethoven's Symphonies on that day. Indeed, Beethoven's waltzes are infinitely more sacred than Rossini's prayers.

La Gazza Ladra is the noisiest of Rossini's overtures, but it is full of his spirit and genius. It is Rossiniish in a high degree, nonchalant, vigorous, and brilliant. This overture ended the first part of the concert.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOUTH WOODSTOCK, Vt. }
February 20, 1846. }

You are doubtless expecting a word from us, while vaulting from hill-top to hill-top in the Ever-Green State. But we have little of interest, to say in a public way.

We had a delightful ride to Brattleboro', over the Fitchburg railroad, and by coach, through the north-western portions of Massachusetts and the south-western of New Hampshire. It is a common notion that there is no beauty in the country in winter. But no one surely will think so, who travels from Fitzwilliam to Brattleboro'. The long line of Warwick hills, scattered to the South in promiscuous confusion, as if they had just been dashed by Titans in dreadful *melee*,—the quieter and more sober hills in your immediate presence, appearing like the massive foreheads of giant minds, cold yet clear and strong,—the soft vales between, that seem to listen to the gurgle of ice-choked streams, all seen in the mystery of twilight and moonlight blended, makes you almost feel that you are in the council hall of the Gods. You feel as if under magic influences. You are sedate and thoughtful. The mountain scenery of Northampton does not surpass that of this region.

Brattleboro' is scarcely equalled in picturesque beauty by any town in New England. The village is built upon three levels, or natural *partexres* rising one

above the other and receding. Just before the village, on the opposite side of the Connecticut, a stupendous mountain rises black and abrupt from the river's base, threatening to lean its shaggy side upon you. The breaking of a summer sun-rise over its cloud-wreathed brow is said to be singularly magnificent. On other sides, beautiful hills toss up their heads, retreating to the distant horizon. Wrapped in snow, their woody crests hung with frost and icicles, they appear like the billows of a vast sea suddenly congealed into stillness, with all their foam and spray fixed while falling.—Deep ravines wind off in various directions among the sweet hills, forming charming promenades, and the nimble waters trip down them to join the broad Connecticut, as he goes solemnly murmuring his aspirations for Unity with the Infinite Waters.

On our arrival here, we found excellent arrangements made for our comfort, and all due measures taken for meetings by our dear friends Mack and Channing. Indeed to them belongs the credit of giving character to the lectures in that place. Our lectures were not successful there the first evening. The second evening, they were quite satisfactory, both to ourselves and the audience, as far as we could judge. Mr. Mack made some excellent introductory remarks, and Mr. Channing made a most happy and beautiful closing speech. I think we succeeded in giving a tolerably fair expression of the aims of Associationists.

The next day we sent our trunks to Putney by stage, and walked ourselves, it being only ten miles. We spoke in the Chapel of our Perfectionist friends, to a full audience. Mr. Noyes and his friends have a small community of about twenty persons. They are organized under a constitution, and have two farms and a store from which they derive a small revenue. I think they have no mechanical industry except that connected with their printing establishment. They publish a small paper entitled the *Perfectionist*, and are about publishing a *Compendium* of their doctrines, which will form a book of five or six hundred pages. All are not members of the community who belong to their society, and hold their peculiar notions. They have no confidence in the Associative doctrines. They hold that a man will not practise honesty in Association if he do not before entering it. They are for making all perfect before associating them. But it strikes me the question to be settled, is not whether men will be perfect either in or out of Association; but whether Association offers better conditions for a holy life, than an isolated incoherent order of society. They seem to me not to recognize sufficiently,

the influence of social institutions, in the formation of character; and yet their zeal to have people quit the churches, would indicate a partial recognition of that fact. Why not apply this principle to all institutions, as well as to the church? The difference between them and Associationists is this: they insist that men can live Christianity perfectly, while in present society. Associationists on the other hand, insist that a Christian order of society is necessary to a perfect Christian life. They reject all science of Association not found in the New Testament. But we too say, the more perfect you can get people, before they enter Association, the better. Abating somewhat of bigotry, I think the Putney Perfectionists a sincere, well-meaning people, ardently longing for a divine order of society.

On going to the stage office for my trunk, I found it had not been left there. The conclusion was, that it had been carried on to Walpole. The next morning Mr. E., Mr. H., and myself set off in a sleigh, for Walpole. We went as far as Westminster, where Mr. H. left us, asking nothing for his friendly services. Here Mr. C. offered us his horse and sleigh to go the remaining four miles, to Walpole, where we found the trunk safely deposited in the stage-house. We returned and spent the night with Mr. C. and in the morning he sent a man to take us to Saxtons-village. This was more than kind, for it was the stormiest day of the winter, and we had to ride nine miles in the teeth of a fierce North-Easter, the roads filled smooth with snow, and a perfectly unbroken track. But we had a noble steed, and a brave mountaineer driver who had trifled with storms from his boyhood. We got through in about two hours, really enjoying our ride. And we shall not soon forget to be thankful to those generous friends, for their hospitality and aid.

Here we found Mr. A., who had been brought on his way, to attend to our appointment the evening before. He lectured to about fifty persons in the Academy, after lighting his own fire, and borrowing lamps from the tavern to light the hall, and ringing the bell himself. The second evening we did not hold a meeting on account of the storm. I was obliged to pass most of the hours alone at the tavern. Quitting the rum and tobacco-scented bar-room, I "sloped" into the dining-room and succeeded in raising a fire.

I sat down there to read Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth." (I could not find any other sitting-room.) The reading of that simple story, carried me back to childhood days. And the Cricket became to me, all it was to the poor Carrier. As the Carrier forgot, while the

chirp of the Cricket, and the whining and sputtering of the Kettle went on, that it was the cricket and kettle, but thought it was some good spirit talking to him and opening *Dotted* visions to him, so I forgot that it was the "Cricket on the Hearth" that was chirping to me. I seemed to be in that same old house where I was born, the evening fire was made up on the broad hearth, the family gathered around it, the light was flickering magically and fantastically on the old walls and ceiling, and I dreamed I sat as "erst of old" on my little stool, at my good old mother's feet, my head upon her lap, while I listened to the chirp of that hearth-stone cricket. Some one of the family was reading, while the others listened. But I no longer knew that the cricket chirped, that any one read, or that the fire flickered on the walls and ceiling. They were all blended in the presence of a good angel that seemed to scatter peace from his wings over me. I saw a career of fame and honor opened and prolonged before mankind, noble ambition, and love expressed in generous resolves, and real deeds. Myriads of beautiful spirits rivalled each other in labors of beauty and devotion, all combined but all free. The earth rejoiced in perpetual green, and was decked in flowers like a bride. The sky was deep and serene, here and there a cloud filled with a golden light, rested upon the deep azure, like the face of a beautiful child upon the bosom of its mother. Art led the universal throng to worship at the shrine of Beauty, and to trim her bowers with garlands of flowers. Music inspired all with unity, as one soul, and uttered those deep emotions which could never struggle up into speech. Parents and children lived together in a long and unbroken series of generations, and the lineage of each family could be traced back through distant years. The knowledge and science of ancestors were transmitted to their children, and as much considered a part of their legacy, as the common domain and house in which they lived. All the wealth and science of the past ages accumulated upon the next succeeding one; and was distributed among the people according to the law of justice.

While thus absorbed, my good companion Mr. A. suddenly broke in upon my reverie. The old house was suddenly transformed into the tavern dining-hall, the cricket had done chirping, the old fireplace and hearth, had become a prim parlor stove, the fire no longer flashed grotesque forms upon the wall,—the vision was lost, and an uncouth laugh, and the fumes of rum and tobacco poured in from the bar-room through the open doors. The once united and happy family was scattered over the world. My parents

were a hundred miles off, and almost alone in their decrepitude.

This may appear to you a fancy sketch, made up for the occasion. But it is not. It was the actual remembrance of scenes many an evening lived in, in my childhood years. A remembrance as vivid as the childhood dream. It is but a dream of the civilized family. It would become reality in the Associated family. How the family is scattered and peeled under the civilized *regime*. Providence designed children as the protectors and guardians of parents, in their old age and decrepitude. Nature ordains that what we receive, we shall give back again. How beautiful this would follow in the combined harmonic family. The isolated family does not offer that variety of life and those spheres of activity compatible with the diversified genius of its members. They are driven from home, to seek fame and fortune in foreign enterprise, to the extinction of generous enthusiasm and humanity, under schemes of petty selfishness, and mean ambition, leaving their parents to die alone — attended by menials, or at best, by only one of a perhaps numerous offspring.

The preceding is but a general sketch of most families in Vermont. There is nothing of metropolitan life in the State, little mechanical business and less of manufactures. There is not a village or city in the State, which probably numbers a population of five thousand. The great interest is agriculture and kindred farming functions. There is more of independence and equality in this than in any other state in the Union. Most of the people are owners of more or less land, and thus the means of a minimum of comfort is at the command of nearly all. But land however is dear, and every year rising. The whole tendency of society here is to a landed aristocracy on the one hand and to tenants on the other. This already exists to a considerable extent, not equally in all parts of the state, but mostly in the richest and best farming districts. The small farms are absorbed into the larger ones and the former owners either become tenants, or emigrate to the West. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining good land, and the small variety of other attractive and respectable pursuits, most of the young men of talent and enterprise quit their beautiful native state, their kindred and early associates, to fill the function of lawyer, physician, or clergyman abroad, or that of merchant, clerk, or schoolmaster. Young women, to avoid the disgrace of doing house-work, become teachers in the South and West, or go to work in the mills of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island. Thus the sacredness of the family, of which so much is said, is ruthlessly profaned in our

isolated and incoherent society. Association is the only thing that can make the family sacred and secure, and preserve from waste and loss, the wealth, science and virtue of the past.

INDIANA, LAGRANGE CO. — PIONEERS OF ASSOCIATION.

A friend in the LAGRANGE Phalanx, writes us "that Association is not in high favor about us; not but that the principles are admired by many good and intelligent men; but there are very few who have the courage to meet the obstacles to be encountered in reducing them to practice. Many of the small societies already started, will no doubt fail for want of the active personal aid of those men who approve and are qualified, but hesitate, in season to put their hands to their work."

Our friend ought not to be surprised at the experience to which he alludes. It is the case with all new enterprises the world over. The majority of men, — although there are distinguished exceptions, — are slow to help a movement for the benefit of humanity, until it has gained so much strength that it no longer needs their help. They will look on with admiring interest, give sage counsel without any charge, and expend their good wishes with profuse extravagance; but they take good care not to put their own shoulder to the wheel till they are sure that every thing will go on so smoothly, as to call for no great waste of strength on their part. We certainly do not speak of this in the way of complaint or reproach; for ourselves, we have perhaps suffered less from the operation of this law, than we have gained by exception to it; we accept it with faith in Providence that it is no doubt all for the best. But we would not lose sight of the fact. We would not cherish any hopes, founded on the readiness of men, under existing influences, to reduce their theories to practice, or to make great efforts in person, for the advancement of a cause which they admire in principle. If the case were otherwise, we might predict the immediate, triumphant success of the Associative idea. If all who are persuaded of the truth of the doctrine, were ready to devote themselves to the work of its realization, the movement would not linger. It would be put through with acclamation. There are men enough, money enough, practical skill enough, to show to the world a demonstration of the Combined Order, if all were as ready to act as they are to speculate, as willing to consecrate themselves to the success of a good cause, as they are to admit that it ought to succeed.

As a general rule, the pioneers of Association in this country, have made great

sacrifices in order to attain the progress that has been already reached. They have been impelled by an enthusiastic devotion to the idea of Social Unity; their strong convictions would not allow them to rest easy in an order of society which they believed false and fatal to the best interests of man; they have felt assured that the time had come for the commencement at least of a better order; and to the accomplishment of this end, they have devoted all that they possessed; they have freely given their time, their talents, their fortune, their influence, such as they were, to a work which they believed holy; and with an iron persistency, they have struggled with obstacles, and overcome difficulties which might well daunt even the bravest spirits.

The way is now prepared for others to engage in the fulfilment of the same mission, with a much less amount of sacrifice and toil. It now remains with those who have come into the movement, comparatively at the eleventh hour, to give full effect to the labors of those who have gone before them. Although we expect no departure from the universal rule already alluded to, we are confident that exceptions enough will be found in order to carry on the work that has been so hopefully begun. Let those who are gathering round the standard of our faith, consent to make but a tithe of the sacrifices which have been already endured, let them be willing to do far less than has been required of the first movers in this noble enterprise, and the cause, to which we are devoted, would be placed beyond the reach of contingency, and every friend to his race would welcome and help the consummation.

NEW ASSOCIATIONS.

We have always been decidedly averse to commencing any new practical operations in the Associative movement, without sufficient and ample resources to ensure success. We hear from time to time of new proposals to form Associations; but we cannot look upon them with satisfaction; and in most cases, should not hesitate to predict their failure. The work is too important to be tampered with, and we trust, that no degree of new-born enthusiasm will induce men to rush into an enterprise, which demands large pecuniary means, extraordinary practical skill and energy, foresight to anticipate obstacles and dangers, and wisdom to avoid them, together with that hopefulness and constancy of purpose, which will meet the greatest difficulties without discouragement. It is far better to concentrate the resources of the friends of Association, on those movements which are already in successful progress, than to run the risk of disappointment and

loss, by schemes which may have nothing to recommend them but their novelty.

We are led to these remarks, in part, by a letter we have lately received from Wisconsin, in which the writer says: "we shall probably be able to make a commencement soon, with about twenty laboring men on an entirely new farm, well situated on the lake shore, can have a good harbor, water power, and other advantages."

Now we would be far from casting any discouragement on the faith and zeal which lead to attempts of this character; but we must express our doubt as to the wisdom and utility of engaging in any new enterprise, unless there are the strongest reasons for its commencement, and the most complete guaranties for its success.

No Association can hope to prosper, without a sufficient floating capital, to enable it to prosecute its different branches of industry to advantage, and to provide for the comfortable subsistence of its members, while it is preparing the apparatus, utensils, and fixtures for future operations. A deficiency in this respect will be a source of perpetual embarrassment; it will retard the successful prosecution of every industrial enterprise; awaken a spirit of jealousy and dissension among the members; and finally, produce discouragement and apathy. It should never be forgotten, that the pecuniary success of Association is promised only to the judicious application of effective means; it cannot make bricks without straw; and any persons who may imagine that the mere fact of combination, unaided by sufficient capital, is able to work wonders, will find themselves laboring under a fatal delusion. Every experiment, conducted in this way, serves only to prejudice the public mind against the movement, and can be of no possible service to any individual.

Nor is it less essential, to commence Association with a sufficient variety of character, talent, and cultivation, to ensure a freedom from monotony, and from narrow and exclusive prejudices. An Association consisting entirely or chiefly of farmers, or of mechanics, or of artists, could have no reasonable hope of success. These classes must be combined in due proportion, or no great results can be produced. There must be scientific culture, social refinement, business talent, practical energy, and a spirit of indomitable resolution and perseverance,—not one of these elements alone, or in undue proportion,—but all blended in harmonious union, acting with mutual appreciation, confidence, and esteem; without these conditions, some progress towards Association, it is true, can be made; but it would be unsafe to hope for any thing

like a correct demonstration of the Associative idea, under circumstances so imperfect and unfavorable.

DAYS WITHOUT NIGHTS AND NIGHTS WITHOUT DAYS. Dr. Baird has been delivering an interesting course of lectures at Hartford, Ct., of one of which the Times has the following notice:

There is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are longest, than the absence of night. Dr. B. had no conception of it before his arrival. He arrived at Stockholm, from Gottenburgh, 400 miles distant, in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends—had not taken note of time—and returned about midnight; it was as light as it is here half an hour before sundown. You could see distinctly. But all was quiet in the streets; it seemed as if the inhabitants had gone away, or were dead. No signs of life—stores closed. The sun in June goes down at Stockholm a little before 10 o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes round the earth towards the North pole and the refraction of its rays is such, that you can see to read at midnight. Dr. B. read a letter in the forest near Stockholm, at midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where on the 21st day of June, the sun does not go down at all. Travellers go up there to see it. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It only occurs one night. The sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

At the North Cape, lat. 72 degrees, the sun goes down for several weeks. In June it would be about 25 degrees above the horizon at midnight. The way the people there knew it is midnight, they see the sun begin to rise. The changes in those high latitudes from summer to winter, are so great, that we can have no conception of them at all. In the winter time the sun disappears and is not seen for six weeks. Then it comes up and shows its face. Afterwards, it remains for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, and then descends. And finally, it does not set at all, but makes almost a circle round the heavens. Dr. Baird was asked how they managed in regard to hired persons, and what they considered a day? He could not say, but supposed they worked by the hour, and twelve hours would be considered a day's work. Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at their usual hours. The Doctor did not know how they learned the time, but they had, and go to rest whether the sun goes down or not. The hens take to the trees about 7 o'clock, P. M., and stay there until the sun is well up in the morning, and the people get into this habit of late rising, too. The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm, he was surprised to see the sun shining into his room. He looked at his watch and found it was only 3 o'clock; and the next time he awoke, it was 5 o'clock, but there were no persons in the streets. The people are not in the habit of rising early. The Swedes in the cities are not very industrious, owing probably to the climate.

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GEORGE RIPLEY.

Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass. }
February 28, 1846.

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XII.

The weather was calm and serene, the full moon shone in the celestial ether, and nine in the evening had just sounded with a clear and grave tone from the clock of an ancient priory, when Joseph and Consuelo, having sought in vain for a bell at the grate of the enclosure, made the circuit of that silent habitation, in the hope of being heard by some hospitable inmate. But in vain: all the gates were locked; not a dog bayed, nor could the least light be seen at the windows of that gloomy edifice.

"This is the palace of silence," said Hayda, laughing, "and if that clock had not twice repeated with its slow and solemn voice, the four quarters in *ut* and in *si*, and the nine strokes of the hour in *sol* below, I should think the place abandoned to owls and ghosts."

The surrounding country was a desert; Consuelo felt much fatigued, and moreover, this mysterious priory had an attraction for her poetic imagination. "If we have to sleep in some chapel," said she to Beppo, "I wish to pass the night here. Let us try to get in at any rate, even over the wall, which is not very hard to scale."

"Come," said Joseph, "I will make a short ladder for you, and when you are on the top, I will pass quickly to the other side to serve you as steps in descending."

No sooner said than done. The wall was very low. Two minutes afterwards our young profaners were walking with an audacious tranquillity within the sacred precincts. It was a beautiful kitchen garden cultivated with the most mi-

nute attention. The fruit trees, trained fan-shape, opened to every corner their long arms loaded with rosy apples and golden pears. The arbors of vines coquettishly rounded in arches, bore, like so many chandeliers, enormous bunches of juicy grapes. The great beds of vegetables had likewise their peculiar beauty. The asparagus, with its graceful stalks and silky foliage brilliant with the evening dew, resembled forests of lilliputian firs, covered with a silvery gauze. The peas spread in light garlands upon their branches, and formed long alleys, narrow and mysterious lanes, in which the little tomtits, hardly asleep, murmured with low quivering voices. The sunflowers, proud leviathans of this sea of verdure, displayed heavily their great orange centres upon their broad and dark foliage. The young artichokes, like so many little crowned heads, pressed around the principal individual, centre of the royal family. The melons showed themselves under their glass bells, like so many stout Chinese mandarins under their palanquins, and from each of those domes of crystal the reflection of the moon produced the glitter of a great blue diamond, against which the deceived night-butterflies came to strike their heads with a humming sound.

A hedge of rose-bushes formed the line of demarcation between the vegetables and the flower-garden, which reached to the buildings and encircled them with a band of flowers. This reserved garden was a kind of elysium. Magnificent flowering shrubs there shaded rare plants of exquisite odor. The sanded walks were as soft to the feet as a carpet: and you would have said the grass had been combed out blade by blade, so even and smooth was it. The flowers were so close that you could not see the ground, and each rounded border resembled an immense bouquet.

Singular influence of external objects upon the disposition of the mind and body! Consuelo had no sooner breathed that soft air and seen that sanctuary of

easy comfort, than she felt rested, as if she had already slept the sleep of monks. "This is wonderful," said she to Beppo; "I look at this garden, and think no more of the stones of the road, or of my poor bruised feet. It seems as if I rested myself with my eyes. I always had a horror of gardens well kept, well guarded, and of all places enclosed by walls; and yet this, after so many days of dust, after so many steps upon the dry and trodden earth, appears to me like a paradise. I was dying with thirst a moment since, and now, only from seeing these happy plants which open themselves to the evening dew, I seem to drink with them, and to be already refreshed. Look, Joseph; is there anything more charming than flowers blooming in the moonlight? Look, I say, and do not laugh, at that bunch of great white stars there, right in the middle of the turf. I do not know what they are called; 'beauties of the night,' I believe. O! they are rightly named! They are beautiful and pure as the stars of heaven. They bow and raise themselves in unison at the breath of the gentle breeze, and seem to laugh and frolic like a troop of little girls dressed in white. They remind me of my companions of the *scuola*, when on Sundays, all dressed like novices, they ran along the great walls of the church. Now see them stand in the still air, and all look towards the moon. Now one would say that they were contemplating and admiring her. The moon also seems to look at them, to hover over and descend upon them like a great bird of the night. Can you believe, Beppo, that those beings are insensible? I think that a beautiful flower does not vegetate stupidly, without experiencing delicious sensations. Allow that it is so, for those poor little thistles which we see along the ditches, and which drag out their lives there, dusty, diseased, browsed by all the cattle that pass! They seem like poor beggars, sighing for a drop of water which does not come to them; the parched and thirsty earth drinks it greedily without giving

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

any to their roots. But these flowers of the garden, of which so much care is taken, they are happy and proud like queens. They pass their time in balancing coquettishly upon their stems, and when the moon comes, their good friend, there they are all open, plunged in a half sleep, and visited by sweet dreams. Perhaps they ask themselves if there are flowers in the moon, as we ask ourselves if there are men. Now, Joseph, you are laughing at me, and yet the well-being I experience on looking at these white stars is no illusion. There is something sovereign in the air purified and refreshed by their presence, and I feel a kind of relation between my life and that of all which lives around me."

"How could I laugh?" replied Joseph, sighing. "I feel your impressions pass into me at this very instant, and your slightest words reverberate in my soul, like the sound upon the strings of an instrument. But look at that habitation, Consuelo, and explain the sweet but profound sadness with which it fills me."

Consuelo looked at the priory: it was a little edifice of the twelfth century, formerly fortified with battlements which had been replaced by pointed roofs of greyish slate. The turrets, surmounted by their narrow loop-holes, which had been allowed to remain as ornaments, resembled great baskets. Great masses of ivy gracefully relieved the monotony of the walls, and upon the naked portions of the front, illumined by the moon, the breath of the night waved the slender and indistinct shadows of the young poplars. Great festoons of vines and jasmines enframed the doors and caught upon the windows.

"That dwelling is calm and melancholy," replied Consuelo, "but it does not inspire me with so much sympathy as does the garden. Plants are made to vegetate in one spot, but men to move about and intermingle. If I were a flower I could wish to grow in this garden; I should be well placed there; but being a woman, I would not wish to live in a cell, and shut myself up in a mass of stones. Would you like to be a monk then, Beppo?"

"Not so; God deliver me!—But I should like to labor without feeling care for my board and lodging. I should like to lead a quiet, retired life, easy in my circumstances, that I need not have the anxieties of poverty; in fine, I should like to vegetate in a state of passive regularity, even in a kind of dependence, provided my intelligence was free, and I had no other care, no other duty, no other anxiety than to make music."

"Well! my comrade, you would make tranquil music, from the very fact of making it tranquilly."

"Eh! why should it be bad? What more beautiful than calmness! The skies are calm; the moon is calm; these very flowers, whose peaceful attitude you delight in——"

"Their immobility affects me only because it follows the undulations which the breeze had just impressed upon them. The purity of the sky strikes us only because we have often seen it furrowed by storms. In fine, the moon is never more sublime than when she shines in the midst of the dark clouds which crowd about her. Can repose without fatigue have any true delight? It is not so much repose, as a state of permanent immobility. It is nothingness; it is death! Ah! if you had lived whole months in Giant's Castle, as I did, you would know that tranquillity is not life!"

"But what do you call tranquil music?"

"Music which is too correct and too cold. Beware lest you make such, if you fly from the fatigues and the troubles of this world."

While talking thus, they had advanced to the foot of the priory walls. A crystal water gushed from a marble globe surmounted by a gilded cross, and fell from level to level until it reached a great granite shell, in which sported a number of those pretty little gold-fishes with which children are so amused. Consuelo and Beppo, quite children themselves, were seriously amused in throwing them little grains of sand to deceive their gluttony and in following with the eye their rapid movements, when they saw coming directly towards them a great white figure, which carried a pitcher, and which, approaching the fountain, did not badly resemble one of those *washers of the night*, fantastic personages, the tradition of whom is diffused in almost all superstitious countries. The preoccupation or indifference with which she filled her pitcher, without testifying either surprise or fear, had in it truly at first something solemn and strange. But soon a loud cry which she uttered as she let her vessel fall to the bottom of the basin, proved to them that there was nothing supernatural in her person. The good woman simply had her sight somewhat dimmed by age, and as soon as she perceived them was seized with a horrible fear, and fled towards the house invoking the Virgin Mary and all the saints. "What is the matter, dame Bridget?" cried a man's voice from inside. "Have you seen some evil spirit?"

"Two devils, or rather two robbers, are standing there close to the fountain," replied dame Bridget, hurrying up to her questioner, who appeared on the threshold of the door, and remained there, uncertain and incredulous, for some moments.

This must be another of your panics! would robbers come to attack us at this hour? "I swear to you by my eternal salvation, that there are two black figures there, motionless as statues; can't you see them from here? See, there they are still, and they do not stir. Holy virgin! I will go and hide myself in the cellar." "I do see something, indeed," returned the man, affecting to swell his voice. "I will ring for the gardener, and with his two boys we shall soon find what the rascals want; they must have climbed the wall, for I shut all the doors myself." "In the mean while, let us lock this one," said the old woman, "and then we will ring the alarm-bell."

The door closed, and our two children remained undecided as to the course they had better pursue. If they fled, it would confirm the opinion entertained of them; if they remained, they might be exposed to a rude attack. While they were consulting, they saw a ray of light pierce the blind of a window on the first floor. The ray enlarged, and a curtain of scarlet damask, behind which gently glowed the brightness of a lamp, was slowly raised; a hand, which the full light of the moon made appear white and dimpled, showed itself on the border of the curtain, the fringe of which it carefully held up, while an invisible eye probably examined outward objects.

"Sing," said Consuelo to her companion; "that is what we have to do. Follow me; let me give the words. But no; take your violin, and play me an accompaniment in the first tune you think of." Joseph having obeyed, Consuelo began to sing in full voice, improvising music and words, a kind of discourse in German, rhymed and interspersed with recitative. "We are two poor children fifteen years old, very small, and no stronger nor more wicked than the nightingales whose sweet warblings we imitate."

"Come Joseph, a strain to support the recitative," said she, in a low voice. Then she resumed:

"Overpowered by fatigue and saddened by the gloomy solitude of the night, we saw this house, which seemed to us deserted, and we passed one leg and then the other over the wall."

("A strain in *la minor*, Joseph.")

"We found ourselves in an enchanted garden, in the midst of fruits worthy of the promised land: We were dying with thirst, we were dying with hunger. Still if one lady's apple is wanting on the espaliers; if we have taken one grape from the trellis, may we be driven away and dishonored as criminals."

("A modulation to return in *ut major*, Joseph.")

"And yet we are suspected, we are menaced, and we do not wish to fly; we

do not seek to hide ourselves, for we have done no harm — unless it be in entering the house of the good God over the walls; but when we scale paradise, all roads are good, and the shortest is the best."

Consuelo wound up her recitative with one of those pretty canticles in vulgar Latin, which is called in Venice, *latino di frate* and which the people sing in the evening before the madonnas. When she had ended, the two white hands, showing themselves a little, applauded her with transport, and a voice which did not seem entirely strange to her ear, cried from the window: "Disciples of the muses, you are welcome! Enter, enter: hospitality invites and awaits you."

The two children approached, and an instant after, a domestic in red and violet livery courteously opened the door for them. "I took you for robbers, and I ask your pardon, my little friends," said he, laughing; "it is all your own fault; why did you not sing sooner? With a passport like your voice and your violin, you could not fail of being well received by my master. Come, then; it seems he knows you already."

While speaking thus, the affable servant had already ascended before them the twelve steps of a very easy staircase covered with a beautiful Turkey carpet. Before Joseph had time to ask his master's name, he had opened a folding door which closed behind them without noise; and after having crossed a comfortable ante-room, he ushered them into the dining hall, where the gracious master of this happy dwelling, seated in front of a roasted pheasant, between two flasks of old gold-colored wine, was beginning to digest his first course, while he attacked the second with a majestic air. On returning from his morning's promenade he had been again dressed by his valet de chambre in order to refresh his complexion. He was powdered and shaved anew. The grizzled curls of his respectable head waved gently below an eye of iris powder of an exquisite perfume; his beautiful hands rested upon his knees, which were covered by breeches of black satin with silver buckles. His well made leg, of which he was a little vain, clothed in a violet stocking tightly drawn and very transparent, rested upon a cushion of velvet, and his noble corpulence enveloped in an excellent gown of puce colored silk, wadded and quilted, reposed deliciously in a great arm-chair of tapestry, in no part of which did his elbow run the risk of meeting an angle, so well was it stuffed and rounded on every side. Seated near the fire, which blazed and sparkled behind her master's arm-chair, dame Bridget, the housekeeper, was preparing his coffee with a religious earnestness;

and a second valet, not less correct in his bearing nor less good-natured in his manners than the first, standing beside the table, delicately detached the wing of the bird, which the holy man expected without impatience and without anxiety. Joseph and Consuelo made low reverences on recognizing in their benevolent host, the major and jubiliary canon of the cathedral chapter of Saint Stephen's, the same before whom they had sung the mass that very morning.

XIII.

The canon was certainly the most comfortably established man in the world. From the age of seven, thanks to the royal protection which had never failed him, he had been declared at the age of reason, conformably to the canons of the church, which admitted that if he had not much reason at that age, he was at least capable of having virtually enough to receive and consume the revenues of a benefice. In consequence of this decision the young shaveling had been invested with the canonicate, although he was the illegitimate son of a king; still in virtue of the canons of the church, which accepted presumptively the legitimacy of a child presented to the benefice and patronized by sovereigns; although on the other hand, the same canonical decisions require that all pretenders to ecclesiastical livings shall be the issue of a true and legitimate marriage, in default of which they may be declared *incapacitated*, that is, *unworthy* and *infamous* in case of need. But there are so many accommodations with Heaven, that, under certain circumstances, the canonical law establishes that a foundling may be considered as legitimate, for the reason, which is moreover quite Christian, that in the case of mysterious parentage, the good should always be supposed rather than the evil.

The little canon entered therefore into possession of a superb prebend, with the title of canon major; and when arrived nearly at his fiftieth year, after forty years of services which were assumed to have been effective in the chapter, he was thenceforth recognized as canon jubiliary, that is, canon in retreat, free to reside where he pleased, and no longer to perform any chapitular function, even while fully enjoying all the advantages, revenues and privileges of his canonicate. It is true that the worthy canon had rendered very important services to the chapter in his younger days. He had caused himself to be declared *absent*, which, by the terms of the canonical law, signifies a permission to reside away from his chapter, in virtue of sundry pretexts more or less specious, without losing the fruits attached to the active exercise of his bene-

fices. The occurrence of plague in a residence is a case of admissible *absence*. There are also reasons of delicate or injured health which may occasion the *absence*. But the most honorable and the most certain of the rights of absence is that which has for its motive the case of studies. A great work is undertaken and announced on questions of conscience, upon the fathers of the church, upon the sacraments, or still better, upon the constitution of the chapter to which one belongs, upon the principles of its foundation, upon the honorary and active advantages which appertain to it; upon the pretensions which may be brought forward in opposition to other chapters, upon a suit in which it is engaged or which it wishes to bring against a rival community, respecting an estate, a right of patronage or a beneficiary mansion; and these kinds of wrangling and financial subtleties, being much more interesting to ecclesiastical bodies than commentaries on doctrines, or illustrations of dogmas, as soon as a distinguished member of the chapter proposes to make researches, to examine parchments, to scribble records of suits or claims, that is libels, against rich adversaries, they grant him the lucrative and agreeable right of reëntering into private life and spending his revenue in travels or in his beneficiary mansion by the side of his fire. Thus did our canon.

A man of wit, a fine talker, an eloquent writer, he had promised, and was to promise all his life, to make a book upon the rights, immunities and privileges of his chapter. Surrounded by dusty quartos which he had never opened, he had never written his own, he was not writing it, he was never to write it. The two secretaries whom he had engaged at the expense of the chapter, were busied in perfuming his person and preparing his repasts. They talked much of that famous book; they expected it, they built upon the strength of its arguments a thousand dreams of glory, of vengeance and of money. That book, which did not exist, had already made for its author a reputation of perseverance, of learning and of eloquence, the proof of which he was in no haste to produce; not that he was incapable of justifying the favorable opinion entertained of him by his brotherhood, but because life is short, repasts long, the toilette indispensable, the *far niente* delicious. And then our canon had two innocent but insatiable passions: he loved horticulture and music. With so many affairs and occupations, where could he have found time to write his book? Besides, it is so agreeable to talk of a book which one is not writing, and so disagreeable to hear others talk of that which one has written!

The benefice of this holy personage consisted in an estate which yielded well, annexed to the secularized priory in which he lived eight or nine months of the year, attending to the cultivation of his flowers and his stomach. The habitation was spacious and romantic. He had made it comfortable and even luxurious. Abandoning to a slow decay the main building which the ancient monks had inhabited, he preserved with care and adorned with taste the part most favorable for his accommodation. New arrangements had made of the old monastery a real little chateau in which he led the life of a gentleman. He had an excellent natural disposition for a man of the church: tolerant, witty on occasion, orthodox and fluent with those of his order, cheerful, full of anecdote, and easy with those of the world, affable, cordial and generous with artists. His domestics sharing the good living which he knew how to provide, aided him with all their power. His housekeeper was rather fractious, but she made good sweetmeats, and understood so well how to preserve his fruits, that he bore with her bad temper, and endured the storm with calmness, saying that a man must know how to put up with the defects of others, but could not dispense with a nice dessert and good coffee.

Our artists were received by him with the most gracious affability. "You are children full of wit and invention," said he to them, "and I love you with all my heart. Besides, you have an infinite talent; and one of you two, I can no longer tell which, has the sweetest, the most sympathetic, the most affecting voice I have ever heard in my life. That voice is a prodigy, a treasure; and I was quite sad this evening, at your having left the curate's so hurriedly, thinking that perhaps I should never see you again, that I should never hear you more. Truly, I had no appetite, I was gloomy, absent. That beautiful voice, that beautiful music would not leave my mind, my ears. But Providence, who wishes me well, has brought you back to me, and perhaps also your good hearts, my children; for you must have divined that I could comprehend and appreciate you —"

"We are compelled to confess, sir canon," replied Joseph, "that chance alone has conducted us here, and that we were far from expecting this good fortune."

"The good fortune is on my side," returned the amiable canon; "and you shall sing to me. But no, that would be too selfish on my part; you are fatigued, fasting perhaps — you shall have your supper first, then you shall pass a good night in my house, and to-morrow we will have music; O! music the whole day! Andrew, you will take these young people to the kitchen and pay every attention to

them. But no, let them remain; place two covers at the end of my table, and let them sup with me."

Andrew obeyed with haste and even with a kind of benevolent satisfaction. But dame Bridget showed an entirely opposite disposition; she shook her head, shrugged her shoulders, and grumbled between her teeth: "What proper persons to eat on your cloth, and what strange companions for a man of your rank!"

"Hold your tongue, Bridget," replied the canon calmly; "you are never satisfied with anything or anybody; and when you see another taking a little pleasure, you are quite furious."

"You do not know what to imagine for pastime," returned she, without noticing the reproaches addressed to her.

"With flatteries, idle stories and flimflams you can be led like a little child."

"Be silent, then," said the canon raising his voice a little, but without losing his cheerful smile, "your voice is as harsh as a rattle, and if you keep on scolding, you will lose your senses and spoil my coffee."

"Fine pleasure! and great honor, truly," said the old woman, "to prepare coffee for such guests!"

"O! you require eminent personages; you like grandeur; you prefer to entertain only bishops, princes and canons of sixteen quarterings! I do not care for all that so much as for the well sung couplet of a ballad."

Consuelo heard with astonishment this personage of so noble an appearance disputing with his maid with a kind of childish pleasure; and during the whole supper, she wondered at the puerile direction of his thoughts. Every instant he said a world of nothings to pass the time and keep himself in good humor. He addressed his domestics continually, at one time seriously discussing the sauce of a fish, at another, the arrangement of a piece of furniture, giving contradictory orders, questioning his people respecting the most idle details of his household, reflecting upon these trifles with a solemnity worthy of serious subjects, listening to one, reproving the other, maintaining his ground against dame Bridget, who contradicted him in every thing, and never failing to introduce some pleasant word into his questions and his answers. One would have said, that reduced by the isolation and want of excitement of his life to the society of his servants, he sought to keep his wit alive, and to facilitate the work of digestion by a hygienic exercise of thought, neither too grave nor too light.

The supper was exquisite and of a wonderful abundance. At the entremets, the cook was called before the canon, and affectionately praised by him for the pre-

paration of certain dishes, gently reprimanded and learnedly instructed respecting certain others which had not attained the highest degree of perfection. The two travellers fell from the clouds and looked at each other, believing themselves in a laughable dream, so incomprehensible did these refinements seem to them. "Well! well! it is not bad after all," said the canon, dismissing the culinary artist; "I shall make something of you yet, if you have a ready will and continue to love your duty."

"Would it not seem," thought Consuelo, "that this was a piece of paternal instruction, or a religious exhortation?"

At the dessert, after the canon had given to the housekeeper also her share of praises and reprimands, he at last forgot these grave matters to speak of music, and showed himself under a better light to his young guests. He had a good musical education, a fund of solid studies, just ideas and an enlightened taste. He was quite a good organist; and being seated at the harpsichord after dinner, he played for them some fragments of the old German masters, with much purity, and according to the good traditions of the olden time. This was not without interest for Consuelo; and soon having found upon the harpsichord a book of that ancient music, she began to turn over its leaves, and forgot her fatigue and the lateness of the hour, to ask the canon to play for her in his good clear and free manner, several of the pieces which had struck her mind and her eyes. The canon experienced an extreme pleasure at being thus listened to. The music which he knew, being no longer in fashion, he seldom found amateurs to his heart. He therefore conceived an extraordinary liking for Consuelo particularly, Joseph, overcome by fatigue, having fallen asleep in a great arm-chair which was treacherously delicious. "Truly!" cried the canon in a moment of enthusiasm, "you are a most happily endowed child, and your precocious judgment announces an extraordinary career. For the first time in my life I regret the celibacy my profession imposes upon me." This compliment made Consuelo blush and tremble, for she thought her sex was discovered; but she was very soon reassured, when the canon added artlessly: "Yes, I regret not having children, for Heaven might perhaps have given me a son like you, and that would have been the happiness of my life — even if Bridget were the mother. But tell me, my friend, what do you think of that Sebastian Bach, with whose compositions our professors are so enraptured now-a-days? Do you also think him a wonderful genius? There is a large book of his works which I collected and had bound, because one must have every thing."

And besides, they may be beautiful in fact—but there is great difficulty in reading them, and I confess to you that the first attempt having repelled me, I have been so lazy as not to renew it—moreover, I have so little time to myself! I can only think of music at rare times, snatched from more serious cares. Though you have seen me much occupied by the government of my household, you must not conclude from that, that I am a free and happy man. I am, on the contrary, enslaved to an enormous, frightful task, which I have imposed upon myself. I am writing a book, on which I have been at work for thirty years, and which another would not have done in sixty; a book which requires incredible studies, watchings, and indomitable patience and the deepest reflections. Therefore I think that book will make some noise in the world."

"But will it soon be finished?" asked Consuelo.

"Not yet, not yet!" replied the canon, desirous to conceal from himself that he had not commenced it. "But we were saying that the music of Bach is terribly difficult, and that, as to myself, I consider it peculiar."

"Still I think that if you should overcome your repugnance, you would perceive that his is a genius which embraces, unites and vivifies all the science of the past and present."

"Well!" returned the canon, "if it be so, we three will try to-morrow to decipher something together. It is now the hour for you to take some rest and for me to give myself up to study. But to-morrow you will pass the day with me; it is so understood, is it not?"

"The whole day! that is saying too much, sir; we must hasten to reach Vienna: but for the morning we are at your commands."

The canon protested, insisted, and Consuelo pretended to yield, promising herself that she would hurry the adagios of the great Bach a little, and leave the priory about eleven o'clock or noon. When they spoke of going to their chambers, an earnest discussion arose on the staircase between dame Bridget and the valet de chambre. The zealous Joseph, desirous of pleasing his master, had prepared for the young musicians two pretty cells situated in the newly repaired building occupied by the canon and his suite. Bridget, on the contrary, persisted in sending them to sleep in the abandoned cells of the old priory, because that part of the building was separated from the new one by good doors and solid bolts. "What," said she, raising her sharp voice on the resounding staircase, "do you mean to lodge these vagabonds close to us! and do you not see from their faces, their

manners and their profession, that they are Bohemians, adventurers, wicked little bandits, who will run off before day and carry away our plate! Who knows that they will not assassinate us!"

"Assassinate us! those children!" returned Joseph, laughing; "you are crazy, Bridget; old and worn out as you are, you would still put them to flight, only by showing your teeth."

"Old and worn out yourself, do you hear!" cried the old woman in a fury. "I tell you they shall not sleep here; I will not have them. Yea, indeed! I should not close my eyes the whole night!"

"You would be very foolish; I am sure that those children have no more desire than I have to disturb your respectable slumbers. Come, let's put an end to this! My master told me to treat his guests well, and I am not going to shut them up in that old building, full of rats and open to every wind. Would you have them sleep in the court yard!"

"I would have had the gardener make up two good beds of straw for them there; do you believe that those barefooted urchins are accustomed to beds of down!"

"They shall have them to-night at least, since my master so wishes; I know only his orders, dame Bridget! Let me do my duty, and remember that yours as well as mine is to obey and not to command."

"Well spoken, Joseph!" said the canon, who from the half open door of the antichamber had laughingly heard the whole dispute. "Go and get my slippers, Bridget, and no longer split our ears. Good night, my little friends! follow Joseph and sleep well. Long live music and the beautiful day of to-morrow!"

Long after our travellers had taken possession of their pretty cells, they heard the scolding of the housekeeper afar off, like a wintry wind whistling through the corridors. When the movement which announced the solemn retiring of the canon had entirely ceased, dame Bridget came on tip-toe to the doors of his young guests and quickly turned the key in each lock to shut them in. Joseph, buried in the best bed he had ever met with in his life, had already fallen fast asleep, and Consuelo did the same on her part, after having laughed heartily to herself at Bridget's terrors. She who had trembled nearly all the nights of her journey, now made others tremble in her turn. She might have applied to herself the fable of the hare and the frog; but I cannot affirm to you that Consuelo was acquainted with *La Fontaine's* fables. Their merit was disputed at that epoch by the most noted wits of

the universe: Voltaire laughed at them, and the great Frederick, to ape his philosopher, profoundly despised them.

XIV.

At the dawn of day, Consuelo, seeing the sun shine and feeling invited to a walk by the joyous warblings of a thousand birds which were already making good cheer in the garden, tried to leave her chamber. But the embargo was not yet raised, and dame Bridget still had her prisoners under lock and key. Consuelo at first thought that it was perhaps an ingenious idea of the canon, who wished to be certain of the musical enjoyments of the day, and had judged best first of all to assure himself of the persons of the musicians. The young girl, rendered hardy and agile by her masculine costume, examined the window, saw that the scaling was facilitated by a large vine supported by a solid trellis which covered the whole wall; and descending slowly and carefully, not to injure the fine grapes of the priory, she reached the ground and buried herself in the garden laughing inwardly at the surprise and disappointment of Bridget when she should find her precautions frustrated. Consuelo now saw under another aspect the superb flowers and magnificent fruits which she had admired by moonlight. The breath of the morning and the oblique coloring of the rosy and smiling sun, invested with a new poetry those beautiful productions of the earth. A robe of velvety satin enveloped the fruits, the dew hanging in pearls of crystal from all the branches, and the turf, frosted with silver exhaled that light vapor which seems the aspiring breath of earth endeavoring to regain heaven and unite with it in a refined effusion of love. But nothing equalled the freshness and beauty of the flowers still all laden with the moisture of the night, at that mysterious hour of the dawn when they open themselves as if to disclose treasures of purity and to shed abroad exquisite perfumes, which only the earliest and the purest of the sun's rays are worthy to perceive and possess for an instant. The canon's flower garden was a region of delights for an amateur of horticulture. To the eyes of Consuelo, it was too symmetrical and too well kept. But the fifty kinds of roses, the purple sages, the infinitely varied geraniums, the balmy daturas, deep cups of opal, impregnated with the ambrosia of the gods; the elegant aclepiads, subtle poisons in which the insects find death in delight; the splendid cactuses, displaying their dazzling flowers upon rough stalks strangely shaped; a thousand curious and superb plants, which Consuelo had never before seen, and

of which she knew neither the names nor the country, occupied her attention for a long time.

On examining their various attitudes and the expression of the sentiment which each of their physiognomies seemed to convey, she sought in her mind for the correspondence between music and flowers, and endeavored to account for the association of those two instincts in the organization of her host. A long while since, the harmony of sounds had seemed to her to respond in a certain manner to the harmony of colors; but the harmony of these harmonies, it seemed to her must be perfume. At that instant, plunged in a vague and sweet reverie, she imagined she heard a voice issue from each of those charming corollas, and relate to her the mysteries of poetry in a language hitherto unknown. The rose spoke of its ardent love, the lily of its celestial chastity; the superb magnolia conversed on the pure delights of a holy pride, and the little hepatica related in a low voice the enjoyments of a simple and hidden life. Certain flowers had strong voices which said with a broad and powerful accent: "I am beautiful and I reign." Others murmured with sounds hardly perceptible, but of an infinite tenderness and a penetrating charm: "I am little and am beloved," said they; and all balanced themselves together in the morning breeze, uniting their voices in an aerial choir which was lost little by little in the deeply moved herbage and under the leaves, greedy to gather its mysterious meaning.

Suddenly, in the midst of these ideal harmonies and this delicious contemplation, Consuelo heard sharp, horrible and sadly human cries issue from behind the plantations of trees which concealed the enclosing wall. To those cries, which were lost in the silence of the fields, succeeded the rolling of a carriage, then the carriage seemed to stop, and some one knocked with heavy strokes on the iron grating which closed the garden on that side. But whether all were asleep in the house, or no one wished to answer, they knocked in vain several times, and the piercing cries of a woman's voice, interrupted by the energetic oaths of a man's calling for help, struck upon the priory and awakened no more echoes in those insensible walls than they did in the hearts of those who inhabited them. All the windows on that side were so well caulked to protect the slumbers of the canon, that no external sound could pierce their shutters of solid oak, lined with leather and stuffed with hair. The servants, busy on the green behind the building, did not hear the cries; and there were no dogs in the priory. The canon did not like those troublesome

guardians, who, under pretext of driving away robbers, disturb the repose of their masters. Consuelo tried to enter the dwelling to announce the approach of travellers in distress; but all was so well closed, that she gave up the attempt, and following her impulse, ran to the grate whence the noise came.

A travelling carriage, laden with trunks and whitened by the dust of a long journey, had stopped before the principal alley of the garden. The postillions had dismounted from their horses and were trying to shake that inhospitable gate, while groans and lamentations issued from the carriage. "Open," cried they to Consuelo, "if you are Christians! There is a lady dying here."

"Open," cried, stretching from the door, a woman, whose features were unknown to Consuelo, but whose Venetian accent impressed her vividly. "My mistress will die if you do not grant her hospitality at once. Open if you are men!"

Consuelo, without reflecting on the results of her first impulse, tried to open the grate; but it was closed by an enormous padlock, the key of which was probably in dame Bridget's pocket. The bell also was fastened by a secret spring. In that quiet and honest country, such precautions had not been taken against evil doers, but truly against the noise and inconvenience of too late or too early visitors. It was impossible for Consuelo to satisfy the desire of her heart, and she sadly endured the reproaches of the maid, who, speaking Venetian to her mistress, cried with impatience: "The stupid! the little awkward fellow! he does not know how to open a gate." The German postillions, more patient and more calm, tried to help Consuelo, but without success, when the suffering lady appearing in her turn at the window of the carriage, cried with a strong voice in bad German: "Eh, by the devil's blood, go and find somebody to open, you miserable little beast!"

This energetic apostrophe reassured Consuelo respecting the imminent danger of the lady. "If she be near dying," thought she, "it is at least by a violent death;" and addressing herself in Venetian to the traveller, whose accent was no more doubtful than the maid's:

"I do not belong to this house," said she; "I received hospitality here last night; I will go and try to awaken the hosts, which will be neither a quick nor an easy matter. Are you in such danger, madam, that you cannot wait here a little while without despairing?"

"I am in labor, stupid!" cried the traveller: "I have not long to wait: run, shout, break every thing, bring some body and get me in here; you shall be well paid for your trouble."

She again began to utter loud cries, and Consuelo felt her knees tremble,—that face, that voice were not unknown to her. "The name of your mistress!" cried she to the maid.

"Eh! what is that to you! Run quick, miserable!" said the agitated maid. "Ah! if you lose time, you shall have nothing from us!"

"Well! neither do I want anything from you," replied Consuelo quickly; "but I want to know who you are. If your mistress is a musician, you will be received here at once; and if I am not mistaken, she is a celebrated singer."

"Go, my child," said the lady in labor, who in the interval between each sharp pain, recovered much sang-froid and energy; "you are not deceived; go tell the inhabitants of this house that the famous Corilla is ready to die if some Christian or artistic soul does not take pity on her situation. I will pay,—say that I will pay largely. Alas! Sophia," said she to her servant, "have me put upon the ground; I shall suffer less stretched out on the road, than in this infernal carriage!"

Consuelo was already running towards the priory, resolved to make a horrible noise and reach the canon at every risk. She no longer thought of being astonished and affected at the strange chance which had brought to that spot her rival, the cause of all her misfortunes; she was only occupied with the desire of obtaining assistance for her. She had not the trouble of knocking; she found Bridget, who, at last attracted by the cries, was leaving the house, escorted by the gardener and the valet de chambre.

"A fine story indeed!" replied she harshly, when Consuelo had stated the fact to her. "Do not go, Andrew; do not move from here, master gardener! Do you not see that it is a trick got up by these bandits to rob and assassinate us! I expected it! An alarm, a pretext; a band of villains prowling round the house, while those to whom we had given an asylum strove to introduce them under an honest excuse! Go and get your muskets, gentlemen, and be ready to shoot this pretended lady in labor who has moustaches and pantaloons. Yes, indeed! a woman in labor! and even if it were so, does she take our house for a hospital! We have no midwife here. I understand nothing of such matters, and the canon does not like squallings. Why should a lady have undertaken a journey when she was near her time? And if she did so, whose fault is it! Can we prevent her sufferings! Let her have her child in the carriage; she will be quite as well off there as in our house, where we have nothing ready for such a job!"

This speech, begun for Consuelo and

crowded out the whole length of the alley, was fixed at the grate for Corilla's chamber-maid. While the travellers, after having parleyed in vain, were exchanging reproaches, invectives and even insults with the intractable house-keeper, Consuelo, trusting in the canon's goodness and dilettantism, had entered the house. She searched in vain for the master's chamber; she only lost herself in that vast habitation, with the windings of which she was unacquainted. At last she met Haydn who was looking for her, and who told her he had seen the canon enter his orangery. They went thither, and saw that worthy personage coming to meet them under an arbor of jasmine, with a face as fresh and smiling as the beautiful autumn morning he was then enjoying. On beholding that good-natured man in his nice wadded gown, walking upon paths where his delicate foot ran no risk of meeting a stone in the fine and freshly raked sand, Consuelo could not doubt that a being so happy, so serene in his conscience and so satisfied in all his wishes, would be charmed to perform a good action. She began to mention poor Corilla's request to him, when Bridget suddenly appeared, interrupted her, and spoke in these words: "There is a vagabond down there at your gate, a singer of the theatre, who calls herself famous, and has the air and manner of a brazen-face. She says she is in labor, cries and swears like thirty demons; she wishes to lie in at your house; see if that is agreeable to you!"

The canon made a gesture of disgust and refusal. "Sir canon," said Consuelo, "whoever this woman may be, she is in suffering; her life is perhaps in danger, as well as that of the innocent creature whom God calls into this world, and whom religion commands you to receive here in a Christian and paternal manner. You will not abandon that unfortunate, you will not leave her to groan and die at your gate!"

"Is she married?" asked the canon coldly after a moment's reflection.

"I do not know; it is possible she may be. But what matters that! God grants her the happiness of becoming a mother; He alone has the right of judgment."

"She mentioned her name, sir canon," returned Bridget forcibly; "and you must know her, you who visit all the actors at Vienna. She calls herself Corilla."

"Corilla!" cried the canon, "she has been at Vienna before; I have heard a good deal of her. She has a fine voice, they say."

"In favor of her fine voice, have the gate opened for her; she is on the ground, stretched upon the sand of the road," said Consuelo.

"But she is a woman of bad life," returned the canon; "she caused much scandal at Vienna, two years ago."

"And there are many people envious of your benefice, sir canon," interposed Bridget. "You understand me! To have a common woman brought to bed in your house—that would not be taken as a chance, still less an act of charity. You know that the canon Herbert has pretensions to the jubiliat, and that he has already had a young brother dispossessed, under pretence that he neglected his duties for a lady who always confessed to him at such times. Sir canon, a benefice like yours is more easily lost than won."

These words made a sudden and decisive impression on the canon. He treasured them in the sanctuary of his prudence, though he pretended hardly to have heard them. "There is," said he, "an inn two hundred steps from here: let the lady be carried there. She will there find every thing she requires, and will be lodged much more comfortably and properly than in the house of a bachelor. Go and tell her so, Bridget, politely, very politely, I beseech you. Show the postillions which the inn is. Do you, my children," said he to Consuelo and Joseph, "come and try a fugue of Bach with me while breakfast is getting ready."

"Sir canon," said Consuelo, much affected, "will you abandon—"

"Ah!" said the canon, stopping with an air of consternation, "there is my most beautiful volkammeria dried up. I told the gardener that he did not water it often enough! the most rare and the most admirable plant in my garden! It is a fatality, Bridget! only look there! send the gardener to me that I may scold him."

"I am first going to chase the famous Corilla from your gate," replied Bridget as she withdrew.

"And you consent to this, you command it, sir canon!" cried Consuelo, indignant.

"It is impossible for me to do otherwise," replied he in a gentle voice, but with a tone which announced an immovable resolution. "I desire that I may not again be spoken to about it. Come then, I am waiting for you to play me some music."

"There is no more music for us here," returned Consuelo with energy. "You would not be capable of comprehending Bach, you who have not human feelings. Ah! perish your flowers and your fruits! may the frost dry up your jasmines, and split your most beautiful trees! This fruitful earth, which gives you every thing in profusion, ought to bear for you only brambles; for you have no heart, and you steal the gifts of Heaven, which you know not how to employ in hospitality!"

Saying this, Consuelo left the stupefied canon gazing after him, as if he feared to see the celestial malediction invoked by that burning soul fall upon his precious volkammerias and his beloved anemones. She ran to the grate which had remained locked, and scaled it to go out, in order to follow Corilla's carriage, which slowly directed its course towards the miserable wine shop, gratuitously dignified by the canon with the name of inn.

END OF VOL. V.

THE EFFECTS OF CONTAMINATION. The following narration was given by one of the former Matrons in the Female Department on Blackwell's Island:

"I remember," said the Matron, "distinctly of two young girls who were brought to the Island, and given into my charge. They were not sent up for any crime, but were found in a dance-house, where there was a disturbance of the peace. They were umbrella makers by trade—young, interesting and comely in their deportment—apparently free from vice and evidently unacquainted with crime. I shall never forget their horror-stricken looks when I took them to the cells and turned the key upon them. The next day I was obliged by the Rules to take them down to the Shanties and set them to work. Here they were compelled to make companionship with those who had earned a notoriety by their crimes—who were steeped in the dregs in vice, and openly boasted of their depravity. I witnessed with pain and sorrow their daily intercourse and growing intimacy with these wretches, and my heart yearned with a mother's sympathy for them. But I could do nothing to aid them. They were in a school of corrupting and cankering vice, with old and experienced teachers all around them. I watched them narrowly, and could daily observe the foul destroyer creep stealthily into undisturbed possession of their souls. In a brief period their full dereliction was accomplished. The rank poison of contamination had done its fatal work. Years spent in open, shameless prostitution could not have turned out more finished scholars, as their altered deportment, coarse, vulgar language, and horrid oaths gave painful evidence. Before the expiration of their sentences, they became incorrigibly bad. When our Christian city sent them away to be reclaimed they were comparatively guiltless—when she returned them to her bosom it was to swell the ranks of vice and crime."

This is a true and faithful history of the baneful effects of Contamination by the old upon the young offender in our Prisons. They are of daily occurrence, as is attested by those who in the discharge of their duties are compelled to witness them.

Will not those who are connected with the "Prison Association" take this subject in hand—give it their earnest attention, and counsel together as to the remedy? Bleeding and suffering Humanity demands it. Justice to our fellow-beings claims it. Their blood is upon our heads, who suffer such as these to be swept into the ranks of Crime without striving to aid them. They need classification and different modes of treatment. The

young, more than all, need a home for Reformation instead of a fruitful school for degrading vice and soul-destroying crime. Those farther advanced should have kind and judicious keepers, and at least not those who are found with our Honorable Common Council at Empire Club Balls in the company of common prostitutes. — *N. Y. Tribune.*

REVIEW.

Elocution, or Mental and Vocal Philosophy: involving the Principles of Reading and Speaking; and designed for the Development and Cultivation of both Body and Mind, in accordance with the Nature, Uses, and Destiny of Man. By PROFESSOR BRONSON, A. M., M. D. New York: A. S. Barnes, and Co.

Professor Bronson's ability as an Elocutionist and a teacher of Elocution, is unquestionable; we do not know that he has a superior or even an equal in the country; but his skill in compiling a treatise of instruction in his art is a matter of some doubt. The work before us has passed to its fifth edition, within the very short period that has elapsed since it was first issued, which is a sign of its popularity, and *should* be of its merits, as it *would* be if the public were always judges of the wares they purchase. But let us not disparage the labors of Mr. Bronson; we do not wish to do so, but to do him the fullest justice, and to award him our strongest commendations for the invaluable services he has rendered to this branch of education.

We speak of his book with reference to a standard in our own mind of what we conceive to be requisite in the arrangement of a perfect school manual. Judging by this standard we consider it deficient in many important particulars; but comparing it with the works of others on the same subject, we do not hesitate to pronounce it far superior to any we have ever seen. The latest and most complete publication that has come under our inspection, is that of Professor Mandeville, of Hamilton College, N. Y. His work contains much useful instruction in the art of elocution, and professes to reduce the whole subject to a scientific formula and to treat it according to strictly philosophic methods; but in this attempt we consider that he has signally failed; he has by no means penetrated so deeply into the philosophy of his subject as Professor Bronson.

The fact is, Elocution has not yet been reduced to a science, while as an art its rules to a great extent, are artificial and arbitrary. This may also be said of all other branches of the science of *Language and its uses*. In this department of education there is indeed, no such thing extant as a perfect book, — a strictly analytical scientific and inductive instructor. This is a strong statement, and one calculated to

make parents, preceptors, and the conservators of the public welfare, reflect seriously upon the subject of education and its methods; and yet it is incontrovertible. If no other proof of its truth could be adduced, the single fact that the plans and rules and principles of our elementary school books are innumerable and conflicting, and that we are consequently flooded with Spelling books, Readers, Grammars, and systems of Elocution "wide as the poles asunder," would be all-sufficient. Where there is science there is unity and thus acknowledged principles by which all are governed, and from which none can deviate, without incurring instant detection and the penalty of ignorant presumption, as in Mathematics, in the principles of which all are agreed, simply because it is absolute science; but where there is no science there are diversity and conflicting principles, which afford to quacks and ignorant pretenders an opportunity to palm their professional crudities on the public, almost without the possibility of detection and exposure, and frequently to gain money and reputation to which they are in no way entitled.

We say, then, that there is no science in all our elementary school books, relating to Language, and we might rest the declaration upon the fact alone that there is infinite contrariety among those which treat of the same branches, which is the inevitable result of unsettled and contradictory principles: this is quite enough for a logical mind. If we should go into a full examination of this matter, which it certainly deserves at the hands of some competent person, we could prove our position by showing the individual faults and defects of the class of school-books to which we refer, and the contradictions of each other and of themselves, which would be a negative testimony quite enough to condemn them; or we might indicate, at least, the general principles of a true science on which they should be based, exhibiting their errors and falseness in the only positive and effectual manner, — by the light of truth. But we have no inclination to do this at present, even if our columns were the proper place.

The reason why we have no truly scientific treatises, and books of study relating to Language, such as Spelling-books, (which are the abominable excrescences of a false system of orthography,) works on Elocution, Grammars and Dictionaries, is simply that the very foundation of all such works is imperfect and false. This being the case, their whole superstructure is, as a matter of course, erroneous and defective.

Language, spoken language, is a combination of the sounds of the human voice. The elements, or distinct utterances of

the human voice, then, are the fundamentals of Language; and a knowledge of these is evidently essential to a scientific and perfect use and explanation of language and what relates to it, elocution, grammar, &c. Elementary knowledge in all arts is certainly the most important and indispensable kind of knowledge. But strange to say, this very species of knowledge has been the most neglected by school-book makers, especially in the department we speak of, and less perfected than every other kind in education, the great summary of all arts, as it ought to be. Our Lexicographers and Orthoepists from Doctor Johnson down to Noah Webster, have all failed in giving us an integral and true analysis and classification of the elements of language — the sounds of the human voice; to say nothing of their absurd methods of notation. And so have Elocutionists, in which failure lies the root and source of all their errors and their Babel of conflicting systems to teach us the right use of our mother tongue.

Professor Bronson is no exception to this universal defect, and the principal fault we find in his work, is the want of a true analysis and classification of sounds. He makes, for example, the English language to consist of forty-four sounds, which number he arrives at by the common and fallacious way of taking the letters of the present Alphabet and counting what are called the regular sounds of each letter and their combinations. His presentation of this part of his subject, — the beginning and elementary part of his work, is obscure as well as incorrect; it is indeed, almost *blind*, and we should think the book would be of little use to a student except with the instruction of the living teacher. Then, he cannot find, perhaps, a better.

The physiological part, that which treats of the due exercise of the organs of speech, and of all these muscles of the body which should be brought into action to produce perfect utterance, and secure health, we cannot commend too highly. The book should be in the possession of every man whose vocation it is to speak, if for this alone. Professor Bronson has earned a high meed of praise for his labors and discoveries in the physiology of speech.

The plan of the book is quite original; explanations, anecdotes, philosophy, all mingled, and orderly arranged to exercise the pupil in each particular branch of the study, to amuse and instruct, and at the same time instil principles of a universal nature, relating to religion, sciences and art. Being a New Churchman Professor Bronson has deeply tinged the philosophy of his book with the sublime doctrines of Swedenborg.

Tales from the German of Heinrich Zschokke. By PARKE GODWIN. Part II. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1845. pp. 238.

By some accident this volume has not reached us till some time after its publication, but it comes not the less welcome. Its tales are better even than those of the first part, which has been long enough before the public to make commendation of this admirable author altogether needless. Zschokke is an Artist in the true sense of the word, and moves in the domain of nature and the human heart as only an artist can. For truth, delicacy, elevation and pathos, he has few superiors. But all this and more beside, our readers will have already discovered for themselves.

We regret to see occasional marks of haste in the translation. This ought not to have been. "Jonathan Frock," especially, contains some faults which should not have been overlooked even in a school-boy's exercise.

We hope that another volume will be called for. There are tales in Zschokke quite as good as any that Mr. Godwin has given. The Blue Wonder; Herr Pyk's Betrothal; The Moravian Family; The Wanderings of a Philhellene,—would make together a most attractive book, and still leave the writings of our author unexhausted.

We extract the following note which Mr. Godwin has attached to "Illupination," relating to a class of phenomena which no known scientific principles can account for. It is taken from Zschokke's personal experience.

"It has happened to me sometimes, on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dream-like, yet perfectly distinct before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger's life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories. By way of jest I once in a familiar family circle at Kirchberg related the secret history of a seamstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke, for what I had uttered was the *literal* truth; I on my part was no less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus

passed before me the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part. I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental jugglery. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer: 'it was not so.' I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke. Instead of many I will mention one example, which pre-eminently astounded me. One fair day in the city of Waldshut, I entered an inn (the Vine,) in company with two young student-foresters; we were tired with rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous society at the *table-d'hôte* where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomy, &c. &c. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite us, and who had allowed himself extraordinary license. This man's former life was at that moment present to my mind. I turned to him and asked whether he would answer me candidly if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me? That would be going a little further, I thought, than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant; his school years, his youthful errors, and lastly with a fault committed in reference to the strong box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box, &c. &c. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth. The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even, what I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched by his candor I shook hands with him over the table and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably still living!

"I can well explain to myself how a person of lively imagination may form as in a romance, a correct picture of the actions and passions of another person, of a certain character, under certain circumstances. But whence came those trifling accessories which *no wise concerned me*, and in relation to people for the most part indifferent to me, with whom I neither had, nor desired to have, any connection? Or, was the whole matter a constantly recurring accident? Or, had my auditor, perhaps, when I related the particulars of his former life very different views to give of the whole, although in his first surprise, and misled by some resemblances, he had mistaken them for the same? And yet impelled by this very doubt I had several times given myself trouble to speak of the most insignificant things which my waking dream had revealed to me. I shall not say another word on 'this singular gift of vision, of

which I cannot say it was ever of the slightest service; it manifested itself rarely, quite independently of my will, and several times in reference to persons whom I cared little to look through. Neither am I the only person in possession of this power. On an excursion I once made with two of my sons, I met with an old Tyrolese who carried oranges and lemons about the country, in a house of public entertainment, in Lower Hantenstein, one of the passes of the Jura. He fixed his eyes on me for some time, then mingled in the conversation, and said that he knew me, although he knew me not, and went on to relate what I had done and striven to do in former times, to the consternation of the country people present, and the great admiration of my children, who were diverted to find another person gifted like their father. How the old lemon merchant came by his knowledge he could explain neither to me nor to himself; he seemed, nevertheless, to value himself somewhat upon his mysterious wisdom."

The Modern Eleusinia: or, the Odd-Fellows Monitor. By P. M. E. K. P. Bro. A. C. L. ARNOLD. Third Edition. New York: J. F. Trow & Co., Printers. 1845 pp. 96.

This little book by the Editor of that clever paper the Golden Rule, may be read with profit by those who are not Odd-Fellows. It contains strong and vivid statements of some of the highest principles of universal Ethics, and breathes a broad and generous spirit. It may exaggerate the worth of the institution to whose advantage it is particularly devoted and fail to do justice to other important parts of the general Social Movement, but this is natural and pardonable. The following passage is a good specimen of its tone and manner.

"Odd Fellowship seeks to restore the Unity of the race, which the unhappy divisions of the church have so deplorably disturbed, and to realize, in a more beautiful and efficient form, the holy ideas of Charity, and Love, and Brotherhood. The tendency to association is as old and universal as humanity. It is a sacred Law, as binding as that of Religion, which compels man to do homage to the Infinite. And among the almost endless variety of human wants, there is not one which makes itself so powerfully and keenly felt, as the want of Friendship, Society,—the intimate and constant communion of soul with soul. And yet, such are the habits of modern Society, and the spirit of the times, there is no want so difficult to supply. Many hearts there are, glowing with mighty affections, oppressed with deep and earnest longings for friendly communion with sympathizing and responding hearts, and yet, like the Spirit of the parable, wander up and down the deserts of Life seeking that they never find. The cords of social unity have been severed, and Individualism,—Selfishness, has been, by some *diablerie* or other, installed into the godship of this lower world. These individual and material tendencies, which cast a withering and fatal paralysis over all social Life, and all the Soul's affections, may be referred chiefly to the un-

fortunate dissensions that exist amongst those who are especially bound to dwell together in love. — I mean the professed followers of Christ. The fundamental ideas of Christianity, are the unity and Brotherhood of man, — its chief law is that of *Mutual Love*."

"Instead of one Church, one Lord, one Faith of Friendship, one baptism of Charity, we have isolated communities, bound together by no common bond of sympathy, or faith, or love. We need not enlarge here. We only speak a fact which all feel, and over which all sincere Christians mourn. We utter a mournful truth, when we say there is all too little of earnest faith in exalted and disinterested Friendship, and in Virtue and Love, which are not based on the calculations of Interest. There is too little of fraternal sympathy, too little of pity for the woes and sufferings of others — too little of that deep, exhaustless love for man as man, irrespective of nation, faith, or rank, which Christianity so strictly enjoins. There are thousands of causes, operating at the present time which prevent the free and fraternal communion of man with man. There are the jealousies of religious sects just noticed, and the warrings of political parties, the incessant toil and struggle after wealth, or some temporal and individual good, which break up the unity and harmony of society, transform Life into an Arab desert, and men into plundering Ishmaelites."

The Wigwam and the Cabin. By the Author of *GUY RIVERS*. Second Series. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1845. pp. 238.

We briefly expressed our opinion of *Mr. Simms* as a novelist some time ago, and we find nothing in this volume to increase our admiration. It is, we think, inferior to the first under the same title, which was a rather clever book, and nothing more. All its stories have the air of what the Germans would call bread-writing, — mere matters of trade, "done to order on short notice." They are a shade superior to the thin trash of the monthly magazines, and fully entitle their author to a place in that heaven of literature inhabited, according to certain mythological traditions, by the "Smalls." We regret that so many of Messrs. Wiley and Putnam's "American Books" come from the same region.

Poetry for Home and School. Part Second. Selected by the Author of the "Theory of Teaching," and "First Lessons in Grammar." Boston: published by S. G. Simpkins. 1846. pp. 168.

Mrs. Lowell has here conferred another favor upon the public, the youthful portion of it especially. In this little volume are contained some of the brightest jewels of the English language. We should reckon it of more worth as a gift to a young friend than fifty thousand books of moral stories surcharged and crammed to the brim with instruction. Such books, however valuable they may be imagined to

be, take but the slightest hold of the mind at any age, but here are some immortal poems which seize the very soul and inspire it with a beauty and grace that can never afterward be forgotten.

⌚ A review of Mr. Van Amringe's work on "Association and Christianity," which has been accidentally delayed, will shortly appear.

⌚ Notices of several works from Messrs. Wiley and Putnam, are unavoidably crowded out of this week's Harbinger.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

SIXTH CONCERT OF THE BOSTON ACADEMY.

(Concluded.)

The second part of the concert consisted of the *Symphony No. VII.*, by Beethoven. But before we proceed to give our idea of that composition, we would say something concerning such interpretation of music as we employ. There are very many good people, who consider music to be a pleasing assemblage of well ordered and harmonious sounds, conveying no distinct idea, and incapable therefore of doing more than gratify the ear. To these, an interpretation of music seems entirely fanciful, affected, and without truth. There are again others, who insist that to give an account of a musical composition by a word-painting of scenes and visions and impressions, whether of sense or thought or feeling created thereby, is idle and inartistic, heaping upon those who indulge in such fancies the terrible stigma that they are transcendental. This latter class claim that the only proper interpretation of a musical composition consists in an artistic and scientific criticism of its formation, its tune, its instrumentation, &c. To the first of these classes the doors to the inner shrine of music are closed, and music itself is only a tickling of the sense, as a good bottle of hock or a dish of oysters is palatable to the appetite. To the latter class, music is a husk, a formula, a science, but not the language by which emotions, thoughts, and feelings are expressed. Our own position, be it better or worse, is different, and all that we claim is to be allowed to hold it, without the smile of the one or the sneer of the other.

Every good work of art represents an idea. It is the sensible exponent of somewhat, which was living in the being of the artist, and is not a mere dead arbitrary form. It follows the unconscious bias and infection of the spiritual nature, and it is the infusion of this nature into the work, which gives it that which we

recognize as greatest and most excellent. The mere form is subsidiary, and only necessary for the sense and as a medium. The eye always looks through it for the meaning, which resides therein, and if no meaning be perceptible, every good judgment rejects it as worthless. When we look at a work of art from an aesthetic point of view therefore, it is the idea which it represents, that we regard. When we only consider it critically in respect to its execution, our standpoint is a lower one. When we consider it as a mere ornament it is still lower.

How then shall we better interpret any work of art than by expressing its effect upon us; than by reproducing the ideas, feelings, and emotions, which it produces upon our minds, souls and senses. No one can ever receive more from art than he brings to it, for neither nature nor art can do more than generate and stimulate each being into action, and awaken in the nature of each those emotions and ideas, whose springs are innate. A work of art only gives us back to ourselves; it reflects our own consciousness, and according to the constitution of the mind that looks is the image perceived. To every one it will have the bias of his own individuality, will wear the colors of his fancy, and throb with the pulses of his heart, for no one can perceive more than himself. Yet, again, a work of art, being wrought from one living idea in the mind of the artist, will have a magnetic attraction to that same idea in the minds of all, and will awaken and call it forth with such degree of vividness as accords with the constitution and temperament of the auditor or spectator, and will develop itself in such forms and with such modifications as are natural to him. Light falling on one substance is orange, and on another is yellow. Can any one, therefore, do better or indeed do otherwise in interpreting any work of art, whether it be a painting or a statue or a symphony, than by reproducing the impression created in him by it?

Would it, we would ask of one class, be the highest kind of criticism on a statue, to say that it was smooth, and white, and pleasing — or of a painting, to say, without reference to its idea, that the colors were agreeably chosen? Of the other class we would ask if he is the best critic, who tells us how the different stages of a painting were accomplished and what colors were used; or whether the statue was finished by the chisel or the pumice? Or indeed, would it be a better criticism on the Apollo, to say: his nose is two and a half inches long, his arm is extended with a bit of drapery swinging from it, and he stands poised on one leg, or to say what the impres-

tion was that it made upon the mind, how it affected us, how the shape and action conformed to the idea which it was intended to represent, and whether divine vengeance was really expressed in the countenance.

But if this be true of statuary and painting, is it not eminently so of music? Can any interpretation of music be good, which is not transcendental? Can any one really feel and live in music without transcending his common condition, and surrendering himself to its influence, wherever it may bear him? What is there, recognizable by the senses, that is more transcendental than sound, the very means of music? Does it not seem to hover on the very verge of sense, to reach us only through one avenue, to fade and revive continually out of the eternity of silence? Does it not seem nearest to spirit of all things perceptible to the sense? What the hand touches the eye may see, the tongue may taste,—but what the ear hears, refuses the contact of all other senses, it sails only through one medium into the soul of man. It is forged from the air, it is invisible, it is evanescent and hurries away into its abysses as fast as it is produced. It leaves no sensible impression, but only lurks in the inmost memory, and haunts it, and whispers to it in the silence of thought. All of our finest sympathies and our inmost emotions respond to music, it finds out the secretest grief and comforts it, it swells the widest joy; it is no accorder of persons, but can speak to each what he is ready to hear.

Art is one; but there are many arts; to all of them there is one common centre to which they converge and which is their essence. The tone struck from one vibrates through all; and though each refuses to assume the form of the other, it is reflected in it partially, and can be in a measure reproduced through it. Music seems to contain every other art, but no other art wholly contains music. Therefore it reproduces itself in the mind of each in that form of art to which that mind is endeared. For the painter it shapes filmy distances and aerial glories; its instrumentation becomes color, its harmonies and melodies features. To the sculptor, it comes as pure form, reflected to the bent of every feeling. To the poet it comes as poetry, and will fashion for itself the garment of words, and struggle therein for its expression. For the architect it shapes aerial structures of gigantic and harmonious proportions, or of graceful and delicate forms, surrounding them with its intricate arabesque and self-involved movements.

But to all it speaks in parables, and unconsciously every one creates for it its channel. Every susceptible spirit will

marry to it some train of ideas or feelings, and will have for it some means of description. It is something to every one; and although it is wholly impossible ever to reproduce in words the effects which it produces in the spirit, hints and glimpses of it can be given to those, who have been really affected by it. But in the symphony, where a musical idea is evolved in an epical and logical sequence, and one simple theme is made to assume many forms and to struggle onward through various changes to a certain completion, it is next to impossible for a lively fancy or an ardent imagination, not to invent a story, which shall accompany it as the reflected image in the water follows the star. Such story will vary with the different natures of men, and we must not be understood as pretending that it is the only interpretation, but only that it is an allegorical representation of a certain idea, which was awakened in our mind, and which serves to illustrate and explain what the music meant to us. The same idea will elsewhere take a different form; but that is of no consequence. It is almost impossible to suppose that some story is not connected with every musical composition in the mind of the author. And if to any bearer a story comes naturally with the music and from out of it, it shows that his appreciation has been even creation; but the same interpretation may not suffice for another, and may be so far from his peculiar idiosyncracies as to bar him out from the enjoyment of the music. In interpreting music as we choose to do, therefore, we only assume the privilege of expressing that which to us came unconsciously and without labor, and which was the effect of the music upon us, as far as we are able to describe it in words. And we claim, that this mode of interpretation is as intelligible and proper, as if we enumerated the time, the number of bars, the dynamics, the instrumentation, the rhythm, the keys, since this can be done by any one, who is at all acquainted with the science of music, or who has the score before him. When Beethoven said of his Symphony in C minor, that the first movement was as if Fate were knocking at the door, he did just what we do as well as we can; that is, he gave a story to his music. So, also, he really revealed the story of the Pastoral Symphony, and of the Conversation Sonata. He may for all that, as we claim, have been superior to those, who sneer at interpretations of music, and may have understood his work as well as those, who tell us the key in which it was written, and the thorough bass of the composition. But we are taking up too much time.

The Seventh Symphony of Beethoven has always seemed to us to represent the

story of Orpheus, or the Power of Music.

The Allegro is preceded by a slow movement in the light joyous key of A major, by continuous runnings up the scale to one determined chord. One class of instruments after another keeps a constant trailing after some certain chord which finishes the phrase, and towards which they seem to be drawn as by a magnetic attraction. Then sets in the counter theme, which is an air of the most completely pastoral character; delicate and sweet as the wind in the pine-tops; and these two alternate together. The flute taking the lead of the air, and pursued continually by the basses, until the instruments all cease, and the flute is left to commence a new air in six-eighth time, by the iteration of a single note, which it repeats faster and faster, enticing one instrument after another, until the whole orchestra consent and repeat the light tripping air which it dictates. The varied modulation of this one theme occupies the whole of the rest of this movement. Throughout all of this portion of the symphony, there are two peculiar characteristics; one of which is, that the flute, to which Beethoven generally gives a very inferior and subordinate place, is the prominent instrument; first expressing the theme, and constantly leading the orchestra; and the other consists in the incessant statement of one note or chord, towards which, as its position is varied, the whole orchestra is constantly tending. This enlacement of all the instruments after one instrument, and that one of so peculiarly pastoral a character as the flute, taken in connection with the delicate Arcadian spirit, which is breathed through all the music, naturally suggests the piping of Orpheus, and the surrender of all animate and inanimate nature to its spell. After this simple air, all living creatures, from the most feeble and timid to the most uncouth and noisy seem to flock. Onward moves the Orphean Air, sweet, light, graceful, and pastoral, and onward sweep the woods and trees in harmony with it, but wooed to it as by a demonic charm; nothing can resist its influence, but all are forced to join in the general current, and echo the music of Orpheus; so ends the Allegro.

The Andante opens a new scene and develops a new idea. It commences with a Trio of the lower stringed instruments, in the key of A minor, in which the deep and sombre tones of the violoncello seem to oppress the atmosphere with a damp, thick solemnity, while the air which is played is calm, serene and soothing in the highest degree. Gently the air is begun, taking in one instrument after another, until the whole power of the orchestra is exerted to shower down its

lulling and poppy-like influence. Then comes a passage in triplets, as of the continuous dropping of rain or of running waters, through which is heard the gentle and unceasing blowing of wind instruments, as if a soft murmurous breeze moved the leaves of an immense forest, mingled with the constant and spasmodic panting of the bass. This is followed by an air on the oboe, accompanied by the violin, and sullen bass beatings, in the midst of which comes a sudden revulsion and change in the harmony, which affects us like a cold damp chill, and the Andante finishes. Such is the music, which, as it seems to us, Orpheus would use to lull the Cerberus to sleep, in the jaws of Hades. And we seem to see the head of this gigantic beast, drooping lower and lower as these soporific and Lethean harmonies are distilled around him; yet ever arousing and panting and yawning while he drinks them in, yet struggles to revive, until he is completely bowed under the music's drowsy essence. The wind instruments throughout this part breathe long lulling strains, and give continuity and drowsiness while the violoncellos in concert with the trombones, lend a damp, cold, chilling atmosphere to the whole.

The Presto, which is the next movement, contains two distinct parts. The first of these is a passionate, earnest, entreating air, in the key of F, full of life and earthliness and desire, which alternates with a simple strain in the key of D, of such deep, calm, majestic pathos, that its serenity seems not to belong to this life at all, but to one removed from all passion and all fluctuation. In this wonderful yet most simple passage, the violins hold up on one continuous tone, while the wind instruments in slow and solemn rhythm, breathe out their wise sentences, and seem to bathe us in a purpureal and divine ether. The first part has all the violence and restlessness of life, the second part has all the composure and majestic wisdom of an Elysian existence. It is as if the wisest and most heroic spirits that ever breathed this earthly air, walked in serenity the Elysian Fields, and beyond the reach of passion, held high and wise discourse on things eternal. So spoke Protesilaus to Laodamia—

"Of Love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure,
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spoke of heroic acts in graver mood
Reserved, with finer harmony pursued."

Yes, and as Protesilaus seems to breathe the spirit of the serious, solemn portion of this movement, so does Laodamia represent the desiring, uneasy life and passion of the other portion. So also does the prayer and earnest supplication of Or-

pheus to Pluto for the restitution of Eurydice to his arms, contrast with the calm majesty of Elysian joys.

In the Allegretto con brio, which is the Finale, the whole orchestra combine in a wild passionate movement, full of excitement and energy. Here it seems as if despair itself had taken possession of the soul, and as if in wild shrieks it called upon nature to join in its fury. Now and then a regretful and entreating strain will come in during an interval, as if the passions were for a moment lulled, and then this wild, irrepressible grief breaks forth, and storms the skies anew, and will not be comforted. And in this mood the Symphony ends. With such strenuous and despairing shrieks did Orpheus lament the irrepressible curiosity which tempted him to disobey the Plutonic conditions, and which tore forever from his embrace his loved Eurydice.

This last piece was not so well played as the Larghetto from the Second Symphony, which was by far the best of the orchestral performances—and indeed was comparatively easy to render, being a quiet and subdued air of great simplicity. With this we leave the Academy for the present, hoping that they will make good the promise of this concert,

POETRY.

ON A GRAVE-STONE.

FROM UHLAND.

If on this grave-stone thou beholdest
Two hands together clasped fast,—
That means our earthly ties, our oldest,
So deep, but ah! so short to last!

It means the parting hour, when slowly
Hand out from hand is wrung with pain;
It means the bond of spirits holy,
The greeting there in heaven again.

THE SUN AND THE BROOK.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT.

The Sun he spoke
To the Meadow-Brook,
And said, "I sorely blame you;
Through every nook,
The wild-flower folk
You hunt as nought could shame you.
What but the light
Makes them so bright,—
The light from me they borrow?
Yet me you slight,
To get a sight
At them, and I must sorrow?
Ah! pity take
On me, and make
Your smooth breast stiller, clearer;
And, as I wake
In the blue sky-lake,
Be thou, O Brook, my mirror!"

The Brook flowed on,
And said anon,—
"Good Sun, it should not grieve you

That as I run,
I gaze upon
The motley flowers and leave you.
You are so great
In your heavenly state,
And they so unpretending;
On you they wait,
And only get
The graces of your lending.
But when the sea
Receiveth me,
From them I must me sever;
I then shall be
A glass to thee,
Reflecting thee forever."

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

FIRE AT BROOK FARM.

Our readers have no doubt been informed before this, of the severe calamity with which the Brook Farm Association has been visited, by the destruction of the large unitary edifice which it has been for some time erecting on its domain. Just as our last paper was going through the press, on Tuesday evening the 3d inst., the alarm of fire was given at about a quarter before nine, and it was found to proceed from the "Phalanstery;" in a few minutes, the flames were bursting through the doors and windows of the second story; the fire spread with almost incredible rapidity throughout the building; and in about an hour and a half the whole edifice was burned to the ground. The members of the Association were on the spot in a few moments, and made some attempts to save a quantity of lumber that was in the basement story; but so rapid was the progress of the fire, that this was found to be impossible, and they succeeded only in rescuing a couple of tool-chests that had been in use by the carpenters.

The neighboring dwelling-house called the "Ery" was in imminent danger, while the fire was at its height, and nothing but the stillness of the night, and the vigilance and activity of those who were stationed on its roof preserved it from destruction. The vigorous efforts of our nearest neighbors, Mr. T. J. Orange, and Messrs. Thomas and George Palmer were of great service in protecting this building, as a part of our force were engaged in another direction, watching the workshops, barn, and principal dwelling house.

In a short time, our neighbors from the village of West Roxbury, a mile and

a half distant arrived in great numbers with their Engine, which together with the Engines from Jamaica Plain, Newton, and Brookline, rendered valuable assistance in subduing the flaming ruins, although it was impossible to check the progress of the fire, until the building was completely destroyed. We are under the deepest obligations to the Fire Companies, which came, some of them, five or six miles, through deep snow on cross roads, and did every thing in the power of skill or energy, to preserve our other buildings from ruin. Many of the Engines from Boston came four or five miles from the city, but finding the fire going down, returned without reaching the spot. The engines from Dedham, we understand, made an unsuccessful attempt to come to our aid, but were obliged to turn back on account of the condition of the roads. No efforts, however, would have probably been successful in arresting the progress of the flames. The building was divided into nearly a hundred rooms in the upper stories, most of which had been lathed for several months, without plaster, and being almost as dry as tinder, the fire flashed through them with terrific rapidity.

There had been no work performed on this building during the winter months, and arrangements had just been made to complete four out of the fourteen distinct suites of apartments into which it was divided, by the first of May. It was hoped that the remainder would be finished during the summer, and that by the first of October, the edifice would be prepared for the reception of a hundred and fifty persons, with ample accommodations for families, and spacious and convenient public halls and saloons. A portion of the second story had been set apart for a Church or Chapel, which was to be finished in a style of simplicity and elegance, by private subscription, and in which it was expected that religious services would be performed by our friend William H. Channing, whose presence with us, until obliged to retire on account of ill health, has been a source of unmingled satisfaction and benefit.

On the Saturday previous to the fire, a stove was put up in the basement story for the accommodation of the carpenters, who were to work on the inside; a fire was kindled in it on Tuesday morning, which burned till four o'clock in the afternoon; at half past eight in the evening, the building was visited by the night watch, who found every thing apparently safe; and at about a quarter before nine, a faint light was discovered in the second story, which was supposed at first to have proceeded from a lamp, but, on entering, to ascertain the fact, the smoke at once showed that the interior

was on fire. The alarm was immediately given, but almost before the people had time to assemble, the whole edifice was wrapped in flames. From a defect in the construction of the chimney, a spark from the stove pipe had probably communicated with the surrounding wood work; and from the combustible nature of the materials, the flames spread with a celerity that made every effort to arrest their violence without effect.

This edifice was commenced in the summer of 1844, and has been in progress from that time until November last, when the work was suspended for the winter, and resumed, as before stated, on the day in which it was consumed. It was built of wood, one hundred and seventy-five feet long, three stories high, with spacious attics, divided into pleasant and convenient rooms for single persons. The second and third stories were divided into fourteen houses, independent of each other, with a parlor and three sleeping rooms in each, connected by piazzas which ran the whole length of the building on both stories. The basement contained a large and commodious kitchen, a dining-hall capable of seating from three to four hundred persons, two public saloons, and a spacious hall or lecture room. Although by no means a model for the Phalanstery, or unitary edifice of a Phalanx, it was well adapted for our purposes at present, situated on a delightful eminence which commanded a most extensive and picturesque view, and affording accommodations and conveniences in the Combined Order, which in many respects, would gratify even a fastidious taste. The actual expenditure upon the building, including the labor performed by the Associates, amounted to about \$7,000, and \$3,000 more, it was estimated, would be sufficient for its completion. As it was not yet in use by the Association, and until the day of its destruction, not exposed to fire, no insurance had been effected. It was built by investments in our loan stock, and the loss falls upon the holders of partnership stock and the members of the Association.

It is some alleviation of the great calamity which we have sustained, that it came upon us at this time rather than at a later period. The house was not endeared to us by any grateful recollections; the tender and hallowed associations of home had not yet begun to cluster around it; and although we looked upon it with joy and hope as destined to occupy an important sphere in the social movement to which it was consecrated, its destruction does not rend asunder those sacred ties, which bind us to the dwellings that have thus far been the scene of our toils and of our satisfactions. We could not part with either of the houses in which we have

lived at Brook Farm, without a sadness like that which we should feel at the departure of a bosom friend. The destruction of our edifice makes no essential change in our pursuits. It leaves no family destitute of a home; it disturbs no domestic arrangements; it puts us to no immediate inconvenience. The morning after the disaster, if a stranger had not seen the smoking pile of ruins, he would not have suspected that anything extraordinary had taken place. Our schools were attended as usual; our industry in full operation; and not a look or expression of despondency could have been perceived. The calamity is felt to be great; we do not attempt to conceal from ourselves its consequences; but it has been met with a calmness and high trust, which gives us a new proof of the power of Associated life to quicken the best elements of character, and to prepare men for every emergency.

We shall be pardoned for entering into these almost personal details, for we know that the numerous friends of Association, in every part of our land, will feel our misfortune, as if it were a private grief of their own. We have received nothing but expressions of the most generous sympathy from every quarter, even from those who might be supposed to take the least interest in our purposes; and we are sure that our friends in the cause of Social Unity will share with us the affliction that has visited a branch of their own fraternity.

We have no wish to keep out of sight the magnitude of our loss. In our present infant state, it is a severe trial of our strength. We cannot now calculate its ultimate effect. It may prove more than we are able to bear; or like other previous calamities, it may serve to bind us more closely to each other, and to the holy cause to which we are devoted. We await the result with calm hope, sustained by our faith in the Universal Providence, whose social laws we have endeavored to ascertain and embody in our daily lives.

It may not be improper to state, as we are speaking of our own affairs more fully than we have felt at liberty to do before in the columns of our paper, that, whatever be our trials of an external character, we have every reason to rejoice in the internal condition of our Association. For the few last months, it has more nearly than ever approached the idea of a true social order. The greatest harmony prevails among us; not a discordant note is heard; a spirit of friendship, of brotherly kindness, of charity, dwells with us and blesses us; our social resources have been greatly multiplied; and our devotion to the cause which has brought us together, receives new strength

every day. Whatever may be in reserve for us, we have an infinite satisfaction in the true relations which have united us, and the assurance that our enterprise has sprung from a desire to obey the divine law. We feel assured that no outward disappointment or calamity can chill our zeal for the realization of a divine order of society, or abate our efforts in the sphere which may be pointed out by our best judgment as most favorable to the cause which we have at heart.

THE NEW YORK EXPRESS ON LABOR.

The Express sometimes blunders upon the truth, and says a good thing with the most innocent unconsciousness. Not that it can be betrayed into doing so without mitigation. Its instincts are too sure for that, and if it chances to utter any fraction of a true principle or a correct thought, it never fails to mix with it such an amount of falsehood and twaddle that its readers have no occasion to stop their subscription because it contains a new or a generous idea. It cannot be accused of inconsistency on account of the occasional errors we allude to: they are only temporary aberrations, mere human fallibilities, which cannot be reckoned as part of its essential character. In that it is faultless, true to itself, never getting off the track, a complete unity. It is in this respect an admirable instance of the perfection to which human development can be carried: indeed, so harmonious is it in all its details, that sometimes in reading it the query enters our mind whether it is not after all a work of nature, whether these dirty looking columns and awkward paragraphs and stupid notions are really of human creation.

But without running into metaphysical speculations, we have desired merely to express our sense of the transcendent merits of this Journal. The Courier and the Herald are something in their way undoubtedly. The former wears better clothes, fights with more pretentious tools, and sometimes shows a spice of smartness in its hatred of the true and noble, which the Express cannot be accused of. The Herald is more racy and undisguised in its blackguardism, but the Express has a symmetry and completeness which belong to neither of its distinguished competitors in the office of conserving the public morals. It is the climax and pivot of that order of journals which are mainly devoted to malignant abuse of every thing that looks towards the progress of Humanity, which employ all their energies in defending and preserving a social order that in our large cities boasts its tens of thousands of prostitutes, thieves, and beggars, that has for its ornaments the most utter and wretched forms of

human misery and degradation, and which attack no man with such insanity as him who affirms that the Almighty God has designed other and better conditions for all his children.

Our attention has just now been drawn to the Express by a recent article in which it attempts to defend the tariff. In this connection it declares that "The first, the middle, the last, and the main duty of a statesman is to take care of Labor." With this assertion we are most happy to coincide; but we fear that our sapient and high-minded cotemporary does not give his words quite so wide an interpretation as we should put on them. We do not think that Labor, whose interests, as the Express admits, lie at the basis of all prosperity and happiness, is sufficiently cared for by a high tariff to shut out foreign competition. The work of a statesman and legislator is in our view not altogether done when he has ascertained what rates of duty will keep the products of other nations out of the market. This is not enough to save our working men from the starvation and wretchedness that exist abroad. The evil day may thus possibly be put off for a little, but it is only a temporary expedient which cannot long avert it. Have the laborers of Europe,—the manufacturing populace of France and England, for example, been "ground down to the dust," to use the words of the Express, for lack of protective tariffs? We suppose that they have been thus reduced, not by competition with the labor of foreign countries, but rather by the universal antagonism between Labor and Capital which acts alike in all countries, and which will produce its effects as inevitably here in America as it has done in Europe. English laborers have not been ruined by any inroad of foreign manufactures. It is not this which has brought their wages down to almost nothing, and reduced their amount of physical comfort below that of the domestic animals, but it is the fatal strife with Capital, armed with machinery and directed by intellectual power. If it is the great duty of a statesman to take care of Labor, he is bound to provide for it a more complete protection than any tariff we have ever yet heard of. It must be guarded against domestic antagonists as well as those beyond the frontiers. A true doctrine for the protection of Labor would be the method of a just and perfect reconciliation between it and its fraternal enemy, Capital. Herein is the duty of the American statesman to be found, and all short of this is just so much short of that care which he is bound to take of Labor. Let us see a man occupied in the endeavor to discover and establish for Labor a system of coöperation and of exact justice in place of universal compe-

tition and fraud, and we will confess his right to that name. But have the conceptions of any of our political Nestors got as far as this? Has even the sage Express a word to say on this head?

RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL MOVEMENTS.

This nineteenth century is the era of the Social Redemption of Humanity on earth; this is our hope, our faith, and for this reason we hail it, we bless it as one of the greatest and most sacred epochs in the history of mankind.

If we look at the most active and progressive nations on the earth, we shall find the movement in favor of a universal reform, of the elevation of the whole Race to a condition of happiness and intelligence, so strongly marked, taking such deep root, and sustained by so much talent, devotion, and perseverance, that we feel it must succeed and the sacred end be gained. Never before in the history of the world has anything of the kind taken place; never before have systematic and intelligent efforts been made to discover and carry out plans of radical and organic reform, having for their object the universal happiness and elevation of mankind. Such efforts would have been crushed in a moment by the tyrants and rulers of the world at any former period, but in our age this is impossible, and a spirit and a faith are aroused, which contain the moral germs of the social salvation of Humanity.

The nations in which this great movement is the strongest and most active, are France, Germany, England, and the United States. It is prosecuted upon quite different views and principles in these different nations; various plans of reform are proposed and advocated, and no general concert of action is established between the different bands of reformers engaged in the work. This is a necessary consequence of the infancy of the movement; every thing in its infancy is subject more or less to imperfection, error, and incoherence; the germ, the idea is true and good, is sacred, but the first developments are incomplete. The movement, however, will become purified and unitary as it progresses.

The men of stagnation and selfishness, who wish to secure for themselves alone rank and fortune in the present state of things, and measure their greatness by the misery which reigns around them; the men of wrath, who in the name of God proclaim this world to be a place of evil and suffering, and human nature corrupt and depraved, and who strive to perpetuate the social Hell that now reigns on earth, knowing that it prepares rich harvests for the eternal Hell which they promise for mankind hereafter,—these men are loud in denouncing the new

movement in favor of the social redemption of mankind, and are active in searching out and setting forth any errors and imperfections which are connected with the various plans now proposed. Of these errors, there are enough, without doubt, and the simple minded multitude are affrighted by the representations which are made to them by the spirits of selfishness and wrath, and this complicates the work, renders it more difficult, and often forces the movement into a one-sidedness by the necessity of conflict and combat.

That ideas of a community of property, and of irreligion, even, should be put forth; that various crude plans of social organization should be proposed, is not surprising, when we consider how natural is the reaction of the human mind against falseness and error, and how difficult also is the work of reconstruction. Terrible has been the misery of the past; frightful the abuse of individual property; hypocritical and inhuman often its religious creeds. No wonder then that a certain class of minds should have abjured and denounced property and religion, which, to them, appeared so monstrous and oppressive. Judicious minds will distinguish between the errors of this ultra reaction and the true principles of the movement itself.

In the present article we will glance at the Social Movement as it presents itself in Germany, and particularly at the religious phase of it. This Movement among the German people, where it is becoming daily more deep and wide spread, is compounded in its character. On one hand it is political and social; on the other, it is religious. The political movement is strongly characterized by Communism; but it is not that narrow and commonplace communism, which is known to the American public. A certain philosophical idealism, a certain poetic sentiment, the idea of the brotherhood and absolute unity of the Race, from which most of the distinctions of individualism, that now exist, will be banished, are associated with it. It is a philosophical and sentimental Communism, not that merely practical and industrial Communism, preached by the prosaic and calculating Anglo-Saxon mind.

The religious-social Movement in Germany has been commenced by Ronge; we have spoken of it in a previous article, and now translate a second letter which we find in the *Democratie Pacifique*, showing the progress it is making. It will be seen that Ronge has felt deeply the necessity of rendering Love or Charity predominant in the hearts of men, and Faith secondary; and that to do this, Love or Charity must be realized in practice in the social relations of men.

Ronge, it would appear, perceives that

a Social Reform must be effected to make Christianity a practical reality on earth. The old Pagan society, called Civilization, borrowed by Europe from ancient Greece and Rome, must be replaced by a new society, based upon Christianity and on the eternal Laws of Nature.

The old Social Order, which we have inherited from antiquity, is based upon wars and oppression, (political and social,) upon opposition and conflict of interests, upon servitude, (slavery, serfdom, and hiring labor,) and upon general isolation and incoherence.

The new Social Order must be based upon universal peace, upon real liberty in all relations, in industry, politics, and social affairs, upon unity of interests, combined action and universal association.

The present system of Society, in all its practices and influences, so accustoms men to antagonistic, selfish and inimical relations, — in fact, so forces them into such relations, and renders it so absolutely necessary to practice selfishness, and to war with those around them in commerce, labor, finance, politics, and other relations of life, that the principle of Love is deadened in their souls; they cannot put it in practice; they cannot make it the rule of their lives, and hence they must lay hold of Faith alone, which becomes the only great spiritual principle to which the mind can cling. They separate Faith from works; they make belief, which is a mere abstract operation of the mind, and which is easily separated from the actions of the heart and the hands, the means of salvation, the test of religious goodness, of public morality and piety. Hence a Christian in this modern civilization of ours, may force from slaves the toil which creates wealth, and appropriate it to himself. Hence he may defraud and rob in commerce and finance; oppress his hirelings; extort by usury, and yet if he has faith, he is a good Christian, worthy of the respect of his fellow-men here, and of heaven hereafter!

Now Ronge, if we judge rightly from the reports which reach us from the other side of the ocean, not only preaches the preëminence of Love or Charity, but also the incorporation of Christian Love in the Social Institutions of men — its practical realization on earth. This is proclaiming a mighty truth, which contains a Social Reformation within itself.

Faith is now divorced from Love; religious belief and conviction from works. The consequences are deplorable; they are duplicity of action, hypocrisy, and "other-worldly selfishness," and the banishment of Christianity from the practical and social relations of men. They must be united, and this can only be effected by a social reformation, by establishing a new Social Order on earth, so that the

practical operations of Society may be made to harmonize with the commandments of Love and Justice enjoined by Christianity.

To show more clearly the nature of Faith and Charity, (Love); their action when separated, and their action when conjoined, we will quote a passage from a celebrated theologian, calculated to render more intelligible the remarks contained in the letter concerning the religious movement in Germany.

"If you wish to see clearly what Faith and Charity (Love) are, thus what Faith is when separated from Charity, and what it is when conjoined with Charity, I will give you ocular demonstration." And I replied, 'Do so.' And he said, 'Instead of Faith and Charity, (Love) think of Light and Heat, and you will see it clearly; for Faith in its essence is the Truth of Wisdom, [Truth discovered by Wisdom — the fruit, the result of Wisdom,] and Charity in its essence is the affection of Love, and the truth of Wisdom in heaven is light, and the affection of love in heaven is heat; the light and heat in which angels are, is nothing else; hence thou mayest see clearly what Faith is when separated from Charity, (Love) and what Faith is when conjoined with Charity. Faith separated from Charity is like the light in winter; and Faith conjoined with Charity is like the light in spring. The light in winter, which is light separated from heat, and in consequence conjoined with cold, strips the trees of their leaves, hardens the ground, kills the green herb, and also congeals the waters; but the Light in spring, which is light conjoined with heat, causes the trees to vegetate, first into leaves, then into blossoms, and lastly into fruits; it opens and softens the ground so that it produces grass, herbs, flowers, and fruit trees, and also dissolves the ice, so that the waters can flow from their springs. It is nearly the same with Faith and Charity (Love); Faith separated from Charity kills all things, and Faith conjoined with Charity (Love) gives life to all things; this quickening and extinction of things may be seen to the life in the spiritual world, (heaven) because there Faith is Light, and Charity is heat; for where Faith is conjoined with Charity (Love) there are paradisaical gardens, shrubberies, and lawns, which flourish and spread their fragrance in proportion to that union; [and on earth there are Association, unity of interests, unity of man with man and with nature, and social harmony;] but where Faith is separated from Charity, (Love) there does not grow so much as a blade of grass, nor any green thing except it be our brambles, thorns and nettles;" [and on earth, where this divorce takes place,

there reign war, oppression, servitude, fraud, general discord, and the conflict of man with nature and with himself.]

Letter from Stuttgart addressed to the *Democratice Pacifique*.

RONGE AT STUTTGARD. The Council of the new German Catholic Church which has just been held in this city, has given fresh evidence, to the most incredulous, of the deep root which the labors of Ronge have already struck into the soil of Germany. To tell you of the homage, the ovations which attend the bold reformer, to recount to you the impression which is produced by his two-edged words upon all who heard him, would be difficult, if not impossible. I will only say that no man, since the days of Luther, has been able so to gain the ear and the heart of the German people, and that no prince, no conqueror, no philosopher, has received so many testimonies of public respect and admiration as he.

Nothing can be less true than the accusation of ignorance hurled against Ronge by the members of the Catholic Church. If by ignorance were meant the absence of the heaps of theological rubbish which have been accumulated through so many centuries, the accusation might be fairly sustained. Ronge constantly repudiates the false learning of his countrymen, and defends himself against it; but if he be charged with lack of knowledge of the human heart, or of the new wants of society, nothing can be more untrue. Ronge, although scarcely thirty-three years of age, has really lived much more than his enemies and the greater part of the Germans.

The mode in which he is resolving the problem of our epoch, stamps him as the Columbus of the religious world. Instead of assigning to *Faith* the first place, as almost all parties of Christians have hitherto done, he substitutes *Love* with all its social consequences. "All forms of belief," he says, "are now vague; nothing is more idle, more useless, than the endeavor to establish new forms, or to re-establish the old; let us rather come to the practice of the Gospel, let us show that we understand the work of Jesus Christ, by returning to the simplicity of primitive Christianity, by establishing at length Truth in the social relations of Mankind."

These few words will explain to you the reason of Ronge's unheard of success, and of the discomfiture of his adversaries. And this success, depend upon it, will be more and more brilliant, for the German people are just awaking. When once the grandeur of Ronge's mission shall have been comprehended by them, all will be easy to this extraordinary man. The stars of our learned

men, and of our critics, are already fading, and must vanish before the new sun. No one now speaks of Strauss and his sectaries, of Schelling with his philosophy, professedly new, but in reality, old and void of life, nor of all the famous doctors of Protestantism who flattered themselves that they had built for eternity. A simple Catholic priest tears down their scaffolding, and shows in all its splendor, the new city of the people of God.

It would, nevertheless, be a great error to suppose that Ronge walks in a path of roses. On the contrary, the party calling itself Roman Catholic, spares no effort to impede the progress of the reformer. Excommunications, mobs, torrents of calumny, nothing is too bad to be resorted to by this party, and if ever they can so far inspire some one of their tools with fanatic desperation, as to be willing to attempt the life of the terrible combatant, it will but hasten their complete ruin.

From Stuttgart Ronge goes by way of Ulm to Constance, and thence to Brissgau, where a general defection is preparing on the part of the clergy, and of the Catholic population. Thence he will go to the banks of the Rhine, where the new church already numbers a large number of adherents.

The subjects discussed in the Council which has just ended, referred to the internal organization of the new church, which organization, as I have already told you, is quite democratic, infinitely more so than that of the Romish Church, and of official Protestantism. In this also Ronge has divined truly; his work will be lasting.

☞ There is now (says the Mirror) living at one of the most fashionable hotels in this city, a young man in the capacity of waiter, who is quite an accomplished scholar, a most devoted student of Shakespeare, and who speaks familiarly the English, French, German, Spanish and Italian languages. There are at the same hotel 'shallow-pated dandies, living by their wits, (who contrive to make a little capital go a great way,) and ordering about with the air of an emperor, the 'gentleman and scholar' (whom they address as 'waiter') standing behind their chairs.

KEEP DOING. I know nothing better, for poor, miserable, do-nothing, fear-all sorts of beings—such as not unfrequently attempt to act their part in life's drama—than to set about doing, with all their soul and strength, whatever proper work, either for body or mind, comes first to hand. When one is in the slough of Despond, a good leap at almost anything will get him out. "Do and keep doing," is Nature's great direction. Our work can never be done up. There is no rest. If we sit down we are gone. Like originals in a tread-mill, we must go on *notens volens*—if willingly and constantly very well; if reluctantly and remittantly, then we must expect raps to keep us going.—Turner.

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Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass.
February 28, 1846.

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.
Translated for the Harbinger.

I.

Joseph Haydn, accustomed as he was to be guided by the sudden resolutions of his friend, but endowed with more forethought and a calmer character, joined her, after having secured the travelling bag, the music, and especially the violin, the bread-gainer, the consolator and joyous companion of their journey. Corilla was deposited upon one of those bad beds of the German inns, in which you must choose, so seated are they, whether your head or your feet shall hang over. Unfortunately there was no woman in that paltry place; the mistress having gone on a pilgrimage six leagues off, and the maid to drive the cow to pasture. An old man and a boy were keeping house; and, more frightened than pleased at lodging so rich a traveller, they allowed their household gods to be pillaged without thinking of the recompense they might receive. The old man was deaf, and the boy ran off to find a midwife of the neighboring village, which was not less than a league distant. The postillions were much more anxious about their horses, which had nothing to eat, than about their traveller; and the latter, abandoned to the care of her maid, who had lost her wits and cried almost as loud as her mistress, filled the air with her groans, which resembled rather those of a lioness, than those of a woman.

Consuelo, seized with terror and pity, resolved not to abandon that unfortunate creature.

"Joseph," said she to her comrade, "return to the priory, even if you should be badly received; we must not be proud when we ask for others. Tell the canon that he must send here, linen, soap, old

wine, mattresses, bed-coverings, in fine, all that is necessary for a sick person. Speak to him with gentleness, with force, and promise him, if necessary, that we will go and play for him, provided he sends relief to this woman."

Joseph went, and poor Consuelo witnessed the repulsive scene of a woman without faith and without heart, undergoing, in the midst of imprecations and blasphemies, the august martyrdom of maternity. The chaste and pious child shuddered at the sight of those tortures which nothing could soften, since, instead of a holy joy and a religious hope, displeasure and anger filled the heart of Corilla. She did not cease cursing her destiny, her journey, the canon and his housekeeper, and even the child she was about to bring into the world. She abused her servant, and thus finally incapacitated her for any intelligent service. At last she got so angry with the poor girl as to say to her, "Go; I will take the same care of you when you pass through the same trial: for you are with child too, as I know very well, and I will send you to lie in at the hospital. Take yourself away from before my eyes. You trouble and irritate me."

Sophia, disheartened and despairing, went to cry outside; and Consuelo remaining alone with the mistress of Anzoletto and of Zustiniani, strove to tranquilize and to help her. In the midst of her torments and her rage, Corilla preserved a kind of brutal courage and savage strength, which unvetted all the impiety of her fiery and unfeeling nature. When she experienced a moment's respite, she became stoical and even cheerful.

"In good faith!" said she suddenly to Consuelo, whom she did not recognize at all, having never seen her except at a distance, or upon the stage in very different costumes from that which she wore at this moment, "this is a fine adventure, and few people would believe me if I told them that I was brought to bed in a wine-shop, with a doctor like you; for you have the air of a Zingaro to me, you

have, with your brown skin and your great black eyes. Who are you! where do you come from! why are you here, and why do you help me! Ah! don't tell me, I could not hear you, I suffer too much. Ah! *misera me!* If I don't die under it! Oh, no! I will not die! Zingaro, you will not abandon me! Stay by me, stay by me, do not let me die, do you understand!"

And the cries recommenced, interrupted by fresh blasphemies. "Cursed child!" said she, "I wish I could tear you from my side and throw you far away!"

"O! do not say so!" cried Consuelo, frozen with horror; "you are going to be a mother, you are going to be happy at the sight of your child, you will not regret having suffered."

"I!" said Corilla, with a cynical sangfroid, "do you think I shall love that child! Ah! you are deceived. Great pleasure indeed to be a mother, as if I did not know what it was! To suffer in bringing forth, to labor for the support of those unfortunates whom their fathers deny, to see them suffer themselves, not to know what to do with them, to suffer in abandoning them—for after all we do love them—but I will not love this one. O! I swear to God that I will not love it! I will hate it as I hate its father!"—Corilla, whose cold and bitter manner concealed an increasing delirium, cried out in one of those exasperated impulses which intense suffering occasions in some women: "Ah! cursed, thrice cursed be the father of that child!" Inarticulate cries suffocated her. She rent in pieces the neckerchief which covered her large bosom, panting with pain and rage; and seizing Consuelo's arm, upon which she imprinted the marks of her nails cramped by the torture. "Cursed, cursed, cursed, be the vile, the infamous Anzoletto!"

Sophia returned at this moment, and a quarter of an hour afterwards, having succeeded in delivering her mistress, she threw upon Consuelo's knees the first piece of stuff which she snatched by chance from a hastily opened trunk. It

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

was a theatrical mantle of faded satin, edged with a fringe of tinsel. It was in this improvised swaddling cloth that Albert's noble and pure betrothed received and enveloped the child of Anzoletto and Corilla.

"Come, madam, be consoled," said the poor abigail, with an accent of simple and sincere goodness; "you are happily delivered, and you have a beautiful little girl."

"Girl or boy, I no longer suffer," replied Corilla, raising herself on her elbow; "give me a good glass of wine."

Joseph had just brought some from the priory, and it was of the best. The canon had behaved generously, and the patient soon had freely all that her situation required. Corilla raised with a firm hand the silver goblet which was presented to her, and emptied it with the steadiness of a sutler; then, throwing herself back upon the canon's good cushions, she immediately fell asleep with that nonchalance which is given by a body of iron and a soul of ice. During her slumber, the child was properly swaddled, and Consuelo went to the neighboring field for a ewe which served as its first nurse. When the mother awoke, she caused herself to be raised by Sophia; and having swallowed another glass of wine, she collected herself for an instant; Consuelo holding the child in her arms, expected the awakening of maternal tenderness; but Corilla had quite a different thought in her head. She pitched her voice in *ut* major, and gravely went through a gamut of two octaves. Then she clapped her hands and cried, "*Brava*, Corilla, you have lost nothing of your voice, and can have as many children as you please!" Then she burst into a shout of laughter, embraced Sophia, and put upon her finger a diamond which she took from her own, saying, "That is to console you for the insults I heaped upon you. Where is my little monkey? Ah! my God!" cried she, looking at her child, "it is blond, it resembles him! So much the worse for him; woe to him! Do not unpack so many trunks, Sophia. What are you thinking of? Do you imagine I want to stay here? Come, come, you are foolish and do not yet know what life is. To-morrow I mean to be on the road again. Ah! Zingaro, you hold babies like a real woman. How much do you want for your care and your trouble? Do you know, Sophia, that I have never been better nursed and served? So you are from Venice, my little friend! did you ever hear me sing?"

Consuelo answered nothing to these questions, and her answers would not have been listened to. Corilla horrified her. She committed the child to the

servant of the house who had just reëntered, and who appeared a good creature; then she called Joseph, and returned with him to the priory.

"I did not agree," said he to his companion, as they walked along, "to bring you back to the canon. He appeared ashamed of his conduct, though he affected much graciousness and cheerfulness; notwithstanding his selfishness, he is not an ill-disposed man. He showed himself truly happy to send Corilla all that could be useful to her."

"There are some souls so hard and so horrible," replied Consuelo, "that weak ones ought to cause us more of pity than of horror. I wish to make amends for my anger against the poor canon; and since Corilla is not dead; since, as the saying is, both mother and child are as well as can be expected; since our canon has contributed thereto as much as he could without risking the possession of his dear benefice, I wish to thank him. Besides, I have my reasons for remaining at the priory until after Corilla's departure. To-morrow I will tell you what they are."

Bridget had gone to visit a neighboring farm, and Consuelo, who had expected to confront that Cerberus, had the pleasure of being received by the gentle and prepossessing Andrew. "Eh! come then, my little friends," cried he, opening for them the passage to the canon's apartments; "my master is horribly melancholy. He has eaten hardly anything for breakfast, and has interrupted his siesta three times. He has had two great troubles to-day; he has lost his most beautiful volkammeria, and the hope of hearing music. Happily you have returned, and one of his sufferings will be relieved."

"Is he laughing at his master or at us?" said Consuelo to Joseph.

"At both," replied Haydn. "If the canon is not vexed with us, we shall have some amusement."

Far from being vexed, the canon received them with open arms, forced them to eat some breakfast, and afterward seated himself at the piano with them. Consuelo made him understand and admire the beautiful preludes of the great Bach, and, to complete the work of restoring him to good humor, sang to him the finest airs of her repertory, without seeking to disguise her voice, and without being much troubled at allowing him to guess her sex and her age. The canon was determined to guess nothing, and to enjoy with delight all that he heard. He was really a passionate amateur of music, and his transports evinced a sincerity and openness with which Consuelo could not avoid being touched, "Ah! dear child! noble child! happy child!"

cried the good man, with tears in his eyes, "you make this day the most beautiful of my life. But what will become of me hereafter? No! I cannot bear the loss of such enjoyment, and ennui will consume me; I shall no longer be able to make music; I shall have my soul filled with an ideal, which everything will make me regret; I shall no longer love anything, not even my flowers—"

"And you do very wrong, sir canon," replied Consuelo; "for your flowers sing better than I do."

"What do you say? my flowers sing! I have never heard them."

"That is because you have never listened to them. I heard them this morning. I have discovered their mystery; I have understood their melody."

"You are a strange child; a child of genius!" cried the canon, caressing Consuelo's brown head with a paternal chastity; "you wear the livery of indigence, and you ought to be borne in triumph. But who are you, tell me; and where have you learned what you know?"

"Chance, nature, sir canon."

"Ah! you deceive me," said the canon sportively; he was always facetious; "you are some son of Caffariello, or Farnelli! But listen, my children," said he, with a serious and earnest air: "I do not wish you to leave me again. I will take care of you: remain with me; I have some fortune; you shall share it. I will be for you what Graviña has been for Metastasio. That will be my happiness, my glory. Attach yourselves to me; you need only enter the minor orders. I will get you some pretty benefices; and after my death you will find some good little economies, which I do not mean to leave to that harpy of a Bridget."

As the canon said this, Bridget entered quickly and heard his last words. "And I," cried she, with a squeaking voice and tears of rage, "do not mean to serve you any more. I have too long sacrificed my youth and my reputation to an ungrateful master."

"Your reputation! your youth!" interrupted the canon, mockingly, without being disconcerted. "Eh! you flatter yourself, my poor girl; what you are pleased to call the one protects the other."

"Yes, yes, laugh away," replied she, "but prepare yourself not to see me again. I will at once quit this house, in which I cannot establish any order or decency. I wished to hinder you from playing the fool, from squandering your property, from degrading your rank; but I see it is in vain. Your weak character and your evil star hurry you to your ruin; and the first mountebanks you meet turn your head so completely, that you are all

ready to permit yourself to be robbed by them. Come! for a long time canon Herbert has asked me to serve him, and offers me much better advantages than you give me. I am tired of every thing I see here. Make out my account. I will not pass the night under your roof."

"Are we there?" said the canon, calmly. "Well, Bridget, you do me a great favor, and I hope you will not change your mind! I have never dismissed any one, and I believe I should have the devil himself in my service without dismissing him, so good-natured am I; but if the devil should leave me, I should wish him a good journey and would sing a *Magnificat* at his departure. Go and pack up, Bridget; and as to your account, make it yourself, my child. Every thing that you wish, every thing that I have, if you will, provided you go very quickly."

"Eh! sir canon," said Haydn, quite moved at this domestic scene, "you will regret an old servant who appears much attached —."

"She is attached to my benefice," replied the canon, "and I shall regret only her coffee."

"You will accustom yourself to do without good coffee, sir canon," said the austere Consuelo with firmness, "and you will do well. Be silent, Joseph, and do not speak for her; I wish to say it before her, because it is the truth. She is wicked, and she injures her master. He is good; nature has made him noble and generous. But this girl renders him selfish. She represses the good impulses of his soul; and if he keeps her, he will become hard and inhuman like her. Pardon me, sir canon, if I speak thus. You have made me sing so much, you have raised me to such a state of exaltation by manifesting your own, that I am perhaps a little beside myself. If I experience a kind of intoxication, it is your fault; but be sure that truth speaks in such intoxications, because they are noble, and develop what is best in us. They bring the heart to the lips, and it is my heart which speaks to you at this moment. When I am calm, I shall be more respectful and not more sincere. Believe me, I want none of your fortune; I have no desire for it, no need of it. If I wished, I could have more than you; and the life of an artist is pledged to such hazards, that perhaps you will survive me. It will be for me, possibly, to remember you in my will, in gratitude for your being willing to make yours in my favor. Tomorrow we shall leave you, perhaps never to see you again; but we shall go with hearts full of joy, of respect, of esteem and gratitude towards you, if you dismiss madam Bridget, whose pardon I ask for my style of thinking."

Consuelo spoke with so much fervor, and the frankness of her character was so vividly depicted in her features, that the canon was struck with it as by lightning. "Go, Bridget," said he to his housekeeper, with a dignified and firm manner. "Truth speaks by the mouth of children, and that child has something great in his spirit. Go, for you caused me to commit an evil action this morning, and you would cause me to commit others, because I am weak and sometimes timid. Go, because you make me unhappy, and that cannot secure your salvation. Go," added he smiling, "because you begin to burn my coffee too much, and to turn all the cream into which you put your nose."

Bridget was much more sensitive to this last reproach than to all the others, and her pride, wounded in its most irritable spot, completely closed her mouth. She straightened herself up, threw upon the canon a look of pity — almost of contempt, and went out with a theatrical air. Two hours afterwards, this dethroned queen left the priory, after having pillaged it a little. The canon did not wish to perceive this; and from the air of beatitude which spread over his countenance, Haydn was satisfied that Consuelo had rendered him a real service. At dinner, the latter, to prevent his experiencing the least regret, made coffee for him in the Venetian manner, which is indeed the best manner in the world. Andrew immediately applied himself to the study under her direction, and the canon declared that he had never tasted better coffee in his life. In the evening they again had music, after having sent to inquire about Corilla, who was already seated, they were informed, in the arm-chair which the canon had sent her. They walked by moonlight in the garden, with a magnificent evening. The canon, leaning upon Consuelo's arm, did not cease requesting her to enter the minor orders, and attach herself to him as an adopted son.

"Take care," said Joseph to her, as they were entering their chambers; "this good canon is getting rather too seriously in love with you."

"We must be troubled by nothing that happens on a journey," replied she. "Mr. Mayer, count Hoditz and the canon, have all reckoned without the morrow."

II.

Still Consuelo bade Joseph good-night and retired to her chamber, without having given him, as he expected, the signal for departure at dawn of day. She had her reasons not to hurry, and Joseph waited until she should confide them to him, enchanted to pass some hours more

with her in that pretty house, while leading this good life of a canon which did not displease him. Consuelo allowed herself to sleep late in the morning, and not to appear until the canon's second breakfast. The latter had the habit of rising early, taking a light and delicate repast, walking in his gardens and hot houses to examine his plants, breviary in hand, and then of taking a second nap while waiting for the *dejeuner a la fourchette*. "Our neighbor, the traveller, is doing nicely," said he to his young guests, as soon as they made their appearance. "I have sent Andrew to prepare her breakfast. She has expressed much gratitude for our attentions, and as she intends leaving this day for Vienna, — contrary to all prudence I confess, — she requests you to go and see her, in order to recompense you for the charitable zeal you displayed towards her. Therefore, my children, breakfast quickly and betake yourselves to the house where she is; doubtless she means to make you some pretty present."

"We will breakfast as leisurely as you please, sir canon," replied Consuelo, "and we shall not go to see the patient; she has no further need of us, and we shall never need her presents."

"Strange child!" said the astonished canon. "Your romantic disinterestedness, your enthusiastic generosity gain my heart to such a degree, that I feel I can never consent to be separated from you."

Consuelo smiled, and they placed themselves at a table. The repast was exquisite and lasted two hours; but the desert was very different from what the canon expected.

"Reverend sir," said Andrew, appearing at the door, "here is mother Bertha, the woman of the neighboring wine-shop who brings you a great basket from the lying-in lady."

"It is the plate I lent her," replied the canon. "Receive it, Andrew, that is your business. She goes then, decidedly!"

"Reverend sir, she has gone."

"Already, she is crazy! That she-devil wishes to kill herself."

"No, sir canon," said Consuelo, "she does not wish to kill herself, and she will not kill herself."

"Well Andrew, what are you doing there with so much ceremony!"

"Reverend sir, mother Bertha refuses to give me the basket; she says she must put it into your own hands, and that she has something to say to you."

"Well, it is the scrupulousness or the affliction of a depositary. Let her come in and say what she has to say."

The old woman was introduced, and after having made very deep reverences,

deposited upon the table a great basket covered with a veil. Consuelo hurriedly stretched out her hand to it, while the canon turned his head towards Bertha; and having drawn the veil a little, she covered it again, saying in a low voice to Joseph: "This is what I expected; this is why I remained. O! yes, I was sure Corilla must act thus."

Joseph, who had not time to perceive the contents of the basket, looked at his companion with an astonished air.

"Well mother Bertha," said the canon, "you have brought back the articles which I lent to your guest! That is right, that is right. I was not anxious about them, and I have no need of looking to be sure that nothing is missing."

"Reverend sir," replied the old woman, "my servant has brought every thing; I have delivered every thing to your officers. There is nothing missing in fact, and I am quite easy on that score. But this basket, I was made to swear not to deliver it to any one but yourself, and as to what it contains you know as well as I."

"I wish I may be hanged if I do know," said the canon, carelessly reaching out his hand to the basket. But his hand remained as if struck with catalepsy, and his mouth half open with surprise, when the veil being moved and pushed back as of itself, a little child's hand, rosy and pretty, appeared making a vague motion as if it strove to seize hold of the canon's finger.

"Yes, reverend sir," resumed the old woman, with a smile of confiding satisfaction; "there it is safe and sound, very pretty, very smart, and with a strong inclination to live."

The stupefied canon had lost all power of speech; the old woman continued: "To be sure your reverence requested it of its mother that you might raise and adopt it! The poor woman had some difficulty in deciding; but at last we told her that her child could not be in better hands, and she recommended it to Providence when she entrusted it to us to bring to you: 'You must say to that worthy canon, to that holy man,' exclaimed she, as she got into her carriage, 'that I will not long abuse his charitable zeal. I will soon return to seek my daughter and repay the expenses he may have incurred for her. Since he absolutely insists upon taking the trouble to find a good nurse for her, give him from me this purse, which I request him to divide between the nurse and that little musician, who took such good care of me yesterday, if he be still at his house.' As to me, reverend sir, she paid me well, I ask nothing, I am quite satisfied."

"Ah! you are quite satisfied!" cried the canon, in a tragicomic tone. "Well,

I am glad of that! but have the goodness to carry back the purse and that little monkey. Spend the money, bring up the child, I have nothing to do with it."

"Bring up the child, I! O! no, no, reverend sir! I am too old to take charge of a new-born baby. They cry all night, and my poor man, though he is deaf, would not be pleased with such company."

"And I then! I must be pleased! Many thanks! Ah! you are sure of that, are you?"

"Since your reverence requested her of her mother!"

"I! I requested her? Where the deuce did you learn that?"

"But since your reverence wrote this morning —"

"[I write! Where is my letter, if you please! bring me my letter!]"

"Ah! bless me, I did not see your letter, and besides, nobody in our house knows how to read; but Mr. Andrew came this morning from your reverence to see the lady, and she told us that he had given her a letter. We believed her, honest folks as we are! Who would not have believed her?"

"It is an abominable lie — it's a gipsy trick!" cried the canon, "and you are the accomplices of that sorceress. Come, come, carry off the little monkey, give it back to its mother, keep it, do what you please; I wash my hands of the whole business. If it be money that you want to get out of me, I agree to give it to you. I never refuse charity, even to scoundrels and cheats; it is the only way to get rid of them; but take a child into my house! mercy oh me! Go to the devil, all of you!"

"O! as to that I shall not do it, may it please your reverence," retorted the old woman in a very decided tone. "I did not consent to take charge of the child on my own account. I know how all these stories finish. To begin with, they give you a little gold that glitters, and promise mountains and wonders; and then you hear no more of them, but the child is on your hands. Those children are never good for anything; they are lazy and proud by nature. If they are boys, they become highwaymen; if girls, a great deal worse! Ah! by my faith, no! neither I, nor my old man, want the child. We were told that your reverence requested it; we believed so; there it is. There is the money, and we are quits. As to being accomplices, we do not understand such tricks, and I ask pardon of your reverence; you jest when you accuse us of imposing upon you. I am indeed the servant of your reverence, and I go back to my house. We have pilgrims there who are returning from the vow, and who are very thirsty."

The old woman made several salutations as she went out; then returning: "I had almost forgotten," said she; "the child must be called Angela in Italian. Ah! by my faith, I don't recollect how it was they said that word."

"Angiolina, Anzoleta!" said Consuelo.

"That's it, precisely," said the old woman, and again saluting the canon, she retired tranquilly.

"Well, what do you think of this trick?" said the stupefied canon, turning towards his guests.

"I think it worthy of her who imagined it," replied Consuelo, taking from the basket the child, which began to be uneasy, and gently making it swallow some spoonfuls of the remainder of the breakfast's milk, which was still warm in the japan cup of the canon.

"Then this Corilla is a demon?" resumed the canon; "do you know her?"

"Only by reputation; but now I know her perfectly, and so do you, sir canon."

"It is an acquaintance I could very well have dispensed with! But what shall we do with this poor little deserted one?" added he, casting a look of pity on the child.

"I will carry it," replied Consuelo, "to your gardener's wife, whom I yesterday saw nursing a fine boy five or six months old."

"Go then!" said the canon, "or rather ring for her to come here and receive it. She will tell us of a nurse on some neighboring farm — not too near though; for God knows the injury that might be done to a man of the church by the least mark of decided interest towards a child fallen thus from the clouds into his house."

"In your place, sir canon, I would raise myself above such trifles. I would neither imagine nor apprehend the absurd suppositions of calumny. I would live in the midst of foolish reports as if they did not exist. I would always act as if they were impossible. Of what use then would be a life of innocence and dignity, if it did not secure calmness of conscience and the liberty of good actions? See, this child is confided to you, my reverend friend. If it suffers for want of care far from your sight, if it languishes, if it dies, you will reproach yourself eternally."

"What do you say! that this infant is confided to me? have I accepted the trust! and can the caprice or craftiness of another impose upon us such duties! You are excited, my child, and you reason falsely."

"No, my dear sir canon," returned Consuelo, becoming more and more animated; "I do not reason falsely. The wicked mother who abandons her infant here, has no right and can impose noth-

ing upon you. But he who has the right to command you, he who decrees the destinies of the new-born babe, he to whom you will be eternally responsible, is God. Yes, it is God, who has had especial views of mercy towards this innocent little creature, by inspiring its mother with the bold thought of entrusting it to you. It is he, who, by a strange concurrence of circumstances, causes it to enter your house, and casts it into your arms in spite of your prudence. Ah! sir canon, remember the example of Saint Vincent de Paul, who went about collecting poor deserted orphans upon the steps of houses, and do not reject this one which Providence brings to your bosom. I do indeed believe, that were you to do so, it would bring you misfortune; and the world, which has a kind of instinct of justice even in its wickedness, would say with an appearance of truth, that you had good reasons for removing it from you. Instead of which, if you keep it, no others can be supposed than the true ones, your pity and your charity."

"You do not know," said the canon shaken and undecided, "what the world is! you are a child, austere in rectitude and virtue. Especially you do not know what the clergy is, and Bridget, the wicked Bridget, knew well what she said yesterday, when she pretended that certain people were jealous of my position and were striving to ruin me. I hold my benefices from the protection of the late emperor Charles, who was pleased to act as my patron in order to enable me to obtain them. The empress Maria Theresa has also protected me that I might pass as jehilary before I reached the age. Well! what we think we hold from the church is never assured to us absolutely. Above us, above the sovereigns who favor us, we have always a master, which is the church. As she declares incapable when she pleases, even when we are not so, she declares us incapable when it suits her, even when we have rendered her the greatest services. The ordinary, that is to say, the diocesan bishop and his council, if they are made unfriendly or irritated towards us, can accuse us, bring us to their bar, judge and deprive us, under pretext of misconduct, of irregularity of morals or scandalous example, in order to confer upon new creatures the gifts which had been obtained from them by us. Heaven is my witness that my life has been as pure as that of this child born yesterday. Well! without an extreme prudence in all my proceedings, my virtue would not have been sufficient to defend me from evil interpretations. I am not much of a courtier towards the prelates; my indolence, and perhaps a little pride of birth, have always prevented me. There are those in the chapter who envy me —"

"But you have for you Maria Theresa, who is a great soul, a noble woman, and a tender mother," returned Consuelo. "If she were there to judge you, and you should say to her with the accent of truth, which truth alone can have: 'Queen, I hesitated an instant between the fear of giving arms to my enemies, and the necessity of practising the first virtue of my calling, charity; I saw on one side calumnies, intrigues, under which I might fall, on the other, a poor being abandoned by Heaven and by men, who had no refuge but in my pity, no protection but in my care; and I chose to risk my reputation, my repose and my fortune, to do the works of faith and mercy.' Ah! I do not doubt if you said that to Maria Theresa, Maria Theresa who is all powerful, instead of a priory would give you a palace, instead of a canonicate, a bishoprick. Has she not covered the abbé Metastasio with honors and riches for having made rhymes! What would she not do for virtue, if she thus rewards talent! Come, my reverend friend, you will keep this poor Angiolina in your house; your gardener's wife will nurse her, and afterwards you will educate her in religion and virtue. Her mother would have made her a demon of hell, you will make her an angel for heaven."

"You do with me as you will," said the canon, moved, and much affected, letting his favorite deposit the child on his knees; "come, we will baptize Angela to-morrow, and you shall be god-father. If Bridget were still here, she should be god-mother with you, and her rage would amuse us. Ring to have the nurse brought, and may God's will be done! As to the purse which Corilla left us — (what! fifty Venetian sequins!) — we have nothing to do with it here. I take upon myself the present expenses of the infant, and her future lot, if she be not claimed. Take, therefore, this gold; it is indeed your due for the singular virtue and the great heart you have manifested in all this!"

"Gold to pay for my virtue and the goodness of my heart!" cried Consuelo, rejecting the purse with disgust. "And the gold of Corilla! the price of falsehood, of prostitution perhaps! Ah! sir canon, it soils even the sight! Distribute it to the poor; that will bring luck to our poor Angela."

III.

For the first time in his life perhaps, the canon hardly slept. He felt agitated by a strange emotion. His head was full of chords, of melodies and modulations, which a light slumber broke every instant, and which, in every interval of awakening, he strove, in spite of himself and even with a kind of vexation, to recall

and connect without being able to succeed. He had retained by heart the most prominent phrases of the pieces which Consuelo had sung to him; he heard them still resounding in his brain, in his diaphragm; and then suddenly, the thread of the musical idea was broken in his memory at the most beautiful place, and he recommenced it mentally a hundred times in succession, without being able to go a single note further. In vain, fatigued by this imaginary addition, did he try to drive it away; it returned always to place itself in his ear, and it seemed to him that the light of his fire danced in measure upon the crimson satin of his curtains. The little hissings which issued from the lighted sticks had the air also of singing those cursed phrases, the termination of which remained in the fatigued imagination of the canon like an impenetrable arcanum. If he could have found one complete, it seemed to him that he would have been delivered from this siege of reminiscences. But the musical memory is so constituted, that it torments and persecutes us, until we have satisfied it with that for which it is greedy and anxious.

Never had music made such an impression upon the brain of the canon, although he had been a remarkable dilettante all his life. Never had human voice so completely taken possession of his heart as had that of Consuelo. Never had physiognomy, never had language and manners exercised upon his soul a fascination to be compared with that which the features, the countenance, and the words of Consuelo had exercised upon him during the last thirty-six hours. Did the canon divine, or did he not divine the sex of the pretended Bertoni? Yes and no. How shall I explain this to you? You must know that at fifty the canon's mind was as chaste as his habits, and his habits as pure as those of a young girl. In this respect, our canon was indeed a holy man; he had always been so, and the most remarkable thing is, that though the illegitimate son of the most debauched king of whom history makes mention, it had hardly cost him any trouble to keep his vow of chastity. Born with a phlegmatic temperament, (now-a-days we say lymphatic,) he had been so well educated in the idea of the canonicate, he had always so loved comfort and tranquillity, he was so little fitted for the secret struggles with which brutal passions contend against ecclesiastical ambition; in a word, he so much desired repose and happiness, that he had proposed, as the first and only principle of life, to sacrifice all for the tranquil possession of a benefice: love, friendship, vanity, enthusiasm, even virtue, in case of need. He was early prepared and long accustomed to immolate

all without effort and almost without regret. Notwithstanding this shocking theory of selfishness, he had remained good, humane, affectionate, and enthusiastic in many respects, because his nature was good, and because the necessity of repressing his best instincts had almost never presented itself. His independent position had allowed him to cultivate friendship, tolerance, and the arts; but love was forbidden him, and he had killed love, as the most dangerous enemy of his repose and his fortune. Still, as love is of a divine nature, that is to say immortal, when we believe we have killed it, we have done nothing else than bury it alive in our heart. It may sleep there silently for long years, until the day when it is pleased to be reanimated. Consuelo appeared in the autumn of the canon's life, and that long apathy of soul was changed into a tender languor, profound and more tenacious than could have been foreseen. That apathetic heart knew not how to bound and palpitate for a beloved object; but it could melt as ice before the sun, give itself up, know the abandonment of self, submission, and that kind of patient self-denial which one is sometimes surprised to find in the most selfish, when love has taken possession of their fortress.

He loved then, this poor canon; at fifty, he loved for the first time, and he loved one who could never respond to his love. He was only too sensible of this, and that was why he wished to persuade himself, in spite of all probability, that it was not love he experienced, since it was not a woman who inspired it.

In this respect he deceived himself completely, and in the simplicity of his heart he took Consuelo for a boy. While performing canonical duties at the cathedral of Vienna, he had seen many young and handsome boys at the foundation; he had heard voices, clear, silvery, and almost female in their purity and flexibility; Bertoni's was more pure and flexible a thousand times. But it was an Italian voice, thought he, and then Bertoni was an exceptional nature, one of those precocious children, whose faculties, genius and aptitude are prodigies. And quite proud, quite enthusiastic at having discovered this treasure on the high-way, the canon already dreamed of making him known to the world, of bringing him forward, of contributing to his fortune and his glory. He abandoned himself to all the transports of a paternal affection, of a benevolent pride, and his conscience had no reason for taking alarm: for the idea of a vicious and impure love, like that which had been attributed to Gravina for Metastasio, the canon did not even know what it was. He did not think of it, he did not even believe in such a thing, and that order of ideas appeared to his chaste and upright

mind an abominable and strange supposition of evil tongues.

No one would have believed in such infantile purity in the imagination of the canon, a man of rather a satirical wit, very facetious, full of finesse and penetration in all that related to social life. There was nevertheless a whole world of ideas, of instincts and feelings which was unknown to him. He had fallen asleep in the joy of his heart, making a thousand projects for his young protégé, promising himself that he would pass his life in the most holy musical delights, and being quite affected at the idea of cultivating, while he tempered them a little, the virtues which shone in that generous and ardent soul; but awakened every hour of the night by a singular emotion, pursued by the image of that wonderful child, now uneasy and affrighted at the idea of seeing him escape from his tenderness already a little jealous, now impatient for the morrow to reiterate seriously the offers, promises and prayers, which he had appeared to hear laughingly, the canon, astonished at what passed within himself, imagined a thousand things other than the truth. "I was then destined by nature to have many children, and to love them passionately!" asked he of himself with an honest simplicity, "since the sole thought of adopting one throws me now into such an agitation? still it is the first time in my life that this feeling has been revealed to my heart, and here in a single day, admiration attaches me to one, sympathy to another, pity to a third! Bertoni, Beppo, Angiolina! Here I have a family all of a sudden, I who pitied the troubles of parents, and who thanked God for being obliged by my calling to the repose of solitude! Can it be the quantity and excellence of the music I have heard to-day which gives me so new an exaltation of ideas? — It is rather that delicious coffee à la Venetienne of which I took two cups instead of one, from pure gluttony! — I have had my head so excited all day, that I have hardly thought of my volkammeria, dried up by Peter's carelessness!"

"Il mio cor si divide —"

"There now, there's that cursed phrase which returns to me! plague take my memory! — What shall I do to sleep? — Four o'clock in the morning — it is unheard of! — I shall make myself ill!"

A bright thought came at last to the rescue of the good canon; he rose, took his writing-desk and resolved to work on that famous book, so long undertaken, but not yet begun. He was obliged to consult the dictionary of canonical law, in order to refresh his memory on the subject; he had not read two pages before his ideas became confused, his eyes closed, the book slid gently from the eider down to the floor, the taper was extinguished

by a sigh of sleepy beatitude exhaled from the strong breast of the holy man, and he at last slept the sleep of the just until ten o'clock in the morning.

Alas! how bitter was his awakening, when with a nerveless and careless hand, he opened the following billet, deposited by Andrew upon the taper stand, at the same time with his cup of chocolate!

"We depart, sir and reverend canon; an imperious duty calls us to Vienna, and we feared that we could not resist your generous entreaties. We fly as if we were ungrateful; but we are not so, and never shall we lose the remembrance of your hospitality towards us, of your sublime charity for the deserted infant. We will come to thank you. Before a week, you will see us again; please defer till then the baptism of Angela, and depend upon the respectful and tender devotedness of your humble protégés.

"Bertoni, Beppo."

The canon became pale, sighed and rang his bell. "They have gone!" said he to Andrew.

"Before day, sir canon."

"And what did they say on departing? They breakfasted at least! Did they mention the day on which they would return?"

"Nobody saw them go, sir canon. They went as they came, over the walls. When I awoke, I found their chambers empty; the billet which you hold was on their table, and all the doors of the house and enclosure locked as I left them last evening. They have not taken a pin, they have not touched a fruit, poor children!"

"I believe it!" cried the canon, and his eyes filled with tears. To dissipate his melancholy, Andrew tried to make him furnish the bill of fare for his dinner. "Give me what you will, Andrew!" replied the canon in a heart-rending voice, and fell back groaning on his pillow.

On the evening of that day Consuelo and Joseph entered Vienna under cover of the darkness. The honest hair-dresser Keller was admitted to their confidence, received them with open arms and lodged the noble traveller as well as he could. Consuelo manifested a thousand friendships for Joseph's betrothed, though secretly disappointed at finding her neither graceful nor handsome. On the morrow, Keller braided Consuelo's flowing tresses; his daughter assisted her to resume the garments of her sex, and served her as a guide to the house which Porpora inhabited.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. "He is only a mechanic — no matter if he has broken his leg."

True; but a mechanic has some feeling. "He's a dirty Irish boy; don't stirp

the horses—drive over him if he does n't get out of the way."

But that Irish boy has parents, it may be, who love him as tenderly as you do your own children.

"Push him aside! what business has a nigger on the walk!"

Stop! that black man can think and feel. His heart may be as tender as yours.

"Turn her out of doors; she's a miserable old hag."

Do you know that! Perhaps she is honestly poor.

"Box his ears; he is only Pa's apprentice!"

But he is no less entitled to kindness.

"Give her the mouldy bread—she's only a kitchen girl."

Still she can relish good food as well as you, or any one.

"That's right! run him again! Nobody cares for him—he has no friends."

So much the more reason why you should befriend him.

The world—the selfish and unfeeling world—who but can detect it! We have no love for our fellow creatures in distress—no sympathy for the poor and unfortunate—no bowels of compassion for the sad and dejected. We crush the poor, cheat the ignorant, and ridicule those who have not been formed like ourselves.—*Portland Tribune.*

LETTER FROM BROADWAY.—NO. VI.

TO THE HARBINGER.

I want to interfere with the prerogatives of one of your correspondents so far as to write a "Letter from Broadway." And it will not be from Broadway in general, but from the top of Broadway: in other words, from the centre of refinement, knowledge, aristocracy and religion—the new Church called Grace Church.

This is a structure recently erected at the head of Broadway, commanding a view of the whole street, and to be seen of all who parade the street, like a city set on a hill. It is made in the florid and flowery style of Gothic architecture, of white marble, in the shape of a cross, with beautiful stained windows, and a magnificent interior. On the whole, though tawdry in some respects, and with a wooden steeple, it is the most graceful and pretty piece of workmanship in that kind, we have in the city. The eyes of all wayfarers are attracted by it, and one's religious sentiments feel that they could express themselves spontaneously in "the dim religious light" of such a building.

Well, this building was consecrated "to the service of God," as the bill said, on Saturday. A large concourse of eminent clergy was announced, and several exquisite pieces of music, the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi, for instance, to be sung by a fine choir, Miss Northall and Miss Taylor being of the number of the vocalists, were selected as appropriate performances on the occasion. Last there

should be too great a rush of the public, under such combined and unparalleled attractions, tickets of admission were issued, a few of which the present writer procured and distributed among his female friends.

But lo! when these friends had entered the church, they found that it was not only to be dedicated to God, but that it had already been dedicated to—man or worse. As the pews had been bought up by certain of the richer sort, these ladies were turned out of one pew after another, in the most rude and insolent manner, by men and women who proclaim themselves the OWNERS. This was well, indeed, for a public occasion, to which people were also specially invited by tickets! The ladies, of course, shook off the dust of their feet against these selfish and ill-mannered Christians! In old times—apparently almost passed from the memory of those who profess to know most about it—those who merely bought and sold doves in the vestibules and outer courts of the Temple, were scourged out of it with whips. It was the only offence that provoked our Saviour, at any time, into violence: but now they who blow trumpets before them, proclaiming what excellent followers of His they are, buy and sell the Temple itself. What is to be done with them!

Of the proceedings in the Church, there is little to be said. Many preachers were present, all in the most comfortable state of health, if one might judge from their rubicund and jolly faces, and in the most satisfactory spiritual condition, if one may judge from the indifferent facility with which the most awful utterances of the Prayer-Book were read and responded to. Dr. Taylor preached the discourse, in a broken, husky, and disagreeable voice, but quite suited to the matter of his discourse. It can only be characterized throughout, as a *respectable* sermon to a *respectable* congregation,—using the word, however, as Hazlitt does, when he says: "when there is no reason for respecting a thing, or none we choose to name, we call it respectable; for if there were any good reason, we should assign it as the ground of our opinion." Dr. Taylor's discourse, then, was highly respectable, showing how it was the duty of men to devote their gold and silver to the Lord, and what a pleasing and beneficial effect fine architecture has on the morals of the people. (He must have meant the outside of the church, since no poor can even so much as get a peep into the inside.)

But the most beautiful portion of the service was an announcement at the close that "a collection was then to be taken up for the establishment of a free church." This proposition was urged with a good

deal of force by the Preacher, on the ground that the poor ought to go to church, that religious instruction was good for them, that if they were rightly taught the property of the rich would be perfectly safe; and finally, that as they could not of course expect to enter so fine a building as Grace Church, it would be well for the congregation to build a chapel near by especially for the poor! Isn't that delightful Christianity! As one of the distinguished characteristics of the new Religion announced in old times, was, that "the Poor should have the gospel preached to them," how encouraging to find, now, after eighteen centuries, that the spirit of the declaration is to be so benignantly fulfilled. Of course it is not to be expected that the poor should have a place in the same building with the rich—O no! that would defile their Christian purity, though the Bible does say, describing the peculiar traits of Christianity, that "Rich and Poor shall meet together;" but as they have souls to save *perhaps*—as they ought to respect the property of the rich *certainly*,—let them have a chapel of their own. The State establishes Poor-Houses for such as cannot afford to support themselves; why not the Church! The equality of all mankind before the Eternal Law is thus demonstrated in an original and benevolent manner. Surely, Christ has not lived in vain! But Query—if He who had not where to lay his head, should again come on earth, (as he does come in the spirit of every sincere and humble Christian,) where would he go to worship! In the stately and aristocratic Grace Church?—I only ask the question, which the consciences of those self-complacent and well-fed Priests,—if they be not wholly buried under the good dinners they have eaten—may answer.

P.

REVIEW.

Address delivered before the *Eurodelphian Society of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, at their late Anniversary, Tuesday, August 12th 1845*, by JAMES W. TAYLOR, of Cincinnati. Published by request of the Society. 8vo. pp. 26.

We have read this address with great satisfaction. It does honor to Mr. Taylor and to the Society who requested its publication. May the spirit which animates it, quicken the hearts and minds of many young men in the valley of the Ohio. The sentiment of this Address is generous; its thought full and strong; and no one, who is observant of the signs of the times, can turn over its pages without encouragement and pleasure,—though its style, it must be confessed, lacks simplicity, condensation, and clearness. A few extracts will show the speaker's aim.

"I propose," says Mr. Taylor, "to discuss and illustrate the two leading ideas of the age, Reverence and Reform—the former, the manifest child of Memory, while the other is the bold and palpable representative of Hope. I shall seek to show how these sentiments, as embodied in the Movement and the Conservatism of the present epoch, are often found in alliance; how this harmony may be more frequently attained, while, at the same time, I shall not disguise the contingencies under which their relations cannot be otherwise than antagonist."

"What is the philosophy of this impulse of Reform? If I mistake not, it springs from an enlarged estimate of the individual man—from a growing disposition to elevate his rights above the privileges and institutions of Government. It matters not what may be the form of the government, whether of king, of oligarch, or even republican in its tenure. The New Faith subordinates the state to the individual."

"The Democratic Principle—and at no distant day—will stand confessed as the genius of universal emancipation. How can the institution of slavery survive when the majesty of manhood shall receive its full recognition, when the intrinsic worth and the absolute rights of each individual shall become an interest sacred from the lust of cupidity or the aggressions of ambition? As we rise to the sublime conception of the God in man, how abhorrent, how blasphemous, what a blot upon the face of nature! what a plague spot on the bosom of society! how worthy of every opprobrious epithet within the compass of thought or utterance, will become the base idea of human chattelship! Nor does the range of this sentiment cease with the political supremacy, or the personal immunity of man. We are almost startled as we contemplate the manifold issues, to the verge of which we are impelled by its irresistible lapse. That great measure of mutual insurance, the right and the duty of universal education, will be the first in order and in exigency."

"We may hope that, in the progress of enlightened conviction, will cease the great evil of excessive and impertinent legislation, and that most difficult problem of civil polity be satisfactorily solved, how far the largest liberty of the citizen may consist with the necessity of associated effort. Nor even here is the bourn of the Democratic Principle. From its swinging censures, may proceed a light which will irradiate the gloomy page of our social economy, and indicate some safe and salutary agency for reconciling the discordant elements of capital and labor. O! if such is to be its mission on this sorrow-stricken orb; if, in its horoscope, this fortunate destiny is set down, so to regulate the distribution of wealth as to check the gloomy current of wretchedness and woe; to transform labor from a primal curse to an ultimate blessing; to rebuke the arrogance of accumulated wealth; to wrest the soil from the incubus of hereditary entailment; to vindicate the rights and dignity of industry; and finally, to banish from the intercourse of mankind the idea or the usage of servitude."

"But there is another idea, whose traces are visible in the opinions of men and the history and institutions of every age, although the spell of its influence is

less absolute and controlling at the present, than during any former epoch. I refer to the idea of Conservatism, springing, when the conditions of its existence are unperturbed, from that instinct of reverence, whose subduing influence is felt, with more or less efficacy, upon the mind and heart of every man;—that sentiment, which ever waits at the shrine of memory, listening with tremulous eagerness to catch the faintest murmur from the revered but vanishing past."

"So far as this temperament may perpetuate the noble, the useful, or the beautiful, in the past experience of humanity, it is a valuable contribution to the incentives and energies of the present, and an auxiliary of future progress, but such are seldom its limitations. It insists that the race shall remain content with partial results—that we shall sit brooding over the shining fragments of a more perfect era, and lapse into unconsciousness or indifference to the social evils and political wrongs which have been entailed upon the new generation by the weary centuries of outrage and submission that have gone before."

"Herein is the divergence—here commences the antagonism between the principles that we have been considering, and which constitute the only intelligible basis of political distinctions."

"We may cheerfully concede equal benevolence to each class of persons, their frequent collision resulting from other diversities."

"Is the antagonism of these two modes of thought and action a necessary fact?"

"We may often trace the first growth of a great principle in the early annals of a nation. Then government is most likely to be simple, and its administration responsible, and from the very exigencies of a youthful existence will often spring a freshness and purity, gleaming like the 'diamond in the desert,' too soon, alas! to vanish from the expectant sight, overgrown with error or polluted by corruption. It is this subsequent perversion which the Democratic spirit of the age rouses its energies to encounter and remove, spurning every plea of precedent, and every palliative drawn from the impunity of centuries. Success at length crowns the heroic crusade—the rubbish of time is removed—the derelictions of power rebuked, and what have we?—lo! the restored features and form of a forgotten age—the renewed youth of a people!"

"There is a probability that this political eclecticism, the union of democratic energy and impulse with conservative sympathies, may become the practical agency in renovating the public character of the world."

"Of distinctive literature we have little—scarcely none. Make it American by making it world-wide—let it be the exponent of a faith in man, which shall transcend accident or locality, and be like the voice of revelation to the suffering, the disfranchised, the ignorant—whose lives, though sharing our common humanity and existing in the very bosom of the universe, are still hidden with God!"

"The wants of our nature, the divine spirit of Christianity, the reorganization of society, and the final fraternization of mankind, these are the themes which will be the soul of American letters."

"Heaven grant that our lives may be

consistent with such a noble and heartfelt utterance—that we may meet and fulfil every mandate of public and private duty—that we may be instrumental in rendering the great Valley of the West as grand in its moral and intellectual outline, as it now is gigantic in its natural features, and imposing in its political destiny; and, thus, by a right discharge of all the conditions of this temporal existence, keep bright not only the links of human brotherhood, but those, also, which bind our souls to the throne and the God of the Universe."

This is certainly sound doctrine in the main;—and although great truths are rather hinted at than fully presented, the important suggestions thus given cannot but be fruitful germs in many a reader's mind.

If inclined or called upon to criticize, we should indeed say to Mr. Taylor, that it is scarcely the *New Faith*, but rather the *half-old faith* which "subordinates the State to the Individual." Individualism has been the doctrine of Protestantism and of Democracy for centuries; while Catholicism and Legitimacy have held up in opposition the doctrine of Collective Humanity. The *New Faith* recognizes the truth of both doctrines, comprehends the relation of these two poles of man's existence, and says—The Life of Individuals is in Humanity, and the life of Humanity is in Individuals; just as members of the body derive vitality from the whole body, while the whole body is sane in proportion as all its members are healthy. UNITY-IN-UNIVERSALITY is the grand reconciling idea of this era. And how providentially has this Nation of United Freemen, of Confederacies within Confederacies, been disciplined and prepared to embody this idea of One in Many. The moment we behold opened before us this truth of truths,—that the Infinite images his glory in all Finities mutually coöperative,—the struggle between Conservatism and Reform is seen to be the balancing of centripetal and centrifugal forces. Freedom and Loyalty, Liberty and Law appear as different manifestations of the same organizing principle. All existences are found to be united in one everlasting yet ever changing, transient, yet exhaustlessly growing whole; the Universe grows, the Spiritual World grows; the earths and the heavens grow; each part is dependant upon and in turn gives aid to all other parts in endless development; each and all are animated by the Life, which is each instant anew flowing in from the Being of Beings. Thus Creation forever mirrors the Creator, and all things, all persons unite to glorify the Only Good, the Perfect Will, the One Person, from whom All in All subsist. From this *New Faith* will in time be unfolded a Catholicity, Nationalities, and a Humanity, which will bind the whole Race of Man into a

Temple of Love and Truth and Justice, where God will dwell. But we can only here suggest to Mr. Taylor and our readers this sublime view of the Spirit of Attainment which is even now working throughout Christendom and the world to reconcile all Men to God.

Stories from the Italian Poets: being a Summary in Prose of the Poems of Dante, Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso; with comments throughout, occasional passages Versified, and Critical Notices of the Lives and Genius of the Authors. By LEIGH HUNT. In Three Parts. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1846. pp. 564.

As we hold no criticism to be legitimate which is not of the positive kind, and no man entitled to analyze sharply and hold up to public gaze the faults of another, until he is able to produce a living, breathing image of him through a genial appreciation of his merits, we may seem without excuse in noticing these numbers of the Library of Choice Reading, by Leigh Hunt; for certainly no humanity that we possess can enable us to detect the merit of his enterprise, though the greatness of the authors he has thus used must now and then inevitably break through the ungraceful covering in which he has concealed it. Therefore, it were best to be silent, did we not by silence withhold our humble but earnest protest against the cruel wrong done by these volumes to the sacred and wide-spread reputation of an occupant of the brightest summit of Parnassus, who has been regally enthroned there for centuries, a Jupiter among the gods; who, greater than Jupiter, has been revered amid the renunciation and desecration of the whole order of things in which he was rooted and from the centre of which he uttered his inspiration. Mr. Hunt might have undertaken to gratify the voracious appetite of superficial readers by giving the rambling romance of Ariosto, a homespun English dress that would bring it to the level of the most vulgar curiosity, without laying unholy hands on what is most holy in poetry; and though he has wounded afresh the bleeding heart of Tasso and profaned the delicate associations of delicate souls among his admirers, by his gossiping and flippant life of him, destitute as are the other lives, of any deep sentiment or perception of the nature and genius of his subject, these offences might be forgiven by the indulgent spirits of the kingdom of letters and the fine arts. But to break the unity of Dante's divine genius, to subject it to the surgical knife of the morbid anatomist, to yield the pure granite of his nature to the hammer of the geologist, really and literally to analyze his theology, as though he were the professor of a modern German University, and weigh

his morality as he would that of a candidate for the ushership of a school, is a crime for which no adequate punishment has yet been invented, and in one who styles himself and is acknowledged to be a poet of no mean order, high treason against the majesty of genius, before which he should kneel and humbly veil his face. Mr. Hunt must have had some lesser end to serve by this literary speculation, some gold to win, and we rejoice to see no trace of the author of Rimini in the disguise in which he has wrapped himself for the unworthy task.

To the writer of these volumes must be accorded the credit of as much faithfulness in his work, as any one deserves, who clothes the inspirations of the loftiest poetry in the most prosaic and unmitigated prose. There is also much information concerning the external lives of his subjects, which is no doubt accurate; but on doubtful points, he always indulges in speculations, calculated to strip the narrative of its romantic interest, and break up all the time-honored traditions of the hero's history. We never have met with biographies of more puritanic bareness, or systematic, unimaginative dryness.

Very gladly would we forget in the charming papers of some new number of the revived "Indicator" this unfortunate literary enterprise of its author, and if, with the noble spirits he commends in the close of his life of Dante, he would make "God and Humanity," his motto, and devotion to both, his life, he might perhaps be enabled to detect the subtle affinities of what, to the outside observer, seem contradictory movements, and find how natural a thing it is for the modern advocate of human brotherhood to return to an unquestioning reverence for Dante and all great names, and even to a deep longing for the restoration of the ancient ritual of the Catholic Church.

Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo, by way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople, and Jerusalem. By MR. MICHAEL ANGELO TUTMARSH. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1845. pp. 181.

Under the above *nom de plume*, THACKERAY has given us a brilliant and readable book, just such a one as we had a right to expect from him. Wit, sturdy good sense, downright honesty, healthy spirits and true perceptions hardly ever had a better or more agreeable manifestation. But these are not the only qualities of these "Notes." There are also in them a truth, elevation and delicacy of sentiment and broad human sympathies which cannot be too highly commended. As a matter of course, there is no favor shown to false pretences of any kind. The present condition of Athens is thus discussed; cer-

tainly without any poetic exaggerations in its favor.

"I swear solemnly that I would rather have two hundred a year in Fleet-street, than be king of the Greeks, with Basileus written before my name round their beggarly coin; with the bother of perpetual revolutions in my huge plaster of Paris palace, with no amusement but a drive in the afternoon over a wretched arid country, where roads are not made, with ambassadors (the deuce knows why, for what good can the English, or the French, or the Russian party get out of such a bankrupt alliance as this?) perpetually pulling and tugging at me, away from honest Germany, where there is beer and æsthetic conversation, and operas at a small cost. The shabbiness of this place actually beats Ireland, and that is a strong word. The palace of the Basileus is an enormous edifice of plaster, in a square containing six houses, three donkeys, no roads, no fountains (except in the picture of the inn); backwards it seems to look straight to the mountain—on one side is a beggarly garden—the king goes out to drive (revolutions permitting) at five—some four-and-twenty blackguards saunter up to the huge sandhill of a terrace, as his majesty passes by in a gilt barouche and an absurd fancy dress! the gilt barouche goes plunging down the sand-hills: the two dozen soldiers, who have been presenting arms, slouch off to their quarters: the vast barrack of a palace remains entirely white, ghastly and lonely: and save the braying of a donkey now and then (which long-eared minstrels are more active and sonorous in Athens than in any place I know), all is entirely silent round Basileus's palace. How could people who knew Leopold fancy he would be so "jolly green," as to take such a birth! It was only a gebemouche of a Bavarian that could ever have been induced to accept it.

"I beseech you to believe that it was not the bill and the bugs at the inn which induced the writer hereof to speak so slightly of the residence of Basileus. These evils are now cured and forgotten. This is written off the leaden flats and mounds which they call the Troad. It is stern justice alone which pronounces this excruciating sentence. It was a farce to make this place into a kingly capital; and I make no manner of doubt that King Otho, the very day he can get away unperceived, and get together the passage-money, will be off for dear old Deutschland, Fatherland, Beerland!

"I have never seen a town in England which may be compared to this; for though Herne Bay is a ruin now, money was once spent upon it and houses built; here, beyond a few scores of mansions comfortably laid out, the town is little better than a rickety agglomeration of larger and smaller huts, tricked out here and there with the most absurd cracked ornaments, and cheap attempts at elegance. But neatness is the elegance of poverty, and these people despise such a homely ornament. I have got a map with squares, fountains, theatres, public gardens, and Places d'Othon marked out, but they only exist in the paper capital—the wretched, tumble-down, wooden one boasts of none.

"One is obliged to come back to the old disagreeable comparison of Ireland. Athens may be about as wealthy a place

as Carlow or Killarney—the streets swarm with idle crowds, the innumerable little lanes flow over with dirty little children, they are playing and paddling about in the dirt every where, with great big eyes, yellow faces, and the queerest little gowns and skull caps. But in the outer man, the Greek has far the advantage of the Irishman; most of them are well and decently dressed (if five-and-twenty yards of petticoat may not be called decent, what may?); they swagger to and fro with huge knives in their girdles. Almost all the men are handsome, but live hard, it is said, in order to decorate their backs with those fine clothes of theirs. I have seen but two or three handsome women, and these had the great drawback which is common to the race—I mean, a sallow, greasy, coarse complexion, at which it was not advisable to look too closely."

We had marked several other passages to be extracted, among them a striking description of the landscape around Jerusalem, but we must deny ourselves the pleasure, and refer our readers to the book itself.

Keats' Poetical Works; In Two Parts. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. pp. 160 and 157.

This seems to be a republication of the Galligani Edition of Keats, which was published in this country by Carey and Lea, contained in one volume with the poems of Coleridge and Shelley. The present edition is a very neatly printed book, uniform with the rest of the Library of Choice Reading.

We are looking forward, however, to a still greater treat in Milne's edition of Keats' Poems, an edition which will contain many additional pieces, not before published, and which were in possession of the poet's brother George, for many years a citizen of the United States, and a resident of Kentucky. We remember to have seen among these poems, a drama and many smaller pieces, besides a collection of letters which contained some of the finest prose writing in the language. One of the poems, not in the collected editions, was printed in the Western Messenger some years since, and as it may be new to many of our readers we will print it here—especially as it would be a not unfit introduction to the volumes before us. It expresses one of the moods into which a mind like that of Keats' will often fall, in which the confidence of genius is eclipsed.

TO APOLLO.

God of the golden bow,
And of the golden lyre,
And of the golden hair,
And of the golden fire,
Charioteer
Of the patient year;
Where, where slept thine ire,
When like a blank idiot I put on thy wreath

Thy laurel, thy glory,
The light of thy story,
Or was I a worm, too low crawling for death?
O Delphic Apollo!

The Thunderer grasped and grasped,
The Thunderer frowned and frowned;
The eagle's feathery mane
For wrath became stiffened; the sound
Of breeding thunder
Went drowsily under,
Muttering to be unbound.
O why didn't thou pity, and for a worm
Why touch thy soft lute,
'Till the thunder was mute?
Why was I not crushed, such a pitiful germ?
O Delphic Apollo!

The Pleiades were up
Watching the silent air;
The seeds and roots in the earth
Were swelling for summer fare;
The ocean its neighbor
Was at his old labor;
When who, who did dare
To tie like a madman thy Plant round his
brow;
And grin and look proudly,
And blaspheme so loudly,
And live for that honor to stoop to thee now?
O Delphic Apollo!

Travelling Letters, written on the Road.
By CHARLES DICKENS. Part I. New
York: Wiley and Putnam. 1846. pp.
22.

This pamphlet commences, as we take it, the history of Mr. Dickens' experiences, physical, moral and intellectual, during some twelve months on the Continent. The three letters that it contains, deliver him safely out of Paris, conduct him through France and accomplish his landing at Genoa, where he takes up his residence and whence we suppose his correspondence with the public is to go forward. That part of it which is here communicated, is for the most part such gossip as a sketchy gentleman or lady might compose without difficulty after dinner. We see no reason to doubt that it was "written on the road," as the title page declares. There are, however, some passages which pay for reading, and if nothing better were to be had or done the whole might be undertaken, though we fear some of our good friends might class it in Sheridan's famous category of easy writing.

Of our author in the capacity of traveller, we had a sufficient taste in his book about America, which was as shallow as it was pretentious. While he attempts only the superficialities of things, barring some affectations which are not to our taste, we have no great fault to find with him; but when he ventures out of that plane, he mistakes himself altogether.

We say this of him as a traveller and dabbler in political and other philosophy. As a novelist, a humorist, an artist in the

sphere of the domestic affections, we gladly yield our mite to the general approbation.

In these remarks we do not allow ourselves to forget the eminent claims which the generous heart of Mr. Dickens has upon our respect and admiration. Indeed, could we forget this we should forget the whole secret of his success. He has made his name familiar and beloved all the world over, by his true, living sympathy with the great masses of our common Humanity. His recognition of Man as Man is no artificial, hot-bed, white-gloved and perfumed sentimentality, but a real, glowing, pervasive passion. And to confess this fact, while we recall the true sympathies and noble tendencies of the man; we are almost ready to retract the most just statement of his faults as a writer and thinker. But let us have both together. Critical justice, it is hardly necessary to say, must at last show a large balance in his favor.

Sketches from Life. By LAMAN BLANCHARD. Edited with a Memoir, by SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. In Two Parts. New-York: Wiley and Putnam. 1846.

The Memoir prefixed to these Sketches is one of the most touching pieces of biography, which can be found in modern literature. It is the history of a rare and gifted man, with a delicate and too susceptible organization, formed for a life of friendship and the genial flow of feeling and thought; but forced by external necessities to employ his fine talents for the homeliest uses, and at length, to fall a victim to the pressure of misfortune, and die of a broken heart. He was a being made to be loved; his admirable qualities were cherished with enthusiastic attachment by those who knew him best; but the world went hard with him, and the light of his noble spirit passed away in a dreary cloud. These "Sketches from Life," are written with feeling and taste, with a true sense of the beautiful in nature and life, and a vein of good humored satire on the follies of society; although they sometimes betray the hand that is working from the compulsion of circumstances rather than from the inward promptings of genius. They are adapted to win favor with all persons of refined taste, if not to gain a large popularity, and will be read, with something more than pleasure, by those who prefer the quiet beauties of composition to exaggeration and pretence.

Artists of America. No II. Henry Inman. By C EDWARDS LESTER. New York: Baker and Scribner. 1846. pp. 64.

Of Mr. Lester's sketch of Henry Inman, we cannot speak so decidedly as of the selection attached to the second volume

of Washington Allston, which we noticed the other day. We will only say that it is written, as are most of Mr. Lester's books, in tolerable English, and that it displays the partiality and friendship which the fine qualities of its subject universally excited. But as a criticism of Art we more than suspect that it is not worth much, and as for the creation of any true love and appreciation of Art in the public mind, no book at all would have been about as good. Still it is something to have even the shadow of the name kept alive, and for so much service we thank the present publication. With it however, we have one most decided fault to find,—the caricature of Mr. Inman which it contains, ought never to have been permitted. His memory should have prevented such a slander of his delicate and poetic features.

Hunt's Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review.

The March number of this monthly, whose name is its own commendation, has not reached us quite so promptly as usual. Its contents are as follows: 1. Banks and Bank Directors; 2. Means of increasing our Commerce with Germany; 3. The Artist, the Merchant, and the Statesman; 4. The United States Tariff upon Wool; 5. First Application of Steam to Railways; 6. The Tariff of 1842; with the usual variety of miscellaneous matter and valuable statistics.

Popular Lectures on Science and Art. By DIONYSIUS LARDNER. Part XII. New York: Greeley and McElrath.

Of this work, it seems hardly necessary to notice even the fact of its publication, as the public have not been slow to appreciate its merits, of which we spoke some time since. We do it merely to say once more that those who wish to obtain a knowledge of scientific subjects free from scientific technicalities, cannot do so well as to purchase these lectures and read them carefully.

The Farmers' Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture. Edited by JOHN P. SKINNER. New York: Greeley and McElrath. Five Dollars per annum.

The number of this Journal for the present month fully sustains its reputation, which is as high praise as its editor can desire. It should be in the hands of every farmer who desires to have a scientific understanding of his own business or to inform himself concerning the improvements which are constantly making in it.

Would you succeed? Accomplish good ends by good means. Confound not the power that is guided by justice and charity with brutal and ferocious violence.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

One hears so little fine instrumental music in the city, that when the opportunity offers of listening to a competent orchestra, the very sound of the instruments is so seductive, that the critical and delicately perceptive powers are lost in a maze of melody,—in what may be called the physical or sensuous delight of music. As the fascination of mere variety and fullness of sound diminishes, the demand for deeper satisfaction becomes stronger, so that the Symphony, which is usually the main attraction of such a concert, should be the last performance. Yet, whether the audiences at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society are supposed to be willing to tolerate a Symphony from a fancied necessity of so reverencing the great masters, and being safely and speedily delivered from that to enjoy only a prospect of lighter music, or whether it is their desire gradually to unbend in overtures—songs and instrumental solos, after the mental tension attendant upon the hearing of a great work, or whether, again, such or similar reasons influence the Society itself,—the Symphony is always the first performance, and the concert dwindles through tolerable overtures and intolerable solos to the end.

Such remarks are not suggested by the last concert of the Society, which took place on Saturday evening, March 7th, and which was of uniform excellence. The orchestra never played better, and the music, if not selected entirely from the greatest, was very beautiful. The Symphony was No. 1, by Kalliwoda, a composer whose songs and waltzes are favorably known to many. If his own work sometimes reminded one of another master, it was not destitute of original grace and beauty. Particularly the introductory Largo, long, mournful, solemnly-wailing chords like a moaning wind, and the Adagio non troppo, sedate, almost religious in its tone, and full of a wild, cathedral-like feeling, and the brief, sparkling, fountain-like Mennetto allegro, were very beautiful. It was a work suggesting rather a succession of pictures of quiet and tender sentiment, than the varied expression of a strong, central thought. A sentiment not intricately and lavishly elaborated in rich variety, like Mendelssohn's, but simple and sometimes almost undignified, but never quite so.

The Symphony was followed by an aria of Cherubini, sung by Miss Julia Northall. It was a hymn to the Virgin, and harmoniously succeeded the Symphony, for solemn, and fervent, and sus-

tained, it was more serious than that, with the same degree of power. Miss Northall's voice is true and full of remarkably pure tone. From the first tremulous "*Sainte Marie*" to the amen, it was clear and sweet and satisfactory.

The second Part opened with Weber's overture to Euryanthe. Like all his music it seemed the wildest *Marchen*, sung instead of told. Deep caverns under the gloomy firs in the Hartz—heavy shadows sweeping over golden grain which aways slowly in the sunlight afterward,—spectres on unknown boats whirling through a lurid air,—lofty halls where the carved heads nod and smile and speak at midnight, and hurried voices of fearful lovers lost in the wailing of the wind,—such images without number rise from his music, but all related and distinct, though but for an instant, like a grotesquely-graceful temple seen in the blackest nights by a lightning flash. A cavatina from Rossini's *Taccredi*, sung by Miss Northall, followed. The air was beautifully given, but from want of longer practice apparently, and from no want of power or knowledge, the elaborate cadences—trills and other melodious garnishings, came not so nimbly off the tongue as they will hereafter. Then came the Andante from No. 6 of Mozart's Jupiter Symphony. This was a glimpse into a higher and richer sphere than we had yet enjoyed. The first few bars stamped it as Mozart's by that peculiar phase so full of the profoundest tenderness and subdued-passionate yearning, and so free from the least taint of sentimentality or commonness, which is entirely his. There is a dignity and depth in the word *pathetic*, which appropriates it to his music. Even his quick movements, so frequent and so exquisitely graceful, are like fleeting smiles of ineffable sweetness upon a face of mournful, angelic beauty, or the thin, delicate, golden edge of a soft, dark cloud. One fancies Mozart as haunted forever by celestial sounds, and seeking respite and relief from the wasting spiritual rapture and excitement by constantly breathing them aloud. But what is perfectly and serenely fair in the artist's mind seems sad and shadowed when it appears; not from any fault, but because the eyes that see and the ears that hear are adapted to the coarseness of sensual life, and only in moments of similar rapture and inspiration is the spiritually created spiritually discerned. It would appear beyond the power of the greatest genius to elevate us by his work into the atmosphere of the sentiment whence it sprang. It gives us glimpses and hopes, and substantiates our dreams, but the perfect form of its beauty, like the Son of Man, comes at an hour when we know not.

A flute solo by Fürstenau, being his fifth concerto in A flat, was excellently performed by Mr. Kyle, but seemed trivial after the Andante. The concert concluded with an overture by Hector Berlioz, called *Les Francs Juges*—(Free Judges.) The significance of the title did not appear from the work. There was a great rush-rumble and clash, giving one a vivid idea of a bombarded city, and agonized armies with very loud bass drums and swift movements to and fro, ending in a general crash and recommencement of hostilities. It was fantastic, but very good, of a wild, Moorish character, and coarse, barbaric melody. It was like being ushered from the musical banquet by a noisy, gorgeous, passionate god Lackey.

It is ungracious after so good a concert to ask why the selection of Symphonies for the four concerts of the Philharmonic is not always made from the greatest masters. The trifles and bon bons might make up the first course, so that the delicate and feeble might retire before the nectar and ambrosia.

With the exception of this concert, which is always so good a musical epoch from which to date a letter, there has been scarcely any public music since our last number. Mr. Gibert, a pleasing parlor singer, has given a concert; Madame Jenny Lazare, a harpist, has done the same; Mr. Dempster has sung two or three times, and Mr. Bradbury has twice filled the Tabernacle with young pupils and their families and friends, and finally on a third evening, capped the climax and crowned his glory by the appearance of "a thousand young Misses in uniform dresses!" In prospect there are the Segnins at the Park Theatre, who will bring out Donizetti's comic opera of *Don Pasquale*, and the oratorios of *Samson*, the *Messiah*, and the *Seven Sleepers* by the Sacred Music Society, at the Tabernacle. A course of Musical Lectures by Mr. Dwight is announced, for which a good audience, if not large, has been some time in waiting.

There is a prospect announced by the Philharmonic Society of building a hall in this city for music and musical purposes, to be furnished with an organ not surpassed by any, with accommodations for six thousand persons, and to be conveniently arranged for a smaller number. The hall to be one hundred and forty feet long, ninety wide, and seventy high; to be built by a chartered company with a capital of \$100,000, in shares of \$10 each. The money to be deposited in a bank, subject to the order of three Trustees, and none to be advanced towards the erection of the building until \$20,000 are paid. The Society propose a concert in May on a more magnificent scale than

has yet been known in the country, the tickets to be placed at three or five dollars, (one item of unparalleled splendor,) and the proceeds to be devoted to the erection of the hall. An Academy will be attached to it. It is a fine plan and will test the sincerity of the claim to musical taste in New York.

POETRY.

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Come, let us set our careful breasts,
Like Philomel, against the thorn,
To aggravate the inward grief,
That makes her accents so forlorn:
The world has many cruel points,
Whereby our bosoms have been torn,
And there are dainty themes of grief,
In sadness to outlast the morn,—
True honor's dearth, affection's death,
Neglectful pride, and cankering scorn,
With all the piteous tales that tears
Have watered since the world was born.

The world!—It is a wilderness,
Where tears are hung on every tree;
For thus my gloomy phantasy
Makes all things weep with me!
Come let us sit and watch the sky,
And fancy clouds, where no clouds be;
Grief is enough to blot the eye,
And make heaven black with misery.
Why should birds sing such merry notes,
Unless they were more blest than we?
No sorrow ever chokes their throats,
Except sweet nightingale; for she
Was born to pain our hearts the more
With her sad melody.

Why shines the sun, except that he
Makes gloomy nooks for Grief to hide,
And pensive shades for Melancholy,
When all the earth is bright beside?
Let clay wear smiles, and green grass wave,
Mirth shall not win us back again,
Whilst man is made of his own grave,
And fairest clouds but gilded rain!

I saw my mother in her shroud,
Her cheek was cold and very pale;
And ever since I've looked on all
As creatures doomed to fail!
Why do buds ope, except to die?
Ay, let us watch the roses wither,
And think of our loves' cheeks;
And oh! how quickly time doth fly
To bring death's winter hither!
Minutes, hours, days, and weeks,
Months, years, and ages, shrink to naught;
An age past is but a thought!

Ay, let us think of Him a while,
That, with a coffin for a boat,
Rows daily o'er the Stygian moat,
And for our table choose a tomb:
There's dark enough in any skull
To charge with black a raven plume;
And for the saddest funeral thoughts
A winding sheet hath ample room,
Where Death, with his keen-pointed style,

Hath writ the common doom.
How wide the yew tree spreads its gloom,
And o'er the dead lets fall its dew,
As if in tears it wept for them,
The many human families
That sleep around its stem!

How could the dead have made these stones,
With natural drops kept ever wet!
Lo! here the best, the worst, the world
Doth now remember or forget,
Are in one common ruin hurl'd,
And love and hate are calmly met;
The loveliest eyes that ever shone,
The fairest hands, and locks of jet.
Is't not enough to vex our souls,
And fill our eyes, that we have set
Our love upon a rose's leaf,
Our hearts upon a violet?
Blue eyes, red cheeks, are frailer yet;
And sometimes at their swift decay
Beforehand we must fret:
The roses bud and bloom again;
But love may haunt the grave of love,
And watch the mould in vain.

O clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,
And do not take my tears amiss;
For tears must flow to wash away
A thought that shows so stern as this:
Forgive, if somewhere I forget,
In wo to come, the present bliss.
As frightened Proserpine let fall
Her flowers at the sight of Dis,
Even so the dark and bright will kiss.
The sunniest things throw sternest shade,
And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid!

Now let us with a spell invoke
The full-orb'd moon to grieve our eyes;
Not bright, not bright, but, with a cloud
Lapped all about her, let her rise
All pale and dim, as if from rest
The ghost of the late buried sun
Had crept into the skies.
The Moon! she is the source of sighs,
The very face to make us sad;
If but to think in other times
The same calm quiet look she had,
As if the world held nothing base,
Of vile and mean, of fierce and bad;
The same fair light that shone in streams,
The fairy lamp that charmed the lad;
For so it is, with spent delights
She taunts men's brains, and makes them mad.

All things are touched with Melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weighed down with vile degraded dust;
Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust,
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
Whose fragrance ends in must.
O give her, then, her tribute just,
Her sighs and tears, and musings holy!
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chords of Melancholy.

Right and duty are like two palm-trees,
Which bear fruit only when growing side
By side.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

From among the innumerable letters, filled with words of sympathy and encouragement, which our recent calamity has called forth, we do not hesitate to select the following from an esteemed friend as an indication of the spirit which prevails among the friends of Association, and for the value of the practical suggestions which it presents.

We do not altogether agree with the writer, in the importance which he attaches to the special movement at Brook Farm; we have never professed to be able to represent the idea of Association with the scanty resources at our command; nor would the discontinuance of our establishment, or of any of the partial attempts which are now in progress, in the slightest degree weaken our faith in the Associative system, or our conviction that it will sooner or later be adopted as the only form of society, suited to the nature of man, and in accordance with the divine will. We have never attempted any thing more than to prepare the way for Association, by demonstrating some of the leading ideas on which the theory is founded; in this we have had the most gratifying success; but we have always regarded ourselves only as the humble pioneers in a work, which would be carried on by others to its magnificent consummation, and have been content to wait and toil, for the development of the cause and the completion of our hope.

Still we have established a centre of influence here for the Associative movement which we shall spare no effort to sustain; we are fully aware of the importance of this; and nothing but the most inexorable necessity, will withdraw the congenial spirits that are gathered in social union here, from the work which has always called forth their most earnest devotedness and enthusiasm. Since our disaster occurred, there has not been an expression or symptom of despondency among our number; all are resolute and calm; determined to stand by each other and by the cause; ready to encounter still greater sacrifices than have as yet been demanded of them; and desirous only to adopt the course which may be presented by the clearest dictates of duty. The loss which we have sustained, occasions us no immediate inconvenience, does

not interfere with any of our present operations; although it is a total destruction of resources, on which we had confidently relied, and must inevitably derange our plans for the enlargement of the Association and the extension of our industry. We have a firm and cheerful hope, however, of being able to do much for the illustration of the cause with the materials that remain. They are far too valuable to be dispersed, or applied to any other object; and with favorable circumstances will be able to accomplish much for the realization of social unity.

With the aid which we now expect from the friends of Association, and from those liberal individuals, who though not converts to the truth of our system, are yet ready to encourage a sincere endeavor for the benefit of Humanity, we trust that we shall recover from the blow we have received, and be enabled to work with fresh vigor, for the establishment of the principles on which all true social progress is founded. We shall, accordingly, be grateful for any efforts which our friends may see fit to make in our behalf, believing with them, that the work in which we are engaged, is one which appeals to no private interests, but is adapted to promote the common benefit.

We feel obliged to qualify the remarks of our correspondent in regard to the opponents of Association. We are not so blind as to lose sight of the fact that this enterprise, as well as all others which leave the beaten path of custom and tradition, must experience more or less misrepresentation, and consequent hostility. But we rejoice to say, that in Boston and its vicinity, where our Institution and its members are the best known, we have met with nothing since the occurrence of our disaster, but the most cordial and almost enthusiastic sympathy. Our labors for five years have not been in vain, in disarming reproach and winning esteem. A universal desire is expressed for the continuance of our establishment, and the success of our experiment; the most friendly hands have been extended to us from all quarters; and if the expression of respect for our purposes and wishes for our prosperity could be of any avail, we might regard our future welfare as certain. If there be any exception to these remarks, it has not yet come to our knowledge. The truth is, our wisest and best men are deeply sensible, under the pressure of existing evils, of the need of Social Reform; and they cannot but welcome those whose perseverance and devotion in this work, prove them to be in earnest.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I have just learned with no slight grief the destruction of the Edifice of your

Domain. It will, I fear, prove a serious loss to your Association, which in its yet infantile state will hardly be able to sustain the misfortune. You are not yet rich enough to part with any of your property, and every improvement you have made, has been of such importance in the prosecution of your undertaking, that any reduction of such means must necessarily delay its progress.

The success of your enterprise, beyond all others of the kind, is regarded by the friends of Association as of the utmost consequence. Upon the firm establishment of the Brook Farm Phalanx, depends in no small degree, the advance of our whole Cause, and I believe its friends will consider with the deepest sorrow the occurrence of any disaster calculated to retard it. It seems to me therefore, that this catastrophe, which makes an epoch in the history of our cause, should not be written down unaccompanied with the record of a strong and hearty exertion of its friends to sustain it. I cannot believe that it will be so; if the assistance of Associationists not connected with your Phalanx be needed, I have no doubt it will be cheerfully given. Although we are not named among the wealthy and great, and although our numbers embrace not the majority, yet I believe the most moderate effort made with unanimity and spirit will not fail, not only of repairing your present loss, but of giving an additional impetus to our entire work. As Associationists we have a common interest in your Phalanx; we look upon the experiment you are making not only as decisive of your ability to realize our doctrines, but as a test of their universal practicability:—you are laboring for us as well as for yourselves—for Humanity as well as for us, and we cannot be true to our principles, unless in this, the hour of need and of trial we are faithful to you.

To the Associationists of New England you have a right to appeal: the opposers of our cause are neither few nor weak; nor are some of them magnanimous enough to forbear rejoicing at your calamity; neither can we believe they will allow this occasion to pass without fresh attacks of calumny and ridicule, as if it were necessary for the purpose of defeating our effort to add these to misfortune and accident. We could not choose a more favorable opportunity for convincing such, and all others, that we have sufficient faith in our principles to enable us to bear manfully up under every discouragement of this nature, and that in regard to external embarrassments, we are willing to extend every means in our power and to make every sacrifice necessary for the consummation of the first experiment in practical Association. Our

position is such that we cannot consistently forbear making some decisive demonstration in behalf of our general cause, and I believe it will be acknowledged on all hands, that on your Phalanx our efforts should be concentrated. I leave to abler heads and sounder judgments all details of plans and forms of help, but I cannot resist the conviction that it is now time to make the appeal, and that it will be cheerily responded to by every true friend of Association and Humanity.

Yours in the great work
of Progress and Reform.

March 9, 1846.

SPREAD OF OUR PRINCIPLES IN FRANCE.

Long and sustained efforts, and great sacrifices have been made to bring before the French people the great question of a social reformation upon the principles to which the Harbinger is devoted.

These principles have gained a firm foothold in France, and our friends and allies there are prosecuting the noble combat for the cause of Humanity with great power and intelligence. They have a daily paper, the *Democratie Pacifique*, which enters the arena of the political and social strifes of the day, (for all is strife in civilization,) taking an active part in the whole actual movement of society, urging what is good, and attacking what is false, and gradually forcing the press of Paris, which controls France, to turn its attention to the question of Association, and the Organization of Labor. Besides the daily paper, they have a semi-monthly paper for the working classes, at six francs a year, and a monthly magazine devoted to purely scientific subjects. The friends of the cause in France sustain these publications by voluntary contributions. Some \$30,000, we believe, is subscribed annually.

VICTOR CONSIDÉRANT, who is one of the oldest and most devoted laborers in the cause, is at the head of the movement: he has lately been delivering lectures in different parts of France, and also in Belgium. We make an extract from a Brussels paper, which will give some idea of the success of M. Considérant in that city.

From the *Débats Socials* of Brussels.

M. Victor Considérant terminated his course of lectures upon Social Science on Tuesday last.

After having devoted six lectures to an exposition of the doctrines of Fourier, he held a conference for the purpose of replying (which he did with the greatest success) to all the questions, all the objections which could be presented to him.

We have followed assiduously M. Con-

siderant's course of lectures, and we confess that his persuasive discourse, his easy and affluent delivery, the profound science which he displayed, the truths he laid open, have fully convinced us of the efficacy of the system he advocates, and of the marvellous results which would be obtained from it, if mankind were disposed to put it in practice.

M. Considérant developed his ideas before a numerous and intelligent audience, who have constantly shown him the liveliest sympathy. The unanimous plaudits with which he has been greeted every evening in the large saloon of the Philharmonic Society, prove that social ideas begin to be understood in Belgium.

M. Considérant's audience was composed, for the most part, of men distinguished in science and letters, at the bar, and in the arts; of magistrates and high functionaries; and of the principal industrialists and merchants of Brussels. We have observed with pleasure the interest manifested by several of our representatives, (Messrs. Rojier, des Bonnes, and Cans,) in the lectures of M. Considérant, and the sustained attention which they have given to the eloquent words and new ideas of the orator. This, we repeat, is a proof that political ideas do not exclusively occupy the minds of our countrymen, and that social ideas, the noble mission of which is, to rally all the best men under the same banner, no matter to what party they belong, are becoming the order of the day. Several of our friends, not belonging to our city, have also attended the lectures of M. Considérant, with whom they had long been desirous to be in communication.

At the conclusion of the very clear and lucid exposition of the Phalansterian system made by M. Considérant, a dinner was given to him, on Wednesday last, at the Crown of Spain Hotel, to thank him for his generous mission, and to manifest the sympathy he has awakened among us.

At this dinner were assembled professors of the University, lawyers, aldermen, functionaries of high standing, editors, merchants, and savans and artists of distinction.

Toasts were given, and an address was delivered by M. Desfré, to which M. Considérant replied, and the spirit of the meeting seemed to testify that a strong impression had been made at Brussels. We will give one of the toasts, and the remarks by which it was accompanied. It was by an Alderman of the city.

"To the amelioration of the condition of all Mankind, to the elevation of Labor, to the producing classes in every sphere, to universal fraternity."

"God, in creating man, endowed him richly with faculties; all these faculties

should be developed. The laborer, chained to the machinery which he works, assimilated, in some sort, to the instruments which should have been invented only to facilitate labor, has a right to a better condition. He should share in the prosperity which is at present enjoyed only by the few; he should be put in possession of his moral liberty by means of instruction; he should henceforth occupy in the hierarchy of beings the true place assigned to him by his Creator.

"Association, with its immense application of power and its varied occupations, is the grand remedy for the evils that afflict society; association, substituted in the place of individualism and antagonism of every kind; solidarity, coöperation, uniting all men and reconciling all interests; fraternity, which is the reign of God upon earth,—such are the great principles to which a suffering Humanity must look for its salvation.

"Let us not hesitate to proclaim aloud these great principles, to salute them with enthusiasm. Above all let us put them in practice; however humble may be our position, however limited our influence, we are all equally called upon to fulfil our mission upon the earth, a mission of peace, of organization, and of harmony. We all owe, according to the measure of our means, a devoted coöperation in the common work, in the great labor which shall emancipate Humanity.

"Let us preserve religiously the remembrance of this day, and in the different paths through which our destinies will lead us, let us tend, all and always, towards the noble end: Union, Association, Fraternity, in its widest, completest, and most Christian sense!"

We see by the *Democratie Pacifique* that JEAN JOURNET is continuing his lectures in various parts of France. Journet is a true apostle, fired by an enthusiasm and devotion to which we have rarely, if ever, seen a parallel. Rough in his external appearance, careless as to his dress, he appears at first sight quite an ordinary man; but when he begins to speak, an enthusiasm animates him, a degree of eloquence flows from his lips, which enchains while it electrifies you. Journet is also a poet, and mingles beautifully the inspirations of his soul with the reasonings of the intellect. He announces himself to his audience as the apostle of God and of Universal Unity, and often commences by an ode or a hymn of his own composing, which rarely fails to be most impressive. We love and admire this child of nature, and cannot but believe that he has a most important mission to fulfil.

We give an extract from a paper of

Dijon, which speaks of a course of lectures that he has lately been giving there.

"M. Jean Journet has devoted three lectures, in our city, to an exposition of the theory of Association discovered by Fourier. The large hall of the Philharmonic Society was filled by a silent and interested audience, who rewarded the efforts of the orator with unequivocal testimonials of approbation and sympathy. All with one voice confessed the beauty of the ideas conceived by Fourier, but could hardly dare to believe in the future happiness, which they promise for Humanity. M. Journet is one of the most zealous propagators of social science. The ardor of his faith, the sincerity of his convictions, and the warmth of his expression, give him a truly apostolic character. He possesses the power of moving the feelings of his listeners, and of making all hearts vibrate in unison with his own. This man, in whom all must recognize a generous soul, and an unbounded devotion, is the author of the fine poetry from which he read extracts at the close of each of his lectures. The Christian sentiment breathes throughout all his odes; every line is an aspiration toward an era of happiness and fraternity.

"It did not enter into the plan of M. Journet to go to the foundation of the social questions which he was treating; his object was, as he had announced to us, to excite a desire to read and study the writings of the Associative school, promising us, moreover, that others of Fourier's disciples who have fathomed the subject of social science, would soon visit us to complete the work of propagation sketched out by him. Meanwhile the glowing eloquence of the orator has uprooted many prejudices, and shaken the convictions of many who were lately imbued with the errors in credit among civilized nations.

"Let a new orator, completing the work of this apostle and poet, bring to us practical plans and mathematical demonstrations, and we promise him numerous adherents; let him come! it is his duty! Entire self-devotion must be the spirit of all intelligent men who have given themselves to the mission of enlightening their brethren and of guiding them in the ways of social regeneration."

ALBERT GALLATIN ON LABOR.

In the midst of the darkness which the conservatism of our age is striving to shed over the evils of society, it is refreshing to note here and there a gleam of light, — a ray which the force of truth from time to time extracts from those who would not intentionally do anything for a radical reform. In our last number

we took occasion to notice an instance of this kind, furnished by the New York Express — the avowed champion of the existing order of things, and a reviler, even to the sacrifice of the common courtesies of fair discussion, of every scheme which aims at a beneficial and permanent change. With a view perhaps, to recommend its views of a protective Tariff to the masses, rather than to declare a truth, it lately proclaimed that "the first, middle, last, and main duty of the statesman, is to take care of labor" — a proposition plain enough we should think to command universal assent, but yet practically denied by the legislation of this and all countries, and especially by the acts and principles of that party of stagnation, of which the Express is the acknowledged organ.

We are this week happy to be able to refer our readers to a declaration no less important, from a source, in our estimation, much more worthy of respect. The venerable Albert Gallatin, in an Appendix which he has added to his excellent letters on the Oregon Question, first published in the National Intelligencer, while speaking of the effects of war upon the interests of labor, uses the following remarkable language. "There is no man of pure and elevated feelings who does not ardently wish that means could be devised to ameliorate the state of society in that respect, [the adjustment of the rate of wages,] so that those who live by manual labor should receive a more just portion of the profits which are now very unequally divided between them and their employers." This declaration differs, we doubt not, from that in the Express, in being a sincere expression of sentiments honestly entertained, instead of being dictated by a desire of sustaining a measure of party policy. We even flatter ourselves that Mr. Gallatin, by a long life of observation, has become convinced of the essential injustice of the present social arrangements, though he belongs to that class who have profited instead of suffered by them; and we therefore hope that he will not pass off the stage without proclaiming his convictions more fully, and in a manner calculated to awaken more general attention. A voice from him will be heeded by thousands who will not listen to professed reformers.

But whether or not Mr. Gallatin shall ever speak upon this subject more definitely, we welcome what he has said in the extract just cited, as exceedingly important. From certain sources, such a sentiment, being in fact an obvious truth to those who will look in that direction, would not excite surprise or remark; but the fact that it comes from a man who has, we believe, spent much of his life in

intimate connection with the banking and other financial schemes in which our age so much abounds, and who has doubtless received large sums and very probably acquired fortune, as well as reputation and influence, by means of such connection, gives it, in our minds, peculiar value. We rejoice when we find men of this class unprejudiced enough to see, and honest enough to confess, the wrongs and oppressions to which the existing relations between labor and capital subjects the former, even if they do not accept, or should even repudiate, that specific plan which we propose for social amelioration. Such sentiments are, we trust, penetrating more and more into the public mind, and are invading even, as this example shows, the ranks of conservatism; and their spread is to us an encouraging assurance that a new era is approaching when the problem of the Social Destiny of Humanity cannot be longer evaded, but *must* be solved. Mankind cannot be so depraved, even by the most depraving influences, as to seek to perpetuate forever those social arrangements, the injustice of which they are constrained to acknowledge, and which subject the teeming masses to hopeless destitution and debasement.

VARIETIES.

Translated from the Deutsche Schnellpost.

BERLIOZ, as we hear from Vienna, has given three large concerts in the large Theatre, where he had what is called *succes d'estime*. This strange composer offends the taste of many by the sharp individual stamp of his productions, and by his originality which attacks all the traditions of the domain of music; but yet he is by no means without enthusiastic supporters. Berlioz is a man of great talent, but is remarkable for a predominance of the understanding, and for this reason he is defective in melody and is not popular. He is more successful in combining than in composing, and is therefore sought and prized chiefly by the scientific in music. Rossini also produced a great excitement at his appearance, but with the broad difference that in his case the scientific men were in the opposition and were brought over very slowly, while the public at once took the part of this Ceresus of melody. With Berlioz it is exactly the opposite; though many of the connoisseurs esteem him highly, he is received by the mass with surprise and a kind of sneering toleration.

To Berlioz, Felicien David forms a striking contrast. His *Desert* was recently performed at the theatre in Vienna, and was received with universal approbation. The unanimity with which

this foreign composer was appreciated, is mainly to be explained from his constantly approaching the ordinary style, by which he flatters the ear of the hearer, who listens to the new without being wholly removed from that with which he is already familiar.

¶ A letter of the 13th of December, from Frankfort, says: "The violinist, Vieuxtemps, who is now staying here, was on Friday last admitted with the usual solemnities into the Lutheran church, after having received preliminary religious instructions from a clergyman of this place. He was before a Catholic.

¶ The violiniste Lise Christiani, who is now in Berlin, is an original character. She is emancipated in the noblest sense of the word. She is proud of her origin among the lowest classes of the people, a queen of the *Cellos*. A prince asked her if she was indeed a native of Paris. "Yes," she answered, "I was born in the gutters of Paris."

¶ A letter from Vienna contains the following. "It grows more and more probable that a congress of the most important European Musical powers will here be assembled. The famous violinist Ernst is added to the virtuosos I before mentioned, and Vienxtemps is expected. They will, it is said, as a counterpart to the constellation of musical celebrities, which was brought before the Queen of England at the Castle of Hobensfels, give the Russian Emperor, who is expected in Vienna, a splendid entertainment in a "Concert d'Europe."

"How is your wife?" "O, badly, very badly. She thinks she has got to die; I think not. So we are both inconsolable."

THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE. According to the official communications of the Superintendent, the Royal architect Zwirner, the probable income for the prosecution of the work for the year 1846, will extend to some 50,000 Thalers. For this year it is designed to continue the northern cross-gable (15,000 Thalers); the completion of the arch in the northern side-ave, and the pillars and windows together with galleries over the northern side-ave (22,000 Thr.), and the northern tower, which is to be paid exclusively by the Central Union (10,000 Thr.); the balance (3,000 Thr.) is to be used in the purchase of materials and tools.

In Rome, on the 27th of December, as the advent was concluded, the whole seven theatres were opened for the first time at the beginning of the Carnival, and

the Holy City lived solely for the delights of the stage. At the *Metastasio*, *Aliberti* Fenice and *Liano*, dramas were performed; at the *Valle*, *Argentina* and *Apollo*, operas; at the latter, the special *Teatro nobile*, *Verdi* *Il Corsaro* was given with great applause. *Fanny Elsler* and *Johannah King* appeared again at the same house, for the whole Carnival. But *Elsler* was not permitted to gain any farther triumphs as *Esmerelda*. The subject of this ballet was thought by the police to be immoral, and the performance of it was forbidden.

The Trieste Gazette announces that Bishop *Arnoldi* said in his sermon on the first Christmas holiday, that it was wrong and sinful to read that paper, and that it could not be permitted to his flock to aid its existence by subscription. The Gazette declares "That those who now attempt what is impossible are fools."

¶ The Austrian Government has removed the prohibition which in 1824 was laid on the use of Animal Magnetism, under the limitation that the practice of it can only be allowed to regular physicians and surgeons.

PESTALOZZI'S MONUMENT. The remains of Pestalozzi, were on his hundredth birth-day, removed from their previous resting place at *Birr* in *Aargau*, and placed in a grave beside the new monument. The inscription on this monument is as follows: "Here rests Heinrich Pestalozzi; born in Zurich, January 12, 1746; died in Brugg, February 17, 1827; the savior of the poor at *Neuhof*, the father of the orphans at *Stanz*; at *Burgdorf* and *Müncherbuchsee* the founder of the new school for the people; at *Yverdun* the teacher of Mankind; Man, Christian, Citizen, all for others, nothing for himself! Peace to his ashes." At the foot of the monument these words are engraved, "Grateful Aargau, 1846."

¶ The Berlin and Hamburg rail-road is to be opened throughout in the course of this year.

¶ The number of Emigrants that in 1845 took ship at Antwerp was much greater than in any previous year. In 1844, there were only 2,961, but in 1845, 6,223, of whom 3,656 went to New York, 185 to New Orleans, 1,360 to Galveston, and 11 to St Thomas.

¶ JENNY LIND, in spite of her triumphs, is said to suffer from a profound and constant melancholy, which oppresses her to such a degree, that in the course of the present year she will finally retire from the stage.

BROOK FARM SCHOOL.

The Directors of the School connected with the Brook Farm Association have made arrangements for enlarging the establishment, and are now prepared to receive an additional number of pupils.

The course of study comprises instruction in the various branches usually taught in the High Schools and Academies of New England, with particular attention to the modern European languages and literature.

Pupils of different ages and of both sexes are received; a constant maternal care exercised over the youngest; and the more advanced subject to the friendly counsel and assistance of the teachers, without the restraints of arbitrary discipline. Young men are fitted for College, or for commercial pursuits, or carried through a course of instruction, in the higher branches usually taught in the University.

Lessons are given in Music, Dancing, Drawing, and Painting, without any extra charge.

The School is under the immediate direction of Mr. and Mrs. RIPLEY, Mr. DWIGHT, and Mr. DANA, assisted by experienced teachers in the different departments; and every pupil of tender age is entrusted to the particular care of a lady of the establishment, who has charge of his wardrobe, personal habits, and physical education.

For young children, who are deprived of parental care, and for older pupils who wish to pursue a thorough and exact course of study, without the usual confinement of a large seminary, it is believed that this School affords advantages, that are rarely to be met with.

TERMS.—FOUR DOLLARS a week for board, washing, fuel, lights, and instruction in all branches.

Application may be made by mail to
GEORGE RIPLEY.

Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass. }
March 21, 1846. }

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

IV.

To the joy which Consuelo experienced at pressing in her arms her master and benefactor, succeeded a painful feeling which she had some difficulty in concealing. A year had not passed since she left Porpora, and that year of uncertainties, of vexations and sorrows, had imprinted on the gloomy brow of the maestro the deep traces of suffering and of old age. He had acquired that unhealthy embonpoint into which inaction and languor of soul cast a failing organization. His look had still the fire which formerly animated it, and a certain puffy coloring of his features betrayed fatal attempts to seek in wine the forgetfulness of his misfortunes, or the renewal of his inspiration chilled by age and discouragement. The unfortunate composer had flattered himself that he should find at Vienna some new chances of success and fortune. He had been received there with a cold esteem, and he found his rivals, more happy, in possession of the Imperial favor and the fondness of the public. Metastasio had written dramas and oratorios for Caldera, for Predieri, for Fuchs, for Reuter and for Hasse; Metastasio, the poet of the court, (*poeta Cesareo*), the writer in fashion, the *new Albano*, the favorite of the muses and the ladies, the charming, the precious, the harmonious, the flowing, the divine Metastasio; in a word, he of all the dramatic cooks whose dishes had the most agreeable taste and the most easy digestion, had not written anything for Porpora, and had not been willing to promise him anything. The maestro had still perhaps ideas; he had at least his science, his admirable understanding of the voice, his good Neapoli-

tan traditions, his severe taste, his broad style, and his bold and masculine recitatives, the grand beauty of which had never been equalled. But he had no public, and he asked in vain for a poem. He was neither a flatterer, nor an intriguer; his rough frankness made him enemies, and his bad humor repulsed every body.

He carried this feeling even into the affectionate and paternal welcome which he gave to Consuelo. "And why did you leave Bohemia so soon?" said he, after having embraced her with emotion. "Why do you come here, unfortunate child? There are no ears here to listen to you, no hearts to comprehend you; this is no place for you, my daughter. Your old master has fallen into public contempt, and if you wish to succeed, you will do well to imitate others and pretend not to know him, or to despise him, as do all those who owe to him their talent, their fortune and their glory."

"Alas! then you doubt me also?" said Consuelo, whose eyes filled with tears. "You wish to refuse my affection and my devotedness, and to turn against me the suspicion and disdain which others have excited in your soul! O my master! you shall see that I do not deserve this insult. You shall see! that is all I can say to you."

Porpora contracted his eyebrows, turned his back, made several steps in his chamber, returned towards Consuelo, and seeing that she wept, but finding nothing gentle and tender to say to her, he took her handkerchief from her hands and passed it over her eyes with a paternal roughness, saying: "Come, come!" Consuelo saw that he was pale, and that he smothered deep sighs in his broad chest; but he restrained his emotion, and drawing a chair to her side: "Come," resumed he, "give me an account of your residence at Bohemia, and tell me why you returned from there so suddenly. Speak then," added he, with a little impatience. "Have n't you a thousand things to tell me! Did you get tired

there? or did the Rudolstadt behave ill to you? Yes, they also are capable of having wounded and tormented you! God knows, they were the only persons in the universe in whom I still had faith; but God knows also that all men are capable of all that is evil."

"Do not say that, my friend," replied Consuelo. "The Rudolstadt are angels, and I ought to speak of them only on my knees; but I was obliged to leave them, I was obliged to fly from them, and even without giving them notice, without saying good-bye."

"What does that mean? Is it that you have any fault towards them to reproach yourself with? Shall I be obliged to blush for you, and regret having sent you to those honest people?"

"O! no, no, thank God, master! I have nothing with which to reproach myself, and you have not to blush for me."

"What is it then?"

Consuelo, who knew how necessary it was to make short and quick answers to Porpora when he gave his attention to the acquisition of a fact or an idea, announced to him in a few words, that Count Albert had wished to marry her, and that she could not make up her mind to promise him anything before having consulted her adopted father.

Porpora made a face of anger and irony. "Count Albert!" cried he, "the heir of the Rudolstadt, the descendant of the kings of Bohemia, the lord of Riesenbourg! he has wished to marry you! you, a little gypsy! you, the fright of the scuola, the girl without a father, the actress without money and without an engagement! you, who have asked charity, barefoot, upon the squares of Venice?"

"Me! your pupil! me, your adopted daughter! yes; me, the Porporina!" replied Consuelo, with a quiet and gentle pride.

"A beautiful distinction and a brilliant condition! In fact," returned the maestro bitterly, "I had forgotten those in the catalogue. The last and only pupil of a master without a school, the future heir-

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

ess of his rags and his shame, the continuer of a name which is already effaced from the memory of men! That is something to be proud of, and something to turn the heads of the sons of the most illustrious families!"

"Apparently, master," said Consuelo, with a melancholy and caressing smile, "we have not yet fallen so low in the estimation of good men as you are pleased to believe; for it is certain that the Count wishes to marry me, and that I come here to ask your approbation to consent, or your assistance to refuse."

"Consuelo," replied old Porpora, in a cold and severe tone, "I do not like these follies. You should have known that I hate the romances of school-girls and the adventures of coquettes. I never should have thought you capable of getting such nonsense into your head, and I am really ashamed of you when I hear such stories. It is possible that the young Count of Rudolstadt may have taken a fancy to you, and that, in the ennui of solitude, or in the enthusiasm of music, he may have paid you some trifling attentions; but how have you been so impatient as to take the matter in a serious light, and to give yourself, by this ridiculous pretence, the airs of a princess of romance? You excite my pity, and if the old Count, if the canoness, if the baroness Amelia, are informed of your pretensions, I am ashamed of you; I tell you once again, I blush for you."

Consuelo knew that it would not do to contradict Porpora when he was inclined to declaim, nor to interrupt him in the middle of a lecture. She let him breathe out his indignation, and when he had said to her all he could imagine most wounding and most unjust, she related to him, point by point, with the accent of truth and the most scrupulous exactness, all that had passed at Giant's castle, between herself, Count Albert, Count Christian, Amelia, the canoness and Anzoleto. Porpora, who, after having given free scope to his necessity of indignation and invectives, knew, likewise, how to listen and comprehend, gave the most serious attention to her recital; and when she had finished, asked her many additional questions, in order to possess himself of new details, and penetrate completely into the domestic life and sentiments of the whole family.

"Then"—said he at last, "you have done well, Consuelo. You have been wise, you have been dignified, you have been strong, as I ought to have expected. It is well. Heaven has protected you, and will recompense you by delivering you once for all from that infamous Anzoleto. As to the young Count, you must not think of him. I forbid you. Such a lot is not fitted for you. Never would

Count Christian permit you again to become an artist. I know better than you do the unconquerable pride of the nobles. Therefore, unless you entertain in this respect illusions which I should consider puerile and foolish, I do not think that you will hesitate an instant between the fortunes of the great and those of the children of art. What do you think? Answer me, then! By the body of Bacchus! one would say you did not understand me!"

"I understand you very well, my master, and I see that you have comprehended nothing of all that I have said to you."

"How, I have comprehended nothing! I comprehend nothing now, is it so?" And the little black eyes of the maestro sparkled again with the fire of anger. Consuelo, who knew her Porpora to his finger's ends, saw that she must stand her ground if she wished to be heard anew.

"No, you have not comprehended me," replied she with assurance; "for you suppose in me ambitious desires very different from those which I have. I do not envy the fortune of the great, be persuaded, and do not ever tell me, my master, that I allow it any way to affect my determination. I despise the advantages which are not acquired by one's own merit; you have educated me in this principle, and I shall never depart from it. But there is surely something in life other than money or vanity, and that something is sufficiently precious to counterbalance the intoxications of glory and the joys of an artist's life. I mean the love of a man like Albert; I mean domestic happiness and family joys. The public is a capricious master, ungrateful, tyrannical. A noble spouse is a friend, a support, another self. If I should ever love Albert as he loves me, I should think no more of glory, and probably I should be more happy."

"What foolish talk is this!" cried the maestro. "Have you become crazed? Have you given in to the German sentimentality! Good God! into what a contempt of art have you fallen, madam the countess! You have just told me that your Albert, as you allow yourself to call him, excited in you rather fear than inclination; that you felt yourself dying of cold and dread by his side; and a thousand other things, which I have very well understood and comprehended, if it please you; and now, when you are delivered from his pursuits; now, when you are restored to liberty, the only good, the only condition of development in an artist; you come to ask me if you must not again place the stone about your neck, and throw yourself to the bottom of the well inhabited by your visionary

lover! Eh! go then! do as you think best; I will not interfere any more with you, and have nothing more to say to you. I will not lose my time in talking with a person who neither knows what she says nor what she wants. You have not common sense, and I am your humble servant."

On saying this Porpora seated himself at his harpsichord, and improvised with a firm and dry manner, several skilful modulations, during which Consuelo, in despair of leading him that day to examine the fundamental question, reflected upon the means of at least restoring him to better humor. She succeeded by singing to him the national airs which she had learned in Bohemia, the originality of which transported the old master. Then she gently lead him to show her the last compositions he had attempted. She sang them to him at sight with such perfection that he recovered all his enthusiasm, all his tenderness for her. The unfortunate man, having no skilful pupil by his side, and distrusting every one who approached him, no longer enjoyed the pleasure of having his thoughts rendered by a beautiful voice, and understood by a beautiful soul. He was so touched at hearing himself expressed according to his heart, by his great and always docile Porporina, that he shed tears of joy, and pressed her to his bosom, as he cried: "Ah! you are the first cantatrice in the world! Your voice has doubled in volume and extent, and you have made as much progress as if I had been giving you lessons every day during the past year. Once more, once more, my daughter, sing that theme again. You give me the first instant of happiness I have tasted for many months!"

They dined together, very meagrely, at a little table near the window. Porpora was poorly lodged; his chamber, dull, gloomy, and always in disorder, looked upon a narrow and deserted corner of the street. Consuelo, seeing him well-disposed, ventured to speak of Joseph Haydn. The only thing she had hidden from him was her long pedestrian journey with that young man, and the strange events which had established between them so sweet and so loyal an intimacy. She knew that her master would take a prejudice, according to his custom, against every aspirer to his lessons who should be introduced to him with a eulogium. She therefore mentioned, with an air of indifference, that as she approached Vienna, she had encountered in a carriage a poor little devil, who had spoken of the school of Porpora with so much respect and enthusiasm, that she had almost promised to intercede in his favor with Porpora himself.

"Eh! what is he, that young man!"

asked the maestro; "and to what does he destine himself? To become an artist, without doubt, since he is a poor devil! O! I thank him for his patronage. I mean to teach singing henceforth only to sons of families. They pay, learn nothing, and are proud of our lessons, because they flatter themselves they know something on leaving our hands. But artists, all mean, all ungrateful, all traitors and liars! Do not speak to me of them. I never wish to see one pass the threshold of this chamber. If it should happen, look you, I would throw him from the window on the very instant."

Consuelo tried to overcome his prejudices; but she found him so obstinate that she gave up the attempt, and leaning from the window, at a moment when her master had his back turned, she made one sign with her fingers, and then another. Joseph, who was prowling about the street expecting this agreed signal, understood that the first movement of the fingers told him to renounce all hope of being admitted by Porpora as a pupil; the second gave him notice not to appear for half an hour.

Consuelo talked of something else to make Porpora forget what she had just said, and when the half hour had passed, Joseph knocked at the door. Consuelo went to open it, pretended not to know him, and returned to announce to the maestro that it was a valet who presented himself to enter his service.

"Let me see your face!" cried Porpora to the trembling young man; "approach! who told you that I wanted a servant? I do not want one."

"If you have no need of a servant," answered Joseph, confused, but keeping a good countenance, as Consuelo had recommended, "it is very unfortunate for me, sir; for I have great need of a master."

"One would say that nobody but I could give you the means of earning your livelihood!" replied Porpora. "Here, look at my apartment and my furniture; do you think I require a lacquey to arrange all that?"

"Eh! certainly, yes sir, you must require one," returned Haydn, affecting a confiding simplicity; "for all that is in very bad order."

Saying this, he went immediately to work, and began to arrange the chamber with a symmetry and sang froid which gave Porpora an inclination to laugh. Joseph risked all for all; for if his zeal had not diverted the master, he ran the risk of being paid by blows of his cane. "This is a queer chap, who wishes to serve me in spite of myself," said Porpora, as he saw him doing thus. "I tell you, idiot, I have no means of paying a

servant. Will you continue to be so zealous?"

"No matter for that, sir, provided you gave me your old clothes and a bit of bread every day, I would be satisfied. I am so poor, that I should consider myself happy not to be obliged to beg my bread."

"But why do you not enter some rich house?"

"Impossible, sir; they consider me too little and too ugly. Besides, I know nothing about music; and you know that all the great lords now-a-days wish their lacqueys to know how to play a little on the violin or the flute, for chamber concerts. As for me, I have never been able to beat a note of music into my head."

"Ah ha! you know nothing of music. Well, you are the man to suit me. If you are satisfied with your food and my old clothes, I will take you; for, now I think of it, here is my daughter who will require a faithful lad to run her errands. Let us see! What can you do? Brush clothes, black shoes, sweep, open and shut the door!"

"Yes sir, I know how to do all that."

"Well! begin. Get ready for me the coat you see lying on my bed, for I am going in an hour to the ambassador's. You will accompany me, Consuelo. I wish to present you to monsignor Corner, whom you know already, and who has just arrived from the Springs with the signora. There is a little chamber below, which I give up to you; go and make some little toilet, while I also prepare."

Consuelo obeyed, crossed the ante-chamber, and entering the little gloomy cabinet which was to be her apartment, and dressed herself in her eternal black gown and her faithful white neckerchief, which had made the journey on Joseph's shoulder. "This is not a very beautiful equipment to go to the embassy in," thought she; "but they saw me commence thus at Venice, and it did not prevent my singing well, and being heard with pleasure."

When she was ready, she again passed into the ante-chamber, and there found Haydn gravely curling Porpora's wig, hung upon a stick. On looking at each other, they both stifled a great burst of laughter. "Eh! how do you manage to arrange that beautiful wig?" said she to him in a low voice, so as not to be heard by Porpora, who was dressing in the next chamber.

"Bah!" replied Joseph, "that is easy enough. I have often seen Keller at work! And besides, he gave me a lesson this morning, and will give me more, that I may reach the perfection of the *lisse* and the *crepe*."

"Ah! take courage, my poor lad,"

said Consuelo, clasping his hand; "the master will finally allow himself to be disarmed. The paths of art are strewn with thorns, but one succeeds in gathering beautiful flowers therein."

"Thanks for the metaphor, dear sister Consuelo. Be sure that I shall not be discouraged; and if, on passing me on the stairs, or in the kitchen, you will say a little word of encouragement and friendship to me from time to time, I shall bear all with pleasure."

"I will assist you to fulfil your duties," returned Consuelo, smiling. "Do you believe then that I also did not commence as you do? When I was little, I was often Porpora's servant, I have more than once run his errands, beaten his chocolate, and ironed his bands. Here now, to begin, I will show you how to brush this coat, for you know nothing about it; you break the buttons and spoil the facing." She took the brush from his hands, and gave him the example with address and dexterity; but, hearing Porpora approach, she repassed the brush to him precipitately, and resumed a grave air to say to him in presence of the master: "Well boy, despatch!"

V.

It was not to the embassy of Venice, but to the ambassador's, that is to say, to the house of his mistress, that Porpora conducted Consuelo. Wilhelmina was a beautiful creature, infatuated with music, and whose whole pleasure, whose whole ambition was to assemble at her house in a small circle, those artists and dilettanti whom she could attract there, without compromising by too much ostentation, the diplomatic dignity of monsignor Corner. At the appearance of Consuelo, there was a moment of surprise, of doubt, then a cry of joy and an effusion of cordiality, as soon as it was certain that it was indeed the Zingarella, the wonder of the preceding year at Saint Samuel. Wilhelmina, who had seen her quite a child come to her house behind Porpora, carrying his music and following him like a little dog, had cooled much with regard to her, on seeing her afterwards receive so much applause and homage in the saloons of the nobility, and so many crowns upon the stage. It was not that this beautiful person was wicked, or that she designed to be jealous of a girl so long considered ugly enough to frighten one. But Wilhelmina liked to play the great lady, as do all who are not so. She had sung great pieces with Porpora, (who, treating her as an amateur of talent, had let her try every thing,) while poor Consuelo was still studying that famous little manuscript in which the master had concentrated all his method of

singing, and to which he kept his serious pupils for five or six years. Wilhelmina, therefore, did not imagine that she could have for the Zingarella any other feeling than a charitable interest. But from having formerly given her some sugar-plums, or having put into her hands a picture-book to prevent her being wearied with waiting in her anti-chamber, she concluded that she had been one of the most efficient protectresses of that young talent. She had therefore considered it very extraordinary and very improper that Consuelo, arrived at once at the height of triumph, had not shown herself humble, zealous, and full of gratitude towards her. She had expected that whenever she might have a little reunion of select men, Consuelo would graciously and gratuitously provide the entertainment of the evening, by singing for her and with her, as often and as long as she desired, and that she could present her to her friends, assuming the air of having assisted her débuts, and almost formed her to the intelligence of music. Matters had passed otherwise: Porpora, who had much more at heart the wish of immediately raising his pupil, Consuelo, to the rank which belonged to her in the hierarchy of art, than that of pleasing his protectress, Wilhelmina, had laughed in his sleeve at the pretensions of the latter; and had forbidden Consuelo to accept the invitations, rather too familiar at first, rather too imperious afterwards, of madam the ambassadress of the left hand. He had found a thousand pretexts to excuse him from carrying her there; and Wilhelmina had thereat taken a strange spite against the débutante, even so far as to say that she was not handsome enough ever to have undisputed success; that her voice, agreeable in a saloon in truth, wanted sonorousness at the theatre; that she did not fulfil upon the stage all the promises of her childhood, and a thousand other malices of the same kind, known in every age and country. But the enthusiastic clamor of the public had soon smothered these little inauations, and Wilhelmina, who piqued herself on being a good judge, a skilful pupil of Porpora, and a generous soul, had not dared to pursue this underhand war against the most brilliant pupil of the maestro, and against the idol of the public. She had joined her voice to those of the true dilettanti to exalt Consuelo, and if she did still slander her a little for the pride and ambition she had manifested in not placing her voice at the disposal of madam the ambassadress, it was in quite a low voice, and in the ear indeed of some few, that madam the ambassadress allowed herself to blame her.

This time, when she saw Consuelo come to her in her modest toilet of former

days, and when Porpora presented her officially, which he had never done before, vain and frivolous as she was, Wilhelmina forgave all, and attributed to herself a part of generous greatness as she kissed the Zingarella on both cheeks. "She is ruined," thought she; "she has committed some folly, or lost her voice, perhaps; for nothing has been heard of her for a long while. She returns to us without conditions. Now is the true moment to pity her, to protect her, and to put her talents to the proof or to profit."

Consuelo had so gentle and so conciliating an air, that Wilhelmina, not finding in her that tone of haughty prosperity which she supposed her to have assumed at Venice, felt herself quite at ease with her and paid her great attentions. Some Italians, friends of the ambassador, who were there, united with her in overwhelming Consuelo with praises and questions, which she was able to elude with address and cheerfulness. But suddenly her countenance became serious, and a certain emotion betrayed itself, when, in the midst of a group of Germans who were looking at her with curiosity from the extremity of the saloon, she recognized a face which had already troubled her elsewhere; that of the unknown, the friend of the canon, who had so much examined and interrogated her, three days before, at the curate's of the village in which she had sung the mass with Joseph Haydn. This unknown again examined her with an extreme curiosity, and it was easy to see that he was questioning his neighbors respecting her. Wilhelmina noticed Consuelo's pre-occupation: "You are looking at Mr. Holzbäuer!" said she to her. "Do you know him?"

"I do not know him," replied Consuelo, "and I am ignorant if it be he I am looking at."

"He is the first on the right of the mantel-piece," returned the ambassadress. "He is at present the director of the court theatre, and his wife is first cantatrice at the same theatre. He abuses his position," added she in a low voice, "to treat the court and city with his operas, which, between ourselves, are good for nothing. Do you wish me to make you acquainted with him? He is a very agreeable man."

"A thousand thanks, signora," replied Consuelo; "I am of too little consequence here to be presented to such a personage, and I am certain beforehand that he will not engage me for his theatre."

"And why so, dear heart? Can that beautiful voice, which had not its equal in all Italy, have suffered by your residence in Bohemia? for you have lived all

this time in Bohemia, they say; in the coldest and dullest country in the world! It is very bad for the chest, and I am not astonished that you have experienced its effects. But that is nothing, you will recover your voice under our beautiful sun of Venice."

Consuelo, seeing that Wilhelmina was quite in a hurry to decide upon the alteration in her voice, abstained from contradicting this opinion, especially as her companion had herself made the question and the answer. She was not troubled at this charitable supposition, but at the antipathy she had a right to expect in Holzbäuer in consequence of a somewhat rude and sincere answer respecting his music, which had escaped her at the breakfast in the presbytery. The maestro of the court would not fail to revenge himself by relating in what an equipment and in what company he had met her on the road, and Consuelo feared that this adventure, reaching the ears of Porpora, might prejudice him against her, and especially against poor Joseph.

It happened otherwise: Holzbäuer said not a word of the adventure, for reasons which will be known hereafter; and far from showing the least animosity to Consuelo, he approached her and directed at her glances, the merry malice of which seemed only benevolent. She pretended not to understand them. She would have feared to appear to ask his secrecy, and whatever might be the consequences of this meeting, she was too proud not to brave them tranquilly.

Her attention was distracted from this incident by the face of an old man, who had a hard and haughty expression, but who still showed much desire to engage in conversation with Porpora; but the latter, faithful to his crusty humor, hardly answered him, and every moment made an effort, or sought a pretext to get rid of him. "That," said Wilhelmina, who was not displeased at making for Consuelo a list of celebrities who adorned her saloon, "is an illustrious master, Buononcini. He has just arrived from Paris, where he himself played the violoncello in an anthem of his own composition before the king; you know that it is he who excited enthusiasm so long in London, and who, after an obstinate contest between theatre and theatre against Handel, finished by vanquishing the latter in the opera."

"Do not say that, signora," sharply ejaculated Porpora, who had freed himself from Buononcini, and who, approaching the two ladies, had heard the last words of Wilhelmina; "O! do not utter such a blasphemy! no one has vanquished Handel, no one will vanquish him. I know my Handel, and you do not yet know him. He is the first among us,

and I confess it, though I also had the audacity to contend against him in the days of his youth; I was crushed, that ought to be, that is just. Buononcini, more lucky, but not more modest or more skilful than I, has triumphed in the eyes of fools and in the ears of barbarians. Do not therefore believe those who speak to you of that triumph; it will be the eternal ridicule of my brother Buononcini, and England will one day blush at having preferred his operas to those of a genius, of a giant such as Handel. Mode, fashion as they call it there, bad taste, the favorable construction of the theatre, a clique, intrigues, and, more than all, the talent of the wonderful singers whom Buononcini had for interpreters, gave him the advantage in appearance. But in sacred music Handel takes a formidable revenge — and, as to Mr. Buononcini, I do not think much of him. I do not like pilferers, and I say that he has pilfered his success in the opera quite as legitimately as in the cantata."

Porpora alluded to a scandalous theft which had excited all the musical world; Buononcini having attributed to himself in England the glory of a composition which Loui had made thirty years before, and which the latter had succeeded in proving to be his in a signal manner, after a long debate with the brazen-faced maestro. Wilhelmina tried to defend Buononcini; and this contradiction having excited Porpora's bile; "I tell you, I maintain," cried he, without caring for being heard by Buononcini, "that Handel is superior, even in the opera, to all men of the past and present. I will prove it to you on the instant. Consuelo, place yourself at the piano, and sing to us the air I shall designate."

"I die with anxiety to hear the admirable Porporina," returned Wilhelmina: "but I beseech you that she do not make her debut here, in presence of Buononcini and Mr. Holzbauer with Handel's music. They might not feel flattered by such a choice —"

"I believe you," said Porpora, "it is their living condemnation, their sentence of death!"

"Well! in that case," replied she, "let her sing something of your own, master."

"You know, without doubt, that would not excite any body's jealousy! but I, I wish her to sing Handel's! I wish it!"

"Master, do not require me to sing to-day," said Consuelo, "I have just arrived from a long journey —"

"Certainly, that would be abusing her willingness to oblige, and I do not ask her, for one," returned Wilhelmina. "In presence of the judges who are here, and of Mr. Holzbauer especially, who has

the direction of the imperial theatre, you must not compromise your pupil; be careful."

"Compromise her! what are you thinking of!" said Porpora rudely, shrugging his shoulders; "I have heard her this morning, and I know if she risks compromising herself before your Germans!"

This discussion was fortunately interrupted by the arrival of a new personage. Every body hastened to welcome him, and Consuelo, who, in her childhood, had seen and heard at Venice, that thin man, effeminate in face, with haughty manners and a swaggering air, though she now saw him again, grown old, faded, ugly, ridiculously frizzed and dressed with the bad taste of a Celadon, recognized on the instant, so strange a recollection had she preserved of him, the incomparable, the inimitable sopranist Majorano, surnamed Caffarelli, or rather Caffariello, as he was called every where, except in France.

It was impossible to imagine a more impertinent sop than this good Caffariello. The women had spoilt him by their flatteries, the acclamations of the public had turned his head. He had been so handsome, or, to speak better, so pretty in his youth, that he had made his debuts in Italy in the parts of women; now that he was nearly fifty, (he appeared much older even than his age, as do most sopranists,) it was difficult to think of him in Dido, or in Galatea, without having a strong inclination to laugh. To retrieve what there was strange in his person, he assumed the air of a great bully, and on every occasion elevated his clear and sweet voice, without being able to change its nature. With all these affectations, with this exuberance of vanity, he had a good side nevertheless. Caffariello felt the superiority of his talent too much to be amiable; but he also felt too much the dignity of his character as an artist to be a courtier. He foolishly and obstinately contradicted the most important personages, even sovereigns, and on that account he was not liked by the mean flatterers whom his impertinence criticised too strongly. The true friends of art forgave him all, on account of his genius as virtuoso, and, spite of all the meannesses with which he was reproached as a man, they were compelled to recognize in his life traits of courage and of generosity as an artist.

It was not voluntarily and with a deliberate purpose, that he had testified negligence and a kind of ingratitude towards Porpora. He recollected very well that he had studied eight years with him, and that he had learnt from him all he knew; but he recollected still better the day on which his master had said to him: "Now I have nothing more to teach you; Va,

figlio mio, tu sei il primo musico del mondo;" And from that day, Caffariello, who was in fact, (after Farinelli,) the first singer in the world, had ceased to interest himself about anything which was not himself. "Since I am the first," he had said to himself, "apparently I am the only one. The world was created for me; Heaven has given genius to poets and composers only to make Caffariello sing. Porpora has been the first master of vocal music in the universe, only because he was destined to form Caffariello. Now the work of Porpora is finished, his mission is accomplished, and for the glory, for the happiness, for the immortality of Porpora, it is enough that Caffariello lives and sings." Caffariello had lived and sung, he was rich and triumphant, Porpora was poor and neglected; but Caffariello was very easy, and said to himself that he had amassed sufficient gold and celebrity to pay his master well for having launched into the world such a prodigy as he.

VL

Caffariello, on entering, made a very slight salutation to every body, but went and kissed Wilhelmina's hand tenderly and respectfully: after which he accosted his director Holzbauer with a patronizing air, and shook the hand of his master Porpora with a careless familiarity. Divided between the indignation which his manners caused him, and the necessity of keeping well with him, (for by asking an opera from him for the theatre, and taking upon himself the first part, Caffariello could retrieve the maestro's circumstances,) Porpora began to compliment and to question him upon the triumphs he had just achieved in France, in a tone of irony too delicate for his foppishness to perceive.

"France!" replied Caffariello; "don't talk to me of France! it is the country of small music, of small musicians, of small amateurs, and of small great lords. Imagine a varlet like Louis XV., sending me by one of his first gentlemen, after having heard me in half a dozen delightful concerts, guess what! a poor snuff-box!"

"But in gold, and ornamented with diamonds of value, doubtless!" said Porpora, ostentatiously taking out his own, which was of wood of the fig-tree.

"Eh! doubtless," returned the soprano; "but see what impertinence! no portrait. To me, a simple snuff-box, as if I needed a box to keep my snuff in! Fie! what a royal shop-keeper! I was indignant at it."

"And I hope," said Porpora, filling his malicious nose with tobacco, "that

you gave a good lesson to that little king."

"I did not fail, *corpo di Dio!* 'Sir,' said I to the first gentleman, opening a drawer before his dazzled eyes; 'there are thirty snuff-boxes, of which the poorest is worth thirty times as much as that which you offer me; and you see, moreover, that the other sovereigns have not disdained to honor me with their miniatures. Tell that to the king your master. Caffariello is not short of snuff-boxes."

"By the blood of Bacchus! that king must have been well abashed!" returned Porpora.

"Wait! that was not all. The gentleman had the insolence to answer me that as regarded strangers, his majesty only gave his portrait to ambassadors."

"Oh ho! the clown! and what did you reply to that?"

"Listen, sir," said I, "learn that with all the ambassadors in the world you cannot make one Caffariello!"

"A fine and good reply! Ah! there I recognize my Caffariello! And you did not accept his snuff-box?"

"No, *Dio Santo!*" replied Caffariello, drawing from his pocket, with an absent air, a gold snuff-box enriched with brilliants.

"That is not it, by chance?" said Porpora looking at the box indifferently. "But tell me, did you see our young princess of Saxony! she whose fingers I placed upon the harpsichord for the first time, at Dresden, when the queen of Poland, her mother, honored me with her protection! She was an amiable little princess!"

"Maria Josephine?"

"Yes, the great dauphiness of France."

"Did I see her! intimately! she is a very good person. Ah! the good woman! 'Pon honor, we are the best friends in the world. Here! she gave me that!' And he showed an enormous diamond which he had on his finger.

"But they say too that she laughed heartily at your answer to the king about his present."

"Without doubt, she thought I answered very well, and that the king her brother-in-law, had acted with me like a pedant."

"She told you so, truly?"

"She gave me to understand so, and sent me a passport which she had made the king himself sign."

All who heard this dialogue turned away to laugh in their sleeves. Buononcini, speaking of Caffariello's braggadocio doings in France, had related an hour before, that the dauphiness, on sending him that passport adorned with the master's signature, had made him remark that it was available for ten days only, which was clearly equivalent to an order to leave

the kingdom with the least possible delay.

Caffariello, perhaps fearing lest he should be interrogated respecting this circumstance, changed the conversation. "Well, master!" said he to Porpora, "have you educated many pupils at Venice in these latter times? Have you produced any which give you hopes?"

"Do not speak to me of them!" replied Porpora. "Since yourself, Heaven has been avaricious, and my school sterile. When God had created man he rested. Since Porpora has made Caffariello, he crosses his arms and is wearied."

"Good master!" returned Caffariello, charmed by the compliment which he took entirely in good part, "you have too much indulgence for me. But still you had some pupils of promise, when I saw you at the *scuola dei Mendicanti*? You had already formed the little Corilla, who was approved by the public; a beautiful creature, by my faith!"

"A beautiful creature, nothing more."

"Nothing more, in truth?" asked Mr. Holzbäuer, who had his ears open.

"Nothing more, I assure you," replied Porpora, authoritatively.

"It is well to know that," said Holzbäuer speaking in his ear. "She arrived here last evening, quite ill from what I am told: and yet this very morning I received propositions on her part to enter the court theatre."

"She is not what you want," returned Porpora. "Your wife sings ten times better than she does!" He had almost said "less badly," but was able to recover himself in time.

"I thank you for your information," replied the manager.

"What! no other pupil than the fat Corilla?" resumed Caffariello. "Is Venice dry? I have a great desire to go there next spring with madam Tesi."

"Why should you not?"

"But the Tesi is infatuated with Dresden. Can't I find a cat to mew at Venice? I am not very difficult, nor is the public, when it has a primo uomo of my quality to carry the whole opera. A pretty voice, docile and intelligent, would satisfy me for the duets. Ah! by the bye, master! what have you done with a little Moorish looking body I saw with you?"

"I have taught many Moorish looking bodies."

"O! that one had a prodigious voice, and I remember that I said to you when I heard her: 'There is a little fright who will make a stir in the world!' I even amused myself by singing something to her. Poor child! she shed tears of admiration."

"Ah ha!" said Porpora looking at Consuelo, who turned as red as the nose of the maestro.

"What the devil was she called?" resumed Caffariello. "A strange name — come, you must recollect her, maestro; she was ugly as all the devils."

"It was I," replied Consuelo, who, overcoming her embarrassment with frankness and cheerfulness, went and saluted Caffariello gaily and respectfully.

Caffariello was not to be disconcerted by such a trifle.

"You?" said he quickly, taking her hand. "You lie; for you are a very handsome girl, and she of whom I speak —"

"O! it was I truly!" returned Consuelo. "Look at me well! You will recognize me. It is indeed the same Consuelo."

"Consuelo! yes, that was her devil of a name. But I do not recognize you at all, and I fear much that they have changed you. My child, if in acquiring beauty, you have lost the voice and talent you gave promise of, you would have done better to have remained ugly."

"I want you to hear her!" said Porpora, who burned with the desire of bringing out his pupil before Holzbäuer. And he pushed Consuelo to the harpsichord, a little against her will; for it was a long while since she had encountered a skilful audience, and she was by no means prepared to sing that evening.

"You are mystifying me," said Caffariello. "This is not the same person whom I saw at Venice."

"You shall judge," replied Porpora.

"Indeed, master, it is cruel to make me sing, when I still have fifty leagues of dust in my throat," said Consuelo timidly.

"No matter, sing!" replied the maestro.

"Be not afraid of me, my child," said Caffariello; "I know what indulgence we must have, and to encourage you, I will sing with you, if you wish."

"On that condition, I will obey," replied she; "and the happiness I shall have in hearing you will prevent my thinking of myself."

"What can we sing together?" asked Caffariello of Porpora. "Do you choose a duet?"

"Choose one yourself. There is nothing she cannot sing with you."

"Well then! something of your style; I wish to give you pleasure to day, maestro: and besides, I know that the signora Wilhelmina has all your music here, bound and gilt with an oriental luxury."

"Yes," grumbled Porpora between his teeth, "my works are more richly dressed than I."

Caffariello took the books, turned over their leaves and chose a duet from the *Eumene*, an opera which the maestro had written at Rome for Farinelli. He sang

the first solo with that grandeur, that perfection, that *maestria*, which made his hearers forget in an instant all his ridiculousness, and left room only for admiration and enthusiasm. Consuelo felt herself reanimated and vivified with all the power of that extraordinary man, and sang in her turn, the woman's solo better perhaps than she had ever sung in her life.

Caffariello did not wait till she had finished, to interrupt her by explosions of applause. "Ah! *cara!*" cried he several times; "now I recognize you. It is indeed the wonderful child I noticed at Venice: but now, *figlia mia*, you are a prodigy (*un portento*.) it is Caffariello who declares it to you."

Wilhelmina was a little surprised, a little put out of countenance, at finding Consuelo more powerful than she had been at Venice. Spite of the pleasure of having the debut of such a talent in her saloon at Vienna, she could not see herself, without some fear and vexation, reduced to the condition of not daring to sing any more before her accustomed guests after such a virtuoso. She made, nevertheless, a great noise with her admiration. Holzbauer, always smiling in his cravat, but fearing that he could not find money enough in his chest to pay so great a cantatrice, maintained, in the midst of his praises, a diplomatic reserve; Buononcini declared that Consuelo surpassed even madam Hasse and madam Cuzzoni. The ambassador was so transported, that Wilhelmina was terrified, especially when she saw him take a great sapphire from his finger, to put it upon that of Consuelo, who dared neither accept nor refuse it. The duet was asked for again with enthusiasm; but the door opened, and the lacquey, with a respectful solemnity, announced his lordship the Count Hoditz: every body rose with that movement of instinctive respect which is yielded, not to the most illustrious, nor to the most worthy, but to the most rich.

"I must be very unfortunate," thought Consuelo, "to meet here all at once, and without time to parley, two persons who have seen me on my journey with Joseph, and who have doubtless received a false idea of my morals and of my connection with him. No matter, good and honest Joseph, in spite of all the calumnies which our friendship may give rise to, I will never disavow it in my heart, or in my words."

Count Hoditz, covered all over with gold and embroidery, advanced toward Wilhelmina, and by the manner in which he kissed the hand of that kept woman, Consuelo understood the difference that was made between such a mistress of the house and the proud patrician ladies whom she had seen at Venice. The

guests were more gallant, more amiable, and more gay at Wilhelmina's; but they spoke more quickly, walked less lightly, crossed their legs higher, put their backs to the chimney; in fine, they were quite other men than in the official world. They seemed better pleased with this freedom from ceremony; but there was at the bottom a something wounding and contemptuous, which Consuelo perceived at once, though that something, masked by the habits of the fashionable world and the respect due to the ambassador, was almost imperceptible.

Count Hoditz was, above all, remarkable for that fine shade of *laissez-aller* which, far from shocking Wilhelmina, seemed to her an additional homage. Consuelo suffered only for that poor person whose satisfied thirst of glory appeared to her so miserable. As for herself, she was not offended; Zingarella, she had no pretensions, and not even requiring a look, she did not by any means care if she were saluted two or three lines higher or lower.

"I come here to perform my part of singer," said she to herself, "and provided they approve me when I have done, I only ask to keep myself unnoticed in a corner; but this woman, who mingles her vanity with her love, (if indeed she does mingle a little love with so much vanity,) how would she blush if she could see the contempt and irony hidden under manners so gallant and so complimentary!"

They made her sing again, they applauded her to the skies, and she literally shared with Caffariello the honors of the evening. Every instant she expected to be approached by Count Hoditz, and to be obliged to endure some malicious eulogium. But, strange to say! Count Hoditz did not approach the harpsichord, towards which she kept herself turned that he might not see her features, and when he had enquired her name and her age, he did not appear ever to have heard of her. The fact is, that he had not received the imprudent billet which, in her traveller's boldness, Consuelo had addressed to him by the wife of the deserter. Moreover, he was quite near-sighted, and as it was not then the fashion to use an eye-glass in company, he only very vaguely distinguished the pale face of the cantatrice. One might perhaps be astonished that, music-mad as he piqued himself on being, he had not the curiosity to see more nearly so remarkable a virtuoso. It must be remembered, however, that the Moravian lord liked only his own music, his own method, and his own singers. Great talents inspired him with neither interest nor sympathy; he delighted in diminishing in his own esteem their requirements and pretensions.

And when he was told that the Faustina Bordoni earned fifty thousand francs per year at London, and Farinelli a hundred and fifty thousand, he shrugged his shoulders and said that he had in his theatre at Roswald, in Moravia, for five hundred francs wages, singers formed by himself, who were worth quite as much as Farinelli, Faustina, and M. Caffariello to boot.

The grand airs of the latter were particularly distasteful and insupportable to him, for the reason that, in his sphere, Count Hoditz had the same hobby and the same foppishness. If boasters are unpleasant to modest and wise persons, it is boasters above all whom they inspire with the most aversion and disgust. Every vain man detests those who are like him, and banters in them the vice he cherishes in himself. While listening to Caffariello's singing, nobody thought of the riches and dilettantism of Count Hoditz. While Caffariello was detailing his small-talk, Count Hoditz could find no place for his; in fine, they were in each other's way. No saloon was vast enough, no audience attentive enough, to contain and content two men devoured by such *approbativeness*, (the phrenological style of our day.)

A third reason prevented the Count from going to look at and recognize his Bertoni of Passaw: it was that he had hardly looked at him at Passaw, and would hardly have recognized him thus transformed. He had seen a little girl *well enough made*, as they said then, to express a passable person; he had heard a pretty, fresh, and easy voice; he had perceived an intelligence which was quite plastic; he had perceived and divined nothing more, and he required nothing more for his theatre at Roswald. Rich, he was accustomed to buy without too much examination or to much parsimonious debate, whatever suited his convenience. He had wished to buy the talent and the person of Consuelo as we buy a knife at Châtellerault, and glass-ware at Venice. The bargain was not concluded, and as he had not felt a moment's love for her, he did not feel a moment's regret. Disappointment had a little disturbed the serenity of his awakening at Passaw; but people who esteem themselves highly, do not suffer long from a check of this kind. They forget it soon; is not the world their own, especially when they are rich? "One adventure missed, a hundred found!" the noble Count had said to himself. He whispered with Wilhelmina throughout the last piece which Consuelo sang, and perceiving that Porpora was darting furious glances at him, he soon went away without having experienced any pleasure among those pedantic and badly taught musicians.

To be Continued.

REVIEW.

Association and Christianity, exhibiting the Anti-Moral and Anti-Christian Character of the Churches and the Social Relations of present Christendom, and urging the Necessity of Industrial Association, founded on Christian Brotherhood and Unity. By H. H. VAN AMRINGE. Pittsburg: J. W. Cook. 1845.

The title-page of this pamphlet sufficiently explains the object of it. Mr. Van Amringe, the writer, is one of the leading and most advanced minds of the West. Already, several years since we made his acquaintance as the author of several works of quite sterling and original religious speculation. He seemed to us then one of that class of persons who are at the present time apparently increasing in number, who join a certain mystical tendency in interpreting Scripture and passing events, to clear insight and vigorous power of reasoning. It is a class therefore, which perhaps better than any other illustrates the characteristic of the times, in which the spiritual and natural are striving so hard to find a common ground on which to stand.

In the work before us we recognise the same qualities. Its religious features are marked by a certain degree of mysticism, while those which relate to society and science, are full of the most direct and earnest feeling, and robust natural logic. It is evident, however, that the writer has not reached the point where the conclusions of his deep religious nature and of his active reason are found to agree. He is on the way thither, but has some ground yet to travel over. He perceives the grand truths that lie at the bottom of Fourier's scientific generalizations; he appreciates to some extent the beauty of the profound religious views of Swedenborg, but he does not seem to us to have entered far enough into the minds of those two noble thinkers, to have arrived at a perfectly satisfactory solution of the great problems of Society and Christianity. At least he does not seem to have done so at the time this pamphlet was written; but how far he has gone since there is no telling; for when once an honest and impetuous mind is turned in the right direction, its progress in a little while is prodigious.

In one or two places Mr. Van Amringe has mistaken both the doctrine of Fourier and of Swedenborg; but this is not of much consequence, as when he comes to read their works more carefully he will detect his own errors, and relieve those writers of certain criticisms that are founded upon his own misconceptions. For instance, his statement of Fourier's doctrines of marriage and the metempsychosis is not only inadequate, but

insinuates a false view of them; and Swedenborg's notions of the Trinity are not fully conceived of by him. If he should make himself master of the science of Analogy and Scripture Correspondences he would find a great many of the difficulties of his own peculiar theories removed.

Mr. Van Amringe's style belongs to what is called the intense school, and of course, therefore, has some defects. Like all men of sincere convictions, deep sensibilities, warm impulses and noble aims, he is highly impatient, and finds language usually altogether incapable of expressing his wants and feelings. He consequently selects exaggerated expressions for every thing. This is the general fault of American writers, and the particular fault of western writers. They seem unwilling to let language and things speak for themselves, and are all the while trying to speak for them, and that too, in a forced, intense, extravagant way. Instead of simply representing the matter they wish to describe as it is, in simple and plain terms, they heap word on word, and accumulate images and "strong" phrases, until the thing itself is crushed to death beneath its cumbrous ornaments. Mr. Van Amringe we say possesses this fault; but we do not mean to say that it is very prominent with him. On the other hand he has less of it than most of our western writers: it is mostly when he wants to be particularly fine or moving that he loses his simplicity; in many places his style is really vigorous and noble, often rising to genuine eloquence.

Thus much in the way of criticism: and now much more in the way of commendation. But here we scarcely know how to begin. There are so many excellent things about the work that we are at a loss which to speak of first. Perhaps we ought to say as summing up all its best characteristics in one, that it is thoroughly Christian. By this we mean, that the spirit of Christ,—of genuine love to man and through man to God, pervades every page and every sentence. It is impossible to read it without feeling, that here is a man who is earnestly at work in the Cause of Humanity. You will say "His speculations, many of them, are doubtless erroneous, he is misled by partial analogies, he dogmatizes here and there, I differ with him in this, I hold that to be quite out of the way;" but while you are saying it you feel that the man is your brother, that he is honest, that he loves his fellow, and that let your differences be never so great, you and he could never quarrel. The reason is, that while the writer is justly indignant at wrong, and denounces the indifference and pharisaism, and brutal selfishness of the world

and the Church in fitting terms, no gall flows from his pen, there is no malignity in his heart. His severities are but the overflowings of love, not the bitter gushing of self-righteousness and pride. His errors are mistakes, not wilful perversions of truth. It is indeed delightful to find a book in which this genuine healthful spirit of love and universal brotherhood penetrates the very substance.

But besides this excellent spirit, the work contains a great deal of good thought. The author does not profess to be "a Fourierist;" but he is too sincerely engaged in the work of the world's salvation to overlook the glorious truth of Fourier's theory of attractive industry. He does not claim even to understand it fully, but he sees enough of it to know that it is the Informing Word of the present era, and that without it Humanity now do nothing. He accepts it with the thankfulness and the energy of not merely a believing but an active and effective Christian. He has long felt the evils of the world; he has long deplored the indolence and deadness of the Church; he sees the hollowness of Christian professions, the inadequacy of orthodox dogmas; he has taken his stand on the word of God and the spirit of Christ; he has resolved to do his utmost for the good of his poor, depressed, and degraded brother man; and how, with such feelings and determinations can he do otherwise than accept Fourier's sublime discoveries of industrial attraction and unity? They are but the carrying out, in a scientific and consistent method, of this spirit of humanity, which moves now our best minds, and is beginning to move the whole age.

In accepting the industrial arrangements of Fourier, Mr. Van Amringe goes as far as the Associative School in this country professes to go. Individuals here and there, profess to receive his higher speculations, as they have an undoubted right to do, but the School as a body only receive his system of industrial organization. This of itself is enough for them: and they postpone the settlement of higher researches into abstract and metaphysical truth, until a life of purity and harmony, freed from the manifold and unutterable corruptions of civilization, shall have fitted them to approach so directly into the presence of God. As yet they live here upon this earth: they see the misery around: they know that the vast turmoil of abstract theology and metaphysics which has perplexed the brains and hardened the souls of men for so many centuries, has done but little good: and they hail it as the proudest conquest of time that a man has been raised up in these latter days to discover

the means of putting an end to discord and wretchedness by an active life of unity and Christian joy. We understand Mr. Van Amringe to go with us in all this, and we greet him as a laborer in the same field of thought and exertion; we welcome him into our ranks as a mind capable of understanding the tendencies of the age, and a heart willing to work for the good of man. This is all we require; and we extend a hand of fellowship to all who labor in the spirit of Christ. We feel with the hard-working, impetuous, but good old Paul, that "neither life nor death, nor principalities nor powers will be able to separate us" from all those who are of the true church of God. We have, individually, very decided convictions on all matters of religious doctrine: but we have a stronger love for man and the spirit of goodness, than for any doctrine. Man is better than a creed. The power of Love is the great regenerating power which can overcome all falseness and iniquity.

With many of the religious views that Mr. Van Amringe has put forth we sincerely sympathize: some of them seem hasty and superficial, but they are always the result of his own thought and eminently worthy of attention. As to his interpretation of the prophecies, we think that the time has not come yet for that. Here and there we get a glimpse of their profounder meanings, but the great drama of Humanity which they have foreshadowed is not far enough advanced for us to see all their bearing and significance. The Apocalypse particularly, with its mighty flame-shadows is doubtless the grandest of poems and the minutest of prophecies, but the present dispensation must come to an end before we shall see all its glory and beauty.

It was our intention when we began to make several extracts from this pamphlet, which we commend to the attention of all our readers, but we find that our extracts are so many that they will have to be given from time to time.

Table Talk: Opinions on Books, Men, and Things. By WILLIAM HAZLITT. In Two Parts. Second Series. — Part II. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 1845. pp. 218.

The readers of this volume will find in it nothing more or less than its author, who was, to say the least, a remarkable man. Wit, criticism always sharp, often bitter, though perhaps as often just, insatiable prejudices and unparing acerbity, are all here to be found. There are indeed other characteristics, a delicate and true sense of beauty, an undeveloped fund of genial affections, and a power of original though not of profound thought, but these are by no means so striking or so frequent. The lover of Humanity who

seeks in an author for the beating of a great human heart, for a wide reaching and deep-rooted faith in Providence and hope in man, will find no inspiration in his pages. He never gets beyond the mere critical intellect, nor even into the best spheres of that.

Still there are few writers more readable; the glitter and smartness of his elaborate and artificial periods, the dexterous antithesis and rapid movement of his style, and the rhetorical success and satisfaction with which he says the most common-place things, have a fascination which even the best sermons of the most learned divines do not always possess.

We have no disposition to underrate him. As a critic, his merit is eminent and indisputable after all deductions, and as a writer upon Art we suspect that he has done a service the value of which is not yet appreciated.

We have not, however, been able to read him without a sense of sadness. Beyond most men he seems to us to have been the victim of circumstances, a richly endowed nature, distorted and wasted by the social order in which it was placed. He was designed for the highest of human uses, the instruction and elevation of his fellows, but deprived of that beautiful and harmonious sphere of development and action which a true constitution of society would afford, and subjected to the pernicious influences of fierce social and intellectual antagonisms, his career was one of unhappiness and disappointment, and left behind it hardly any direct indications of the blessings it might have accomplished for himself and for his race. Shall Society always do such wrong to men of genius,—the highest trust next to truth itself, committed to its charge, and always suffer the fearful loss of their perversion? God forbid! But we know that he has forbidden it and that under his Providence many powers are now working to bring about a better state of things. Let us do our duty in the matter, certain that He will not allow any wise effort to be fruitless, or the truth to wander without a home among the families of men.

The American Review: a Whig Journal of Politics, Literature, Art and Science. No. XV. March, 1846. New York: George H. Colton, 118 Nassau Street. \$5 00 a year, in advance.

The March Number of this Journal instead of coming into our possession on the first of the month has just got to hand; whose fault it is we know not; we only know that it is our misfortune. It is pretty fair for a political monthly,—rather better on the whole than the run of magazines, reviews, and all that sort of thing;—at least we presume so, for we cannot boast of having read it with any

great assiduity, except the poetry,—that we have read,—good gracious! and no mistake. In this line WILLIAM WALLACE is the great gun of the American Review, and a tremendous gun too, to judge by his discharges, which are somewhat of the longest and smoke like,—we don't presume to say what. Seriously, however Mr. Wallace has the making of something in him, but needs a severe training; his taste is too youthful and exuberant.—Dr. Taylor Lewis, to judge by the marks, contributes an article entitled "Has the State a Religion?" which contains, as we conceive, some truth and much untruth. But we did not mean to go into a long criticism; we only designed to notice a slight inconsistency into which the American Review has fallen, to our utter astonishment. Who ever heard of a Monthly, or a Weekly or even a Daily, to put small and great things together, getting into an inconsistency before?

Among the good things which the American serves up to its readers is a critique of the modern French Novelists, by a man, as we guess, who may have a tolerable comprehension of things in general,—at least we hope he has,—but no very astounding insight into every thing in particular. However, it is ratherish good, vastly moral of course, is pretty well written, and has some passable criticism. But its main feature is an intense and laudable sense of propriety; in fact we are not sure but it is veritable prudery, a quality which flippant and sceptical authors have sometimes attributed to old maids, but which we never caught sight of before in a monthly review. While we were admiring the exquisite delicacy of our critical instructor, we chanced on an extract from a book we noticed a month or so since, called "Over the Ocean;" this passage, which the Review cannot deny itself the pleasure of presenting, we thought rather *piquant* to have been written by a lady, when we first read it, but after the moral lessons of the Review, it absolutely would have made us blush, had any body else been by. How so squeamish a magazine ever republished it must always remain inexplicable, on what a friend of ours calls "the common principles of human action." We hope however, that it will never be betrayed into such a *faux pas* again. The Review also praises Cheever and Lewis's book on Hanging; *similia similibus*.

The Democratic Review. March 1846. New York: J. L. O'SULLIVAN and T. P. KETTEL, 136 Nassau St. \$3 per annum in advance.

Above, we have said a word on the Whig Review, prompted by the occasion, and the sight of the Democratic organ on our table inclines us to take that in hand so far as to advertise it at least, though

our exchange list has not the honor of its name.

We have no great faith in political democracy, and still less in the party which assumes that name. We are convinced that its democracy is very much of a humbug, that its sense of equal rights, of the worth of human nature and the dignity of honest, hard-handed industry is tolerable in theory, is very intolerable in practice, and that its love for the people is much more ardent at election time than at any other period.

We claim to be democrats in the truest sense of that word, but *our* democracy conducts to other ends than the triumph of the half-truths of fine-spun theorists, or the resignation of the public spoils into the hands of victorious demagogues. We believe in the great democratic principle of Human Brotherhood, but not in that peculiar application of it which sanctions slavery, domestic servitude, pauperism, selfish luxury on the one hand, and wretchedness and want equally selfish on the other. If this principle be worth any thing, it is to be realized in Society, and not held as an abstraction in the mind, to be declaimed about till there is nothing left of it but the words in which it was once expressed. Out upon that half-way, beggarly, false democracy which aspires merely to get into office, has no higher formula of wisdom than *laissez faire*, and whose utmost achievements are negation and resistance! The democracy we go for must be positive, constructive, complete, with no slaves on its plantations, no menials in its kitchens, no commercial and financial vampires and no paupers in its towns, and men of merit rather than brawling politicians in its public offices. It must be Social as well as political, organized in living institutions, and not falsified in fruitless speculations, embracing every human creature in its active, beneficent providence, and not leaving the laboring masses to oppression, poverty and vice in the face of its proclamation that all men are born free and equal.

Because we thus criticise the democrats we trust we shall not be set down irrevocably among the whigs. The truth is, we do not believe in them any more than in their antagonists. We regard them indeed, as embodying certain important and necessary tendencies, which are not recognized in the opposite creed, and as contributing quite as much as any other political party to the fulfilment of the destiny of America. But, thank Heaven, *that* is not wholly committed to politicians or governments.

But we have well nigh forgot the Democratic Review. This monthly is conducted with more talent than its whig cotemporary. There is a life in its col-

umns, a freedom and vigor in its tone, which lie beyond the hope of the respectable conservatism which occupies that periodical. It sometimes blunders out of its own track as it did most unfortunately in Mr. Herbert's attack on the Associationists, but it has had the deserved credit of making honorable reparation in that matter.

As a literary Journal it hardly ever falls below mediocrity, and generally keeps above that mark. The present number contains articles by WHITTIER and HAWTHORNE, names which might redeem the work were all the rest of it mere twaddle. Frank Forrester, alias Henry William Herbert, has an article on the game of North America, a subject with which he is much more at home than morals and social architecture. Mr. W. Gilmore Simms has four Sonnets, at least he calls them so, on the Hostility of England to America, in which an uncommon richness of fancy is displayed. For instance, he imagines *England grinning a broad grin and himself looking at it!* That would be a spectacle for the universe, and if it should ever actually take place, we hope to be there to see also. We don't think Mr. Simms's imagination ever invented a higher climax, even when in his untrimmed and inexperienced youth he wrote a horrid book or two which the public have luckily forgotten. There is also the usual variety of political and other interesting matter, and several notices of new books of a very gentle and innocuous quality which must be most grateful to their publishers. From an article on Commercial Reform we extract the following significant facts,—facts which neither the advocates of a high tariff nor of free trade, seems to us to have a very thorough understanding of.

"It is an undoubted fact, that never since the first loom moved in this country, have wages been so low as now for the amount of labor performed. It is known, that in factories there are two classes of hands, viz: "week hands" and "job hands." In 1841 and 1842, the former generally received at the Lowell factories 75 cents to \$2 per week each, exclusive of board. They now, after three years of protection, receive 55 cents to \$1.50, and do about one-third more work. The "job hands" received in 1840-1, for weaving a certain piece of coarse cotton, 11 1-2 cents. For producing the same quantity of cloth now, they get 9 3-4 cents. For certain descriptions of finer goods, they got before the tariff, 16 cents, and for the same work now, they get 11 cents. When the wages were first cut down to these low points, the speed of the mills was reduced, and a girl who had been accustomed to tend *two* looms was required to tend *three*. Thus where six looms had employed three girls, they now required but two, and the third was discharged, a *walking* example of the increased employment for industry under the new tariff; as the girls became accustomed to this increased labor, the speed

was restored, and these girls turn out 50 per cent. more work each than formerly. Where the labor of a girl cost the factory 48 cents it now costs them 33 cents. It is by these means, that the corporate factory capitals extract from industry such large dividends."

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

SOCIAL REFORM.

We are happy to present our readers with the subjoined correspondence. Our esteemed friend to whom our columns are thus indebted, has succeeded in showing clearly that the end of man's being on earth cannot be attained in the present order of society, and that *United Interests* and *Attractive Industry*, are not empty words of human invention, but represent Ideas of the Divine Providence. We commend his letter to the most careful attention of the religious and thoughtful.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

The subjoined objections to the system of Association, form part of a letter received from a friend, and elicited the annexed reply.—If you consider this correspondence adapted to the columns of the Harbinger, it is placed at your disposal, with the hope that the subject will be taken up by an abler pen than that of

W. R. M.

"You will pardon me for suggesting some views which you can consider at your leisure. Fourier, if I understand him aright, takes as his fundamental idea, that all men would be good, provided there were no inducements to do evil; and that society may be arranged in such a manner, that every man, having found exactly the place fitted for his natural powers, will have no further inducement to sin, and that consequently *sin will cease*, and all become peace and happiness. Is not this so? Now you believe in the Bible as being the revealed will of God.—Take the first instance of sin, the eating of the forbidden fruit. Does that tally with Fourier's doctrine? Take the second,—the murder of Abel. Does that agree with it any more than the first? Take the almost universal corruption of mankind before the flood. The world was new, Society had not by its unwieldy growth, or the superannuated clogs of former ages, caused all the social evils which are placed to its credit in modern times, and yet the world became so awfully vile, that nothing short of a general deluge could purge it clean. How does this

square with Fourier! And how soon after, was the same scene acted over. Before the death of Shem, idolatry had again spread over the earth, nor could the guilt be laid at the door of *Society* here, any more than before. Now I wish you to understand that I do not deny that the unequal constitution of society, especially in large cities, is *secondarily* the cause of great evils and consequent crimes. Nor do I deny that by wise management, these will be in some measure relieved; and if Fourier can help in this, let him have all the praise he deserves. But I do distinctly deny that the evil constitution of society is the *primary cause* of misery and sin. The primary cause of all misery is *sin*, or the transgression of the laws of God; and as all mankind have more or less transgressed, all must taste of misery in some degree, and all of death. This great truth is demonstrated by Scripture both doctrinally and historically, and if it cannot be proved by God's word, I believe that there is *no truth that can*. Reversing the organization of society would not stop crime, any more than removing one effect would annihilate all effects, while the *cause* remained untouched. Damming up one of a hundred streams, will not save you from inundation, so long as the common fountain of them all is unstopped. The constitution of society is the secondary cause of many evils and crimes; but it itself is *one effect of the great primary cause, sin*. Now if society be the only cause of crime, the Bible must be false in relating the story of crimes committed *before that cause could have existed*. Again, if society be the cause of crime, the Bible must be wrong in naming as that cause, the *evil heart of man*. Fourier and the Bible *cannot stand together*. One or the other must be given up. I have concluded to give up Fourier. Will you give up the other? Again, it has always been held good logic, that what is true of all the parts, is true of the whole. If all the individuals in a country are rich, the whole people is a rich people; if every individual in a land is wicked, the people are a wicked people. Now if every individual is naturally good, the *whole of society would be naturally good*. Yet society as a whole, is *granted to be bad* by all on both sides. Now what makes that which you call good in the particular, bad in the gross? *Can you tell?* Can any body tell, on Fourier's principles? Pardon my devoting so much space to this topic; to punish me, give me as much of it in reply."

To this the following answer was returned. —

Your objections stated in brief, run somewhat thus; — "Every man is evil, and hence comes the evil constitution of society. — Reform the members, and the constitution of society will be reformed,

and the evils arising therefrom disappear. Unless you eradicate evil from the heart of man, you can never eradicate evil from society. — It is impossible to reform the constitution of society before you reform each member of it, and in attempting to accomplish the former before the latter, Fourier attempts an impossibility."

As a proof of your position, that it is the evil in the individual, that causes the evil in society, and not the latter the former, you say in substance, that in the early ages of the world, sin was exceedingly prevalent; although society was new, and had not become unwieldy, or overburthened with the clogs of former ages. In other words, that the structure of society, or the industrial and civil relations of men, were pretty much such as they ought to be, but that, notwithstanding, crime ran riot.

I think I have stated your views fairly. Now there occur in a controversy of this kind, one or two expressions whose meaning must be clearly settled before they can be employed to advantage. Such are "evil social state," — "bad state of society," — "evil constitution of society." These terms properly signify only a bad arrangement of the elements of Society; a defective mode of conducting the various relations of active life between the members of the social body; entirely irrespective of the moral character of the individuals themselves, and which may be owing solely to ignorance of a better plan, or to the want of means to carry it out. Instead of this idea, the above expressions may possibly convey to some minds that of a society composed of evil members, depraved characters, which is not their import. These two ideas then must not be confounded.

I agree with you that every member of the human family is evil, that is, that in false society, self holds sway over the love of God and the neighbor: hence, that Society is in this sense, bad in the gross. But I also maintain, which perhaps you do not, that the structure, the constitution of society is radically wrong, and this, in a great measure independently of the evil character of its members. — Present society may be properly compared to a human body in which no member is in its right place, and consequently none performing its proper function.

Now as to the other matter, namely, the business of reform, I agree with you here also, that if you reform the individuals, you will reform the moral character of society at large. But here I go a step further, and as I have denied that the faulty structure of society, its want of organization, is owing solely to the evil in its members, I now as firmly deny that there is any possibility of reforming the members, without first entirely new-modelling the whole frame-work. As well

expect the parts of the deformed body to perform their natural functions before they are arranged in their intended order; or hope to elicit harmony from an organ whose pipes are placed without any reference to their relative length and calibre.

Both of us then agree as to the necessity of reform, but differ as to the means to be employed. You rely exclusively on religious teaching and example (if it can be found); on constant appeals to the conscience and intellect, and on the weekly or daily (as it may be) presentation of the highest motives to action, to the mind of every son of Adam, (if he can but be got at) to effect with the blessing of God, his regeneration. And you also probably believe, that the present and past state of society, with its great inequalities of condition, its oppression, temptation, and suffering of a thousand kinds, is the best school of Christian discipline, and is intended as such by the Creator; that He designed this life to be merely one of probation for the next, and hence that such is to be the moral aspect of affairs upon our planet, until the fiat for its dissolution has gone forth.

Now, while believing with you, that religious instruction is the *first* means of reforming the world, I maintain that it remains shorn of half its power by not being combined with the second great means, namely, a true, scientific arrangement of society; an arrangement that will present a body for the reception and manifestation in every part of it, of the spirit of Christianity. For I do not admit, as I have supposed you to do, or if you do not, as I believe the churches generally do, that society in its past and present form is a proper sphere for the carrying out of Christian principles. I maintain that it is the very opposite; that every tendency of the present social state, is to extinguish the Christian feelings, and repress their gratification: to render the great facts of the universal brotherhood of the human race, the equality of all men in the sight of God, and his impartial love for all, mere theoretical abstractions; well enough adapted to form the theme of pulpit eloquence, but contradicted by every day's experience in practical life. We there behold isolation of families, and consequently of individuals; separation, antagonism, and clashing of interests in every department of industry. Every where the each-one-for-himself principle is carried out. There is no unity, no combination, no identity of interests among any large body of men, except upon some points, which have no deep hold upon their mind, for the very reason that such identity of interest exists nowhere else.

To any one who thinks it sufficient to

impart religious instruction, and who believes that when religious principles have taken root, that they need no sphere prepared for their free and healthy manifestation, but will never fail to find or make one for themselves, to such I would say, "Study the works of the Creator, in any department of nature, and see whether he has seen fit to act on such a principle. Can any instance be found, where, having adapted an organ or an animal to a particular element, he has omitted to create that element, or to place it within reach?" By no means. The eye, for example, is organized with reference to light, and light is given. The lungs are intended to respire pure air, and not poisonous gases; and they accordingly meet every where what they require; and so through all the adaptations in the natural world. Is the human mind, God's noblest work, to exhibit an exception to this law? Are its highest aspirations to be always repressed by the cold deadening atmosphere of a false society? Is it never to meet with its own element, in which it shall unfold to their full extent, all its faculties: faculties which at present suffer constraint and repression at almost every point; either from their own intestine antagonism, owing to the artificial and unnatural relations subsisting in civilization, or the absence of all opportunity for many of them to act at all? Is, especially, the *Christian Idea*, the impulse to love God supremely by loving the neighbor as one's self,—is this to be forever weakened, and generally overpowered by a thousand opposite impulses? It is impossible to believe so. No, no! The principle of adaptation is yet to be seen in its highest, most illustrious application, namely, that of the human mind to a true, divine order of human society.

I will now briefly notice your remarks as to the supposed cessation of sin in organized society, and then pass on to consider in a concise manner, the nature of the mind, the origin of evil, and the necessity of a total remodelling of the social fabric, if the religion of Christ is ever to become a practical reality; descending from the thoughts into the lives of men, and pervading and animating every fibre of the great body of Humanity.

I take it for granted, that by the word "good," you mean a Christian character, one who does every thing as in the sight of and for the love of God, and the love of his neighbor, and who never allows his own pleasure to interfere with his duty to others.

I am not aware that either Fourier or any of the school, maintain that a re-organization of society, is to banish sin like magic; that every one who enters

the combined order, is to drop all selfish motives, and become a model of Christian virtue through the sole influence of the new social state. I repeat, that to rely singly on either of the two great means of reforming the world, viz: Christian instruction on the one hand, and a true social order on the other, is to fall short of the desired end. Both means must be combined. As the soul cannot act without the body, nor the body live, or move aright but by the soul, so neither can Christianity manifest itself without a divinely ordered social body, nor can such a body be organized and kept alive but by the influence of the spirit of Christianity. For this reason, the divine order of society has not been revealed to some remote savage nation, but to an earnest and truth-seeking mind in the centre of Christendom, where alone it can be practically applied.

By the union of both these means, I do believe, not that sin will become a thing unknown, not that men will become very angels; but that in the course of some generations, under the high culture which will exist in the combined order, such a moral renovation of society will have taken place, as we of the present day can hardly imagine.

The first, the leading results of the organization of society, the groundwork of further results, will be, first, the *identifying of all the interests, and of all the enjoyments of the individual, with all the interests of the mass, and secondly, the rendering of labor attractive*. The exertions of the individual to satisfy his own wants, will coëxist with the welfare of every other member of the community, and not run counter to it, as in the present social state; where among the members of any trade or profession, the loss of some, is the gain of the remainder; where emoluments diminish as the laborers increase. The very reverse will be the effect of combined industry. Here, each will labor for others while laboring for himself in such departments of industry as he finds most in accordance with his tastes and talents. Here will be seen vast economies on the one hand, and great accumulation of general and individual wealth, on the other; and men will be bound together by ties and sympathies more numerous than the discords that now sever them.

A member of such a society, then, may be as selfish as he likes, if he can; may forget God, if he can, while surrounded by every thing that can kindle and gratify his higher feelings, and keep alive his love and gratitude; (for a true society will call out and abundantly exercise every faculty of man's nature in a legitimate sphere,) yet the actions arising from his selfishness, will be rendered in

a great measure, not merely harmless, but subservient to the interests of the mass. His ambition, his love of applause or of wealth, uncontrolled by a religious sentiment, may find a wide, I will not say a full, scope for their gratification, but this gratification will not interfere with, but increase the means of enjoyment for others; nor will the pleasure of others throw any obstacle in the way of his own pursuits, but the contrary. So that in fact, though purely selfish motives *should* actuate any individual, their effects will be nearly identical in most cases, with those resulting from higher ones. He cannot act for himself alone, even if he would, and why should he wish to, when such action, were it possible, could afford him no additional advantage? Any but the most depraved, would find a double pleasure in any occupation, which, while it delighted and benefitted himself, was of service to others also.

The great wealth which will be accumulated by the combined order, giving to every individual a competence, the leisure for mental improvement, effected by the proper use of machinery, (which now, in England, multiplies paupers in the exact ratio of its own increase, as ascertained by Parliamentary Reports,) will banish poverty and ignorance, those fruitful sources of crime, and giving to every person the highest physical, intellectual, and religious education of which he is susceptible, will also inspire him with the highest motives to action.

Let us look at the nature of the mind, as revealed by modern science, and see if thence any light is thrown on the subjects under consideration.

The mind of man is composed of faculties, grouped as it were, around three centres.

Coming from God, he has faculties which connect him with the Author of his being, and enable man to commune with, and receive influence from Him. These are the Religious Group.*

* The writer is here somewhat in error. The religious nature of man is superior, or rather supreme, above all the distinct passions and faculties of the soul, and only a superficial analysis can confound it with any class of them; it is the passion of Unityism in its celestial aspect, looking upward to God and the heavenly world. That is to say, it is the soul of the soul, aspiring on the one hand to the Lord and receiving his inflowing life, and on the other flowing forth through the social affections, and thus through the intellectual and material nature of man into all human relations. Our correspondent, and Phrenologists in general, have fallen into the error of assigning distinct organs to the religious nature, for want of a knowledge of the Law of Degrees, which no writer besides Swedenborg seems to have had a scientific conception of. The same ignorance is the grand defect in the larger portion of modern and ancient theology and philosophy. The "Vestiges of Creation" also affords a remarkable instance of scientific speculation getting into the fog from the same reason.—Eds.

Forming a member of the great brotherhood of the human race, he has faculties which connect him with his fellows, as well those with whom he can form the most intimate ties, (which he does by means of the *Domestic Group*, allied to self) as those with whom he cannot form such close ties, being the great mass of his fellow beings, which latter connection is formed by Benevolence, lying close to the Religious Group.

Considered thirdly as an individual, man has wants which must be gratified, in order that health of body and power of mind may be maintained. He has faculties which prompt him to appropriate to himself a certain portion of the products of the earth, to the end, that by the gratification of his senses, he may be enabled to discharge his higher duties.

Now these three classes of emotions in the human soul, flow successively the one from the other, the lower from the higher, as a stream from its fountain. From love to God flows pure, enlightened love to the neighbor; and to perform the duty he owes to his neighbor, he cannot pass by the duty he owes to himself—the duty to preserve bodily health, a well endowed mind, and balanced affections. These three great ends of existence, the living for God, the neighbor, and the self, forming in fact but a single end, viz: to do good, to increase the sum of human happiness, and which are the primary motives to all action, have in common, a number of subordinate ends or impulses, by which the above trinity of ends is attained. These are the numerous faculties which prompt to the various pursuits and industrial occupations of life, and which, varying in degree, and mode of combination in every man, cause an endless variety of tastes and capacities, rendering an employment that is agreeable to one person, disagreeable to another.

Now these subordinate faculties may be exerted by an individual with a view either to his own sole gratification, or for the sake of God and society.

In the perfect man, the true human being, each of the three primary impulses is kept in its legitimate sphere of action, forming, thus united, an harmonious and beautiful whole. Love to God stops not at simple devotional feeling, but carries this feeling out into actions useful to others; for such actions alone are the test of love to God, and constitute his true worship. Love to the neighbor is not a blind impulsive benevolence, that gives where it should withhold, or varies with the flow of animal spirits; but it is a constant, enlightened feeling, pervading every action. Finally, self-love knows its limits, and keeps within them.

Now with regard to such an harmoniously constituted character, I maintain,

that unless he is placed in a corresponding sphere, one in which all his powers can be harmoniously exercised, there will arise occasions without number, on which this balance will receive a shock. Temptation will at unguarded times overpower an inattentive intellect, and a feebly exerted will, and each time that such a lapse occurs, the faculty or class of faculties that are thus indulged to excess, increase in size and activity. Now though the individual himself may afterwards by various means check their undue growth, yet by the laws of *hereditary descent*, his offspring, begotten during each lapse from duty, will inherit his unbalanced state of feeling; will be born with an increased size of those faculties that exceeded the limits of their lawful activity in the parent, and thus will be more prone to commit excess in those points. This failing, unless corrected, will appear still more marked in the next generation, so that at last, a slight temptation will produce the same result when acting on the easily excitable faculty of the distant descendant, that a very powerful temptation effected when addressed to the moderately active organ of the first delinquent, every generation thus becoming more prone to depart from the original harmony of mental constitution. We have here a view of the twofold origin of evil, viz: the mind of man and external circumstances. We have also the true idea of original sin, such as it is revealed by Phrenology and Physiology, as confirmed by all history and experience, and which finally, is the identical explanation of it given by Swedenborg.

Now I repeat, that the soul's faculties, thus delicately balanced, require a corresponding balance in the arrangement of the attractions which act upon them from without, if the internal harmony is to be maintained. If the outward attractions do not run parallel to, and combine with the inner, both drawing the powers of the soul to a single focus—forming them into a grand unity; but run counter, exerting a contrary, disrupting, severing force, tearing the three centres asunder, instead of aiding them to coalesce; if the duty to the neighbor cannot consist with the *fullest gratification* of any one or all of the faculties which God has given, with his intention stamped upon their very nature that they shall be gratified to the utmost extent of their capacity; if all this cannot take place, then the stronger attraction will overpower the weaker, self will take the preference of the neighbor, and pain to both parties must follow this non-fulfilment of the Divine intention.

It is evident therefore, that unless by some means, the outward, the material relations of men, the external spheres designed for the manifestation of the

internal activities of the soul, are arranged in perfect correspondence with these impulses, so that each *inner* shall find its *outer*; unless the same law and order which reign in the constitution of the soul, shall extend their sway into the external relations in which that soul is to act, there must ever be clashing and antagonism among the elements designed to harmonize. Such a state of society, and of the individuals composing it, may aptly be compared to one of the human body, in which the activity of one organ should interfere with that of another, as if the eye could not open, for fear the heart should cease to beat, or the hand move, lest the lungs should be checked in their action.

I say again, let it not be objected that such a state of social discord is a good field for the exercise of Christian virtues: that temptations are a necessary element in the formation of Christian character, and that if pleasure and duty coincided, such a character could never be formed. It is not so. The truth on this point is clearly this: The whole duty of man is "to love God supremely, and his neighbor as himself." Now if he cannot withdraw himself from temptations to break this law, he must resist them to the utmost of his power. If they overcome him, he is good as far as his will has resisted them from proper motives; evil, as far as it has cooperated with them. But on the other hand, if he *can* withdraw from them, is he not extremely fortunate; is it not far better for him, nay more, is it not his bounden duty to do so? It most certainly is. The doctrine which I am opposing, however, and which is in some measure advocated by Dr. Channing in his Fifth Discourse, would apparently favor the negative of this question. He would not it seems, have all temptation to sin, removed from man, even if it were possible; for how then, he asks, could one attest his loyalty to duty? Now I ask, cannot the conscience, the sense of duty be as well exercised in pointing out which, of a number of agreeable occupations, is most fitting, most beneficial to others for the time being, which is most obligatory on an individual under given circumstances, as in showing the wrong of a pleasurable action, and the necessity of performing a disagreeable one. Certainly it can, and if so, the above objection falls to the ground. I grant that in the former case, there will not be such an internal struggle, such an effort of the will put forth to follow the path of duty, as in the latter. But is the force of the will for good, to be strengthened by such occasional spasmodic efforts, rather than by a constant, gentle exercise of its powers, giving it almost unconsciously, such an accession of strength and bias to good,

that the very thought of a contrary tendency will cause it to recoil? A *civilizee* turns with horror from the idea of the cannibal's repast, because he has been trained in habits more refined. What should be thought of a plan to reform the taste of the savage, that would allow him now and then, or daily, with his other food, a small bit of human flesh, in order to strengthen his will by self-denial? or what should we say to our Temperance folk, if they should occasionally set before the reforming inebriate a glass of spirit, or send him once a month to a groggery, to exercise his power of self-control?

I deny then that temptation to evil is necessary to strengthen the will to do good. Why, the very essence of Heavenly happiness, as far as we can form any conception of it, is the coincidence of duty and pleasure; these are convertible terms; and so far as the kingdom of Heaven is to come on Earth, so far will pleasure and duty coincide among men. The opposite doctrine, if strictly carried out, would present a society of convicted felons, as the very best school for the practice of Christian principles. It would certainly afford an opportunity for the *highest* exercise of such principles, would put them to their utmost test, were they possessed by any so circumstanced; but they would not long withstand the blighting influence of such a moral atmosphere; an influence more concentrated, but identical in character with that arising from the present social anarchy. We are therefore taught to pray that we may not be led into temptation, and as to pray for a benefit, without doing all that lies in our own power to obtain it, is but solemn mockery, it behooves us gratefully to receive, and diligently to apply, all such means as God may send us in answer to this petition. Let us then not turn a deaf ear to science, (which in its proper character is but the handmaid of Religion,) if she declares that she has discovered, (not invented) the laws of social organization, which when operative, will present a system of social arrangements by which a vast amount of temptation, and consequent sin and misery, will be removed from mankind, and the human race be enabled to enter upon a new and happier era of its existence. And while we pray that the kingdom of Heaven may come to Earth, let us not manifest an utter disbelief in the fulfilment of our petition.

I do not mean to insist, as already said, that a time will ever come on our planet, marked by the absence of all temptation to err, unless we are warranted in taking the words "thy kingdom come, thy will be done on Earth, as it is in Heaven" in a relative, not an absolute sense. — I see no reason why we should not take them in the latter. — Be this as it may, how-

ever, in the most perfect social state, conscience, being one element of the immortal soul itself, must ever be kept active, but it will not be crushed by the weight of burdens imposed upon it. — It will be kept alive, and be borne aloft, by a constant environment of pure and holy influences.

I have thus given you a very imperfect account, (owing to my limits) of what I deem in the general, a tolerably correct view of man's nature and the cause of sin. This cause, briefly to recapitulate, I have said is two fold in its nature, namely, the mental constitution of man on the one hand, and the influence of external circumstances, on the other. Expose the eye to a dazzling light for a time, and it will become inflamed. The cause of this inflammation is not in the eye alone, nor in the light alone, but in both combined. The outward agent acts on the internal sensibility, and produces *physical* disease, just as external circumstances act on man's *moral* sensibility, and produce moral disease, that is, want of harmony in a complex whole. The only difference is, that man can resist such influence in *some* degree, but not in any degree, so that he is not wholly a creature of circumstance, as some have asserted. As above stated, so far as his will resists the temptation to evil from proper motives, he is good; so far as he coöperates with it, he is evil.

Bearing in mind then, this two fold origin of evil, and the fact, that *in no age of the world has any system of social arrangement been discovered, by which the interests of the individual could be identified in every respect with those of the mass, and vice versa*, the prevalence of sin and consequent misery, from the earliest periods recorded in history, will be accounted for. The mind of man in all its beauty and harmony, such as it came from the hands of God, has never yet been mirrored in the social state, and hence the individual has always been more or less opposed to the mass, as well in a sparse, as in a dense population; in the early, as well as in the later periods of the world. Society hitherto, having never been in the true divine order, to which it is destined, has ever abounded in temptations to its members, as well as failed to develop their higher powers, and thus has been neither the primary, nor the sole cause of sin; but as the light in the above example, is the secondary or half-cause of the eye's inflaming, so, a false society has been the secondary or half-cause of sin, and the tendency of man to yield to temptation, has been the other or primary half. To apply the term "organization" to such a state of society, is improper. It is a chaos, by reversing which, and marshalling its con-

fused materials into true organization, crime will cease to exist, as far as half its cause will cease to operate. The other half of the cause of evil, man's mental susceptibility to be influenced by circumstances, will be converted into a source of good, only so far, as in the exercise of his free-will, he shall choose to surrender himself to all the holy and humanizing influences that cannot fail to surround every every member of a true society. The influence of circumstances in such a society, will be as powerful for good, as it was for evil in a false society; and if the majority are evil in a false social state, the same will be good in a true one. Neither Fourier nor the Bible are to be given up; — both can stand together. As well say that a divine revelation made through science, must yield to one given by inspiration. Such can never be the case. The tendency of science must ever be to illustrate and confirm the teachings of the inspired word.

The problem of the true social state, man has not been permitted to solve, until Humanity was prepared to enter upon such a state by having brought to a certain stage of perfection all branches of art and industry; until it had accumulated all the elements, all the facilities requisite to form and carry on, the new social system. These having been collected, it was allowed Fourier to discover the laws by which they shall be organized. These laws, thus discovered and published to the world, now await their application. Attempts to apply them in some faint degree, are now making in various parts of the United States, and though these should all fail, and fail for some time to come, yet success must and will finally attend them, and that before very long. If there be any truth in prophecy; any high and worthy result to follow from the spread of liberal views in politics and religion; from the extensive mastery over the powers of nature which man has obtained by the aid of modern science; from the means of daily lessening his hours of bodily toil by new applications of machinery, from wonderfully increased facilities of communication between distant places — or from the diffusion of a true philosophy of the human mind, based on actual discovery, and not on metaphysical speculation; so certain is it that a new Era is at hand. All the movements of the age point to something bright and good in the not far distant Future. In the words of the Swedish Seer, "all things at the present day stand provided and prepared, and await the light." Like nebulous matter drawn from a thousand quarters out of the depths of space, to form at the central point, a new star, so the elements of a new social world,

converging from the darkness and rudeness of remote antiquity, through all the varying phases of society, through ages of ignorance and suffering, accumulating at every successive stage of their onward course, their true character unseen except by the Supreme Ruler of events, are meeting in the present era, to form an abode of harmony and happiness, where men shall feel that they are brothers, and that God is indeed their loving and impartial Father.

I conclude by recommending to your perusal, the works of Albert Brisbane, Parke Godwin and Van Amringe, on the subject of Association, and the "Harbinger," a weekly paper "devoted to social and political progress," terms, two dollars a year. Address Editors of Harbinger, Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass.

Yours &c. W. H. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Interest in Association—Fire at Brook Farm—Devotion to the Cause—Friendly Proposals.

The following letters are from persons totally unknown to us; and we publish them as an evidence of the interest which is awakened in the cause of Association; and with the hope that the spirit they breathe may be still more widely diffused. We assure the writers of our sincere gratitude for the sympathy which they cherish in our behalf, and of our determination to do every thing in our power for the advancement of the social order, to which both they and we are devoted. We trust that we shall be enabled to recover from the heavy loss which we have sustained, and thanks to the liberal aid of the friends of the movement, to go forward with fresh encouragement and hope. So far every thing promises as fair as we could wish; we are prepared to struggle with greater obstacles than we have yet encountered; but one spirit prevails in the midst of us, the desire to carry forward our enterprise, though at the expense of personal sacrifices to ourselves; and if unity of purpose and persistence of effort will ensure success, it will not be wanting.

We trust that we shall soon hear from all such friends as are disposed to follow the suggestions of our correspondents; and those who can aid us in no other way can render us an essential service by increasing the circulation of the Harbinger, or sending pupils to our educational establishment.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1846.

To the President of the Brook Farm Association.

DEAR SIR,—It is with real regret that I notice in the last number of the Harbin-

ger, an account of the destruction by fire of the new building in progress of erection for the Brook Farm Association. Though a stranger to you, yet I have been accustomed for several years to identify myself with the friends of the Associative movement every where, and have watched the struggling into existence of the various societies that have been formed, with the liveliest anxiety. And more recently I have looked to the Brook Farm Association, as the one likely soonest to demonstrate to the American people, the entire practicability of that organization of society discovered and promulgated by Charles Fourier. I regret therefore that this calamity should have fallen upon you at this time. Though you meet it with a fortitude worthy of all admiration, still I feel that you have met with a loss, a serious loss.

I am but an humble individual myself, and can do little more in these matters, than follow after and trig the wheels as the load moves upward and onward, yet I have done something in a pecuniary way,—to the extent of my ability,—to aid this reform movement, though thus far my efforts have not met with the success I had hoped for, still I will do something more. I propose therefore to be one amongst a hundred individuals to make up the sum of ten thousand dollars, which I suppose will be amply sufficient to cover your loss, and to assure you of my sincerity, I herewith enclose you the sum of one hundred dollars, my share of the amount, which you will please appropriate as you may have occasion, even should you fail to obtain the balance.

It does seem to me that there are to be found in our three large cities, ninety-nine other individuals who regard with favour the great social movement in which you are engaged, who are abundantly able, and willing, whenever a good opportunity shall offer to expend this sum even by way of experiment, upon a project so comprehensive, so elevating, and so hope-inspiring, as that proposed by Fourier's system of Industrial Association to degraded and suffering Humanity. What if it shall be thrown away! it is but a fraction compared to the vast sums that have been expended and lost upon far less worthy objects. But if it shall be the means of your more immediate success and of the triumph of truth and Humanity, who shall then estimate the sum of rejoicing that shall spring unbidden from millions of gladdened hearts! Will you not then make this the occasion of extending an invitation to the friends of Association to give you a lift, a generous lift, one worthy of the cause and those devoted to it!

I also enclose you six dollars for which

you will please send the Harbinger for one year to the following names.

Very respectfully yours,

NEW YORK, March 17, 1846.

GENTLEMEN,

With the greatest sorrow I heard of the destruction of a building of the Brook Farm Association by fire. As an expression of my sympathy, please accept the trifle enclosed towards its re-construction. I am rejoiced at the spirit with which you meet this calamity, and think it augurs most favorably for the successful result of your great enterprise.

The light which some knowledge of the Science of Association has poured upon my mind, has changed despondency into hope, gloom into cheerfulness. My religious feelings I trust have been purified. I can more intelligently and confidently trust in God, and the reflection that we all are members of one another, excites benevolent feelings in my heart. I trust I may live to do something towards spreading the knowledge of this Divine Science, and that when I die the condition and prospects of the human race may be greatly improved. F.

VARIETIES.

Translated from the Deutsche Schnellpost.

BRESLAU, Jan. 10. The *Silesian Gazette* informs us as follows: "The criminal process against JOHN RONGE on account of alleged injurious expressions in his appeal, which has before been noticed, has actually commenced. He has already once been summoned before the court to hear the complaint, but has not ascertained who was the complainant, and does not know against whom he has to defend himself, which however is not of much consequence. Although it can be foreseen that this process will undergo a great complication, it is certain that the investigation will attract universal interest in all parts of Germany. The question is not solely concerning severe expressions cast separately forth by Ronge, and which have yet to be proved to be injurious to those servants of the Christian Church who hold to Romish tenets, but it is a decision by the laws, in a widespread conflict of principles. It is the conflict of ecclesiastical freedom against ecclesiastical restraint, the conflict of free inquiry against dead faith in traditions. The question is, whether that part of the German people who have freed themselves from Rome, have the right to go forward in the vigorous improvement of their Church, which they have commenced. It is for this reason, natural that all who are penetrated with the necessi-

ty of the present reformation should follow the course of this trial with the most earnest attention. By it the abuses and evils which they have felt and rejected will be made the subject of profound and conclusive legal investigation, which in any case, whether the process ends in favor of Ronge or against him, must work beneficently in the growth and establishment of the Universal Christian Church.

HENRY HEINZ, according to J. P. Lyser, in the *Wiener Zeitschrift*, was born at Düsseldorf in 1709, and was baptized as a Catholic in the church of St. Ulrica at that place. His father, a Jew by birth and an elder brother of Solomon Heine of Hamburg, married a Catholic lady of Geldern,—Heine's mother who is still living,—and became a Christian. Heine was educated in the former Jesuit's college. He has never changed his faith, and would never have changed it be has often said, even if he had been born a Jew.

As the coffins of eighteen Dukes and Duchesses of Croy were borne to a church in old Condé, they were obliged to pass two frontier lines, the Belgian and the French. The Belgian custom house officers guessed at the quantity of bones probably contained in the coffins, and collected 2 francs 4 cent., as export duty for eighteen skeletons of former rulers! O vanity of human greatness! When Tyrol belonged to Bavaria, a custom house officer at Botzen collected the duty on a "holy body," coming from Italy, according to the rate for smoked flesh as laid down in the Tariff.

Since, according to order of the authorities, no evangelical church can now be opened to the German Catholics, Ronge baptized a child at Bernstadt on the 18th January, in severe weather, under God's open sky.

At the first performance of the new opera the "Star of Seville," at Paris, Meyerbeer, Halevy, Auber, Donizetti, Spontini, Niedermeier, Adam, and Carafa, were present. In 1822, the singer Ehlers, who is now passing his old age in retirement at Mayence, gave a concert at Vienna, at which Beethoven, Weber, Weigel, Gyrowetz, and Rossini, were among the hearers.

A VIRTUOSO ON THE FRENCH HORN. The virtuosodom which fills up our whole city, says a Berlin correspondent of the "Europa," is always a delightful means of escaping for the moment from all public and private cares. It is a soothing palliative, and sometimes a beneficent, miraculous balsam; the French Horn of

VIVIER is certainly the latter. This French virtuoso gave a splendid concert at the Opera House the other evening, and carried his audience to the very height of ecstasy. By his genial and deep-souled performance he gave his instrument a magic power of tone which never before seemed possible, and which excited the greatest astonishment. What he made of his instrument seemed the more a musical riddle when he played it literally double, holding fast the ground tone and at the same time executing the melody by which he accomplished effects bordering on the inconceivable. This earliest instrument of nature which contains in itself the fundamental elements of all music has hitherto been wanting in the instrumental domain of modern virtuosodom, but M. Vivier has given it a place there which makes it a dangerous rival of the violin, violoncello, and piano.

A certain Herr Grove lately lectured at Dantzic, to crowded audiences, on the art of boiling coffee.

ACTIVITY. "I have lived," said Dr. Clark, "to know that the great secret of human happiness is this:—Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many,—poker, tongs, and all:—keep them a-going."

SERMONS ARE LIKE GUNS. Some are large, others small; some are long, others short; some are new, others old; some are bright, others rusty; some are made to be looked at, others to be used; some are loaded, others empty; some are owned, others borrowed. Some are air-guns, some pop-guns, some of every size, from the pocket pistol to the Paixhan gun. Some are charged only with powder, and make a great noise and smoke. Some send only small shot, that irritate rather than kill. Some carry heavy metal, that does execution. Some discharge chain shot, mowing down whole platoons. Some are wide-mouthed mortars, throwing only bomb shells. Some are duelling pistols, used only in controversy—vile things! Some go off half bent. Some flash in the pan. Some make a terrible fiz, the charge all escaping at the priming hole. Some shoot too high, some too low, some sideways, a few directly at the point. Some are aimed at nothing and hit it. Some scatter prodigiously; some kick their owners over. Some are unerring; others always hit the wrong object. Some have too much wadding, and vice versa. Some are alarm guns; others are complimentary guns, used only for salutes on special occasions. Some are in a series, constituting a battery; others are swivels, made to turn in any direction. Some are useful, some useless, some dangerous. Some amuse, some frighten, some exasperate, some explode, some gain the victory. Very much depends upon the manner in which they are made and managed.—*Christian Watchman*.

BROOK FARM SCHOOL.

The Directors of the School connected with the Brook Farm Association have made arrangements for enlarging the establishment, and are now prepared to receive an additional number of pupils.

The course of study comprises instruction in the various branches usually taught in the High Schools and Academies of New England, with particular attention to the modern European languages and literature.

Pupils of different ages and of both sexes are received; a constant maternal care exercised over the youngest; and the more advanced subject to the friendly counsel and assistance of the teachers, without the restraints of arbitrary discipline. Young men are fitted for College, or for commercial pursuits, or carried through a course of instruction, in the higher branches usually taught in the University.

Lessons are given in Music, Dancing, Drawing, and Painting, without any extra charge.

The School is under the immediate direction of Mr. and Mrs. RIPLEY, Mr. DWIGHT, and Mr. DANA, assisted by experienced teachers in the different departments; and every pupil of tender age is entrusted to the particular care of a lady of the establishment, who has charge of his wardrobe, personal habits, and physical education.

For young children, who are deprived of parental care, and for older pupils who wish to pursue a thorough and exact course of study, without the usual confinement of a large seminary, it is believed that this School affords advantages, that are rarely to be met with.

TERMS.—FOUR DOLLARS a week for board, washing, fuel, lights, and instruction in all branches.

Application may be made by mail to
GEORGE RIPLEY.

Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass.
March 21, 1846.

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

VII.

Consuelo's first impulse on returning to her chamber, was to write to Albert; but she soon perceived that this was not so easy as she had imagined. In a first rough copy she began to relate to him all the adventures of her journey, when she was seized with the fear of agitating him too violently by the picture of the fatigues and dangers she would place before his eyes. She recalled the kind of delirious frenzy which had taken possession of him, when she described to him in the subterranean passage the terrors she had braved to reach him. She therefore destroyed that letter, and thinking that to so profound a soul and so impressible an organization, there was needed the manifestation of a dominant idea and of a single sentiment, she resolved to spare him all the exciting details of the reality, and only express to him, in a few words, the affection she had promised and the fidelity she had sworn. But those few words must not be vague; if they were not entirely affirmative, they would produce horrible fears and anguish. How could she affirm that she had at last recognized in herself the existence of that absolute love and of that unspeakable resolution which Albert needed as the support of his life while waiting for her! Consuelo's sincerity, her honor could not condescend to a half truth. On questioning her heart and her conscience severely, she found there indeed the strength and calmness of the victory gained over Anzoleto. She found there also indeed, from the point of view of love and enthusiasm, the most complete indifference for every other man but Albert; but that kind of love, that se-

rious enthusiasm which she felt for him alone, was still the same feeling she had experienced when by his side. It was not enough that the remembrance of Anzoleto was conquered, that his presence was dispelled, to cause Count Albert to become the object of a violent passion in the heart of this young girl. It did not depend upon herself to recall without affright the mental malady of poor Albert, the sad solemnity of Giant's castle, the aristocratic repugnances of the canons, the murder of Zdenko, the gloomy grotto of the Schreckenstein, in fine, all that sombre and strange life which she had, as it were, dreamed in Bohemia; for, after having inhaled the free air of a wandering life on the summits of the Boemmerwald, and finding herself in full flow of music by the side of Porpora, Consuelo no longer thought of Bohemia but as a nightmare. Although she had resisted the savage artistic aphorisms of Porpora, she found herself again in the midst of an existence so appropriate to her education, to her faculties, to her habits of mind, that she could not even conceive the possibility of being transformed into the châtelaine of Riesenburg.

What then could she say to Albert? What could she promise and affirm to him that would be new? Was she not in the same state of irresolution, in the same fear as when she left the chateau? If she had come to take refuge at Vienna rather than elsewhere, it was that she was there under the protection of the only legitimate authority she had to recognize in her life. Porpora was her benefactor, her father, her support and her master, in the most religious acceptance of the word. Near him, she no longer felt herself an orphan, and she no longer recognized the right of disposing of herself according to the sole inspiration of her heart or her bosom. Now Porpora blamed, ridiculed, and repelled with energy the idea of a marriage, which he considered as the murder of a genius, as the immolation of a great destiny to the fancy of a romantic devotedness. At Riesenburg also, there was a

generous, noble, and tender old man, who offered himself as a father to Consuelo; but can we change fathers according to the necessities of our position? And when Porpora said no, could Consuelo accept the yes of Count Christian?

That neither could nor ought to be, and it was necessary to wait for the decision of Porpora when he had better examined the facts and the feelings. But while waiting for this confirmation or transformation of his judgment, what could be said to the unhappy Albert, to enable him to have patience by leaving him hope? To confess the first storm of Porpora's dissatisfaction, would be to overthrow all Albert's security; to conceal it, was to deceive him, and Consuelo did not wish to dissimulate with him. Had the life of that noble young man depended on a falsehood, Consuelo would not have spoken that falsehood. There are some beings whom we respect too much to deceive, even in saving them.

She therefore began again and destroyed twenty commencements of letters, without being able to decide on continuing a single one. In whatever manner she undertook it, at the third word she always fell into a rash assertion or a dubitation which might have evil effects. She went to bed, overpowered by lassitude, sorrow and anxiety, and lay there, suffering a long time with cold and sleeplessness, without being able to determine upon any resolution, upon any clear conception of her future lot and her destiny. At last she fell asleep, and remained in bed so late, that Porpora, who was an early riser, had already departed on his rounds. She found Haydn busied, as the day before, in brushing the clothes and arranging the furniture of his new master. "Welcome, beautiful sleeper," cried he on seeing his friend appear at last, "I die of ennui, of sadness, and especially of fear, when I do not see you like a guardian angel, between that terrible professor and me. It seems to me that he is always about to penetrate my intentions, to discover the plot, and shut me up in

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by FRANCIS G. SMITH, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

his old harpsichord, that I may perish there of harmonic suffocation. He makes my hair stand on end, your Porpora; and I cannot persuade myself that he is not an old Italian devil, the satan of that country being known as much more wicked and crafty than our own."

"Be reassured, friend," replied Consuelo, "our master is only unhappy, he is not wicked. Let us begin by giving all our cares to procure him a little happiness, and we shall see him soften and return to his true character. In my childhood, I have seen him cordial and cheerful; he was cited for the wit and gaiety of his repartees: then he was successful, had friends and hope. If you had known him at the time when his *Polyphemus* was sung at the Saint Moses theatre, when he took me on the stage with him and placed me in the wing, whence I could see the back scenes and the head of the giant! How beautiful and terrible all that seemed to me from my little corner! Crouching behind a rock of pasteboard, or clambering upon a lamp-ladder, I hardly-breathed; and involuntarily, I imitated with my head and my little arms, all the gestures, all the motions, which I saw the actors make. And when the master was recalled upon the stage, and compelled, by the cries of the pit, to pass seven times before the curtain, the whole length of the barrier, I imagined that he was a god. He was grand, he was beautiful with pride and effusion of heart in those moments! Alas! he is not very old now, and yet so changed, so cast down! Come, Beppo, let us to work, in order that on his return he may find his poor lodging a little more agreeable than when he left it. First, I will make an inspection of his clothes, in order to see what he wants."

"What he wants will be rather long to reckon, and what he has very short to see," replied Joseph, "for I don't know that my wardrobe is any poorer or in a worse condition."

"Well! I shall take care to furnish yours also; for I am your debtor, Joseph; you fed and clothed me the whole journey. Let us first think of Porpora. Open that press. What! only one suit? that which he wore yesterday to the ambassador's!"

"Alas! yes! a maroon suit with cut steel buttons, and that not very fresh! The other suit, which is old and pitifully ragged, he put on to go out; and as to his dressing gown, I do not know if it ever existed; at any rate I have hunted an hour for it in vain."

Consuelo and Joseph having ferreted every where, ascertained that Porpora's dressing gown was a chimera of their imagination, as well as his overcoat and muff. Taking an account of the shirts, there were but three in tatters, the ruffles

in rags, and so of all the rest. "Joseph," said Consuelo, "here is a beautiful ring which was given me last evening in payment for my songs; I do not wish to sell it, that would draw attention to me, and perhaps prejudice against my cupidity those who presented it to me. But I can pawn it, and borrow on it the money which is necessary for us. Keller is honest and intelligent; he will know the value of this jewel, and must certainly be acquainted with some usurer, who, taking it on deposit, will advance me a good sum. Go quickly and return."

"That will not take long," replied Joseph. "There is a sort of Israelitish jeweller in Keller's house, and the latter being in such matters the factotum of more than one fine lady, he will have the money counted to you here within an hour; but I want nothing for myself, you understand, Consuelo! you, yourself, whose equipment made the whole journey on my shoulder, have great need of a new toilet, and you will be obliged to appear to-morrow, perhaps this very evening, with a dress a little less rumpled than that is."

"We will settle our accounts by-and-by, and as I please, Beppo. Not having refused your services, I have the right to require that you do not refuse mine. Now run to Keller's."

At the end of an hour, in fact, Haydn returned with Keller and fifteen hundred florins; Consuelo having explained her intentions, Keller went out again and soon came back with one of his friends, a skilful and expeditious tailor, who, having taken the measure of Porpora's coat and other parts of his dress, engaged to bring in a few days two other complete snits, a good wadded dressing gown, also linen and other articles necessary for the toilet, which he agreed to order from work-women whom he could recommend.

"Now," said Consuelo to Keller, when the tailor had gone, "I must have the greatest secrecy respecting all this. My master is as proud as he is poor, and he would certainly throw my poor gifts out of the window, if he ever suspected they came from me."

"How will you manage then, signora," observed Joseph, "to make him put on his new clothes and abandon his old ones without noticing the change?"

"O I understand him, and I promise you that he will not perceive it. I know how he must be managed."

"And now, signora," resumed Joseph, who, except when tête-à-tête, had the good taste to speak very ceremoniously to his friend, in order not to give a false opinion of the nature of their friendship, "will you not think also of yourself? You brought hardly any thing with you from Bohemia, and your dresses, more-

over, are not in fashion in this country."

"I had almost forgotten that important affair. Good Mr. Keller must be my counsellor and guide."

"O ho!" returned Keller, "I understand, and if I do not have a toilet of the best taste arranged for you, you may say that I am ignorant and presumptuous."

"I will trust to you, good Keller, and will only observe in general, that my taste is simple, and that very gay things and decided colors do not agree with my habitual paleness and quiet manners."

"You do me injustice, signora, by presuming that I require that warning. Do I not know, from my calling, the colors which must correspond to physiognomies, and do I not see in yours, the expression of your native character? Be easy, you shall be satisfied with me, and soon you can appear at the court if you please, without ceasing to be modest and simple as you now are. To adorn the person and not to change it, such is the art of the hair-dresser and of the milliner."

"Yet a word in your ear, dear Mr. Keller," said Consuelo, drawing the hair-dresser away from Joseph. "You will also have master Haydn dressed anew from head to foot, and with the rest of the money, you will offer to your daughter, from me, a beautiful silk dress for the day of her wedding with him. I hope it will not long be delayed; for if I am successful here, I can be useful to our friend, and help him to make himself known. He has talent, great talent, be sure of that."

"Has he really, signora? I am happy to hear you say so. I have always thought so. What do I say?—I was sure of it from the first day I noticed him, quite a little boy in the choir, at the foundation."

"He is a noble youth," returned Consuelo, "and you will be rewarded by his gratitude and loyalty for all that you have done for him; for you also, Keller, as I know, are a worthy man and a noble heart. Now, tell us," added she, approaching Joseph with Keller, "if you have already done what we agreed upon respecting Joseph's protectors. The idea came from you: have you put it in execution?"

"Have I done so, signora?" replied Keller, "to say and to do are one and the same thing with your humble servant. On going to dress my customers this morning, I first informed monsignor the Venetian ambassador, (I have not the honor to dress his own hair, but I frizzle the gentleman his secretary,) then the abbé of Metastasio, whom I shave every morning, and Miss Mariana Martínez, his ward, whose head is also in my hands. She lives, as does he, in my house—that

is to say, I live in their house: no matter! In fine I have seen two or three other persons who likewise know Joseph's face, and whom he is exposed to meet at master Porpora's. Those who were not my customers, I visited under some pretext: 'I have been told that madam the baroness has sent to some of my neighbors for genuine bear's grease for the hair, and I have hastened to bring her some which I can warrant. I offer it gratis as a specimen to persons of the fashionable world, and only ask their custom for the article if they are pleased with it, or else: 'Here is a church book that was found at Saint Stephen's last Sunday, and as I dress the hair of the cathedral, (that is to say of the foundation of the cathedral,) I have been requested to ask your excellency if this book does not belong to you.' It was an old worm-eaten concern of gilt and blazoned leather, which I had taken from the stall of some canon to present, knowing that no one would claim it. In fine, when I had succeeded in making myself listened to under one pretext or another, I began to chat with that ease and spirit which is tolerated in persons of my profession. I said, for example: 'I have often heard your lordship spoken of by one of my friends who is a skilful musician, Joseph Haydn. It was this that gave me the assurance to present myself in the respectable mansion of your lordship.' 'What,' they said to me, 'little Joseph! a charming talent, a young man of great promise.' 'Ah! truly!' replied I, quite content to come to the point, 'your lordship must be amused by the singular and advantageous position in which he is at this moment.' 'What has happened to him then! I have heard nothing of it.' 'Oh! there can be nothing more comical and more interesting at the same time. He has become a valet-de-chambre.' 'How, he a valet! Fie! what a degradation, what a misfortune for so much talent! Then he is very poor! I wish to aid him.' 'It is not on that account, your lordship,' replied I; 'it is the love of art which has made him take this singular resolution. He wished by all means to receive the lessons of the illustrious master Porpora.' 'Ah! yes, I know that, and Porpora refused to hear him and admit him. He is a very fanciful and a very morose man of genius.' 'He is a great man, a great heart,' replied I, according to the instructions of the signora Consuelo, who does not wish her master to be blamed or ridiculed in all this. 'Be sure,' added I, 'that he will soon recognize little Haydn's great genius, and will bestow on him all his cares: but, not to irritate his melancholy, and to introduce himself without exciting his anger, Joseph has found nothing more ingenious than to enter his

service as valet, and to pretend the most complete ignorance of music.' 'The idea is touching, charming,' replied they, quite moved: 'it is the heroism of a real artist; but he must hasten to obtain the good graces of Porpora before he is recognized and mentioned to the latter as an already well known artist; for young Haydn is liked and protected by some persons who frequently visit Porpora.' 'Those persons,' said I then with an insinuating air, 'are too generous, too great, not to keep Joseph's little secret for him, and even to feign a little with Porpora in order to preserve his confidence in him.' 'O,' cried they then, 'I certainly will not be the one to betray the good and skilful Joseph, and my people shall be forbidden to let an imprudent word escape near the ears of the maestro.' Then they sent me away with a little present, or for bear's grease, and as to the gentleman secretary of the embassy, he was greatly interested in the adventure, and promised to regale monsieur Corner with it at his breakfast, in order that he, who loves Joseph particularly, may first of all be on his guard with Porpora. Thus my diplomatic mission has been fulfilled. Are you satisfied, signora?"

"If I were a queen, I would appoint you ambassador on the spot," replied Consuelo. "But I see the master returning in the street. Escape, dear Keller, do not let him see you!"

"And why should I escape, signora? I will begin to dress your hair, and it will be supposed you sent for the nearest hair-dresser by your valet Joseph."

"He has more wit a hundred times than we," said Consuelo to Joseph; and she abandoned her black tresses to the skilful hands of Keller, while Joseph resumed his duster and apron, and Porpora heavily ascended the staircase humming a phrase of his future opera.

VIII.

As he was naturally very absent, Porpora, on kissing the forehead of his adopted daughter, did not even remark Keller who had her by the hair, and began to search in his music for the written fragment of the phrase which was running through his brain. On seeing his papers, usually scattered upon the harpsichord in an incomparable disorder, ranged in symmetrical piles, he roused himself from his reverie crying out:

"Villainous scamp! He has had the impertinence to touch my manuscripts! These valets are all alike! They think they arrange when they pile up! I had great need, by my faith, to take a valet. This is the beginning of my punishment."

"Forgive him, master," replied Consuelo, "your music was in a chaos—"

"I knew my way in that chaos! I could get up at night and find any passage of my opera by feeling in the dark; now I know nothing about it, I am lost, it will cost me a month's work to put it to rights again."

"No, master, you will find your way at once. Besides, it was I who committed the fault, and though the pages were not numbered, I believe I have put every sheet in its place. Look! I am sure you will read more easily in the book I have made of it, than in all those loose sheets which a gust of wind might carry out of the window."

"A gust of wind! Do you take my chamber for the Fusina lagunes!"

"If not a gust of wind, at least a stroke of the duster, or a brush of the broom."

"Eh! what need was there to sweep and dust my chamber! I have lived here a fortnight and have never let any one enter it."

"I perceived that, indeed," thought Joseph.

"Well, master, you must allow me to change that habit. It is unhealthy to sleep in a chamber which is not aired and cleaned every day. I will take upon myself to reestablish each day the disorder which you like, after Beppo has swept and arranged."

"Beppo! Beppo! who is Beppo! I know no Beppo."

"He is Beppo," said Consuelo, pointing at Joseph. "He had a name so difficult to pronounce that you would have been shocked by it every instant. I have given him the first Venetian name I thought of. Beppo is well; it is short and can be sung."

"As you will!" replied Porpora, who began to soften on turning over the leaves of his opera and finding it perfectly arranged and stitched in a single book.

"Agree, master," said Consuelo, seeing him smile, "that it is more convenient so."

"Ah! you wish to be always in the right," returned the maestro. "You will be obstinate all your days."

"Master, have you breakfasted?" resumed Consuelo, whom Keller had restored to liberty.

"Have you breakfasted yourself?" replied Porpora with a mixture of impatience and solicitude.

"I have breakfasted. And you master!"

"And this boy, this—Beppo, has he eaten anything?"

"He has breakfasted. And you master!"

"Then you found something here! I

did not remember that I had any provisions."

"We have breakfasted very well. And you, master?"

"And you, master! And you, master! Go to the devil with your questions. What is it to you?"

"Master, thou hast not breakfasted!" replied Consuelo, who sometimes permitted herself to thee-and-thou Porpora with Venetian familiarity.

"Ah! I see well that the devil has entered my house. She will not let me be quiet! Come here now, and sing this phrase to me. Attention, I beseech you."

Consuelo approached the harpsichord and sang the phrase, while Keller, who was a decided dilettante, remained at the other end of the chamber, with comb in hand and mouth half open. The maestro, who was not satisfied with his phrase, made her repeat it thirty times in succession, sometimes making her emphasize upon certain notes, sometimes upon certain others, seeking for the shade he dreamed, with an obstinacy that could only be equalled by Consuelo's patience and docility.

In the mean while, Joseph, upon a sign of the latter, had gone to get the chocolate which she herself had prepared during Keller's absence. He brought it, and guessing the intentions of his friend, placed it softly upon the music desk without attracting the notice of the master, who, an instant after, took it mechanically, poured it into the cup, and swallowed it with great appetite. A second cup was brought and swallowed in the same manner with a supply of bread and butter; and Consuelo, who was a little mischievous, said to him, on seeing him eat with pleasure:

"I knew, master, that you had not breakfasted."

"It is true!" replied he without temper; "I think I must have forgotten it; that often happens to me when I am composing, and I do not recollect it till later in the day when I have gnawings at my stomach and spasms."

"And then, you drink brandy, master?"

"Who told you so, you little fool?"

"I found the bottle."

"Well! what is it to you? You're not going to forbid me brandy?"

"Yes, I shall. You were temperate at Venice, and you were well."

"That is the truth," said Porpora sadly. "It seemed to me that every thing went badly there, and that here it would be better. Still every thing goes on from bad to worse with me. Fortune, health, ideas; every thing!" And he bowed his head on his hands.

"Do you wish me to tell you why you

find a difficulty in working here?" returned Consuelo, who wished to distract him, by matters of detail, from the idea of discouragement that weighed him down. "It is because you have not your good Venetian coffee, which gives so much strength and gaiety. You wish to excite yourself after the manner of the Germans, with beer and liquors; that does not agree with you."

"Ah! that again is the truth; my good coffee of Venice! it was an inexhaustible source of ben-mots and great ideas. It was genius, it was wit, which flowed through my veins with a gentle warmth. Every thing that is drank here makes me sad or crazy."

"Well, master, have your coffee!"

"Coffee! here! I won't have it. It makes too much trouble. You need a fire, a maid-servant, a coffee-pot which has to be washed and moved about, and gets broken with a discordant noise in the midst of a harmonious combination! No, none of that! My bottle on the floor, between my legs; that is more convenient, and sooner done."

"That gets broken too. I broke it this morning, when I was going to put it into the wardrobe."

"You have broken my bottle! I don't know what hinders me, you little fright, from breaking my cane over your shoulders."

"Bah! you've been saying that to me for fifteen years, and you have never given me a slap! I am not at all afraid."

"Chatter-box! will you sing? will you get me out of this cursed phrase. I bet you do not know it yet, you are so absent this morning."

"You shall see if I don't know it by heart," said Consuelo, quickly shutting the book. And she sang it as she conceived it, that is to say, otherwise than Porpora. Knowing his temper, although she had understood, from the first attempt, that he had become confused in his idea, and that in consequence of laboring it, he had denaturalized the sentiment, she had not allowed herself to give him any advice. He would have rejected it from the spirit of contradiction: but by singing the phrase in her own manner, even while pretending to make a mistake of memory, she was very sure he would be struck by it. Hardly had she heard it, than he bounded from his chair, clapping his hands and crying:

"There it is! there it is! that is what I wanted, and what I could not find! How the devil did it come to you?"

"Is it not what you have written? or can I by chance? — Certainly, that is your phrase."

"No, it is yours, you cheat!" cried Porpora, who was candor itself, and who, notwithstanding his diseased and immod-

erate love of glory, would never have appropriated anything from vanity; "it was you who found it! repeat it to me, and I will profit by it."

Consuelo recommenced several times, and Porpora wrote from her dictation; then he pressed his pupil to his heart saying, "You are the devil! I always thought you were the devil!"

"A good devil, believe me, master," replied Consuelo smiling.

Porpora, transported with joy at having his phrase, after a whole morning of sterile agitations and musical tortures, sought mechanically on the floor for the neck of his bottle, and not finding it, began to feel upon the desk, and drank at random what was there. It was exquisite coffee, which Consuelo had skilfully and patiently prepared for him at the same time with the chocolate, and which Joseph had just brought boiling hot, at a fresh sign from his friend.

"O nectar of the gods! O friend of musicians!" cried Porpora on tasting it: "what angel, what fairy has brought you from Venice under her wing?"

"It was the devil," replied Consuelo.

"You are an angel, and a fairy, my poor child," said Porpora, with gentleness, falling again upon his desk. "I see well that you love me, that you take care of me, that you wish to make me happy! Even that poor boy, who is interested in my lot!" added he, perceiving Joseph, who, standing on the threshold of the antechamber, looked at him with moist and glistening eyes. "Ah! my poor children! you wish to soften a life which is very deplorable! Imprudent! you know not what you do. I am vowed to desolation, and some days of sympathy and comfort will make me feel only more vividly the horror of my destiny, when those beautiful days shall have flown!"

"I will never leave you; I will always be your daughter and your servant," said Consuelo, throwing her arms around his neck. Porpora buried his bald head in the music-book and burst into tears. Consuelo and Joseph wept also, and Keller, whom his passion for music had retained until then, and who, to give a reason for his presence, had busied himself in dressing the master's wig in the antechamber, seeing, through the half open door, the respectable and heart-rending picture of his grief, the filial piety of Consuelo, and the enthusiasm which began to make Joseph's heart beat for the illustrious old man, let fall his comb, and taking Porpora's wig for a handkerchief, carried it to his eyes, plunged as he was in a holy distraction.

For several days, Consuelo was kept in the house by a cold. She had braved, during that long and adventurous journey, all the inclemencies of the weather, all

the caprices of the autumn, now burning, now wet and cold, according to the various regions through which she had passed. Thinly clad, with a straw hat on her head, having neither a cloak nor a change of garments when she was wet; still she had not the slightest hoarseness. Hardly was she shut up within the walls of that sombre, damp, and badly aired lodging of Porpora, before she felt the cold and want of comfort paralyze her energies, her voice. Porpora was much vexed by this mischance. He knew that he must hasten if he wished to procure an engagement for his pupil at the Italian theatre; for madam Tesi, who had wished to go to Dresden, appeared to hesitate, tempted by the earnest requests of Caffariello, and by the brilliant offers of Holzbäuer, who was desirous to attach so celebrated a cantatrice to the imperial theatre. On another side, Corilla, still kept in bed by the consequences of her confinement, was intriguing with the directors by means of those friends whom she had found at Vienna, and agreed to make her *début* in a week if necessary. Porpora ardently desired that Consuelo should be engaged, both for her own sake and for the success of the opera which he hoped to have accepted with her.

Consuelo, on her part, knew not what to resolve. To take an engagement, would be to put off the possible moment of her union with Albert; it would cause fear and consternation to the Rudolstadt, who certainly did not expect her to reappear upon the stage; it would be in their opinion a renunciation of the honor of belonging to them, and a notification to the young Count that she preferred glory and liberty to him. On the other side, to refuse an engagement was to destroy the last hopes of Porpora; it was to show to him, in her turn, that ingratitude which had caused the despair and unhappiness of his life; it would, in fine, be giving him the stroke of a poniard. Consuelo, terrified at finding herself reduced to this alternative, and seeing that she would strike a mortal blow, whichever course she might adopt, fell into a dull melancholy. Her strong constitution saved her from a serious indisposition; but during those few days of anguish and terror, suffering from feverish shiverings, from a painful languor, drawn up over a scanty fire, or dragging herself from one chamber, to another to attend to the cares of housekeeping, she desired and sadly hoped that a severe illness would come to withdraw her from the duties and anxieties of her situation.

Porpora's temper, which had cleared for an instant, again became gloomy, quarrelsome and unjust, as soon as he saw Consuelo, the source of his hope and the seat of his strength, fall suddenly

into depression and irresolution. Instead of sustaining and reanimating her by enthusiasm and tenderness, he displayed a diseased impatience which completed the work of terrifying her. By turns weak and violent, the tender and irascible old man, devoured by spleen, (which was soon to consume Jean-Jacques Rousseau,) saw every where enemies, persecutors, and ingrates, without perceiving that his suspicions, his extravagancies and his injustice, provoked and occasioned the evil intentions and evil acts which he attributed to them. The first impulse of those whom he wounded, was to consider him crazy; the second, to believe him wicked; the third, to avoid him, to preserve themselves, or to be avenged on him. Between a mean complaisance and a ferocious misanthropy, there is a medium which Porpora did not conceive, and to which he never attained.

Consuelo, after many useless attempts, seeing that he was less disposed than ever to allow her either love or marriage, resigned herself no longer to provoke explanations which embittered more and more the prejudices of her unfortunate master. She no longer pronounced the name of Albert, and held herself ready to sign any engagement which might be so imposed on her by Porpora. When she found herself alone with Joseph, she experienced some consolation in opening her heart to him.

"What a strange destiny is mine!" would she often say to him. "Heaven has given me faculties and a soul for art, the need of liberty, the love of a proud and chaste independence; but at the same time, instead of giving me that cold and ferocious selfishness which insures to artists the strength necessary to clear their way through the difficulties and temptations of life, that celestial Will has placed in my bosom a tender and sensitive heart, which beats only for others, and cannot live except in affection and devotedness. Thus divided between two opposing forces, my life is wasted, and my aim constantly fails to be realized. If I was born to practice devotedness, I pray that God would take from my mind, the love of art, of poetry, and the instinct of liberty, which make of my devotedness a suffering and an agony; if I was born for art and for liberty, that he would take from my heart pity, friendship, solicitude, and the fear of causing others to suffer, which continually poison my triumphs and impede my career!"

"If I had any advice to give you, poor Consuelo," replied Haydn, "it would be to listen to the voice of your genius, and to stifle the cry of your heart. But I know you too well now, and I know that you cannot do it."

"No, I cannot do it, Joseph, and it

seems to me that I never shall be able. But see my misfortune, see the complication of my strange and unhappy lot! Even in the path of devotedness I am so hindered and drawn in different directions, that I cannot go where my heart impels me, without breaking that heart which would do good on the left hand as well as on the right. If I consecrate myself to this one, I abandon and leave to perish that one. I have in the world an adopted husband, whose wife I cannot be without killing my adopted father, and reciprocally, if I fulfil my duties as a daughter, I kill my husband. It is written that the woman shall leave her father and mother to follow her husband; but I am not, in reality, either wife or daughter. The law has determined nothing about me, society has not interested itself in my fate. My heart must choose. The passions of man do not govern him, and in the alternative in which I am, the passion of duty and of devotedness cannot enlighten my choice. Albert and Porpora are alike unhappy, alike threatened with the loss of reason or of life. I am as necessary to the one as to the other. I must sacrifice one of the two."

"And why so? If you were to marry the Count, would not Porpora go and live with you both? You would thus snatch him from misery, you would restore him by your cares, you would accomplish both of your duties at once."

"If it could be so, I swear to you, Joseph, that I would renounce art and liberty; but you do not know Porpora; it is of glory and not of comfort and ease that he is greedy. He is in misery, and he does not perceive it; he suffers from it without knowing whence his suffering comes. Besides, dreaming always of triumphs and of the admiration of men, he could not condescend to accept their pity. Be sure that his distress is, in great part, the work of his own carelessness and pride. If he said one word, he has still some friends, who would fly to his relief; but, besides his never having looked to see if his purse were empty or full, (and you have seen that he knows no more about his stomach,) he would rather die of hunger shut up in his chamber, than seek the charity of a dinner at his best friend's. He would believe he degraded music if he allowed it to be suspected that the Porpora needed anything else than his genius, his harpsichord, and his pen. Thus the ambassador and his mistress, who love and revere him, do not in any manner imagine the destitution in which he now is. If they see him inhabit a scanty and ruinous chamber, they think it is because he loves obscurity and disorder. Does not he himself tell them that he could not com-

pose otherwise? I know better; I have seen him climb the roofs at Venice, to seek inspiration from the sounds of the sea and the sight of the sky. If they receive him with his nn-neat dress, his worn wig, and his shoes full of holes, they think they are obliging to him. 'He loves dirt,' they say to themselves; 'it is the whim of old men and artists. His rags are pleasant to him. He could not walk in new shoes.' He himself affirms it; but I have seen him in my childhood, neat, well-dressed, always perfumed, shaved, and coquettishly shaking the lace of his sleeve ruffles upon the keys of the harpischord and the organ; the reason is, that in those times, he could do thus without being indebted to any one. Never would Porpora be resigned to live idle and unknown in the depths of Bohemia at the expense of his friends. He would not remain there three months without cursing and insulting every body, believing that they conspired for his ruin, and that his enemies had caused him to be shut up, in order to prevent his publishing his works and having them performed. He would depart some fine morning, shaking the dust from his feet, and would return to seek his garret, his worm-eaten harpischord, his fatal bottle, and his dear manuscripts."

"And you see no possibility of inducing your Count Albert to come to Vienna, or to Venice, or to Dresden, or to Prague, to some musical town, in fine? Rich, you could establish yourselves any where, be surrounded by musicians, cultivate the art in a certain manner, and leave a free field to Porpora's ambition, without ceasing to watch over him."

"After what I have told you of Albert's character and health, how can you ask me such a question? He, who cannot endure the face of an indifferent person, how could he meet that crowd of knaves and fools which is called the world? And what irony, what dislike, what contempt, would not the world bestow upon that holy fanatic, who knows nothing of its laws, its manners and its customs? There is as much risk in attempting that with Albert, as in my present endeavor to make myself forgotten by him."

"You may nevertheless be certain, that all evils will appear more trifling to him than your absence. If he really loves you, he will endure all; and if he does not love you enough to endure and accept all, he will forget you."

"Therefore I wait and decide nothing. Give me courage, Beppo, and remain with me, that I may have at least one heart to which I can confess my suffering, and which I can ask to seek for hope with me."

"O my sister! be tranquil," cried Joseph; "if I am so happy as to give you that slight consolation, I will quietly endure all Porpora's storms; I will even let him beat me, if that can distract him from the necessity of tormenting and afflicting you."

While conversing thus with Joseph, Consuelo worked incessantly; now preparing with him their common meals, now mending Porpora's clothes. She introduced, piece by piece, into his apartment, the furniture necessary for her master. A good arm-chair, quite broad and well stuffed with hair, replaced the straw one in which he rested his limbs, now failing with age; and when he had enjoyed in it the pleasures of a siesta, he was astonished, and asked, contracting his brow, "Whence came that good seat?" "The mistress of the house had it brought up here," replied Consuelo; "this old piece of furniture was in her way, and I consented to place it in a corner until she should want it again." Porpora's mattresses were changed; and he made no other remark upon the goodness of his bed than to say that he had recovered his sleep for some nights. Consuelo answered him that he must attribute this amelioration to the coffee and his abstinence from brandy. One morning, Porpora, having put on an excellent dressing-gown, asked Joseph, with an anxious air, where he had found it. Joseph, who had his cue, replied that in arranging an old trunk he had found it at the bottom. "I did not know I had brought it here," returned Porpora.—"Still it is that I had at Venice; it is the same color at least."

"And what other could it be?" said Consuelo, who had taken care to match the color of the defunct dressing-gown of Venice.

"Well! I thought it more worn than this!" said the maestro, looking at his elbows.

"I believe so!" "I have put new sleeves to it."

"And with what?"

"With a piece of the lining."

"Ah! it is astonishing how women turn every thing to use!"

When the new coat was introduced, and Porpora had worn it two days, though it was of the same color as the old one, he was astonished to find it so fresh, and the buttons especially, which were very handsome, drew his attention. "This is not my coat," said he in a grumbling tone.

"I told Beppo to carry it to the cleanser," replied Consuelo; "you stained it last evening. It has been re-dressed, and that is why you find it more fresh."

"I tell you it is not mine," cried the maestro, beside himself. "It has been

changed at the cleanser's. Your Beppo is a fool!"

"It has not been changed; I made a mark on it."

"And these buttons? Do you think you can make me swallow these buttons?"

"It was I who changed the trimming and sewed it on myself. The old one was entirely spoilt."

"You may say so if you please! it was still quite presentable. This is a fine piece of folly! Am I a Celadon to rig myself up thus and pay twelve sequins at least, for a trimming?"

"It did not cost twelve florins," replied Consuelo, "I bought it by chance."

"Even that is too much!" murmured the maestro.

All the pieces of his dress were slyly conveyed to him in the same manner, by the help of adroit falsehoods which made Joseph and Consuelo laugh like two children. Some articles passed unperceived, thanks to Porpora's absence of mind; the laces and linen were discreetly introduced into his wardrobe by small portions, and when he seemed to look at them on himself with some attention, Consuelo attributed to herself the honor of having carefully repaired them. To give more likelihood to the fact, she mended, under his eyes, some of his old clothes, and mixed them with the others.

"Ah, indeed!" said Porpora to her one day, snatching from her hands a frill on which she was sewing; "enough of this nonsense! An artist must not be a housekeeper, and I do n't wish to see you all day thus bent double, with a needle in your hand. Shut up all that, or I will throw it into the fire. Neither do I wish to see you any more over the fire cooking and swallowing the vapor of charcoal. Do you want to lose your voice? Do you want to make yourself a scullion? Do you want to make me damn myself?"

"Do not damn yourself," replied Consuelo; "your clothes are in good order now, and my voice has returned."

"Well and good," answered the maestro; "in that case you will sing tomorrow at the house of the countess Hoditz, the dowager margravine of Bareith."

GERMAN LOVE. The story we give below, could only have happened in Germany, or be related of Germans. A young girl of twenty-one, Rose Koble, a shop tender, became acquainted with a student of pharmacy, one Theophilus Keppler. This acquaintance, apparently very slight, was soon forgotten by the young man, but excited a love, violent almost to madness, in the heart of Rose. A peasant girl, an intimate friend of Rose, who had discovered the secret of her passion, made a shameful profit of its intensity. She addressed the poor girl letters purporting to be written by

Keppler, and cajoled her for fourteen years. During the whole of that period she never once saw her fancied betrothed, but letters asking for money, sugar, brandy, and even linen, poured thick upon her. The excuses for not seeing her were of the most strange and improbable nature; such as, that in consequence of detention in Holland, constructed expressly for the failure on his examination he was taken to a house of punishment of defeated candidates. Such was the tenor of all the correspondence; misfortune seemed to have rained on him. At one time he had broken an arm, at another a leg. Sickness, suffering, and especially destitution afflicted him; the last being an appeal enduring and unending. Rose, at different periods, had sent eleven thousand francs, an enormous sum for one in her position to collect, which she was obliged to deny herself all but the necessities of life, and to sacrifice her little patrimony and that of a sister. At last, after fourteen years of continued anxieties and privations, Rose read in the newspaper an announcement of the death of Theophilus Keppler, apothecary, of Winterbach, whose disconsolate widow and afflicted children, &c. — Thereupon, on complaint to the authorities, the criminal who had withered her youth and wasted her property was found in her bosom friend. The punishment inflicted is fourteen years' confinement in a dungeon, from which, during a certain period in each year, light is excluded. —

Evening Mirror.

DIVINE REVELATION. — SOCIETY. — INDEPENDENCE. — ODD FELLOWSHIP, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

Our unbelief in an all-creating, all-ruling God, blots Him, and with Him, ourselves, out of existence, just as shutting up our eyes and ears annihilates the solar system. Our belief that all divine revelation comes to us through one book, which may mean what a blundering typesetter and careless proof-reader permit it to mean, just in the same way annihilates all other divine revelation. For one thing, it annihilates the revelation of the bee-hive.

Were it not for this bigoted belief, that God can have spoken to man *only* through pen, ink, and printer's type, the bee-hive would be considered a most important divine revelation, and we should have a creed of political economy, founded upon it, which would have a practical tendency to abolish poverty, and of course to favor virtue, and produce a fitness for heaven. Let us look at the revelation of the bee-hive. We have long had glass to look into it, but we have lacked the belief that the things seen were an authoritative language from God.

The bee teaches the divine philosophy of society. He teaches how the individual gains by giving to the mass. Were each bee to have a separate hive, he would become a miserable, cross savage, with more buzz and show than honey, like the "bumble-bee." Were he to have a separate interest in the common hive, all would be confusion, harter and fraud would take the place of industry, some would have too much honey, and some none, and all vastly less than they now have. As it is, each bee makes himself thoroughly acquainted with the general rule of labor, sees that the wealth of all is his own greatest wealth, chooses his

own field, and has no thought but to add to the common stock. Here is independence and society combined. Bees get along with very little government. What they have is good and strong, but it is not permitted to act for its own sake, or to begin to. There are drones for certain purposes, but they are not suffered to multiply, or to monopolize the honey.

There is in human nature itself, an instinct which has a tendency to this social system. But in man instinct is weak. He is made to be governed and carried forward to glorious results by the force of reason acted upon by revelation. He is God's own child — made for eternal progress. The glimmerings of reason begin to show themselves on this subject. In a hundred ways we have already availed ourselves of the social principle — a corner here, and a corner there. We had a strong movement towards the right thing, in the apostolic church common stock system, eighteen centuries ago. But the church, in its zeal for the next world, forgot this, and men in masks got the better of it, and, while they took all the earthly treasure to themselves, cunningly told the simple hearted that they ought to lay up their treasure *entirely* in heaven!

We have since had other movements towards the social state, which God reveals to us in the bee-hive. Very imperfect, surely, but nevertheless, earnest attempts. Free Masonry was one. We know, or rather we do not know, what has become of it. Odd Fellowship is another. We have been supposed to condemn it. We do not. We honor every attempt to carry out the bee-hive commandment. But we think its secrecy foolish and useless, and its gew-gaws worse than useless, in the present state of things. "What do you know about its secrets?" Nothing, and that is all we wish to. The bees have no secrets. Let the social principle have its full sway. If we can have no more of it than Odd Fellowship contains, let us have that. But we should better like an open joining of stocks, insurance against sickness, and division of labor, a getting as fast as possible out of the "every tub on its own bottom," "bumble-bee," Ishmaelite principle, and mode of life. Success to every thing that tends that way. Let all minds that are disturbed at such doctrines "arise, but hear." — *Chronotype.*

SPEAK IT BOLDLY. We admire the truly bold man — not the impudently bold man. If you have truth to utter which should have utterance, speak it boldly. We had rather by half see a person thus speak the truth, though by so doing he may be knocked "into a cocked hat" the next moment, than to see him blush, and tremble, and shake, and run round a ten acre lot, before he can squeeze out what he knows to be truth and feels it his duty to proclaim. Truth, fitly spoken, will put to flight an army of untruths and calumnies, and, it is said, will shame the devil — the father of liars. Truth, too, spoken boldly, and yet in a friendly manner, has checked the ruinous course of many a young and thoughtless person, and been the cause of his happy restoration to the paths of uprightness and happiness and honor. Truth, spoken faintly and tremblingly, falls on the ear like a "milk and water" assertion, and has no more effect upon the listener than the report of a green alder pop-gun would have

upon patriotism on the glorious Fourth of July. Away with this foolish, tea-manner of telling the truth.

REVIEW.

Typee: a Peep at Polynesian Life, during a Four Months' Residence in a Valley of the Marquesas. By HERMAN MELVILLE. In Two Parts. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1846. pp. 325.

In the middle of the Pacific Ocean, some nine or ten degrees south of the Equator, lie the Marquesas. Here where the heats of the tropical sun are mitigated by the influence of the vast surrounding expanse of waters, and the climate is perfect and free from excesses of every kind, Nature blooms in a genial and healthy luxuriance such as she can nowhere else display. No Hesperides ever wore the gorgeous beauty of this southern paradise. Its green valleys stretch away in a loveliness which cannot be described. Hidden in the recesses of rough volcanic hills, their varied features teem with a glory that the dweller in other regions never conceived of. Their precipitous sides, covered with vegetation and with flowers, gleam with silvery cascades; in their evergreen and lofty groves, the golden fruits which supply the wants of their inhabitants, ripen without the labor of man; and little lakes nestling amidst the exuberant foliage, reflect the sky and tempt the beholder into their cool, clear depths. Such are these gems of the ocean, in which Nature, prodigal and unhindered, has hinted the extent of her possibilities, and by a kind of material diffraction has prophesied her own future perfections; — perfections which she shall possess in infinite and universal variety when, through the combined industry and wealth and power of a United Race, she shall have become but the image and expression of the Kingdom of God abiding in the souls and societies of Man!

Of the inhabitants of these islands we have accounts quite as striking as of the islands themselves. All writers unite in declaring them to be most perfect specimens of physical beauty, symmetry and health. We copy from the present work:

"In beauty of form they surpassed anything I had ever seen. Not a single instance of natural deformity was observable in all the throng attending the revels. Occasionally I noticed among the men the scars of wounds they had received in battle; and sometimes, though very seldom, the loss of a finger, an eye, or an arm, attributable to the same cause. With these exceptions, every individual appeared free from those blemishes which sometimes mar the effect of an otherwise perfect form. But their physical excellence did not merely consist in an exemption from these evils; nearly every individual of their number might have been taken for a sculptor's model."

"Nothing in the appearance of the islanders struck me more forcibly than the whiteness of their teeth. The novelist always compares the masticators of his heroines to ivory; but I boldly pronounce the teeth of the Typees to be far more beautiful than ivory itself. The jaws of the oldest graybeards among them were much better garnished than those of most of the youths of civilized countries; while the teeth of the young and middle-aged, in their purity and whiteness, were actually dazzling to the eye. This marvellous whiteness of the teeth is to be ascribed to the pure vegetable diet of these people, and the uninterrupted healthfulness of their natural mode of life."

"Cook, in the account of his voyages, pronounces the Marquesans as by far the most splendid islanders in the South Seas. Stewart, the chaplain of the U. S. ship Vincennes, in his 'Scenes in the South Seas,' expresses, in more than one place, his amazement at the surpassing loveliness of the women; and says that many of the Nukuheva damsels reminded him forcibly of the most celebrated beauties in his own land. Fanning, a Yankee mariner of some reputation, likewise records his lively impressions of the physical appearance of these people; and Commodore David Porter of the U. S. frigate Essex, is said to have been vastly smitten by the beauty of the ladies. Their great superiority over all other Polynesians cannot fail to attract the notice of those who visit the principal groups in the Pacific. The voluptuous Tahitians are the only people who at all deserve to be compared with them; while the dark-hued Hawaiians and the woolly-headed Feegees are immeasurably inferior to them. The distinguishing characteristic of the Marquesan islanders, and that which at once strikes you, is the European cast of their features—a peculiarity seldom observable among other uncivilized people. Many of their faces present a profile classically beautiful, and in the valley of Typee I saw several who were in every respect models of beauty."

"The stranger could not have been more than twenty-five years of age, and was a little above the ordinary height; had he been a single hair's breadth taller, the matchless symmetry of his form would have been destroyed. His unclad limbs were beautifully formed; whilst the elegant outline of his figure, together with his beardless cheeks, might have entitled him to the distinction of standing for the statue of the Polynesian Apollo; and indeed the oval of his countenance and the regularity of every feature reminded me of an antique bust. But the marble repose of art was supplied by a warmth and liveliness of expression only to be seen in the South Sea Islander under the most favorable developments of nature. The hair of Marnoo was a rich curling brown, and twined about his temples and neck in little close curling ringlets, which danced up and down continually when he was animated in conversation. His cheek was of a feminine softness, and his face was free from the least blemish of tattooing, although the rest of his body was drawn all over with fanciful figures, which—unlike the unconnected sketching usual among these natives—appeared to have been executed in conformity with some general design."

Thus far there is no doubt of the facts; the assertions of the author are sustained by all the evidence relating to the subject. But in the course of his narrative, he makes some statements respecting the social condition and character of the tribe with which he was domesticated, of so remarkable a character that we cannot escape a slight suspicion that he has embellished the facts from his own imagination, in other words, that there is an indefinite amount of romance mingled with the reality of his narrative.

We say this without knowing the author or how far he may be relied on. The name on the title page gives, we take it, no indication either of his what, or his whereabouts; there is, to be sure, a straight forward air in his preface which is worth something, and the fact that the book is dedicated to Chief Justice Shaw, is greatly in favor of the assumption that it is a true history, but yet we cannot avoid the possibility that it may be in the most important particulars, only an amusing fiction. Still there is a verisimilitude about it, which inclines us to the contrary opinion; it relates nothing which is in itself impossible, and, having made the foregoing deductions, we shall consider it as though its facts were not susceptible of doubt.

The scene of the adventures here related is Nukuheva, an island some sixty miles in circumference, one of that group of three, north-west of the Marquesas, which are sometimes called the Washington Islands, or Ingraham's Islands, but which the author regards as part of the Marquesas proper. "Typee," is the name of one of the valleys of this island and of the tribe by which it is inhabited. This tribe is, he tells us, noted throughout the South Seas for savage ferocity, and indeed the name "Typee," signifies a lover of human flesh. With the tribe dwelling around the bay of Nukuheva, which is the harbor generally visited by ships, they have always maintained an implacable hostility, which a warlike invasion of their valley by Commodore Porter some thirty years ago, had extended to foreigners in general. From this cause as well as from the comparative seclusion of their bay and valley, up to the time of our author's residence among them, no civilizes of any nation, except the warriors of Commodore Porter, had ever landed on their shores. Thus their native character and customs had been completely preserved, and they themselves saved from those civilized vices and diseases, which act upon the South Sea Islanders with the same fatality as upon the Indians of our continent.

The author went out to the Pacific in a whale ship. When they anchored in the bay of Nukuheva, dissatisfaction with

the captain and the voyage, and a certain love of adventure, induced him to run away, with the design of secreting himself in the vicinity until the ship had gone, and then of remaining among the friendly natives of that tribe as long as he wished, or till a favorable chance of getting away should offer. In this undertaking he was joined by a ship mate, but the necessity of seeking some retreat where they could obtain the fruits which are to be had only on the sides of the valleys, without danger of being found by the captain, obliged them to go farther into the interior of the island than they had intended. Their wanderings over mountains and defiles are described with great skill, and indeed we will here say that the whole book is the work of an artist. Since Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," we have had nothing to compare with it in point of fresh and natural interest. After great difficulties and sufferings, they at last made their way into the midst of a tribe which turned out to be the fearful and unsparing Typees! By good fortune they were received most kindly. After a short time, the companion of the author departs, with the design of returning to Nukuheva and procuring some remedy for a bodily injury which his friend had contracted from an unknown cause in their journey over the mountains. He departs with a company of the natives, who were drawn down to the sea by the report that boats were approaching the shore, but never returns, nor can any information respecting his fate be obtained. Thus left alone, the author remains for some four months in the valley. He is treated with the greatest kindness by the chiefs and by all the people, has an attendant devoted to his service, his wants are cared for with the most friendly solicitude, his person is made sacred by the "taboo," and as far as an indolent and aimless life with no duties and no anxieties, in the midst of the utmost natural beauty can go, nothing is wanting to his happiness. But he longs for the excitement of the world he has left and for home. His confidence in his savage friends is also not perfect. He has a vague fear that their kindness is only temporary, and that sooner or later they may subject him to some horrible death. He accordingly determines to leave them as soon as possible, but finds that they have no idea of allowing him to go. They will not even permit him to approach the sea. At last he hears that there is a boat at the coast. With great exertions he succeeds in reaching it, in getting on board and escaping, though not without the necessity of a deadly struggle with the Typee chief, who at first inclines to let him go, but afterwards endeavors to detain him.

What has most interested us in "Ty-

peo," is the social state which is described in the following extracts.

"During the time I lived among the Typees, no one was ever put upon his trial for any offence against the public. To all appearance there were no courts of law or equity. There was no municipal police for the purpose of apprehending vagrants and disorderly characters. In short, there were no legal provisions whatever for the well-being and conservation of society, the enlightened end of civilized legislation. And yet every thing went on in the valley with a harmony and smoothness unparalleled, I will venture to assert, in the most select, refined, and pious associations of mortals in Christendom. How are we to explain this enigma! These islanders were heathens! savages! ay, cannibals! and how came they, without the aid of established law, to exhibit, in so eminent a degree, that social order which is the greatest blessing and highest pride of the social state!"

"So pure and upright were they in all the relations of life, that entering their valley, as I did, under the most erroneous impressions of their character, I was soon led to exclaim in amazement: 'Are these the ferocious savages, the blood-thirsty cannibals of whom I have heard such frightful tales! They deal more kindly with each other, and are more humane than many who study essays on virtue and benevolence, and who repeat every night that beautiful prayer breathed first by the lips of the divine and gentle Jesus.' I will frankly declare, that after passing a few weeks in this valley of the Marquesas, I formed a higher estimate of human nature than I had ever before entertained."

"There was one admirable trait in the general character of the Typees which, more than anything else, secured my admiration: it was the unanimity of feeling they displayed on every occasion. With them there hardly appeared to be any difference of opinion upon any subject whatever. They all thought and acted alike. I do not conceive that they could support a debating society for a single night: there would be nothing to dispute about; and were they to call a convention to take into consideration the state of the tribe, its session would be a remarkably short one. They showed this spirit of unanimity in every action of life; every thing was done in concert and good fellowship."

"During my whole stay on the island I never witnessed a single quarrel, nor anything that in the slightest degree approached even to a dispute. The natives appeared to form one household, whose members were bound together by the ties of strong affection. The love of kindred I did not so much perceive, for it seemed blended in the general love; and where all were treated as brothers and sisters, it was hard to tell who were actually related to each other by blood."

"Let it not be supposed that I have overdrawn this picture. I have not done so. Nor let it be urged that the hostility of this tribe to foreigners, and the hereditary feuds they carry on against their fellow-islanders beyond the mountains, are facts which contradict me. Not so; these apparent discrepancies are easily reconciled. By many a legendary tale of violence and wrong, as well as by

events which have passed before their eyes, these people have been taught to look upon white men with abhorrence. The cruel invasion of their country by Porter has alone furnished them with ample provocation; and I can sympathize in the spirit which prompts the Typee warrior to guard all the passes to his valley with the point of his levelled spear, and, standing upon the beach, with his back turned upon his green home, to hold at bay the intruding European."

"The penalty of the Fall presses very lightly upon the valley of Typee; for, with one solitary exception of striking a light, I scarcely saw any piece of work performed there which caused the sweat to stand upon a single brow. As for digging and delving for a livelihood, the thing is altogether unknown. Nature has planted the bread-fruit and the banana, and in her own good time she brings them to maturity, when the idle savage stretches forth his hand, and satisfies his appetite."

"The marriage tie, whatever it may be, does not appear to be indissoluble; for separations occasionally happen.—These, however, when they do take place, produce no unhappiness, and are preceded by no bickerings; for the simple reason, that an ill-used wife or a hen-pecked husband is not obliged to file a bill in Chancery to obtain a divorce. As nothing stands in the way of a separation, the matrimonial yoke sits easily and lightly, and a Typee wife lives on very pleasant and sociable terms with her husbands. On the whole, wedlock, as known among these Typees, seems to be of a more distinct and enduring nature than is usually the case with barbarous people. A baneful promiscuous intercourse of the sexes is hereby avoided, and virtue, without being clamorously invoked, is, as it were, unconsciously practised."

"The ratio of increase among all the Polynesian nations is very small; and in some places as yet uncorrupted by intercourse with Europeans, the births would appear but very little to outnumber the deaths; the population in such instances remaining nearly the same for several successive generations, even upon those islands seldom or never desolated by wars, and among people with whom the crime of infanticide is altogether unknown. This would seem expressly ordained by Providence to prevent the overstocking of the islands with a race too indolent to cultivate the ground, and who, for that reason alone, would, by any considerable increase in their numbers, be exposed to the most deplorable misery. During the entire period of my stay in the valley of Typee, I never saw more than ten or twelve children under the age of six months, and only became aware of two births."

This is certainly a noteworthy condition of social relations. Among these ignorant savages we behold order existing with liberty, and virtues of which, in civilized communities we find only the intellectual ideal, matters of every-day life. How is it that without our learning or our religion these cannibals can thus put to shame the most refined and Christian societies? How is it that in a mere state of nature they can live together in a degree of

social harmony and freedom from vice, which all our jails, and scaffolds, and courts of justice, and police officers, and soldiers, and schoolmasters, and great philosophers, and immense politicians, and moral codes, and steam engines, material and spiritual, cannot procure for us? These are questions of some significance, but yet not difficult to answer. The great secret of the whole matter is that in Typee there is *abundance for every person*, and thus the most fruitful cause of the selfishness and crime of our enlightened and philosophic civilization does not exist there. Here is the lesson which the leaders of this nineteenth century may learn from the Typees; here is the doctrine which our legislators and philosophers, ay! and our clergy and churches who preach the love of man, and ought to know what are its conditions, need a better understanding of. Said that Coryphaeus of our beneficent modern metaphysics, Victor Cousin, when the oppression and degradation of the laboring classes were urged upon his unwilling attention, "Eh! Give them good precepts! Give them good precepts! At least they can't abuse them, but if they get money they will only spend it in vice!"

To the winds with such shallow and selfish hypocrisy! Shame upon such intellectual inertia, such scepticism, as will not see that our Father who is in Heaven, has made it our duty to protect our brethren against the evils in which they are involved, and to discover and establish a social state of Justice and generous competence for all! Give them good precepts, but give them something else beside, if you wish to have your precepts effectual. Give them such an abundance of material things as bountiful nature in Typee bestows upon her children, and then when you bid them love each other, your words will not fall dead and unmeaning upon their ears. The peace and good will of that South Sea valley are as possible here as they are there; they are possible here in a far higher degree, on account of our greater refinement and intelligence, and our higher religious development. Here, indeed, in order to produce those blessings, we must in society create the material conditions which there are created by nature; we must have a social system which will produce and distribute to every member of society a complete abundance as the result of a healthy amount of labor, and not a niggardly, starving pittance to nineteen-twentieths of the population as the return for slavish and debasing toil, and enormous wealth to the other one-twentieth, as the fruit of grasping cunning or the wages of stupid and pitiable idleness. It is no deceitful phantasm when in some unknown and distant region we find a tribe of rude savages living in true social brother-

erhood; if we are wise we shall not hurry to the conclusion that such a state of things is impossible for us, but shall inquire what is the cause which produces it there, and how shall that cause be made to operate here. The cause is plain, and the means of putting it into effect with us not less so. The cause as we have said, is *universal abundance*, and the means of producing such abundance in civilized societies is the organization of industry and the distribution of its products according to principles of exact justice.

Let associated, coöperative labor once take the place of the drudgery of our gloomy manufactories, the dulness of our agriculture, and the poverty of our cities, and the word *want* thereby be banished from the language, and we shall no longer need to look to the islanders of the South Seas for examples of social virtues and happiness. But these virtues cannot prevail in society such as ours is now constituted. Their first requisite, — an abundant supply of the physical wants of every person is not possible in the midst of social and political institutions which are mostly forms of organized selfishness, where every thing is subjected to greedy, fraudulent and uncertain commerce, and where Slavery in some one of its disgusting and inhuman forms is a necessary and constant fact. The work of human regeneration has a foundation, the highest spiritual ends, a material basis. We press the whole matter on the most serious thought of every thinking man.

We had designed to bring forward some other considerations suggested by the above extracts, but we omit them to make room for a passage relating to the Sandwich Island Missions.

"Look at Honolulu, the metropolis of the Sandwich Islands! — a community of disinterested merchants, and devoted, self-exiled heralds of the Cross, located on the very spot that twenty years ago was defiled by the presence of idolatry. What a subject for an eloquent Bible-meeting orator! Nor has such an opportunity for a display of missionary rhetoric been allowed to pass by unimproved! But when these philanthropists send us such glowing accounts of one half of their labors, why does their modesty restrain them from publishing the other half of the good they have wrought? Not until I visited Honolulu was I aware of the fact that the small remnant of the natives had been civilized into draught-horses, and evangelized into beasts of burden. But so it is. They have been literally broken into the traces, and are harnessed to the vehicles of their spiritual instructors like so many dumb brutes!

"Among a multitude of similar exhibitions that I saw, I shall never forget a robust, red-faced, and very lady-like personage, a missionary's spouse, who day after day for months together, took her regular airings in a little go-cart drawn by two of the islanders, one an old grey-headed man, and the other a roguish stripling, both being, with the exception of the big-leaf, as naked as when they were born. Over a level piece of ground this pair of *draught bipeds* would go with a shambling, unsightly trot, the young-

ster hanging back all the time like a knowing horse, while the old hack plodded on and did all the work.

"Rattling along through the streets of the town in this stylish equipage, the lady looks about her as magnificently as any queen driven in state to her coronation. A sudden elevation, and a sandy road, however, soon disturb her serenity. The small wheels become embedded in the loose soil, — the old stager stands tugging and sweating, while the young one frisks about and does nothing; not an inch does the chariot budge. Will the tender-hearted lady, who has left friends and home for the good of the souls of the poor heathen, will she think a little about their bodies and get out and ease the wretched old man until the ascent is mounted? Not she; she could not dream of it. To be sure, she used to think nothing of driving the cows to pasture on the old farm in New England; but times have changed since then. So she retains her seat and bawls out, 'Hooke! hooke!' (pull, pull.) The old gentleman, frightened at the sound, labors away harder than ever; and the younger one makes a great show of straining himself, but takes care to keep one eye on his mistress, in order to know when to dodge out of harm's way. At last the good lady loses all patience; 'Hooke! hooke!' and rap goes the heavy handle of her huge fan over the naked skull of the old savage; while the young one shies to one side and keeps beyond its range. 'Hooke! hooke!' again she cries — 'Hooke tata kannaka!' (pull strong, men.) — but all in vain, and she is obliged in the end to dismount, and, sad necessity, actually to walk to the top of the hill.

"At the town where this paragon of humility resides, is a spacious and elegant American chapel, where divine service is regularly performed. Twice every Sabbath, towards the close of the exercises, may be seen a score or two of little wagons ranged along the railing in front of the edifice, with two squalid native footmen in the livery of nakedness, standing by each, and waiting for the dismissal of the congregation to draw their superiors home."

It is proper to say in behalf of the author, that he does not impeach the honesty with which this mission was planned, or the Christian character of the Missionaries in general. He merely avers that their designs have often been injudicious and that other influences than that of the New Testament have operated on the natives, which are undoubtedly the facts. It must however be remarked that the Sandwich Islands from their very locality, were doomed to be ravaged by the curses which commerce always inflicts on savage tribes. As the natural stopping-place of all the shipping in the Pacific, it was impossible that they should do otherwise than afford an outlet for the vice and corruption gathered together for those long voyages, and intensified by absence from the restraints of society. How far the missions may have tended to delay the inevitable destruction of the islanders, we cannot say, but that they have not prevented it altogether is certainly not their fault. It is besides unreasonable to expect that the most sincere, judicious, and effectual efforts should produce there at once, or in any short period of time, a state of Christian morality. When we reflect that in many centuries of Christian instruction we have not attained to such a

state, we can hardly demand it of a nation which has not emerged from the utmost darkness of heathenism above fifty years.

On first reading the above passage we were very painfully impressed by the fact that the conversion of the Sandwich Islanders to Christianity had also converted them into the slaves of their benefactors, and that even the wife of a missionary, a herald of the liberty of Christ, could drive them like beasts before her carriage. But a little thought soon showed us that such desecrations of our God-given human nature were not confined to that place. The fact of menial servitude, of artificial castes and distinctions, can also be found within the shadow of our metropolitan churches, nay, within those churches themselves. The ministers of the meek and lowly Jesus, here as well as there participate in this loathsome necessity, for as society now is, it is a necessity, and do not dream that they commit a sin. We do not presume to condemn them individually, but in God's name we condemn a social order which is founded on such contradictions of the Divine laws, and which devotes to a hopeless and miserable existence so large a majority of human creatures.

England and Wales. By J. G. KOHL. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart. Boston: Redding and Co. 1846. pp. 93.

An honest and faithful book of travels can scarcely be written, at the present day, without affording an abundance of interesting topics for the consideration of the advocates of the Associative order. This great reform is founded, it is true, on principles of abstract and universal justice; it derives its primary support from a profound analysis of the nature of man; but it obtains its most striking and powerful illustrations from facts of every day occurrence in the existing form of society, but which are apt to escape the notice of the superficial observer, unless they are again and again pointed out to him, and almost forced upon his attention.

We are therefore, grateful to writers, like the author of the volume before us, who, without any theories or systems which they feel bound to support, give us the result of their observations upon the social institutions, the condition of civilization, and the progress of Humanity, in the different countries which they have visited. Mr. Kohl is a plain, sagacious, practical German; with a quick eye for facts, and a rare power of reproducing them in a clear, orderly, connected whole; free from the affectation of fine writing, or the ambition for subtle speculation; he handles his subjects in a business-like, common sense way, and brings before you the details of his experience, with such simplicity and distinctness, that

you almost feel as if you had gone over the ground with him yourself. He nowhere shows himself a reformer; yet his book is full of the most striking arguments for reform. These are none the less effective, for coming in the shape of facts, instead of reasonings. He paints before you, society as it is in England; at least those aspects of it which fell directly under his eye; he deals in no exaggeration, for he has no case to make out; he tells his story quietly and without pretence; but this is enough to shew you the fearful corruption, the festering and loathsome sins, the horrible wretchedness, the "abomination of desolation," which abounds even in the most favored portions of modern civilization.

As a specimen, take the following statements with regard to the prevalence of crime in Liverpool.

"Such scenes afford no very advantageous idea of the moral condition of the lower classes of Liverpool, and the immense number of imprisonments that yearly take place, are not calculated to weaken the impression. According to the report of the Rev. T. Carter, chaplain of the borough jail, no less than 5,485 persons were confined in prison in the course of 1841, making one prisoner for every twenty-four inhabitants, and yet many arrests at station-houses, and so forth, are not here included. A Mr. Walmsley, a few years ago, estimated the losses sustained annually by the people of Liverpool from direct theft, at about 230,000*l*. In 1836 a sub-committee was appointed by the town council, to investigate the truth of this estimate, and the report of the committee declared, that so far was the statement from being overcharged, that the losses were in fact still greater. According to this report, the cost of her thieves to Liverpool is as follows:—

1,000 grown-up thieves, living entirely by depredations on the public, and gaining each, on an average, 40 <i>s</i> . a week, amount annually to	£104,000
500 grown-up persons, living partly by labor and partly by theft, and gaining, on an average, 20 <i>s</i> . a week by thieving,	26,000
1,200 juvenile thieves, at 10 <i>s</i> . a week,	81,200
The thieves who attach themselves to the docks are enumerated separately, as:—	
70 notorious young thieves under fifteen, making weekly 20 <i>s</i> . each, and consequently in the year . . .	8,640
50 hawkers and receivers of stolen goods, either stealing themselves, or encouraging others to do so, and making 20 <i>s</i> . each,	3,600
100 dock wall-poppers, at 20 <i>s</i> . each,	5,200
400 men who assist in unloading ships, and steal either from the passengers, or in some other way, to the value of 60 <i>s</i> . a week each, . . .	62,400

Total for one year, £233,040
Or, \$1,631,280

"However roughly this calculation may have been made, dealing wholly with averages and round numbers, it is probably not altogether undeserving of belief, seeing it has been made out by men well acquainted with the affairs of the town. The only crime here taken

cognizance of is theft. Swindling, and other frauds and violations of confidence, are left unnoticed. Then we have to consider the many indirect losses and expenses to which so high a rate of criminality must lead;—public and private watchmen, police, prisons, and other measures for the security of property to be maintained; many business transactions remaining unrealized, through apprehensions of fraud and theft; and many individuals deterred from settling in the town, in consequence of its bad name. In this way the indirect loss occasioned by this vast amount of crime, may amount to millions. In the same report it is stated, for instance, that the houses of ill-fame, whose inmates for the most part, are addicted to theft, cost the town 490,200*l*. In one house of the kind alone, 'the robberies brought before the magistrates in twelve months, involved no less a sum than 1,000*l*.'"

The influence of improvements in machinery is thus noticed.

"At Leeds I went over some of the great factories, in which the wool is carried through its various processes. One of these manufactories is considered to be among the most perfect of its kind in England. The whole arrangements of the establishment, the elegance, solidity, and size of the machines, surpassed anything I had seen before. I was shown two spinning-jennies, of which each spun with 520 bobbins. Two workmen were thus enabled to superintend 1,040 bobbins. I could scarcely believe this; but giving myself the trouble to count them, I found the number exact. The son of the manufacturer, who accompanied me, assured me that in one week a thread 40,000 miles long could be spun in their manufactory. At this rate they could 'put a girdle round about the earth,' if not in 'forty minutes,' yet in little more than three days.

"It is certainly a remarkable fact, that mankind should have gone on spinning, and weaving, in the same imperfect manner, for many hundreds of years, without any perceptible improvement, and that this lethargy should have been followed, during the last century, by so brilliant and unexampled a series of innovations. The thousands of years which elapsed between the days of old Homer's spinning princesses, and the latter part of the eighteenth century, did not do one-quarter as much for the improvement and acceleration of this manufacture, as the last sixty or seventy years have done. Nay, so great has been the difference, that, according to present appearance, over-improvement and over-production has now become the crying evil. Strange, that after a torpor of centuries, profound as that of the Seven famed Sleepers, the spirit of mechanical invention, starting from its long slumber, should suddenly put on its most formidable seven-league boots, and fairly out-run itself!

"When, after the senses and understanding have been for some time astonished, and bewildered, by the examination of these bustling noisy giants, with all their spinning, carding, twisting, weaving, brushing, cutting, dressing, and finishing apparatus, and the heart has swelled with pride, at the thought of these brilliant conquests of human intellect over the subject world of matter, and of the increased impetus which all improve-

ment naturally gives to the spirit of progress in the world—when after this, I say, the spectator turns for a moment to contemplate the fate of those helpless and unhappy thousands, whom every improvement in the world of machinery, seems only to grind down still lower into the abyss of wretchedness and degradation, how painful and tormenting is the doubt which then forces itself upon him, whether, after all, this brilliant array of power and ingenuity, he not rather a curse than a blessing to the human race, and whether the same change which seems almost to have elevated machines into intelligent beings, has not in reality degraded intelligent beings into machines."

Here is a feature of the civilized order, which is not adapted to increase our admiration of the effects of commercial and manufacturing prosperity.

"In the interior of the country, as well as in the neighborhood of Leeds, Newcastle, &c., we were met by crowds of poor beggars from the manufacturing districts. There was, of course, a good deal of rabble among them, but many families were respectable-looking and decently dressed. They go from house to house, offering their little wares; cutlery or cotton, or other manufactures. They all repeat the same dismal story: 'We are out of employment, sir, and have no bread for our children; and now we are wandering about, selling our little wares for the support of our families.' There is often an earnestness, a fixed despair in their manly countenances, which leaves the spectator no room for doubt as to the truth of their statements. Their respectable appearance, their polite manners, and their gratitude for the smallest purchase, are all witnesses in their favor. I never saw any beggars whose appearance was so ominous, and so well calculated to inspire terror, as well as pity, as these work-people in the English manufacturing cities, whose respectability, industry, and order, are all so many proofs that it is from some deeply-rooted evil in the social system, and not from their own fault, that they suffer. They often express the reluctance with which they follow their mendicant calling; and the single word 'out of employment,' is often their only petition. I wish I could have lightened with gold the heavy weight which oppressed my heart, whenever I heard these words used."

Here is another of the same tendency.

"I was curious to see the calico-printing process which completes the preparation of the printed cottons. For that purpose I visited one of the principal printing-works. The printing process is now almost entirely carried on with copper-plates, upon which the pattern is engraved. Nevertheless I found in one part of the building a few of the old 'block printers,' who were cutting wooden blocks, and printing with them after the old fashion. Their old occupation is going more and more out of demand, and all the block-printers will very soon have perished of hunger and neglect. Of late years these printing-works, like so many other houses in Manchester, work only half-time, employing only half their laborers. In some parts of the building, I found groups of poor, unoccupied laborers sitting warming themselves by the fire-places, sunk in a sort of melancholy stupor,

'It is heart-breaking, sir, to see these men,' said the overseer who accompanied me. 'Men who would so gladly work, but whom, if we would keep ourselves out of the *Gazette*, we are obliged to deprive of employment. As we allow them to warm themselves at our fires in this cold weather, they come here and sit idle and sad in the places where formerly they worked so busily, looking enviously at those work-people whom we are still able to employ. They have a better roof over their heads here than in their own miserable dwellings.'

"I was pleased with the humanity of the manufacturers in still allowing these poor people shelter and warmth, although compelled to deprive them of work and wages. When in London, looking over the caricatures of the distress of the manufacturing districts, or when on the continent, listening to descriptions of the ignorance, brutality, and lawlessness of the English manufacturing population, the feeling of compassion is blunted, and the most terrible facts are often heard with comparative indifference. I have even met with people in France and Germany, who seemed to feel a sort of malicious exultation in hearing and recounting the humiliations of proud England. But to see the poor sufferers themselves bowed down by want and misery, condemned to idleness and starvation, while willing and able to work, and to hear them tell their melancholy stories, is one of the most heart-rending things imaginable.

"Who are you then?" said I to an old man, sitting by the fire.

"Oh, sir! men out of employment."

"What is your business?"

"I am a block-printer, sir, but in this stand-still of every thing, I have had no employment for some months."

"Cannot you find other employment? Can you do nothing else?"

"No, sir, I have been brought up for block-printing, and I have been a block-printer all my lifetime. I understand nothing else. Besides, the whole country is at a stand-still now. In my time I had a cow, and a little garden, which my wife attended to. My wife died last summer, and all the other things are gone away, by the badness of the times."

"Do not despair, the times may mend."

"Oh, no hope, sir! Starving is our lot! No hope, sir! no hope!" muttered the old man in a trembling voice, sighing deeply, and turning his eyes back to the blazing coals.

"While I was still standing by these people, one of the overseers came in, and called to one of the poor fellows, with the welcome words: 'Tom, I have got a job for you!' The rest looked in silent envy at the happy Tom. Had it not been for the melancholy impression of this scene, the many interesting operations and processes which we saw at the printing-works would have afforded us much pleasure. One of the most interesting divisions, was the pattern-room, in which were 3000 copper cylinders, covered with engraved patterns. Each of these cylinders had cost, for metal and engraving, from 10*l.* to 20*l.* I was told that a pattern seldom stands longer than a twelve month, and that even those which are most successful, never last more than two years. The designers and engravers of these patterns are of course well paid, since a great deal both of chemical knowl-

edge, skill, and imagination is required to make a good pattern-designer. There are many Frenchmen always employed in this branch of the manufacture, who are said to have more taste than the English designers.

But we will stop our quotations. We have presented a sufficient number for our purpose. It will be seen what effect is produced on the mind of an intelligent and candid observer, by social phenomena which are the inevitable result of the present organization of industry. Is there no mode of producing the material wealth, for the attainment of which the souls and bodies of such multitudes are now sacrificed, except at the fearful cost of character and happiness, which is now demanded? The solution of this problem is the mission of the present age.

Professor Bush's Reply to Ralph Waldo Emerson on Swedenborg. A Lecture delivered at the Odeon, Boston, on the evening of January 16, 1846. By GEORGE BUSH. New York: John Allen, 139 Nassau Street. 1846. pp. 32.

We had not the pleasure of hearing this discourse when it was originally delivered, though we heard much said in its praise, and gladly notice its publication. As may be inferred from its title, it is a rejoinder to the view of Swedenborg taken by Mr. Emerson in his course of lectures on "Representative Men," of which we have given some account.

Of course we do not expect in it the pointed and brilliant style of the criticism which it answers. It is however a plain and manly argument, and tells the writer's meaning without any reserve or ambiguity. In respect of candor and courtesy towards the opinions it controverts it is also fully worthy both of its subject and its author.

We do not deny that it has not entirely answered our anticipations. It is a defence of special points of the doctrines of Swedenborg from the assaults of Mr. Emerson's Pantheistic naturalism, and so far it is well, and every way deserving the attention not only of New Churchmen, but of Christians in general. But while we looked to have this done, we looked for something more, for a discussion of the fundamental as well as of the secondary questions at issue. We desired to see the primary errors of Mr. Emerson's speculative thinking called into court and convicted. We are disappointed when Professor Bush declines to treat this branch of the subject; it may be more politic to leave the Transcendental *theosophy* out of view, and to dwell upon more immediate and practical things, but there is a large class of thinkers who cannot thus be satisfied.

We cannot but think that Professor Bush would have rendered a more important service to the cause of religious philosophy had he carried the war into the very camp of his antagonist and made use of the overmastering weapons of which there is no lack in Swedenborg's scientific writings, to drive him from his entrenchments. It is only in this way that the matter can be conclusively settled, or the principles of Divine Order and of true Faith introduced into such minds as now wander homeless in the misty unrealities which Mr. Emerson and his school teach as transcendental philosophy.

But we will not overlook what Professor Bush has actually performed. If his work has not so broad a character as we may have thought desirable, he has succeeded in giving satisfactory answers to some of Mr. Emerson's chief objections, such as those against the doctrine of Life and the doctrine of Use, for example, and in presenting, with his usual force, the grounds of the New Church for its belief in the supernatural illumination of Swedenborg's mind. We do not think he has always seized the point of the thought which lay behind Mr. Emerson's expression, but that is possibly not his fault. He might perhaps as well have grasped at the Aurora Borealis as to have attempted with the uninitiated understanding to apprehend the nimble ideas of that gentleman's beautiful and poetic rhetoric. Common sense cannot always lay hold of these potentialized abstractions, which yield their essence only to a refined and spirituous ideality. For this reason a reply to Mr. Emerson's ground principles must always be more satisfactory than the most irresistible refutation of his individual affirmations. The former his mind holds and speaks from with logical consistency, but the latter are as various and uncertain as the hues of the opal or the colors of the chameleon. But we had no design to criticize Mr. Emerson, at present; certainly not in a negative manner. On some future occasion we may perhaps undertake to express our sense of the value of his writings.

First Book of Andrews' and Boyle's Series of Phonotypic Readers. By S. ANDREWS and A. F. BOYLE. Boston: Andrews and Boyle. 1846. pp. 36.

The authors of this little pamphlet have thus commenced the printing reform in this country. Its fundamental principle is, that every distinct sound should have its own invariable sign, and that no sign should ever represent more than one sound. For this purpose the inventor of Phonography, Mr. Pitman, and his coadjutors in England have, after much experimenting, adopted the alphabet which is here made use of, and which, though quite different

from the ordinary Roman character is still sufficiently like it to make its acquisition easy. The advantages which would result from the general adoption of such a system of printing are hardly calculable. By its aid children might learn to read without any more difficulty than the mere learning of the letters, and errors in spelling and pronunciation would be rendered impossible. We cannot conceive how any man who has ever thought of the absurdities of the present mode of spelling the English and French languages especially, can do otherwise than welcome heartily an undertaking which aims to bring this chaos into scientific order. Such a reform is greatly needed, and we are sure that the American love of practical improvements will not allow it to languish for want of support. Indeed we see that Phonotypy is already getting into the news-papers. That brilliant daily, the Chronotype prints a column regularly in this character.

The New Church Advocate and Examiner.
No. 1. January 1846. London: W. Newberry, 6, King Street, Holborn : Boston, U. S. : Otis Clapp. pp. 36.

For the courtesy of the Editors of this new periodical we return our thanks. It is a monthly, as we infer, of very handsome externals and quite various contents. As its title indicates, it is devoted to the interests of the New Jerusalem Church, which, to judge from the first number, it will support with judgment and ability. We must however say in all frankness, that it does not engage in its work with the power that we should have hoped to see. It may be that our standard is too high, and that to demand of the disciples of Swedenborg a breadth and vigor of mind proportionate to the grandeur of his doctrines is altogether unjust. Still we naturally look for some new force of thought in those who claim to be not only set free from the old metaphysics, but to have embraced a system of truth as wide as the Universe. But if compared with what we should wish an organ of such a system to be, the present publication does not wholly satisfy us, it must be said that it is much superior to religious periodicals in general, and we are confident that it might be read with great advantage by every mind which has not the presumption to suppose that it has already arrived at a perfect knowledge of religious doctrines and of spiritual things.

We make these remarks not in the interest of any theological party, but in that of Human Progress. It is in this light that we recommend the writings of Swedenborg to our readers of all denominations, as we should recommend those of any other providential teacher. We believe that his mission is of the highest im-

portance to the human family, and shall take every fit occasion to call the attention of the public to it, though never in the spirit of religious or scientific sectaries.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

THE RAILROAD.

Onward, onward, ever onward !

How the miles have faded by,
As in ceaseless course we've wandered
Underneath a morning sky !
Chanting one eternal song,
As we restless speed along —
As the sunbeams round us glowing,
Firm and constant is our going ; —
While our strong mechanic forces
Know no limit to their courses,
While the glittering path of steel,
Knows no pressure from our heel,
Who shall dictate stop or stay
To our still unwearied way.
Till the thread of Fate unravel,
Till our mortal days be gone,
Earth may echo to our travel
Onward, onward, ever on !

O what forms of deep emotion
Our collected crowd reveals,
Every mode of Life's Devotion
Glides upon these tireless wheels ;
Every errand of deep crime,
Virtue's every task sublime,
Love, and Hate, and Joy, and Sorrow,
Join this iron speed to borrow ;
Hid within these silent throngs
Lies whate'er to man belongs,
Every phase of Hope or Fear,
To the searching eye appear
In a living sculpture here ;
Scorn, and Envy, and Ambition,
Lust, and Pride, and weak Submission,
The Reformer's glance of fire, —
Looks grown dull with low desire, —
The pure maiden's calm blue eyes, —
Age's front, with memories wise, —
Manly youth's determined face, —
Childhood's bright unconscious grace, —
Brows worn rough by life's hard weather,
Sick pale cheeks with sorrow wan ;
Brought to wander all together,
Onward, onward, ever on !

'Tis no blind mechanic power,
Doth this eager progress guide,
As still onward, hour by hour,
With unwearied force we glide ;
For there lies, that Power behind,
Deepest thought of human mind ;
Calm the great invention waited,
All unseen, the season stated ;
Never is the Old outgrown,
But in time the New is known ; —
All the tools each Age demands,
Are made ready for its hands ; —
Swells the tide of Progress higher,
With fresh need and new desire,
Straightway from old nature's store,
Men win out new treasures more.

'Tis the same in-working Force,
Leads us on our fearless course,
That first led o'er Eastern sands,
Camel-mounted Arab bands,
That first spread the snowy sails
To the farthest ocean-gales ;
If yon bird, unwearied flying
Miles away, will soon be gone,
Shall not man his course be flying
Onward, onward, ever on ?

Not as aliens, not as strangers,
Through these scenes of peace we roam ;
We have brought nor fears nor dangers
To the brooks and forests home,
For they hail a kindred force,
Working in our wondrous course ; —
Smoke and steam we send on high,
Mingling with the clouds and sky ;
Myriad sparks their way have won,
To the beams of noontide sun :
As our groaning rails resound,
Answering throbs the trembling ground ;
As we rattle on our track,
Granite cliffs laugh echo back ;
Tones from out our murmuring line,
Wake the surges of the pine ;
So must secret ties still bind us
To each scene we leave behind us ;
And although we seem to sever
Nature's loveliest works apart,
Still with her we bear forever
Firmest union, heart to heart ; —
Closely are the wanderers prest
All unconscious, to her breast ;
And as each new pause and station
Marks the leagues that we have gone,
With us speeds the firm relation
Onward, onward, ever on !

Onward, onward, ever onward !
Thought is fresh and Man is strong,
Yet have they but idly pondered,
Whose low creed does Nature wrong.
Man's creative genius pauses,
Resting on her secret Causes,
To these mighty works of ours
She must lend her mightier Powers ;
As her primal force is hid
Under Tower and Pyramid,
So she gives her granite wall
To the Tunnel's echoing hall,
So she gives her rocky base
On the mountain's rugged face,
And the same Eternal Power,
Those firm bases rest upon
Waves each plant from bud to flower,
Onward, onward, ever on.

Thus Man's work and work of Nature,
When the Truth of each is known,
Losing all distinctive feature
Are to one great Union grown —
Though our mound, and pit, and scar,
Seem the fair array to mar,
Yet, a few short seasons flown —
O'er unsightly earth and stone
Nature's loveliest wreath is thrown,
Waving grass and creeping vine
Cluster round the iron line,
Round us wave the forests green,
Round us waters glide serene,
Our impetuous progress over
Birds of sunniest plumage hover,

And 'mid all Earth's fruit and blossom,
Every doubt and strangeness gone,
Man may wander o'er her bosom
Onward, onward, ever on!

Thus, the more the generations
Pierce the depth of God's creations,
Still in wonders strange and new
Oldest, deepest truths we view,
Mind and body's every motion
Teach the spirit new devotion;
Brothers! ye who oft have wondered
At your strange and ceaseless strife,
All is one and nought is sundered
In your own and Nature's life!
To the eyes of Heaven's Lord
All, save Sin, is in accord,
Then work on for Use, for Beauty,
Labor on for Truth and Duty;
Marching forward hour by hour,
Learn new Reverence with new Power;
Till a Nation far Excelling,
Make this Earth a holier dwelling,
Till all glowing it rejoices,
And its orbit rolls upon,
Bearing Man's accordant voices
Onward, onward, ever on!

CAMBRIDGE.

T. W. H.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

HOW DOES GOD TAKE CARE OF THE POOR?

Among the time honored customs which New England has inherited from the Puritans, is a yearly day of "Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer," in which the people are called to humble themselves in view of past mercies and to implore a continuance of the Divine favor.

We have no great faith in religious ceremonies done "by authority," and doubt whether the "Governor and Council" are the proper source for the appointment of such observances; some experience has also led us to doubt whether Fast-day especially, has any very beneficial spiritual effects. There is, however, a true principle in the collective acknowledgment of a superintending Providence, though our dislocated and Puritanic Protestantism has deprived such occasions of their true beauty and warmth, which can only be regained when the discords of the sects are reconciled in the unity of the Universal Church, which will then be the soul of the State, instead of being separated from it with jealous and necessary care.

Among the many purposes of the Massachusetts Fast-day as expressed in the

proclamation of Governor Briggs, is to supplicate the Almighty to remember in His good providence, the poor and the down-trodden. These words are probably not without meaning to the functionaries from whom they emanated; to ourselves they certainly have a very profound significance, and we trust no Christian has taken the prayer on his lips without some thought as to what he has asked for. But when we cast our eye upon Society, we fear that in most cases it has been uttered rather with a sense of relief, in having committed the matter to the keeping of God, than with an earnest resolution to know and do the Will of His Providence.

We have a deep and immoveable faith that the Divine wisdom exercises a universal and constant care over the affairs of men, but we confess that we could not invoke it in behalf of the poor and down-trodden, without putting a meaning into the words which we are sorry to say has not generally been attributed to them. What is it for God to remember the poor? Is it to give them Charity at our hands, to feed them at soup houses and to deliver them all their lives to anxiety and despair; is it to help them scantily through this winter only to starve and freeze the next, is it to tantalize their hunger and ignorance with the sight of the comforts and luxuries, and education of the rich, is it to convince them that they are an inferior class of beings, born to a low, wretched and precarious existence? Such, it would seem, is the thought of society; such, the blind practical infidelity and blasphemy of the churches which presume to confound the merest temporary, superficial alleviation of the sufferings and oppressions of poverty with that COMPLETE CURE which is the will of God. He does indeed remember the poor as he does all others of his children, but in no unjust and partial manner. His Providence is not that of civilized society, nor is it his decree that a race which he has created brethren, should live partly in palaces and partly in wretched garrets and mouldy cellars, in poor houses and slaves' huts. Let us learn the truth that it is not the Providence of God which thus afflicts Humanity, but the false society which man has established in place of that Divine Order whose law He has impressed on all nature, breathed into the human soul, set forth in His Word, and revealed in the discoveries of science. If our prayer that He will remember the poor, be not an empty mockery, we shall seek to supplant the present civilization in which His providence is prevented and denied, by a society founded on the Christian law of love, and adapted to be the medium of the blessings which, with no unequal or stinted hand he seeks to pour on all.

Then no longer will it be with fasting and grief that our prayers shall ascend to his throne, no longer will the poor cry to Him in their affliction, but with songs and gladness and rejoicing, shall rise perpetually from grateful and confident hearts, the worship of the universal race of man.

THE INTEGRAL PHALANX, SANGAMON COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

We have received two numbers of the "Ploughshare and Pruning-hook," the publication of which has been resumed since the union of the Integral Phalanx with the Sangamon Association. This paper manifests a sincere devotion to the Associative cause; the style of its articles is for the most part plain and forcible; and by its general spirit and character, is well adapted to popular use. We renew the expression of our best wishes for its success, and welcome it as a fellow-laborer in the broad field of social reform.

We learn from a private letter of Mr. John S. Williams, with the perusal of which we have been favored, that he has resigned the office of President of the Integral Phalanx, and will probably direct his efforts for the establishment of Association to some other sphere. Mr. Williams has long been a zealous advocate of the cause in the West, and we trust, he will yet have the satisfaction of witnessing its progress and ultimate triumph. Of the internal condition of the Phalanx which he has just quitted, we do not pretend to judge; but we cannot too often reiterate the idea, that all the attempts at Association both at the East and West, are most inadequate representations of the system; nor should the principles of social science be estimated by any of these imperfect forms of organization. We admit that a nobler, purer, and more delightful expression of social life may take place in a union of families for combined industry on a small scale, than is possible amidst the antagonisms and deceptions of the prevailing order; they may form the vital germ for the sublime harmonies of a divine social organization; but they should never be regarded as an exhibition of a true society, constructed on the only principles that are in accordance with the nature of man and the will of God. Hence, we are by no means surprised at differences of opinion, alienation of feeling, and other manifestations of discordant passion, which must attend every period of transition. We trust that the difficulties which appear to have sprung up between the Integral Phalanx and its President, may be adjusted in the exercise of a broad tolerance, and mutual intelligence and magnanimity. Mr. Williams writes:

"After the union of the two Associa-

tions, I was the only member from Ohio, with no inconsiderable amount of latent incompatibility between my views, habits, feelings, and those of my associates here, who all belong to this state, while ten out of the fourteen families now on the domain, are connected by blood, or by marriage, and twelve of them belong to one religious class, among which are two preachers, a father and son.

"The class of Christians to which twelve of our families belong, is in its general principles liberal minded, and well-disposed. They are strong against all creeds and sects, and yet, in some things are as decidedly sectarian as any others. Privacy of business is one thing which they are unitedly against. They transact all their most disagreeable disciplinary affairs in public. This feature in their regime, is well calculated to catch the popular breeze and to push their bark ahead. You know that from the first hour I was President of the Integral Phalanx, on March 27th of last year, I was decidedly in favor of select meetings, when we were transacting business belonging to the Phalanx. I have never been able to see the utility of throwing our doors open to a meddlesome, curious, fault-finding community; neither do I believe any council, committee, series, or group, within any Phalanx will ever be able to act efficiently, properly, unitedly, or emulously, unless allowed the privilege of privacy in their particular business, without the meddlesome interference of others not so well informed and not equally interested in it.

"The nucleus being thus formed of one caste of sentiment, the twelve families would have little labour to perform in bringing the remaining two families into unison with them, and on the first question in which the right of privacy was mooted, I found them unanimous against it. Rather than surrender a right so fundamental and so inseparably connected with efficient action, and the freedom of Association, I chose to surrender my official standing in the Phalanx. My resignation was accepted on last Monday evening, but not without a struggle to maintain rights which even civilization never denies, except suspicion of treason or felony is attached to the parties using it. It is due, however, in justice to the parties as well as to the cause of Associative Unity, to say, that the whole has been conducted, and my resignation made and accepted as the inevitable tendency of things as they exist, without so much as one hard word being uttered, or the least hard feeling on either side, as far as I know or believe. I am not one of those who think it best to compromise with present errors, at the expense of the future, and most likely, to its ruin.

In another portion of his letter, Mr. Williams presents some important suggestions as to the value of female influence in social order.

"I am one of those who believe in the law of the series, and of pivots in the series from which they spring. I believe, also, in Universal analogy as taught by Fourier. By much reflection, I have come to the inevitable conclusion that to pass the almost impassable gulf which lies between the present inverted order of society, and the future exact and natural order, it would require a process analogous to that by which the Creator causes trees and animals to exist, by slow and regular steps or degrees of growth, and that from a central or beginning point or pivot. This is the *modus operandi* of every thing else, to begin from a first and proceed, and must it not be so also, in the important reform now about to commence? You cannot make a plow or hoe in any other way, neither can a farmer plow a field without beginning with the commencement of one furrow and thence proceeding by successive degrees to completion.

"There must then, be a pivotal movement among all the movements of this great reform. This is the removal of the present state of female dependence, and placing woman in independence of work, independence of property, and independence of mind. At present the men have woman in slavery and lead in every thing. She leads neither in morals nor in harmony. The men attempt to lead in both, and we have nothing but immorality and discord. All that looks like morality in the present order of society, is a code taken from the Bible, which through bribes and corrupt power, the poor are compelled to observe, even if they starve by it, and the rich are allowed to break with impunity. There can be no immorality more complete than what, in the present order, passes for morality. As to harmony there is none. People are obliged as a general rule, to keep within certain bounds of quietness, by force of bigot restraints, at the back of which stands the sword, the sheriff and his posse, the fine, the dungeon, the penitentiary and the gallows. Is this harmony? It is the very reverse.

"Woman being stronger than man in the love principle, must lead in moral justice and harmony, as soon, and as fast as she can be made free, and taught how to use that freedom, without abusing it. If this can be done, we shall have harmony; and having harmony we shall have system; and having system we shall have means; but without harmony we can never have system, and without system we cannot have means. That these things may in freedom be acquired, woman must

be freed in mind, property and work, but this cannot be done suddenly, or without preparation. She must be taught and elevated, and this, like every other work must begin at a single point and progress from thence."

NEW ORLEANS.

A friend in New Orleans writes us, "There are at least a few in this city who take the deepest interest in your Association, who will grieve at your calamities, and rejoice in your prosperity; and there are doubtless many more who would feel an equal interest, if they were made acquainted with the principles and objects of Association. I have often thought as popular lecturing is much in vogue now, that some of your friends, Mr. Brisbane, Mr. Godwin, Mr. Channing, or some others of the like stamp might make a series of Lectures on this subject, that would be highly interesting and instructive to the public, and at all events, I venture to assure you that a gentleman qualified for the task would be well received here."

This is not the first expression of interest in the Associative movement that we have had from New Orleans. Our paper has a good list of subscribers in that city, as well as in other parts of Louisiana; and some of the most substantial evidences of attachment to the cause have been given by friends in that State. We are glad to hear the suggestion of our Correspondent, in regard to Lectures on Association. We trust arrangements will be made at no remote period to comply with his wishes. At present, there is no more important work to be performed for the cause. An appeal to the intelligent, the reflecting, the earnest-minded, on this all embracing, all-reconciling reform, cannot fail of good effects. We hope the means will be provided soon of sending a corps of intelligent and eloquent lecturers into every city of the Union.

DR. BUCHANAN'S LECTURES IN CINCINNATI. We are happy to learn from the subjoined notice, that this distinguished lecturer has called the public attention in Cincinnati to the subject of social reform. We shall be obliged to any of our friends in that city for a full account.

Free Lectures.—At the public request of Dr. Buchanan's late classes, as well as of other citizens, he will deliver two, and perhaps three, public lectures at the Tabernacle, commencing this evening. The subject of the lectures will be "*Society as it is; and Society as it should be.*" The present condition of society will be discussed, and its proper arrangement for human happiness; exhibiting social evils and the only means of their redress which

can effect a permanent improvement of our condition. All who desire to see ignorance, poverty, and crime diminished or destroyed, are earnestly invited to attend. All who are dissatisfied with our present imperfect condition, are invited to examine the proposed remedy. It is a subject of deepest interest to the Laborer, to the Capitalist, to the Christian, and the Philanthropist. The proposed reform involves the stability of our Republic, the slavery or freedom of the laboring classes, the preservation of religion and morals, the happiness of woman, the progress of science, and the universal elevation of society. We observe the lectures are free, and we have no doubt the topic and the celebrity of the Lecturer, will ensure a good audience.

THE AWFUL TRAGEDY IN CAYUGA.

Correspondence of the Tribune.

AUBURN, N. Y. March 14, 1846.

You have doubtless ere this heard of the horrible murder committed on Thursday night last, within three and a half miles of this town. The murderer, Freeman, was arrested at Phoenix on his way to the Canada line, and brought through Auburn to the scene of his atrocities about two o'clock this day, followed by an immense concourse of people, who were with great difficulty restrained from butchering him on the spot. Some five or six hundred more assembled at the jail for the purpose of lynching him, but were defeated in their design by a ruse of the officers who had him in custody. He is a short, dark negro, about twenty-one years of age, and has been out of the State Prison only six months, where he had been for five years; being placed there as his school in the most impressive period of his life. Horrible as was his crime—justly furious as is the whole community—heart-rending as is the sight of the innocent slaughtered victims of his fiendish rage—one cannot but feel that the State has been his principal teacher. What else can be expected than that the pupil will follow the bent of his teaching! He claims to have been falsely imprisoned—that the horse with which he was found, was given him to go on an errand on by a full grown man, and that he, a boy of sixteen, did not think of inquiring into the right of ownership—that he meditated his revenge during the last year of his imprisonment, and for a long time planned the mode of its accomplishment. How it has been executed, and on mistaken victims (for it was another Van Nest who testified against him) the horrified public have seen. Had this benighted wretch, on conviction at that early age, whether guilty or innocent, been placed in a House of Correction, and educated with a portion of the proceeds of his labor; a spirit of benevolence and forgiveness inculcated by the precept and practice of those about him, instead of the revenge and indifference manifested, added to the severity of prison discipline, on the one hand, and communication with the most hardened, matured criminals on the other, this dreadful tragedy had not occurred, nor he, another victim of the laws, now awaited the halter. Beyond this, there cannot be the slightest sympathy for the culprit; a more cold-blooded, villainous butchery was probably never committed in this or any other age or country; and as strongly oppos-

ed as I am to Capital Punishment, I could yield in this case to its application.

Perhaps my judgment is overruled at this moment by my feelings. I have just left the horrid scene, and you may well suppose that the natural animal emotions are the liveliest in my breast. There lay a tall man, a few hours before in the prime of life (forty years), of benevolent countenance—with a deadly thrust, four inches deep and one and a half wide, in his left breast. Near him a child of two years of age, with a sleeping smile upon its face, mangled to death. Half doubled in a bed, in an opposite end of the house, lay the wife and mother, her eyes open and glaring as with horrified fright, the third victim of demoniac butchery. On a bed in an adjoining room, his head propped, and fanned by a gentle nurse, reclined a hardy-looking, sinewy man, alive, but with the breast laid open by the murderer's knife, and every thing about him clotted with his blood. A short distance from this scene of woe, at a neighboring house, lay a woman, aged seventy-five or eighty years, stabbed to the vitals, and only half conscious of existence—since dead. Upon the floors—upon the snow—upon the steps—the doors—every where—blood, blood marked the murderer's track. What a night of horror was that, in a lone house upon the Owasco; no help at hand, no sound heard with the groans of the dying innocents, but the night breeze upon the chilly lake! The heart sickens, the hand will not trace the lines necessary to a recital. To-morrow they will all sleep beneath the snow-clad turf of Sand Beach Cemetery. A thousand citizens of Auburn and Fleming are preparing to attend the funeral rites.

When the commotion shall have ended, I will endeavour to give you some farther interesting particulars. Distance may cause but little comparative interest in your readers, but here no other subject is thought or spoken of. I have been all over the Union—in many exciting scenes—but never witnessed one to compare with this. An unfortunate and, I think, false connection has been made of this and the case of Wyatt; many boldly and loudly asserting that a failure to convict Wyatt settled all doubt in Freeman's mind as to his premeditated act. A lawyer of standing in town ran down the street an hour or two since, crying out "*Would that Seward were here to see this deed!*" Is not this shamefully wrong and unjust! In great haste, very truly yours, D. H.

The love of the truly religious man for his race is evident, in that, never under any condition, does he cease to labor for their elevation; and thus, never, under any condition, does he resign his hope in their behalf. His action is the necessary manifestation of his love, and as often as his efforts fail of the wished for result, he draws anew from that exhaustless fountain of love within himself new joy and love and new means. Thereby is he impelled to a new effort, and if this should be fruitless, again to another; always with faith that what has not hitherto succeeded, will this time succeed, or else the next time, or at some future time, or, if by chance his own endeavors should never thus be crowned, that some future laborer shall accomplish the work through his assistance and in consequence of his previous toils.—*Fichte.*

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March 21, 1846.

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

IX.

The dowager margravine of Bareith, widow of the margrave George William, born princess of Saxe-Weissenfeld, and lastly countess Hoditz, "had been beautiful as an angel, so people said. But she was so changed, that it was necessary to study her face in order to discover any trace of her charms. She was large and appeared to have had a fine form; she had killed several of her children, by producing abortions, in order to preserve that fine form; her face was very long as well as her nose, which disfigured her much, having been frozen, which gave it a very disagreeable beet-root color; her eyes, accustomed to give the law, were large, well cut and brown, but so sunken, that their vivacity was much diminished; for want of natural eye-brows, she wore false ones, very thick, and black as ink; her mouth, though large, was well shaped and quite pleasant; her teeth, white as ivory, were very regular; her complexion, though clear, was yellowish, leaden and wrinkled; she had good manners, but rather affected. She was the *Lais* of her age. She had never pleased but by her face, for as to wit, she had not the shadow of it."

If you think that this portrait is drawn by a somewhat severe and cynical hand, do not blame me, dear reader. It is word for word from the own hand of a princess, celebrated for her misfortunes, her domestic virtues, her pride and her malice, the princess Wilhelmina of Prussia, sister of Frederick the great, married to the hereditary prince of the margraviat of Bareith, the nephew of our countess Hoditz. She had indeed the

most sarcastic tongue that royal blood has ever produced. But her portraits are, in general, drawn with the hand of a master, and it is difficult, on reading them, not to believe them exact.

When Consuelo, her hair dressed by Keller, and clothed, thanks to his care and zeal, with an elegant simplicity, was introduced by Porpora into the saloon of the margravine, she seated herself with him behind the harpsichord, which had been placed across a corner, in order not to inconvenience the company. No one had yet arrived, so punctual was Porpora, and the valets were just finishing the lighting of the candles. The maestro began to try the instrument, and hardly had he drawn a few sounds from it when a very beautiful lady entered and came towards him with a graceful affability. As Porpora saluted her with the greatest respect, and called her princess, Consuelo took her for the margravine, and according to custom, kissed her hand. That cold and colorless hand pressed that of the young girl with a cordiality which is rarely found among the great, and which immediately gained Consuelo's heart. The princess appeared about thirty years old; her form was elegant without being correct; indeed, there could be remarked in it certain deviations which seemed the result of great physical sufferings. Her face was admirable, but of a frightful paleness, and the expression of a profound sorrow had prematurely worn and ravaged it. Her toilet was exquisite, but simple and decent even to severity. An air of goodness, of sadness and of timid modesty was diffused over this beautiful person, and the sound of her voice had something humble and affecting, by which Consuelo felt herself penetrated. Before the latter had time to understand that this was not the margravine, the true margravine appeared. She was more than fifty, and if the portrait which has been read at the beginning of this chapter, and which was made ten years before, was then a little overcharged, it certainly was no longer so at

the moment when Consuelo saw her. It even required much good nature to perceive that the countess Hoditz had been one of the beauties of Germany, though she was painted and adorned with the skill of an exquisite coquetry. The embonpoint of riper years had destroyed the form, respecting which the margravine persisted in being strangely deluded; for her bare shoulders and bosom braved the eyes with a pride which only antique statuary could equal. She wore flowers, diamonds and feathers in her hair, like a young lady, and her dress rustled with precious stones.

"Mamma," said the princess who had caused Consuelo's error, "this is the young person whom master Porpora has announced to us, and who will give us the pleasure of hearing some of the fine music of his new opera."

"That is no reason," replied the margravine, measuring Consuelo from head to foot, "why you should hold her by the hand in that manner. Go and seat yourself by the harpsichord, Miss. I am pleased to see you; you will sing when the company has assembled. Master Porpora, I salute you. I perceive that something is amiss in my toilet. My daughter, converse a little with master Porpora. He is a man of talent whom I esteem."

Having thus spoken in a voice rougher than that of a soldier, the stout margravine turned heavily on her heels, and reentered her apartment.

Hardly had she disappeared when the princess her daughter, approaching Consuelo, again took her hand with a delicate and touching benevolence, as if to say to her that she protested against her mother's impertinence; then she engaged in conversation with her and Porpora, and testified to them an interest full of grace and simplicity. Consuelo was still more sensible to this kind proceeding when, several persons having been introduced, she remarked in the habitual manners of the princess a coldness, a reserve at once timid and proud, to which she evidently

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

made an exception for the maestro and herself.

When the saloon was almost full, Count Hoditz, who had dined abroad, entered in full dress, and, as if he had been a stranger in his own house, went respectfully to kiss the hand and inform himself of the health of his noble spouse. The margravine pretended to be of a very delicate temperament; she reclined upon a couch, inhaling every instant the perfume of a smelling-bottle, and receiving the homage of her guests with an air which she thought languishing, and which was only disdainful; in fine, she was so completely ridiculous, that Consuelo, at first irritated and indignant at her insolence, finished by being inwardly amused, and promised herself that she would have a hearty laugh at her on making her portrait to friend Beppo.

The princess had again approached the harpsichord, and did not miss an opportunity to address either a word or a smile to Consuelo, when her mother was not observing her. This situation allowed Consuelo to surprise a little family scene, which gave her the key of the house. Count Hoditz approached his daughter-in-law, took her hand, carried it to his lips, and kept it there some instants with a very expressive look. The princess withdrew her hand, and addressed to him a few words in a cold and deferential manner. The Count did not listen to them, and continuing to gaze upon her: "What! my beautiful angel," said he, "always sad, always austere, always cuirassed to the chin! One would say that you wished to become a nun." "It is quite possible I shall come to that," replied the princess in a low voice. "The world has not treated me in such a manner as to inspire me with much attachment to its pleasures." "The world would adore you, and would be at your feet, if you did not affect by your severity to keep it at a distance; and as to the cloister, could you endure its horrors at your age, and beautiful as you are!"

"In a more gladsome age, and when beautiful, as I no longer am," replied she, "I endured the horrors of a more rigorous captivity: have you forgotten it? But do not talk to me any longer, sir Count; mamma is looking at you."

Immediately the Count, as if pushed by a spring, quitted his daughter-in-law, and approached Consuelo, whom he saluted very gravely; then, having addressed to her some words as an amateur, respecting music in general, he opened the book which Porpora had placed upon the harpsichord, and pretending to seek therein something which he wished her to explain to him, he leaned upon the stand, and spoke thus to her in a low voice: "I saw the deserter yesterday morning, and

his wife gave me a note. I ask the beautiful Consuelo to forget a certain meeting; and in return for her silence, I will forget a certain Joseph whom I have just now seen in my antechamber."

"That certain Joseph," replied Consuelo, whom the discovery of the conjugal jealousy and constraint had made quite easy respecting the consequences of the adventure at Passaw, "is an artist of talent who will not long remain in the antechamber. He is my brother, my comrade, and my friend. I have no reason to blush for my sentiments towards him; I have nothing to conceal in that respect, and I have nothing to request of the generosity of your lordship, but a little indulgence for my voice, and a little protection for the future débuts of Joseph in his musical career."

"My interest is assured for the said Joseph as my admiration is already for your beautiful voice; but I flatter myself that a certain jesting on my part was never taken as serious."

"I was not so stupid, sir Count: and besides, I know that a woman has never any occasion to boast of having been made the subject of a jest of that nature."

"It is enough, signora," said the Count, from whom the dowager did not remove her eyes, and who was in a hurry to change his position in order not to excite her suspicion: "the celebrated Consuelo must know how to pardon something to the merriment of a journey, and she may depend in future upon the respect and devotedness of Count Hoditz."

He replaced the book upon the harpsichord, and went to receive obsequiously a personage who had just been announced with much pomp. It was a little man who might have been taken for a woman in disguise, so rosy was he, curled, trinketed, delicate, genteel, and perfumed; it was of him that Maria Theresa said she wished she could have set him in a ring; it was of him also that she said she had made a diplomatist, because she could make nothing better. It was the plenipotentiary of Austria, the first minister, the favorite, some even said the lover of the empress; it was no less, in fine, than the celebrated Kaunitz, that man of state who held in his white hand, ornamented with rings of a thousand colors, all the skilful strings of European diplomacy.

He appeared to listen with a grave air to the self-styled grave personages who were supposed to converse with him on grave matters. But suddenly he interrupted himself to ask Count Hoditz: "Who is that young person I see there at the harpsichord? Is it the little girl I have heard of, Porpora's protégé? Poor devil of a Porpora! I wish I could do something for him; but he is so exacting and

so fanciful, that all the artists fear or hate him. When I speak to them of him, it is as if I showed them a Medusa's head. He tells one that he sings false, another that his music is good for nothing, and a third that he owes his success to intrigue. And he expects, with this wild Indian talk, that people will listen to him and do him justice! What the devil! We don't live in the woods. Frankness is no longer in fashion, and we cannot lead men by truth. That little one is not bad; I rather like that face. She is quite young, is she not? They say she had great success at Venice. Porpora must bring her to me to-morrow."

"He wishes," said the princess, "that you will let her be heard by the empress, and I hope that you will not refuse him this favor. I ask it on my own account."

"There is nothing so easy as to have her heard by the empress, and it is sufficient that your highness desires it to cause me to be anxious to forward the matter. But there is one more powerful at the theatre than the empress. That is madam Tesi; and even if her majesty should take this girl under her protection, I doubt if the engagement would be signed without the supreme approval of the Tesi."

"They say it is you who spoil those ladies horribly, sir Count, and that without your indulgence they would not have so much power."

"How will you have it, princess? Every one is master in his own house. Her majesty understands very well that if she should interfere by an imperial decree in the affairs of the opera, the opera would all go wrong. Now her majesty wishes that the opera should go on well, and that people should be amused there. How would that be if the prima-donna takes cold on the day she is to make her début! or if the tenor in the very middle of a scene of reconciliation, instead of throwing himself into the arms of the bass, gives him a smart cuff on the ear! We have quite enough to do to satisfy the caprices of M. Caffariollo. We are happy since madam Tesi and madam Holzbäuer have a good understanding with each other. If you throw an apple of discord upon the boards, our cards will be in a worse confusion than ever."

"But a third woman is absolutely necessary," said the Venetian ambassador, who warmly protected Porpora and his pupil, "and here is an admirable one who presents herself."

"If she be admirable, so much the worse for her. She would excite the jealousy of madam Tesi, who is admirable, and wishes to be so alone; she would put in a fury madam Holzbäuer, who wishes to be admirable also" —

"And who is not," retorted the ambassador.

"She is very well born, she is a person of good family," diplomatically replied M. de Kaunitz.

"She cannot sing two parts at a time. She must needs let the mezzo-soprano take her part in the operas."

"We have a Corilla who offers herself, and who is certainly the most beautiful creature on earth."

"Your excellency has already seen her!"

"The first day she arrived. But I have not heard her. She is ill."

"You will hear this one, and you will not hesitate to give her the preference."

"It is possible. I even confess to you that her face, less beautiful than that of the other, seems to me more agreeable. She has a gentle and modest manner. But my preference will do her no good, poor child! She must please madam Tesi, without displeasing madam Holzbauer; and hitherto, notwithstanding the sweet friendship that unites those two ladies, every thing that has been approved by the one, has always had the lot to be strongly disapproved by the other."

"This is a rude crisis, and a very grave affair," said the princess, with a little malice, on seeing the importance which these two men of state gave to matters of the green-room. "Here is our poor little protégé, in the balance with madam Corilla, and it is Mr. Caffariello, I wager, who will put his sword into one of the scales."

When Consuelo had sung, there was but one voice to declare that, since madam Hasse, they had heard nothing like it; and M. de Kaunitz, approaching, said to her with a solemn air: "Young lady, you sing better than madam Tesi; but let this be said to you by all of us here in confidence, for if such a judgment pass the door, you are lost, and will not appear this season at Vienna. Be prudent, therefore, very prudent," added he lowering his voice, and seating himself beside her. "You have to struggle against great obstacles, and you will not triumph except by address." Thereupon, entering into the thousand windings of theatrical intrigue, and acquainting her minutely with all the little passions of the company, the great Kaunitz gave her a complete treatise on diplomatic science with reference to the stage.

Consuelo listened to him, her great eyes wide open with astonishment, and when he had finished, as he had repeated twenty times in his discourse: "My last opera, the opera which I had played last month," she imagined that she had been deceived on hearing him announced, and that this personage, so well versed in all the mysteries of the dramatic career,

could only be a director of the opera, or a maestro in fashion. She therefore felt quite at ease with him, and talked to him as she would have done to a man of her own profession. This freedom from constraint rendered her more naive and more merry than the respect due to the all-powerful name of the first minister would have permitted her to be; M. de Kaunitz found her charming. He attended to no one else for an hour. The margravine was highly offended at such a breach of propriety. She hated the liberty of great courts, accustomed as she was to the solemn formalities of little ones. But she could no longer act the margravine; she was no longer one. She was tolerated and quite well treated by the empress, because she had abjured the Lutheran faith to become a Catholic. Thanks to this act of hypocrisy, one could be pardoned all mis-alliances, all crimes even, at the court of Austria; and Maria Theresa followed therein the example which her father and mother had given her, of welcoming whosoever wished to escape from the rebuffs and disdain of protestant Germany, by finding a refuge within the pale of the Romish church. But princess and catholic though she was, the margravine was nothing at Vienna, and M. de Kaunitz was every thing.

As soon as Consuelo had sung her third piece, Porpora, who knew the custom, made her a sign, rolled up his music, and retired with her through a little side door, without inconveniencing by his exit those noble persons who had been pleased to open their ears to her divine accents.

"All goes well," said he to her, rubbing his hands, as soon as they were in the street, escorted by Joseph who lighted them with a torch. "Kaunitz is an old fool who understands masters, and will push you along."

"And who is Kaunitz? I did not see him," said Consuelo.

"You did not see him, blockhead! He talked with you for more than an hour."

"But it cannot be that little gentleman in a rose and silver vest, who retailed so much gossip to me that I took him for an old box-opener?"

"He himself. What is there surprising about that?"

"It is very surprising to me," replied Consuelo, "and such was not the idea I had formed of a man of state."

"That is because you do not know how states are managed. If you did, you would consider it very surprising that men of state should be anything else than old gossips. Come, let us keep silence on that point, and play our part in this masquerade of the world."

"Alas! my master," said the young girl, who had become pensive in travers-

ing the vast esplanade of the rampart to reach the suburb in which their modest dwelling was situated. "I ask myself at this moment what does our vocation become in the midst of these masks so bold or so deceitful?"

"And what do you wish it should become?" returned Porpora, in his rough and jerking tone; "it has not to become this or that. Happy or unhappy, triumphant or despised, it remains what it is; the most beautiful, the most noble vocation on the earth."

"O, yes!" said Consuelo, retarding the always rapid pace of her master and clinging to his arm, "I understand that the grandeur and dignity of our art cannot be lowered or raised at the will of the frivolous caprice, or of the bad taste which governs the world; but why should we allow our persons to be debased? Why should we go and expose ourselves to the contempt, to the sometimes even more humiliating encouragements, of the profane? If art be sacred, are not we so also, we who are her priests and her Levites? Why do we not live retired in garrets, happy to understand and to feel music, and what business have we in those saloons, where they listen to us with whispering, where they would blush to retain us a minute like human beings after we have done exhibiting like actors?"

"Eh! eh!" growled Porpora, stopping and striking his cane on the pavement, "what foolish vanities and what false ideas are coursing through our brain to-day? What are we, and what need we be other than actors? They call us so contemptuously! And of what consequence is it if we be actors by taste, by vocation, by the choice of Heaven, as they are great lords by chance, by constraint, or by the suffrages of fools! Ha! ha! actors! all cannot be who wish! Let them try to be so, and we shall see how they make out, those myrmidons, who think themselves so fine! Let the dowager margravine of Bareith put on the tragic mantle, case her great ugly leg in the buskin, and let her make three steps upon the stage, we shall see a strange princess! And what do you think she did at her little court of Erlangen, at the time she thought she reigned? She tried to dress herself as queen, and she sweated blood and water to play a part above her powers. She was born to make a sutler, and by a strange mistake, destiny has made a highness of her. Therefore she deserved a thousand hiases when she posterously undertook the part. And you, foolish child, God made you a queen; he has placed upon your brow, a diadem of beauty, of intelligence, of power. Let you be carried into the midst of a free, intelligent, and sensible nation, (I suppose

that such exist!) and you are at once a queen, because you have only to show yourself and sing, in order to prove that you are queen by divine right. Well! it is not so! the world goes otherwise. It is as it is; what do you wish to do with it? Chance, caprice, error, and folly govern it. What change can we make in it? Its masters are counterfeit, slovenly, foolish and ignorant for the most part. We are here, we must kill ourselves or follow in their train. Then, not able to be monarchs, we are artists, and we still reign. We sing the language of Heaven, which is forbidden to vulgar mortals: we dress ourselves as kings and great men, we ascend the stage, we seat ourselves upon a fictitious throne, we play a farce, we are actors! *Corpo Santo!* The world sees that and understands not a jot! It does not see that we are the true powers of the earth, and that our reign is the only true one, while their reign, their power, their activity, their majesty, are a parody, at which the angels laugh above, and which the people hate and curse here below. And the greatest princes of the earth come to look at us, to take lessons at our school; and admiring us in their own hearts, as models of true greatness, they strive to resemble us when they exhibit themselves before their subjects. Go to, the world is turned topsy turvy; and they know it well, they who govern it, and if they do not confess it, it is easy to see, from the contempt they display for our persons and our vocation, that they experience an instinctive jealousy of our real superiority. O! when I am at the theatre, I see clearly myself! The spirit of music unseals my eyes, and I see behind the foot-lights a true court, real heroes, inspirations of good stamp; while those are really actors and miserable idiots who flaunt in the boxes upon sofas of velvet. The world is a comedy, that is certain, and that is why I said to you just now: 'Let us pass with gravity, my noble daughter, through this wicked masquerade which is called the world.'—Plague take the block-head!" cried the maestro, pushing away Joseph, who greedy to hear his excited words, had insensibly approached even to elbow him; "he treads on my toes, and covers me with the pitch of his torch! Would not you say that he understands what we are talking about, and wishes to honor us with his approbation?"

"Pass to my right, Beppo," said the young girl, making him a sign of intelligence, "you trouble the master with your awkwardness." Then addressing herself to Porpora: "All that you have said is but the effect of a noble delirium, my friend," resumed she; "but it does not respond to my thought, and the intoxications of pride cannot soothe the

smallest wound of the heart. Little do I care about being born queen and not reigning. The more I see of the great, the more does their lot inspire me with compassion—"

"Well! is not that what I said?"

"Yes, but that is not what I asked you. They are greedy of show and dominion. That is their folly and their misery. But we, if we be greater, and better, and wiser than they, why do we strive, pride against pride, royalty against royalty, with them? If we possess more solid advantages, if we enjoy more desirable and more precious treasures, what means this little struggle in which we engage with them, and which, subjecting our worth and our strength to the mercy of their caprices, reduces us even to their level?"

"The dignity, the holiness of art require it," cried the maestro. "They have made the world a battle-ground, and our life a martyrdom. We must fight, we must shed our blood at every pore, to prove to them, even when dying of misery, even when sinking under their hisses and their contempt, that we are gods, legitimate kings at least, and that they are vile mortals, shameless and mean usurpers!"

"O my master! how you do hate them!" said Consuelo, shuddering with surprise and fear: "and yet you bow before them, you flatter them, you condescend to them, and you issue by the side-door of the saloon after having respectfully served up to them two or three dishes of your genius!"

"Yes! yes!" replied the maestro, rubbing his hands with a bitter laugh; "I laugh at them, I salute their diamonds and their orders, I overwhelm with three harmonies of my style, and I turn my back upon them, well satisfied to get away, in a great hurry to deliver myself from their stupid faces."

"Thus," returned Consuelo, "the apostleship of art is a combat!"

"Yes, it is a combat; honor to the brave!"

"It is a sneer against fools?"

"Yes, it is a sneer; honor to the man of wit, who knows how to make it bitter!"

"It is a concentrated anger, a rage of every moment!"

"Yes, it is an anger and a rage; honor to the energetic man, who is wearied, and who never forgives!"

"And it is nothing more?"

"It is nothing more in this life. The glory of coronation seldom comes until after death for real genius."

"It is nothing more in this life!—Master, are you very sure?"

"I have said it!"

"In that case, it is very little!" said

Consuelo, sighing and raising her eyes towards the stars burning in the pure and deep heaven.

"It is very little! Do you dare to say, miserable heart, that it is very little!" cried Porpora, stopping anew and forcibly shaking his pupil's arm, while Joseph, terrified, let fall his torch.

"Yes, I say that it is very little," replied Consuelo, calmly and firmly: "I told you so at Venice, in a very cruel and decisive circumstance of my life. I have not changed my opinion. My heart is not formed for strife, and it could not bear the burden of hate and of anger: there is not a corner of my soul, in which rancor and vengeance could find a lodging. Pass! evil passions, burning fevers, pass far from me! If it be only on condition of surrendering my heart to you that I can have glory and genius, farewell forever, genius and glory! Go and crown other brows and inflame other bosoms; you shall not draw even a regret from me!"

Joseph expected to see Porpora break forth into one of those passions, at once terrible and comic, which prolonged contradiction excited in him. Already he held Consuelo's arm with one hand in order to withdraw her from the master, and remove her from one of those furious gestures with which he frequently threatened her, and which still never led to anything but a smile or a tear. It happened with this storm as with the others; Porpora stamped his foot, growled hollowly like an old lion in his cage, and clenched his hand as he raised it to heaven with vehemence; then almost immediately he let his arms fall, uttered a deep sigh, bent his head upon his breast, and kept an obstinate silence until they reached the house. Consuelo's generous serenity, her energetic good faith, had struck him with an involuntary respect. Perhaps he made bitter reflections on himself; but he did not confess them, he was too old, too much embittered, and too hardened in his artist's pride to amend. Only, at the moment when Consuelo gave him her good-night kiss, he looked at her with an air profoundly sad, and said to her in a smothered voice: "It is done then! You are no longer an artist, because the margravine of Bareith is an old wretch, and the minister Kaunitz an old gossip!"

"No, my master, I did not say that," replied Consuelo, laughing. "I shall know how to take gaily, the impertinences and the follies of the world; for that I need neither hatred nor spite, but my good conscience and my good temper. I am still an artist and shall always be one. I conceive another end, another destiny for art than the rivalry of pride and the vengeance of debasement. I have another motive, and it will sustain me."

"And what, what!" cried Porpora, placing upon the table of the antechamber his candlestick, which Joseph had just handed him. "I wish to know what."

"I have for a motive to make art understood, and to make it loved, without making the person of the artist, feared and hated."

Porpora shrugged his shoulders. — "Dreams of childhood," said he, "I had you likewise!"

"Well, if it be a dream," returned Consuelo, "the triumph of pride is one also. Dream for dream; I like mine better. Besides, I have a second motive, master; the desire of obeying and pleasing you."

"I believe nothing of it, nothing!" cried Porpora, taking his candle with temper and turning his back; but as soon as he had his hand upon the latch of the door, he returned and kissed Consuelo, who smilingly awaited this reaction of sensibility.

There was in the kitchen, adjoining Consuelo's chamber, a little ladder staircase which led to a kind of terrace, six feet square, on the back of the roof. It was there she dried Porpora's hands and ruffles after she had washed them. It was there she sometimes climbed in the evening to chat with Beppo, when the master fell asleep at too early an hour for her to be inclined to sleep likewise. Not able to employ herself in her own chamber, which was too narrow and too low for a table, and fearing to wake her old friend if she installed herself in the antechamber, she mounted to the terrace, sometimes to dream there alone while looking at the stars, sometimes to relate to her companion in devotedness and servitude, the little incidents of the day. This evening they had a thousand things to say to each other on both sides. Consuelo wrapped herself in a pelisse, the hood of which she drew over her head, so as not to take cold, and went to join Beppo, who impatiently expected her. These nocturnal conversations upon the roofs recalled to her the interviews of her childhood with Anzoleto; it was not the moon of Venice, the picturesque roofs of Venice, the nights warmed by love and hope; it was the German night, more dreamy and more cold, the German moon, more vapory and more severe; in fine, it was friendship with its sweetness and delights, without the dangers and troubles of passion.

When Consuelo had related all that had interested, wounded or amused her at the margravine's, it was Joseph's turn to speak: "You have seen the outside of the court, the envelopes and armorial seals," said he; "but as the lacqueys have the custom of reading their master's letters, it is in the antechamber that I

have learnt the contents of the lives of the great. I will not relate to you one half the remarks of which the dowager margravine is the subject. You would shudder with horror and disgust. Ah! if the people of the world knew how their servants speak of them! If, from those beautiful saloons in which they parade with so much dignity, they could hear what is said of their morals and their characters on the other side the partition! When Porpora, a short time since, on the ramparts, was developing his theory of hatred and strife against the powerful of the earth, he was not truly dignified. Bitterness deprived him of judgment. Ah! you had good reason to tell him, that he brought himself down to the level of the great lords, in pretending to overpower them with his contempt. Well, he had not heard the remarks of the valets in the ante-chamber, and if he had, he would have understood that personal pride and the contempt of others, concealed under the appearances of respect and the forms of submission, belong only to low and perverted souls. Thus Porpora was very beautiful, very original, very powerful just then, when, striking his cane on the ground, he said; 'Courage, anmity, bitter irony, eternal vengeance!' But your wisdom was more beautiful than his delirium, and I was the more struck by it because I had just seen the varlets, timid victims, depraved slaves, who, they too, said in my ears with a hollow and deep-seated rage: 'Vengeance, craft, perfidy, eternal ruin, eternal enmity to the masters, who think themselves our superiors, and whose turpitudes we betray!' I had never been a lacquey, Consuelo, and since I am one now, as you were a boy during our journey, I have made my reflections upon the duties of my present condition, as you see."

"You have done well, Beppo," replied Porpora; "life is a great enigma, and we must not let a single fact pass, without commenting upon and comprehending it. It is always so much divined. But tell me then if you learned anything there of that princess, the daughter of the margravine, who alone, among all those stiff, painted and frivolous personages, appeared to me natural, good, and serious."

"Did I hear of her! oh! certainly! not only this evening, but often before from Keller, who dresses her house-keeper's hair, and who is well acquainted with the facts. What I am going to tell you is therefore not a story of the antechamber, a lacquey's tale: it is a veritable history, and of public notoriety. But it is a horrible history; will you have the courage to hear it?"

"Yes, for I am interested in that creature, who bears upon her brow the seal of misfortune. I caught two or three

words from her mouth which made me see in her a victim of the world, a prey of injustice."

"Say a victim of wickedness and the prey of atrocious perversity. The princess of Culmbach (that is the title she bears) was educated at Dresden, by the queen of Poland, her aunt, and it was there that Porpora knew her, and he, I believe, gave some lessons to her as well as to the great dauphiness of France, her cousin. The young princess of Culmbach was beautiful and chaste; educated by an austere queen, far from her debauched mother, it seemed as if she ought to be happy and honored all her life. But the dowager margravine, now countess Horditz, did not wish her to be so. She recalled her to her side, and pretended to wish to marry her, now with one of her relations, a margrave also of Bareith, now with another, also prince of Culmbach, for that principality of Bareith-Culmbach counts more princes and margraves than it has villages and chateaux to endow them. The beauty and modesty of the princess excited a mortal jealousy in her mother; she wished to degrade her, to deprive her of the tenderness and esteem of her father the margrave George-William (third margrave;) it is not my fault if there are so many margraves in this story; but in all those margraves, there was not a single one for the princess of Culmbach. Her mother promised to one of her husband's gentlemen of the chamber, named Vobser, a reward of four thousand ducats if he would dishonor her daughter; and she introduced that wretch by night into the chamber of the princess. Her servants were bribed and gained, the palace was deaf to the cries of the young girl, the mother held the door. O Consuelo! you shudder, and yet this is not all. The princess of Culmbach became the mother of twins: the margravine took them in her arms, carried them to her husband, displayed them in her palace, showed them to all the servants, crying: 'Here, see the children which that brazen-face has just brought into the world!' And in the midst of this horrible scene, the twins perished almost in the very hands of the margravine. Vobser had the impudence to write to the margrave, to claim the four thousand ducats which the margravine had promised him. He had earned them, he had dishonored the princess. The unhappy father, already half imbecile, became entirely so at this catastrophe, and died shortly afterwards from the shock and from sorrow. Vobser, threatened by the other members of the family, took to flight. The queen of Poland ordered the princess of Culmbach to be confined in the fortress of Pläsenbourg. She entered it, hardly recovered from her confinement, and passed several

years in a rigorous captivity, and would be there still, if some Catholic priests, having obtained admittance to her prison, had not promised her the protection of the empress Amelie, on condition she abjured the Lutheran faith. She yielded to their insinuations and the necessity of recovering her liberty; but she was not released until the death of the queen of Poland; the first use she made of her independence was to return to the religion of her fathers. The young margravine of Bareith, Wilhelmina of Prussia, welcomed her with kindness to her little court. She has made herself beloved and respected there by her virtues, her gentleness and her modesty. It is a broken soul, but still a beautiful soul, and though she is not favorably received at the court of Vienna on account of her Lutheranism, no one dares insult her misfortunes; no one can say an evil word of her life, not even a lacquey. She is here in passing, on I know not what business; she resides usually at Bareith."

"That is why," returned Consuelo, "she spoke to me so much of that country, pressed me so much to go there. Oh! what a history Joseph! what a woman is that Countess Hoditz! Never, never again shall Porpora carry me to her house: never again will I sing for her!"

"And still you might meet there the purest and most respectable ladies of the court. So the world goes, they say. Titles and riches cover all, and provided one goes to the church, one finds here an admirable tolerance."

"This court of Vienna is very hypocritical then!" said Consuelo.

"I fear, between ourselves be it said," replied Joseph, lowering his voice, "that our great Maria Theresa may be a little so."

To be Continued.

SINGULAR ADULTERATION OF CHAMPAGNE. A singular mode of increasing the intoxicating powers of champagne has recently been discovered in Germany. It appears that a wine merchant of Rheims has for some years past enjoyed the almost exclusive privilege of supplying the kingdom of Wurtemberg with that wine, and that an extraordinary effect has been noticed to attend the drinking of a single glass thereof. After several analyses of the wine had been made, the contents of some of the bottles were examined by Liebig, who ascertained by analyzing its gases, that it contained one volume of carbonic acid gas, and two of the laughing gas or protoxide of nitrogen. The last named gas, the peculiar effects produced by which on the animal economy, when it has been respired, are well known, is prepared by the decomposition of the nitrate of ammonia. If this salt be at all impure, and not unfrequently when it is used absolutely pure, nitrous acid is evolved in the first instance during its decomposition. Chemists, therefore,

when preparing the laughing gas, are in the habit of throwing away the first proportions of gas that come over, and further test the character of the gas before they allow it to be inspired, as the nitrous acid gas would act on the economy as a dangerous poison. Furthermore, if the lungs contain air when the gas is inhaled, nitrous acid gas will be formed, and danger result. There is another danger occasionally encountered, when this gas is used for purposes of exhilaration by respiration. In persons of a consumptive habit, it may cause severe pain at the chest, difficulty of breathing, and even spitting of blood. In those who have a tendency to apoplexy or palsy, mischief in the head may be caused by its incautious use. How far these results may be modified by the gas being taken into the stomach, it is at present impossible to say, but the subject admits of, and deserves further inquiry. At all events, there is the danger of a portion of nitrous acid gas being used in the wine, together with the laughing gas, and the adulteration is one of a most improper, as well as singular character. It can hardly be regarded as altogether innocuous.—*Medical Times.*

A GOOD APPETITE. Traveling in the wilderness and encountering all manner of privations, gives a person a very keen appetite without being particularly nice or dainty about the food. The Indians near Fort Laramie, highly pleased with the enterprise of Captain Fremont, determined to pay him a high compliment by inviting him to a *dog feast*. Accordingly the captain went in state to the wigwam where the women and children were assembled, and took his seat upon the Buffalo robes. The dog was in a large pot over the fire, in the middle of the lodge, and immediately on their arrival it was dished up in large wooden bowls, one of which was handed to each person. The flesh appeared very glutinous, with something of the flavor and appearance of mutton. "Feeling something move behind me, (says Captain Fremont,) I looked round, and found that I had taken my seat among a litter of fat young puppies. Had I been nice in such matters, the prejudices of civilization might have interfered with my tranquillity; but fortunately, I am not of delicate nerves, and continued quietly to empty my platter."

ANECDOTE. Soon after the worthy and distinguished pastor of a neighboring town was first settled, and before he had become acquainted with many of the people, he appointed an evening meeting at the school-house of one of the outer districts of the town. In the district resided two brothers named BOND, who were rather peculiar in their manners and appearance, and withal somewhat deaf. The preliminary services being gone through with, the two brothers ranged themselves up beside the minister, each with a hand to his ear, in order the more readily to hear the sermon. The text was then announced, in the language of the Apostle.

"I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether, such as I am, *except these bonds.*"

The coincidence of the concluding word of the text with the name of the two deaf auditors, struck the audience so ludi-

ciously, that, as with one accord, they burst into a laugh, which was continued and prolonged. The young minister, although he did not understand the cause of this outbreak of mirthfulness, could not resist the infection, but from the force of sympathy, joined in with it. The minds of the audience had become so unsettled by the occurrence, that the minister was obliged to dismiss them, and save his sermon for another time and occasion.—*Daily Spy.*

CRIME AND EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the "Daily News."

Gentlemen,—I offer no apology for entreating the attention of the readers of "The Daily News" to an effort which has been making for some three years and a half, and which is making now, to introduce among the most miserable and neglected outcasts in London, some knowledge of the commonest principles of morality and religion; to commence their recognition as immortal human creatures, before the Jail Chaplain becomes their only schoolmaster; to suggest to Society that its duty to this wretched throng, fore-doomed to crime and punishment, rightfully begins at some distance from the police-office; and that the careless maintenance from year to year, in this the capital city of the world, of a vast hopeless nursery of ignorance, misery and vice; a breeding-place for the bulks and jails; is horrible to contemplate.

This attempt is being made in certain of the most obscure and squalid parts of the Metropolis; where rooms are opened at night, for the gratuitous instruction of all comers, children or adults, under the title of "Ragged Schools." The name implies the purpose. They who are too ragged, wretched, filthy, and forlorn, to enter any other place; who could gain admission into no charity-school, and who would be driven from any church door; are invited to come in here, and find some people not depraved, willing to teach them something, and show them some sympathy, and stretch a hand out, which is not the iron hand of Law, for their correction.

Before I describe a visit of my own to a Ragged School, and urge the readers of this letter for God's sake to visit one themselves, and think of it, (which is my main object,) let me say, that I know the prisons of London well; that I have visited the largest of them more times than I could count; and that the children in them are enough to break the heart and hope of any man. I have never taken a foreigner or a stranger of any kind to one of these establishments, but I have seen him so moved at the sight of the child-offenders, and so affected by the contemplation of their utter renouncement and degradation outside the prison walls, that he has been as little able to disguise his emotion, as if some great grief had suddenly burst upon him. Mr. Chesterton and Lieutenant Tracy, than whom more intelligent and humane governors of prisons it would be hard, if not impossible, to find, know, perfectly well, that these children pass and repass through the prisons all their lives; that they are never taught; that the first distinctions between right and wrong are, from their cradles, perfectly confounded and perverted in their minds; that they come of untaught parents, and will give

birth to another untaught generation; that in exact proportion to their natural abilities, is the extent and scope of their depravity; and that there is no escape or chance for them in any ordinary revolution of human affairs. Happily, there are schools in these prisons now. If any readers doubt how ignorant the children are, let them visit those schools and see them at their tasks, and hear how much they knew when they were sent there. If they would know the produce of this seed, let them see a class of men and boys together, at their books (as I have seen them in the House of Correction for this county of Middlesex,) and mark how painfully the full-grown felons toil at the very shape and form of letters: their ignorance being so confirmed and stolid. The contrast of this labor in the men, with the less blunted quickness of the boys; the latent shame and degradation struggling through their dull attempts at infant lessons; and the universal eagerness to learn; impress me, in this passing retrospect, more painfully than I can tell.

For the instruction, and as a first step in the reformation, of such unhappy beings, the Ragged Schools were founded. I was first attracted to the subject, and indeed was first made conscious of their existence, about two years ago, or more, by seeing an advertisement in the papers dated from West street, Saffron-hill, stating "that a room had been opened and supported in that wretched neighborhood for upwards of twelve months, where religious instruction had been imparted to the poor," and explaining in a few words what was meant by Ragged Schools as a generic term, including, then, four or five similar places of instruction. I wrote to the masters of this particular school to make some further inquiries, and went myself soon afterwards.

It was a hot summer night; and the air of Field-lane and Saffron-hill was not improved by such weather, nor were the people in those streets very sober or honest company. Being unacquainted with the exact locality of the school, I was fain to make some inquiries about it. These were very jocosely received in general; but every body knew where it was, and gave the right direction to it. The prevailing idea among the loungers (the greater part of them the very sweepings of the streets and station-houses) seemed to be, that the teachers were quixotic, and the school upon the whole "a lark." But there was certainly a kind of rough respect for the intention, and (as I have said) nobody denied the school or its whereabouts, or refused assistance in directing to it.

It consisted at that time of either two or three—I forget which—miserable rooms, up stairs in a miserable house. In the best of these, the pupils in the female schools were being taught to read and write; and though there were among the number, many wretched creatures steeped in degradation to the lips, they were tolerably quiet, and listened with apparent earnestness and patience to their instructors. The appearance of this room was sad and melancholy, of course,—how could it be otherwise!—but, on the whole, encouraging.

The close and low chamber, at the back, in which the boys were crowded, was so foul and stifling as to be at first almost insupportable. But its moral as-

pect was so far worse than its physical that this was soon forgotten. Huddled together upon a bench about the room, and shone on by some flaring candles stuck against the walls, were a crowd of boys, varying from mere infants to young men; sellers of fruit, herbs, lucifer matches, flints; sleepers under the dry arches of bridges, young thieves and beggars—with nothing natural to youth about them; with nothing frank, ingenuous, or pleasant in their faces; low-browed, vicious, cunning, wicked; abandoned of all help but this; speeding downward to destruction, and unutterably ignorant.

This, reader, was one room, as full as it could hold; but these were only grains, in sample, of a multitude who had within them once, and perhaps have now, the elements of men as good as you or I, and may be infinitely better; in sample of a multitude, among whose doomed and sinful ranks (oh, think of this, and think of them!) the child of any man upon this earth, however lofty his degree, must, as by destiny and fate, be found, if, at its birth, it were consigned to such an infancy and nurture as these fallen creatures had!

This was the class I saw at the Ragged School. They could not be trusted with books; they could only be instructed orally; they were difficult of reduction to any thing like attention, obedience, or decent behavior; their benighted ignorance in reference to the Deity or to any social duty (how could they guess at any social duty, being so discarded by all social teachers but the jailer and the hangman!) was terrible to see. Yet, even here, and among these, something had been done already. The poor Ragged School was of recent date, and very poor; but it had inculcated some association with the name of the Almighty, which was not an oath! and had taught them to look forward in a hymn (they sang it) to another life, which would correct the woes and miseries of this.

The new exposition I found in this Ragged School of the frightful neglect by the State of those whom it punishes so constantly, and whom it might, as easily and less expensively, instruct and save, together with the sight I had seen there, in the heart of London, haunted me, and finally impelled me into an endeavor to bring those institutions under the notice of government; with some faint hope that the vastness of the question would supersede the theology of the schools, and that the Bench of Bishops might adjust the latter question, after some small grant had been conceded, I made the attempt: and have heard no more of the subject from that hour.

The perusal of an advertisement in yesterday's paper, announcing a lecture on the Ragged Schools, last night, has led me to make these remarks. I might easily have given them another form; but I address this letter to you in the hope that some few readers in whom I have awakened an interest, as a writer of fiction, may be by that means, attracted to the subject, who might otherwise unintentionally pass it over.

I have no desire to praise the system pursued in regard to the Ragged Schools, which is necessarily very imperfect, if indeed there be one. So far as I have any means of judging of what is taught there, I should individually object to it,

as not being sufficiently secular, and as presenting too many religious mysteries and difficulties, to minds not sufficiently prepared for their reception. But I should very imperfectly discharge in myself the duty I wish to urge and impress upon others, if I allowed any such doubts of mine to interfere with my appreciation of the efforts of these teachers, or my true wish to promote them by any slight means in my power. Irritating topics of all kinds are equally far removed from my purpose and intention. But I conjure those excellent persons who aid munificently in the building of new churches, to think of these Ragged Schools; to reflect whether some portion of their rich endowments might not be spared for such a purpose; to contemplate, calmly, the necessity of beginning at the beginning; to consider for themselves where the Christian religion most needs and most suggests immediate help and illustration; and not to decide on any theory or hearsay, but to go themselves into the prisons and the Ragged Schools and form their own conclusions. They will be shocked, pained, and repelled by much that they will learn there; but nothing they can learn will be one-thousandth part so shocking, painful, and repulsive, as the continuance for one year more of these things, as they have been for too many years already.

Anticipating that some of the more prominent facts connected with the history of the Ragged Schools may become known to the readers of the Daily News through your account of the lecture in question, I abstain, though in the possession of some such information, from pursuing the question further, at this time. But if I should see occasion, I will take leave to return to it.

CHARLES DICKENS.

February 4, 1846.

LONDON. In this city, the distance of a few streets only will carry you from one stage of civilization to another, from the excess of refinement to barbarism, from the abodes of cultivated intellect to brutal ignorance; from what is called fashion to the grossest manners; and the distinct communities know comparatively nothing of each other. There are travellers who leave at home a community as essentially barbarous as that which they seek, who, perhaps, have spent all their lives in the midst of it, giving it no thought. They know as little what thousands of their own city suffer, to what extremities thousands are reduced, by what art thousands live, as they know of the modes of life in savage tribes. How much more useful lessons would they learn, and how much holier feelings would be awakened in them, were they to penetrate the dens of want, and woe, and crime, a few steps from their own door, than they gain from exploring the world. Not a few grow up and die without understanding how multitudes live and die around them, without having descended into the damp cellar where childhood and old age spend day and night, winter and summer within its narrow and naked walls. They see the poor in the streets, but never follow them in thought to their cheerless homes, or ask how the long day is filled up. They travel, in books, at least, to distant regions, among nations of different languages and complexions, but are

strangers to the condition and character of masses who speak their native tongue, live under their eye, and are joined with them, for weal or woe, in the same social state. This estrangement of men from women, of class from class, is one of the saddest features of a great city. It shows that the true bond of communities is, as yet, imperfectly known.

"DOING A LANDLORD." In the course of our journey from the Eastward, we chanced to be witness to the following specimen of nonchalance, which we set down as one of the coolest pieces of genteel swindling we have ever seen.

A biped of the genus "sucker" had been tarrying for several days in one of the crack hotels in York State, and his only reply to the third weekly bill presented by his obsequious and obliging host, was that "he lacked the needful." He had been lavish in his style of living, and his bill for wines, cigars, and accompaniments, was by no means an inconsiderable feature in the account. The young gentleman was in his room, with a trio of boon companions, and ringing the bell, he ordered a champaign and "fixings" for four.

The servant returned from below with the information that the landlord declined to enlarge his indebtedness,—accompanied with a hint that the old account should now be adjusted. He immediately waited upon the landlord, remonstrated with him touching the mortification attendant upon being shown up before his friends—the wine was up—the party frolicked, and finally separated, and the next morning after breakfast, the following "scene" occurred.

"Mr. ———," said the landlord, "I must now insist on the immediate adjustment of your account."

"Can't meet it, sir, to-day, really!"

"And why not, sir?"

"Have n't the tin by me, sir."

"And you probably won't have?"

"Probably not, sir, at present."

"When do you propose to settle?"

"Could n't say sir, 'pon my honor."

"Have you the slightest idea of paying it at all?"

"I confess, sir, the prospect is exceedingly dubious."

"Your luggage?"

"Is in my room sir."

"I shall detain your trunks then."

"Do,—if you please, sir."

"The largest."

"Is filled with wood, sir."

"With wood!"

"The best of eastern wood."

"And the other?"

"Contains the same article both sawed and split."

"And your wardrobe?"

"Is on my back, sir."

"Upon my word you take it coolly."

"I always do, landlord. The world owes me a living and I must have it."

"You are a scamp, sir."

"I know it. You, sir, are a gentleman, and I am aware."

Our host stopped him, bit his lips, but a moment afterwards, turned to the bar, and placed a bottle of wine upon the side-table near by. Having filled a brace of glasses, he handed one of them to the sucker, and the liquor disappeared. He then presented him a vase filled with regalias.

"Take another," said the landlord in

the politest possible manner, "take half a dozen sir, there, that will do. The world may owe you a living, perhaps it does. I think you will agree with me, however, that I have paid my share of the account. I have in my days seen a good deal of impudence, and my calling has brought me in contact with a variety of rascality, but I must say, without however intending to be too personal in this matter, that without exception, you are the coolest specimen of a genuine scamp, that it has ever been my luck to meet with. John."

A burly servant answered this summons.

"John, remove this fellow into the street, and if you value your situation, see that he does not return!"

The hint was enough, our customer did not wait for further demonstration; but immediately decamped, to "do" some other host,—while his gentlemanly landlord proceeded to examine those trunks, the contents of which as it turned out, had been faithfully described.

THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

The Washington correspondent of the Portland Argus furnishes the following interesting description of the operations of that branch of the Post Office Department to which are transmitted all the uncalled for letters remaining in the various post offices throughout the Union.

Among the places which I have visited, is the *Dead Letter Office*, in the Post Office Department. It is certainly an interesting part of that building. You will be surprised at some facts I learned there. The business of the dead letter office alone employs four clerks all the time. One opens the bundles containing the letters sent to Washington, from the several Post Offices, after they have been advertised, and no owner found for them. He passes the letters over to two other clerks, who open them all, to see if they contain anything valuable. If they do not, they are thrown into the pile on the floor. No time is allowed to read them, as that would be impossible, without a great addition of help. The number of dead letters returned to the General Post Office is astonishingly large. You will be surprised when I tell you that it is *fourteen hundred thousand* a year, and under the cheap postage system is increasing! Hence it requires swift hands to open so large a number, without stopping to read a word. Any one who is so silly as to write a mess of nonsense to an imaginary person, supposing it will be ultimately read by some one, may save himself the trouble hereafter. He may depend upon it, not a word will be likely to be read of the letter, unless he encloses something valuable in it; and that would be paying too dear for so small a whistle. At the end of each quarter, the letters that have been opened having accumulated to a huge mass, and having been in the mean time stowed into bags, are carried out on the plains, and there consumed in a bon-fire. The huge bags make five or six cart-loads each quarter.

The letters containing anything valuable, or in fact, any matter enclosed—are passed over to a fourth clerk, who occupies a separate room for the purpose, and there are canvassed by this gentleman. It is very interesting to examine the heterogeneous materials of this room, that have been extracted from letters, and ac-

cumulated for years. Here you see the singular matters that are sometimes transported through the Post Office. The amount of moneys, that at various times has been found in letters, is very large. When anything of value, as money, drafts, and so forth, is found, the rule is, to return it to the post office whence it came, and the postmaster of that office must advertise it, or use any other means best calculated to find the owner. If all his efforts fail, he returns it to the General Office, and it is labelled and filed away. Sometimes as much as \$300 are found in a week in dead letters! I think within this month several hundreds have been found. An iron chest is kept for the purpose of these deposits. In looking over the files in that chest, I was astonished at the amount of money there, and the large sums contained in some of the letters. Some single letters containing \$50, \$40, \$10, and down to \$1. One letter contained a £10 note—very likely the property of some poor emigrant, (intended for his wife or children,) who had made a mistake in sending it, and no owner could be found.

Among this money is a good deal of counterfeit. The letters are all labelled not only with the sums, but also whether containing counterfeit or good money. There were many bad small bills scattered through the piles. In one case there was a bad half eagle—in another were two letters, each containing \$300 counterfeit money! It was on some New York Bank, new, and very nicely done—and was, no doubt, the remittance of one counterfeiter to another—who had been in the meantime apprehended, or was suspicious he was watched, and hence had been too cunning to call for the wicked deposit of his confederate. In the strong box, also, was a box of change, of all kinds, and a large string of rings of various fancies and values, taken from the dead letters. Many a love token of this modest kind, enveloped in a letter couched in most homely words, and intended in the mind of the writer, for the dearest girl in the universe, had, instead of reaching its interesting destination, brought up in the dead letter office, passed through the hands of these cold, grey-haired clerks, who never stopped to read the tender effusion that cost so much racking of the heart strings—and the delicate pledge of affection had been tossed into the iron chest, instead of encircling the taper finger of "the love" for whom it was purchased.

But passing out of the chest, the matters that meet your eye on the shelves and in the cases, are equally interesting. Here are books, and ribbons, and gloves, and hosiery, and a thousand other things. I saw one specimen of a most splendid ribbon, of several yards, that seemed very much out of place here—when it was intended to adorn the bonnet of some lady. A package lay near that had not been opened. It was from England. The postage was eight dollars sixty-three cents. It had been refused at the office where sent, because of its enormous postage, and was sent to the dead letter office in due course of time. Now, said the Superintendent, I will show you what valueless things are sent through the mails, in comparison to their expense. I do not know what is in this, but we will see. So he opened it, and behold, it contained about a yard of coarse cloth,

like crash, worth perhaps a shilling, which had been sent to some dry goods house in this country, as a specimen of the manufacture of the article, by some factory in England. Of course, the postage being thirty times its value, it was refused by those to whom it was directed. I saw two night caps that were taken from a letter only a few days since. If the poor fellow to whom they were sent does not sleep in a night cap until he gets these, his head will be cold. It is impossible for the Department to attend to finding owners for the comparatively valueless things that are received; as night-caps, ribbons, garters, stockings, stays, bustles, &c. &c., and they are therefore thrown into the receptacle of "things lost to earth."

In the cases, arranged and labelled for the purpose, are the legal documents found in letters. These are numerous, and run back for a long term of years. They are most carefully preserved. The beneficial policy of this preservation has been often illustrated, and most strikingly so, only the other day. A gentleman in a distant State wrote the Superintendent that some seven or eight years ago a large package of most valuable papers had been lost through the Post Office. They involved the right to a large estate. If he could not find them he would be irretrievably ruined, and begged him to search the department for them. He did so. He told me that the first case he opened, under a pile of other papers, he saw a large package, answering the description. He took it out, and it was the very papers wanted. They had slept there quietly for years. The postage was about ten dollars—and they had originally, by some mistake, failed of their rightful owner. The package had been carefully preserved, and the owner was peculiarly saved.

I have given you but a faint description, after all, of this interesting portion of the General Post Office operations. The gentleman who superintends this wing is Jere. O'Brien, Esq., of Brunswick, in our county. He is a fine specimen of the New England gentleman, and I am happy to record his success in obtaining a place in this Department.

REVIEW.

An Appeal from the Old Theory of Grammar to the true Constructive Genius of the English Language, developed in Three Books, the whole entitled an English Syntihology. By JAMES BROWN. Philadelphia: Grubb and Reazor.

This work was published sometime last year, and has gone to a second edition, but has come into our hands only very lately. It would be well if it could find its way to the table of every literary man and teacher, where the English language is spoken. We have not met in a long time, with a book treating upon what concerns Education, that has afforded us so much real satisfaction as this. It is always refreshing to meet with a bold and intelligent champion of truth, who dares to attack falsehood in its strong holds, where, in dusty antiquity, it lies concealed and guarded, safe almost from

even the danger of suspicion. In the author of the work before us, we recognize such a well-armed champion, who, with fearless ability and admirable zeal, has made an onset against the venerable old Castle of English Grammar, which, in our school-boy days, we have all looked upon with so much "fear and trembling," and in our maturer years have, perhaps, regarded with a kind of veneration, as the palladium of our language, the only protection against gross abuses of "the King's English."

But Mr. Brown has not only attacked the old Grammar Castle: he has completely demolished it, yes, razed it to the foundation stone and left not a vestige of its hoary walls standing!

"What!" cries the reader in dismay, "Can it be possible that the venerable pile, reared with so much patience and labor, by that skilful master of verbal architecture, Lindley Murray, has been destroyed? Who, with sacrilegious hands, has ruthlessly dared to touch it?"

These questions will be more satisfactorily resolved, by a perusal of "Brown's Appeal" than by any answer of our own. The inquirer will therein discover that whatever sentiment of respect he may hitherto have entertained for the old grammar, which he has been taught to consider as constructed according to the strictest principles of science and the highest rules of art, has been in a great measure undeserved; and that instead of being a perfect temple and sacred depositary of truth, it is a deformed thing, utterly devoid of proportion and beauty, fit only to be, what it is, the hiding-place of error.

But if Mr. Brown has levelled Murray's structure, he has not left unscathed the mouldings and mountings, the bastions and buttresses, with which ambitious "menders" have attempted to patch it up, in the vain endeavor to disguise its architectural deformities or render it impenetrable:—they have all fallen in one common ruin. The additions and improvements not only perish, but perish ignominiously; for Mr. Brown never strikes a blow with his rod of criticism at Murray, but he takes good care to do him at least the justice of showing that the "menders" have been invariably the marring of his work.

The aspirants after the honor of grammar-making have not been few; but conflicting and various as they are in their methods of teaching "the art of speaking and writing the English language with propriety," they never depart from the false principles on which the theory of Murray is based; they improve and modify, curtail and simplify "the explanations and rules" of grammar which he has given, but they succeed only in elaborating

error and proving their own ignorance of the subject they attempt to elucidate.

Mr. Brown, in his Appeal, has devoted six hundred and odd duodecimo pages to the critical annihilation of Murray and "the host" of imitators and improvers. He has taken up each one, and with the most provoking cruelty has made them, with the weapons they themselves furnish, their own executioners!

We cannot here even refer to the "defects, errors, and contradictions" of the old theory of English Grammar, as presented by Mr. Murray and "the host of simplifiers," which are exposed in Brown's Appeal, but we are convinced that they are radical, and that Mr. Brown has at least indicated the true principles of construction of the English Language, whether he has succeeded in a full and perfect development of them or not; which we are not prepared at present to express an opinion upon, as we have examined only the critical and not the explanatory portion of the work. We have long been aware of the insufficiency of what is called English Grammar in regard to constructive principles, and that in fact, its rules have very little to do with "writing and speaking with propriety;" but we hardly suspected that it rested on a false and arbitrary theory, from beginning to end, until enlightened by Mr. Brown.

The old theory of grammar is built on the basis of the *signification* of words, which leads to endless confusion and uncertainty, and never furnishes a true guide to the construction of a sentence. The "substitute" of Mr. Brown proceeds on the principle of *functions* of words according to relations of class, without reference to the dictionary meaning; and upon this principle, the place which words should hold in a sentence, and sentences in a paragraph, that is to say, the syntax, may be positively determined, and all useless and inappropriate words and members detected. This cannot be done by the old theory of grammar, as Mr. Brown has fully shown by his criticisms and tests of the very rules themselves, of Murray and his "menders." We write and speak according to the usages of good society, or our familiarity with, and attention to, the practice of good writers and speakers, and not by the "rules" of grammar; and our good grammar is sometimes very bad English. Surely a theory of grammar, so called, should explain to us the true constructive genius of the language, and direct us not only how to write *grammatically*, but how to write good English. This, the old theory does not do, and we have fairly concluded that it is only one of the many false systems now in vogue, which, instead of developing and enlightening

the mind of youth, serves only to contract and stultify it most effectually.

Before quitting the subject we should mention that our friend, Hugh Doherty, of London, has written a "Grammar," in which, with less of criticism of the errors of the old theory than Mr. Brown has applied to them, he has ably and learnedly evolved the same principle of classified functions, and probably, with more scientific accuracy than Mr. Brown, who does not appear to be aware of the existence of the universal law of classification—the SERIES. Mr. Doherty applies the law of the Series to the distribution and arrangement of 'words,' as the types or representatives of 'things,' which, when truly related, are all under the government of this general law. Whether the English language is perfect enough to admit of the practical application of this law of construction in all degrees and details of composition, we cannot say, but unquestionably it is the only true basis of grammatical theory.

The other works of Mr. Brown, which together, complete his theory of grammar, are entitled, respectively, *Brown's First, Second, and Third Book of English Syntithology*

Thiodolf the Iclander, and Aslauga's Knight, from the German of Baron de la Motte Fouque. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1845. pp. 349.

The translation of Undine long since made the name of Fouqué no stranger in our literature, and the short biographical and critical notice, together with the version of Aslauga's Knight in Carlyle's "German Romance," made him still better known to all delicate spirits of pure and active fancy: This acquaintance the present volume will render still more intimate. Thiodolf, though not to our minds a work of so high a character as Undine, and lacking the brilliancy of design which marks that beautiful story, is a genuine production of its author's genius. It carries the reader into that old world of lofty, ideal chivalry in which Fouqué's mind delighted to dwell and create. For the present time, and the great interests of human progress, this work may perhaps to some minds seem quite dead and worthless, but it is not so for us. We cannot read of these knightly virtues of honor, purity, devotion, and that strength of will and power of action, and iron, unshrinking courage, without feeling that they have a response from the very heart of this age and people; that they can now stand us in stead more than ever they did men before, because for higher and broader ends. To us it does not seem that the age of chivalry is past, but that it is just beginning, and we find very

useful lessons in these tales of old knight-hood, these pictures of Scandinavian antiquity, and perhaps all the more useful because the author has cast himself wholly into the spirit of ancient romance, and has not alloyed it with the mixture of meaner, though more advanced epochs.

As a novel, Thiodolf can hardly prove satisfactory to those who measure the imagination of an author by the foot-rule of their own understanding, and who will not permit any departure from the historic unities and probabilities. Still less will it answer the demands of that school of readers who are only content with the hot excitements of fashionable literature and life, but to all imaginative persons of uncontaminated taste, to the young especially, it will be most welcome.

The name of the translator is not given; we have not the original at hand and cannot speak with certainty as to the correctness of the version. It is however quite free from faults of style, and, we do not doubt, is worthy of a place in the series of which it forms a part.

Sparks from the Anvil. By ELIHU BURRITT, A. M. Worcester: Henry J. Howland. 1846.

We welcome this little book, only wishing it were larger, and trusting that it is but the forerunner of a more complete collection of the writings of its author, to be undertaken by himself rather than by the publisher, to whom we are indebted for these "Sparks."

Of Mr. Burritt as the learned blacksmith every body has heard, but to us his reputation for industry and learning, however worthy of imitation, seems to receive a lustre from the inward character of the man as displayed in these pages, rather than to give one to it. Warm and wide-reaching sympathies, a true and delicate tone of feeling, good sense, and a style which, though sometimes rather labored and bookish, is often very happy, these are their leading features. We give the following specimen.

"The hemisphere of the present age is studded all over with such pearls "and patines of bright gold," as never shone before in the heavens of the human soul. In these latter days, the waves of time have washed up from the depths that angels never fathomed, "gems of purer light serene" than were ever worn before in the crown of man. We are now but half way advanced in a new cycle of human society. The race is but just emerging from the long-reaching shadows of an iron age, and coming out into the starlight and sunlight of new influences. If, as we are assured, scores of new stars have taken rank with the heavenly hosts, during the last two centuries, stars brighter than they, have, in the same period, kindled up new lights in the moral firmament. Among these new stars, one, a little lower than that of Bethlehem, has just appeared above the horizon. It is the star

of woman's influence! Influential woman is a being of scarcely two centuries; up to that period, and almost hitherto, her influences have fallen upon human character and society, like the feeble rays of a rising winter's sun upon polar fields of ice. But her sun is reaching upward. There is a glorious meridian to which she shall as surely come as to-morrow's sun shall reach his in the natural heavens. What man will be when she shall smile on him then and thence, we are unable to divine; but we can find an anticipation on the influences of her dawning rays. Her morning light has gilded the visions of human hope, and silvered over the night shadows of human sorrow. There has been no depth of human misery beyond the reach of her ameliorating influence, nor any height of human happiness which she has not raised still higher."

Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents. By JOHN HENRAGE JESSE. In Two Volumes, Philadelphia: J. W. Moore, 138 Chestnut Street. 1846. pp. 328 and 286. Boston: Redding & Co.

With the reprint of this valuable contribution to a most eventful period of English history, the publisher commences a "Select Library" which promises to be of a pretty useful and substantial character.

Of all royal families, none wins on our fancy like that of the Stuarts, not only from a personal charm which attaches to many of its members, but from the misfortunes which attended it for so long a period of time, until its final extinction. The author of the present work has chosen one of the most interesting phases of its existence, and seems to us to have been very successful in treating his subject. He has fully brought out its romantic character, and has written a history which has all the attractions of a brilliant fiction, and all the merits of a humane and philosophic impartiality.

The Stuarts were born out of their time, if indeed, that ever happens; in more fortunate epochs, their lives would have been as splendid and beneficent as they were hurtful to others and injurious to themselves. They were endowed with qualities, which, in a more advanced state of things, would have been recognized as in truth regal, while the less admirable traits of their character would not have been called forth, or rather would have been called forth only in a harmonious and useful way. But they are not the only specimens of this perversion of elevated powers; history is one vast catalogue of distorted character, national as well as individual. Shall the history of our century form only another, and in some respects, blacker page of that gloomy record, or while it recounts our material and scientific conquests, shall it add, that in this time was opened on the world a happier and higher era, the era of perfect freedom and order, of universal

justice, of many made one in the bonds of Christian Love!

Outlines of Astronomy. Prepared by C. List, on the basis of the *Eleventh London Edition of the Treatise* by the Rev. T. G. Hall, M. A. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., and Carey & Hart. 1848. pp. 154.

Outlines of Natural Philosophy, for the use of Schools and Private Learners. By C. List. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., and Carey and Hart. 1846. pp. 162.

In point of external appearance, these little volumes are models of school books; internally they seem well adapted for their purpose. They are written in a plain and concise style, free from technical pedantry; occasionally too, the author, in contemplation of the grandeur of his subjects, falls into an interesting train of remark, which shows that he feels, as well as understands, that he has not only a scientific insight, but a poetic appreciation of his theme. We observe also that he has happily added in the glossary which in each volume explains the scientific terms made use of, the Latin, Greek, or Saxon etymology of those words, and thereby added much to the value of the book. Each lesson is accompanied by questions intended to assist the learner in fixing in his mind the many facts which are stated and elucidated minutely and clearly; indeed, if we should find any fault we should say that the statement is often too thorough, and that occasionally the pupil is informed of things which he might safely be presumed to know beforehand.

The Swedenborg Library. Nos. 12 and 13. Part I. New York: John Allen, 129 Nassau St. Boston: Otis Clapp, 12 School St. 1846.

This number of Professor Bush's Library, treats of "The distinction of sex and of the conjugal relation in the other life," in which is involved Swedenborg's whole doctrine of marriage, which presents one of the most difficult and interesting of philosophical questions. Swedenborg's theory seems to us incomplete; but for celestial elevation and beauty of thought, it is beyond admiration. It is here to be found in a small compass, together with some interesting introductory remarks by the editor.

Youth's Monthly Visitor. Edited and published by Mrs. M. L. Bailey. Cincinnati, Ohio. Terms, twenty-five cents a year.

We cheerfully comply with the request to notice this little paper, of which we have received a file. We had for some time been desirous to know more of the authoress of some beautiful little poems that have from time to time met our eye, and are happy to find her as the conductor

of so excellent a work. The tone of the *Monthly Visitor* is pure and elevated; its original articles combine good taste and good sense; its selections are judicious and instructive, and, what is rare in a journal of a religious character, it is free from bigotry or narrowness without being monotonous and flat. We can heartily commend it to persons of all denominations as worthy to be put into the hands of the young. We know no publication that gives so much for so little money.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

TO —

O Heaven-sent! How shall I then describe thee?

God's truth is kindling all around thy brow
Pure lightnings of its own — while struggling
outwards,

From thy surcharged spirit bursts the thunder

Of eloquent, unanswerable words.

Thou hast thy milder moments, when the
God-smile

Sheds a more gentle halo round thy brow —
A smile half sad, half lovely, pitying always
The poor blind eyes that bandaged by thee
sit,

Blind souls, their own sad theories ever clasping.

O rich one! Stint not to pour out the treasures

Which God sends through thee — Fountain
that thou art!

Scatter thy lavish wealth amid the desert —
Those dreary sands shall drink thy crystal
dews,

And straightway blossom with the rose and
myrtle,

Spreading their odorous branches to the sun;
So shall the Earth smile as thou know'st it
should be,

Eden once more, the garden of the Lord!

LITTLE NELL.

BY KATE CLEVELAND.

Spring, with breezes cool and airy,
Opened on a little fairy;
Ever restless, making merry,
She, with little lips of cherry,
Lisp'd the words she could not master,
Vex'd that she might speak no faster,
Laughing, running, playing danc'd,
Mischief all her joys enhancing, —
Full of baby-mirth and glee,
It was a joyous sight to see

Sweet LITTLE NELL!

Summer came, the green Earth's lover,
Ripening the tufted clover —
Sending down the glittering showers —
Breathing on the buds and flowers —
Rivalling young pleasant May
In a generous holyday!
Smallest insects hummed a tune
Through the blessed nights of June:

And the maiden sang her song
Through the days so bright and long,
Dear LITTLE NELL!

Autumn came, the leaves were falling,
Death the little one was calling;
Pale and wan she grew, and weakly;
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That to us she grew still dearer
As the trial-hour drew nearer;
But she left us hopeless, lonely,
Watching by her semblance only, —
And a little grave they made her, —
In the church-yard cold they laid her, —
Laid her softly down to rest,
With a white rose on her breast —
Poor LITTLE NELL!

Cincinnati Herald

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

SOCIETY AS TESTED BY EXPERIENCE.

It is often said that the reform proposed by the advocates of the Associative order is contrary to experience, and therefore, unworthy of the attention of men who are governed by the dictates of prudence and common sense. Hence the lovers of the past, — the timid adherents to things as they are, — the good, easy citizens with whom the world has always gone well, are quite content with the social order that has brought such prosperity to them; it has put money in their purse, and it is foolish to hope for anything better; it has clothed them, if not in purple and fine linen, in the best of fashionable broadcloth, and how absurd to desire a change; it has raised their names to a high rank in the circles, to which all the respectability, all the fashion, all the decency are limited; and they can scarce hope for anything superior, even in the Heaven, which no doubt is guaranteed to men of such property and standing as themselves. They must speak well of the bridge that has borne them safe over the river; and if it is good enough for them, it is good enough for any body.

The test of personal experience thus applied to the condition and influence of society is fatal to all generous aspirations after an improved order, in which the relations between man and man shall be founded on benevolence and justice, in which the conflicting interests that now separate and embitter those who are born to be brethren shall be combined in a broad and comprehensive unity, and the favors, which are profusely poured forth from the bosom of a bountiful Nature for

the benefit of a few, shall be applied to the enjoyment and elevation of all. Every argument presented to men who reason in this way, is like a cannon ball against a wall of mud. They have one infallible means of resisting the force of the most powerful demonstrations, and that is, the comfort and happiness which they have been able to secure for themselves and their families, in the existing social organization.

Hence, as a general rule, the desire for social progress is the strongest among those who have suffered most from the present arrangements. It is easy to summon around the banner of reform, those who have been scathed and scarred in the fierce battle of social competition: they are always ready for a change, no matter how wild and extravagant the form in which it is proposed; anything for them is better than the state which has brought such disappointment and wretchedness over their lives; and they welcome, with an almost insane enthusiasm, every promise which encourages them to hope for a brighter and better day. The most they know of society, is the cup of wormwood and gall which it has made them drink; they owe it no thanks, for it has granted them no boon; they see in it no hallowed temple, consecrated by fond recollections of past ages, but a fabric of oppression and injustice, which they would raze to the ground, without leaving one stone upon another. At the same time, they are the least qualified, by the very sufferings which they have experienced, for the holy duty of reform and construction. Doomed from their birth to struggle with personal disadvantages, seeing themselves outstripped in the career of life by those who would have had small claims where the race was only to the swift, goaded by the sight of glittering prizes which become the objects of more passionate desire in proportion to the hopelessness of their attainment, they are filled with a spirit of fierce and reckless discontent, and incapable of the calm wisdom, the disinterested devotion, the strong thirst for universal justice, and the religious veneration of the laws of Providence, which are the essential foundation of all bread and permanent improvement.

The only correct standard by which the character of society can be tested, is its accordance with the principles of Everlasting Right, and its tendency to promote the highest interests of all on whom it exerts an influence. If we appeal merely to our personal experience, we shall be led astray. This is always a narrow mode of judging, and can hardly fail to prove delusive and injurious. We must look beyond ourselves. We must become conscious of the intimate connexion of the race, and cherish the feeling of universal

Humanity. While we sit before a warm fire, in rooms ceiled and carpeted so as to defy the winter blast, it is the height of selfishness and folly to forget the weary multitude, that are struggling with the storm, perishing with the cold, and glad to exchange the ills of life for the bitterness of death. We must inquire, not what the present social order has done for us, but what are its general effects; and we shall soon perceive, that it has been productive of evils to a large portion of its members, for which every principle of justice and love loudly demand a remedy. The wisdom of experience summons us to labor for an improved state of society; for it shows us, without disguise, the permanent and wide spread injury that has been produced by the past. We need not enumerate the scourges, with which the human race has been afflicted, under a false organization. They are almost too obvious to be discussed. Their power and virulence are illustrated by the consciousness of disease and suffering, which universally prevails. An order of society which upholds, by the very first principles on which it is founded, the gigantic curses of War, Slavery, Poverty, and Deception in the daily transactions of business, cannot be of God; cannot be destined to endure; must pass away with the progress of light and the application of truth. If we have any belief that the Universe is under the control of wise and beneficial laws, that the destiny of man is ordained by an Infinite, Paternal Spirit, and not by a dark malicious Demon, we must anticipate the coming of a better age, and we ought to lose no time in laboring for its speedy advent.

We invoke the attention of the reflecting, the hopeful, the religious, the humane to the facts which stare them in the face as the inevitable product of the antagonistic order of society. Is this order the highest that can be conceived of as possible, in the Eternal designs of Providence? Does it satisfy the instinctive wish of refined humanity for unity, truth, love, in the relations between man and man. Is it in accordance with the promises of prophetic inspiration, or the plain, practical teachings of the Christian revelation? No sincere, enlightened lover of his race, can, for a moment, admit this supposition. The conviction is forced upon us that a nobler and happier future is in reserve for Humanity. The present state of warfare, of deception, of selfishness, of misery is destined to pass away. It will be succeeded by a new social order, that will be like a new Heaven, and a new Earth, in which dwelleth righteousness. The signs of this happy age are already visible; good omens herald its approach; the eastern sky is red with

its dawning; and soon will it burst upon the world in its divine glory and beauty.

Meantime, no earnest effort for its realization will be lost. Every word spoken with sincere conviction; every wise endeavor for the establishment of social justice; every experiment in hope of a truer condition, tends to accelerate the coming of the day, which will bless Man and glorify God.

POLITICAL ECONOMY: BRITISH FREE TRADE.

We have occasionally suggested a rather deep scepticism, which for some time past has occupied our minds, about the worth of the above-named science, and in so doing have had the misfortune to find some of our friends differing from us, and to incur the charge of speaking without the book. This has, however, not changed our opinion; we have still held on to certain principles which we had learned from the doctrine of Universal Unity, and have continued as opportunity has offered, to hint with all possible gentleness, our distrust of this high priest of commerce, this hierophant of Mammon, the great god of our incomparable civilization. In all this we may be wrong; we know that there are many grave and long-headed men, many men of much thought and great experience, who look with reverence on the multifold and contradictory books in which the mysteries of Political Economy are set down, but we cannot help it; we have no such reverence, and so we translate into our columns, the following article from the *Phalange* of February. The first portion though brief, shows clearly, in our opinion, the true value of this so called science, as it is taught at present, and points at the course to be pursued by its professors, if they wish to save themselves from the ridicule of absolute failure, and of not knowing distinctly what they are about.

The second part, which relates to the measures of the British ministry, exhibits the view taken by men of clear minds in France, of the present commercial attitude of England. The position of our own country with regard to England, is not so different from that of France as to make the opinions here expressed without interest for us.

WHAT DOES POLITICAL ECONOMY REQUIRE TO MAKE IT A SCIENCE?

Must the Tarpeian Rock always be close to the Capitol?

Political Economy is gloriously triumphant. In England, Sir Robert Peel has carried the doctrines of Free Trade and overturned the Custom House, the object of hatred to every sound-headed Economist; in France, the Administration, doubtless as a reward for so splendid a success,

has promised the Economists to found new professorships for them, and the *Journal of the Economists*, in the joy of his heart, has addressed modest congratulations to the ministers. (January Number.)

We also assented to the project and had resolved to ask for the Economists more than they themselves could request; we had discovered an immense outlet for their erudition; we had perceived that a very urgent need existed in France for the creation of professorships of Political Economy in the immediate vicinity of the bureaux of charity. The ladies forming part of these bureaux, allow themselves to be troubled by the increase of misery, so far as to misunderstand the principles of the science, and to blaspheme the name of anarchical competition, so dear to the Economists. In support of our request, we intended to denounce to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, the following passage in the circular of the ladies of charity of the second Section of Paris. (Account of their operations in 1845.)

"There is also one thing to which we wish to call attention, and upon which the world do not sufficiently reflect; this is, that the extreme reduction in the prices of a great number of articles of dress or luxury, takes place only at the cost of the wages of unhappy operatives, who, in consequence of competition, find themselves without work, or paid so little that it is impossible for them to provide for their own subsistence and that of their families. We often hear it repeated that an enormous deal is done in Paris for the poor; that is true in a certain sense, but alas! are the poor less numerous on that account? Unhappily it is not so; the misery is always about the same; always by the side of the sumptuous dwellings of the rich, are to be seen in miserable holes, parents stretched upon beds of suffering, children naked, and dying of hunger; always, there are alms to be given, wretched beings to be comforted."

As admirers of Political Economy, and as moralists, we were scandalized to see women, under pretence of good sense and charity, thus publicly attack the scientific principles, which we, the men had established with so much labor. There was herein a tendency as immoral as it was wanting in respect towards the stronger sex, and it appeared to us necessary to repress it by compelling all such ladies to listen to the oldest and dullest professors of Economy, whose province it should be to inform them that the science of Economy treats, indeed, of the production and distribution of riches, but does not undertake to point out the best means of production and distribution; that it has the least possible to do with misery,

charity, or the amelioration of the human race; that whoever presumes to have more to do with those things than does the science itself, will only waste his time; and that the best employment of one's leisure, is to read the great Economical volumes in which there are such wise dissertations upon the causes and effects which occupy the chaos of society. In case the ladies should not have been able to understand these luminous dissertations, and should have appeared but little satisfied with their results, the professor would then employ the great argument: "It is the masculine science which speaks; listen, weak women, be silent and submit."

Well! in the midst of all these successes, Political Economy finds itself suddenly shaken to its base. We spoke of Science and now a thundering voice proclaims that Economy is perhaps not a science.

Who has advanced this blasphemy? Is it an enemy of Economy? Is it an execrable socialist? Does it proceed from some obscure den of Utopianism?

No! The word was uttered in open Academy of the Moral and Political Sciences, on Friday, 17th January, 1846, we know not at what hour, by the president himself of that learned Academy, by the very chief of the Economists, by M. Dunoyer, in fine.

Yes, that illustrious Academician, in reference to an elementary work by M. J. Garnier, has uttered the following words, published on page 191 of the *Journal of the Economists*.

"Political Economy, which has a certain number of ascertained principles, which rests upon a considerable variety of exact facts and well founded observations, appears, notwithstanding, still far from being a decided science. There is no agreement respecting either the extent of the field over which its researches are to reach, or the fundamental object they are to propose to themselves. There is no agreement respecting the aggregate of the labors it embraces, the methods on which the efficiency of those labors depends, or the precise meaning to be attached to the greater part of the words used in its vocabulary; and the science, rich in detail, is infinitely defective in its aggregate; and, as a science, appears far from being constituted. Many proofs of all this might be given. Thus the author of the elementary book which gives rise to these observations, appears to have found himself, when he wished to put his hand to the work, in a great perplexity, not finding the science, even when considered in its most fundamental principles, presented in the same manner by any of the great works devoted to it."

Have we, the adversaries of Political Economy, ever pronounced a more terrible judgement against it? We have simply disputed its being a complete science, and here it denounces itself as not being a science at all. For can we acknowledge as a science, that study which knows neither the extent of the field in which it is to labor, nor its fundamental object, — is not agreed respecting its most primary principles, and does not even possess a determined language, a language, the terms of which have a precise meaning?

But a revelation even more important is here made: until this moment Political Economy has had the reputation of being the most scientific of the three sciences enthroned at the Academy, abolished by Napoleon, and restored by M. Guizot, — Political Economy, Morals, and Politics.

If Political Economy, in a fit of frankness, declares that it is not a science, what terrible confessions must we not expect from its two sisters? Who knows the objects and fundamental principles of Political Science. What precise meaning is attached to any of its words? And the Science of Morals, upon what an abyss of contradictions does it rest? It does not know, it never has known either its principles, its language or its object.

But we will not insist further; we will content ourselves with registering this public confession that very little is wanting to Political Economy, and consequently to its two inseparable friends, Politics and Morals, in order to become Science; — less than nothing — the knowledge of their aim and object, fundamental principles, and a language. M. Dunoyer concludes very rigorously from these premises that, for want of these elements they are far, or at least, one of them is far from being constituted. We cannot presume to contradict him.

We will say only a few words respecting the important measure proposed by Sir Robert Peel, in England, for the almost complete abolition of the protective system: the discussions of the newspapers will throw light enough upon the advantages which this country will derive from the new system about to be established; for the moment, we wish simply to state the fact, an immense fact, since it will have a decisive action upon the custom houses of other countries.

In principle we are in favor of abolishing custom houses; but it is evident that their complete abolition, absolute liberty of commerce, in the present state of society, in an unorganized medium, must produce numberless inconveniences, the necessary result of the vicious circle in which civilized legislators, savans, and critics constantly move without perceiving

it! With ordinary economists the whole question consists in producing at the *cheapest rate*, and they do not trouble themselves in any manner about the conditions of that cheapest rate, which most frequently is obtained by a reduction of wages. In social economy, it cannot be so; certainly, in the true state of society, special manufactures will be retained in particular localities, though they may be more costly there than elsewhere, because the relative price being no longer the only regulator, it will be desirable for more important reasons, such for example as the employment of human faculties, that these manufactures should be maintained in such localities.

Price being the only principle upon which economists argue, they declare every manufacture, the cost of which exceeds the minimum, to be absolutely useless and factitious, and wish to expel it from the country; they are logical according to their principle, but is that principle complete? We do not think so. In an organized medium something besides price is to be considered, and we say the same of an unorganized medium.

Now either the European states are able to strive industrially with England, or they are not. In the first case, they must enter still farther upon the path of industrialism, reduce their wages and reach that horrible pauperism which consumes England. In the second, these among them which are unable or unwilling to enter into that industrialism will be compelled to close a larger or smaller number of their factories, and consequently to lose a portion of their activity which will not be sufficiently employed by agriculture.

These hints, to which we limit ourselves, may cause it to be understood that the entire question is not a question of the cheapest rate of production. The economists get rid of the difficulty very easily by saying "Every thing will find its equilibrium." But we must know in what that pretended equilibrium consists, and if it will not produce an immense disproportion between the lot of some and the lot of others: which must be the case as long as men continue to submit to a state of things which is pretended to be necessary, but which is nothing else than the chaos of the living forces of Humanity.

However, the protective tariff of France is so extravagant, especially in some completely monopolized branches of industry, such as iron, that we may safely demand important modifications in our present custom-house regulations.

We can sum up our opinion in a still more general manner by saying: "Open your ports freely to the productions of the four quarters of the globe, but admit with great precaution those of England which alone would put a stop to the labor of your

manufactures, or would force you to a destructive competition in wages; defer for twenty years the free admission of Russian and American wheat, on condition of actively employing that time in the improvement and disburdening of your agriculture."

THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS.

We insert the following extract from a friend's letter, as a slight sketch of some portion of the life of French officers in the army of Algiers, and an indication of human powers now employed in the destruction of the race. — When shall high qualities such as those of the character here described, be employed in their legitimate sphere? It is to be observed however, that war is not the only means of their perversion. Civilization has more than one way of abusing what is best in human nature, and many who shudder with a holy horror at the trade of the soldier do not scruple to engage in employments, which in themselves are quite as much opposed to a true order of things.

"During the last general insurrection of the Arabs in Oran, the western province of Algiers, General Cavaignac, my old Colonel (not old in years, he is only forty-three,) fought some magnificent battles against terrible odds. He has not yet had a wound, but I fear he'll get himself killed there some of these days. Old major Perragai, another of us six at the colonel's table (of two canteens without a table cloth), and who used to lie with us before the camp-fire in front of the tent after dinner, smoking and chatting, with the army spread out before us, the soldiers grouped around the fires, the horses neighing, and the bugles blowing, has been killed. He was one of Napoleon's old guard, and a braver man never handled sword. When a lieutenant, his company was standing exposed to a shower of grenades, when one fell at his feet; he pulled out a cigar and stooped down to light it at the fuse; it exploded, and every body thought Perragai was blown to pieces; but when the smoke cleared away they saw him standing with folded arms, smoking as quietly as though he were in his tent. Another time they were storming a redoubt which was very bravely defended; at last Perragai seized a standard, wrapped it around his body, rushed forward, climbed the redoubt, and stood on the top, waving his colors, a mark for every bullet of the enemy, till his men, maddened by the sight, rushed furiously after him, threw themselves like tigers on the enemy, drove them back, routed them completely and took the place. Perragai however, had received a ball in his breast on first getting up, which laid him up awhile after the excitement was over. If the colonel had said the word, Perragai

would have stood as a mark for all the Arabs in Algiers at thirty paces; I don't think he had any idea they could possibly manage to kill him. The colonel and I used to laugh at him on the razzias, as he cantered about with a pistol in one hand and sword in the other, trying to catch a stray Arab or two, while the rest of us either galloped straight on behind the colonel, or sat quietly under the fire without drawing our swords, in imitation of him. And now the poor fellow has gone, may God have mercy on him!"

VARIETIES.

Translated from the Deutsche Schnellpost.

THE PENSABH; or Punjaub as it is sometimes called (from *peng*, five, and *ab*, water,) — the ancient Sangala or land of Cathay as the historians of Alexander the Macedonian call it, lies in a plain of six thousand square miles in the wedge formed by the Indus with its mighty companion the Sutledsh, flowing down from the precipices of Himmalch. Between the Indus and the Sutledsh flow the branches of the latter in the same direction, — the Jelum, Tshenab and Rawi; — these are the five rivers which divide the country into four oblong divisions. The most westerly of these is quite unfruitful but the remainder of the region is very fertile and needs but little aid from the hand of man in order to yield the richest products, cotton, sugar, vegetables. Nevertheless the country is but sparsely inhabited, and is not sufficiently watered. From Attock on the Indus to the capital, Lahore on the Rawi, goes the great military road of the kingdom which touches on many important cities, among others Ramnagar on the Tshenab which is inhabited by Mussulmans. In the division included by the Rawi and Sutledsh lie the great cities Lahore, Amritsin and Kassaur. The Sutledsh is a river of twelve hundred feet width, and in the rainy season overflows the plains far and wide. The ancients called it the Hydaspis. With the two dependant provinces of Peshawer and Multan which are situated around the conjunction of the five rivers, the whole kingdom contains some eight thousand square miles, on which live five millions of men. Multan which is ruled by a Hindoo, is under an excellent government, but the remaining provinces, especially Cashmere are terribly plundered by their governors and Sardars.

THE SIKHS or Seiks, were originally a fanatical religious sect, founded in the Pendshab at the end of the fifteenth century, by a Hindoo priest named Nanik. They held to a sort of Deism, and tolerantly believed the form of worship to be of inferior consequence. They lived under

their spiritual superior till the year 1806, in submission to the Mahomedans, when their fanatic masters put their prince and priest to death. This led to a war of retaliation, in which the Sikhs were driven into the northern mountains.

In the year 1765, Guru-Govind, the tenth spiritual head of the Sikhs, with the spirit of a Grecian legislator, united them into a religious and military community and increased their number. He banished all distinction of castes among his followers, admitted converts from every faith to equal rights, and in order to create a greater unity, prescribed a particular costume and peculiar customs.

It was the duty of every one to serve as a soldier, and to wear some kind of arms as well as blue garments, and to allow his hair and beard to grow. They scorn tobacco because it is filthy, and, like the Hindoos, regard bullocks as sacred. But the Gurus, their present priests, and the Akalis, fanatic faquires, are no longer inspired with this spirit of moderation and tolerance, for the Mussulmans are allowed to attend their religious services only in silence and retirement. The Akalis recognize no supreme lord, only tolerate their own prince, whom they abuse at their pleasure, and whose life they even attempt without fear, if he acts contrary to their views. They are commonly armed with a flat iron ring, from eight to fourteen inches in diameter, whose outer rim is ground to a sharp edge. This instrument they carry either on their pointed turbans or at one side. Whirling it on a staff or on one finger, they can fling it with so much force and skill as to sever the head of a man from the body.

The Grant, the holy book of the Sikhs which contains their laws, is the only object of reverence among them; it is to be found in every village, lying on a table in a spacious apartment, where every one can enter, open it, and read aloud. In general their worship is simple. They usually make a short prayer at evening, which they accompany with all the gestures peculiar to their warlike life; with both hands they grasp their swords vehemently, and pray their Guru for victory and the extension of their faith.

The women of the higher ranks are carefully secluded; but the few who have been seen by Europeans were of uncommon beauty. They wore very high conical caps, spangled with gold and ornamented with pearls and precious stones, trousers, a short tunic open in front, and a shawl loosely cast around the shoulders and bosom. Morality and chastity they think nothing of, and do not require; it is not uncommon for several brothers to have one wife among them; when one goes on journeys the other takes the place

of the husband. It has very often been the case that soldiers have asked leave of absence from their generals, Ventura and Allard, with the remark that the wives of their brothers were alone and that it was their duty to give them their company.

Orlich, from whose work these particulars are taken, closes with these words: "So much of this remarkable country, which for the British power in India will shortly be a question of life and death. For without possessing it there is no security; the Indus beyond Attock with the chain of mountains reaching Peshawer, and the Himmaleh mountains, form the true natural limits of the immense empire of Great Britain in India. When these are once gained, the power of the country can act inwardly and civilization go forward."

JOSEPH WEIGL. From Vienna, we are informed by the *Allgemeine Zeitung* that the composer of the "*Schweizerfamilie*" was on the 6th of February buried in the Währing churchyard, beside Clementi, Beethoven, Schubert and Seyfried. He was born at Eisenstadt in March 1776, where Haydn was living and working under the patronage of that lover of art, Prince Esterhazy, and where his remains now rest, though without the skull which some person unknown has appropriated. Under the direction of Albrechtberger he composed an opera in his fifteenth year, which gained him the friendship of Gluck, by whom he was introduced to the Emperor Joseph, who generously supported the gifted young man. Weigl was imperial *Hofkapellmeister* and on account of his feeble old age, lived latterly in great retirement. Only one man belonging to the great musical epoch of Vienna is now living, and he is in straitened circumstances. It is Gyrowetz, now eighty-one years of age; the spirited old man is occupied in depicting the scenes of his very eventful life.

FROM THE MOSELLE February 18th. The famine is here so severe, that the greater part of the citizens of almost every community are without the means of life, the small stock of corn and the few potatoes having been devoured. In order in such distress, to prevent complete despair, the more wealthy have agreed in Uerzig and Kindheim for example, to divide the poor among them and to feed them daily. The same provision is said to have been made in Cröv: but the pastor found, with the help of the magistrates, in the great parish of that place, but thirty-four citizens who were able to give aid, and on the other hand, sixty-seven citizens (three hundred souls,) who were without daily bread.

The Duke of Modena is said to have left a fortune of two hundred millions of florins.

The whole nobility of Mannheim has signed a petition against freedom of religion.

BOHEMIAN SERFS. These people, says Pöllnitz, have often no bread to eat; they tremble and kiss the hem of the garment of any one of the higher classes who speaks to them. The severity with which they are treated is terrible, but they cannot be restrained by gentleness. As from father to son, they are accustomed to ill treatment, they hardly feel the blows they receive, and indeed, this is the only means of keeping them in order.

The rich collection of historical portraits of the Marquis de Biencourt at Paris, has been almost entirely destroyed by the flames. The picture of Michael Angelo, painted by himself, an old Dante, an Erasmus by Holbein, other likenesses by Mignard, Vandermeulen, Vanduyke, a Ninon which belonged to St. Evremont and many others of equally high value, are lost. Also, many books, autographs, and sketches by great artists are burned or damaged; an irreparable loss.

An artist of Berlin, Hüsen by name, is said to have discovered a method of copying manuscripts, books, lithographs, and pictures, by an optical process, similar to that of the Daguerrotype.

Madame PLESSY, the actress, receives at St. Petersburg, a yearly salary of one hundred thousand francs, and at the expiration of her contract is to have a considerable pension.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED COMPOSITION OF MOZART. A treasure of great value, which for a long time has been thought wholly lost, and which has remained unknown because never printed, has again come to light. It is the lullaby, "The Nose," of which the master composed both the words and the music for his wife Constance, at the birth of his son Charles. It is an uncommonly sweet piece, in that inimitable genial humor which was peculiar to Mozart. An old, famous musical character of Saxony, the director Geissler of Zachopau, accidentally found the song in manuscript, at the house of an acquaintance whom he visited last summer, in a very lonely part of Bohemia. He has put it into the hands of Councillor Schilling, who will publish it as one of the most attractive leaves in the chaplet that is to compose the Beethoven Album.

The novelist COSMAN of Berlin, began a romance by saying that the axle of a post-waggon broke on Leipzig street in Berlin. The censor erased this as inadmissible, because His Excellency, the general postmaster Von Nagler, conducted the post affairs so well that such an event could not occur. The same censor struck out of a bill of fare, for even these must pass the censorship, the dainty name: "*Hase a la Prussienne!*" He has now retired from his prolonged activity, about which authors will long have much to tell. But what can be thought of an institution which can thus be managed?

MUSULMAN SCHOOLS AT PARIS. It is now a year since the Pacha of Egypt formed at Paris a school intended to prepare pupils for entering schools of engineering, artillery and the staff. There are more than sixty pupils in this nursery of young persons intended to become the teachers and leaders of the Egyptian army. Among them are two sons of Mehemet Ali, two of Ibrahim Pacha, ten of Beys or grand dignitaries of the Government of Egypt. The others have been chosen among the youngest in the Egyptian schools who showed a strong disposition to receive the benefits of European education. Most of them spoke French before leaving home, and some were even far advanced in knowledge of that language, so that they could, at once, comprehend the lessons of their new teachers.

The Principal of the school, the officers charged with the police and military instruction, the professors and masters of study are all French. Stephen Effendi, director of the Egyptian Mission, and governor of the princes, is the only foreigner engaged in the care of the school, and he has no part either in its instruction or discipline.

The school is placed under the patronage of the Duke of Dalmatia, President of the Council. A colonel of the staff directs it. Eleven professors, some of whom belong to the army, are attached to it.

All the expenses are sustained by Mehemet Ali, and in a style of luxury so truly royal, that the director and officers have been inclined to propose their reduction. Each pupil has sixty francs per month for pocket money.

A council on studies, of the principal professors of the school, over which the director presides, regulates all the instruction, gives notes to the pupils, &c. Mehemet Ali pays the most serious attention to the reports on these subjects which are transmitted to him.

Besides those who are in this establishment, Mehemet Ali maintains pupils at the Veterinary school of Alfort, at the School of Commerce and in the principal workshops of Paris. Others, also destined to different branches of industry, but still too young to profit by practical teaching, are placed in private schools. The whole number of young Egyptians maintained at Paris by the Pacha, is about eighty. But he is not the only Mussulman prince, who has comprehended the necessity of sending into France young persons to acquire the knowledge

needed by the East. Lately the Sultan Abdul Medjid had several in the schools of Paris, and one of these has been raised to the dignity of first Physician of the Empire, an office heretofore confided to functionaries unacquainted with medicine. But, still more astonishing!—the Shah of Persia has here his school also. In the institution of M. Gasc, five young Persians, from fourteen to twenty years of age, are studying the French language and literature, mathematics, chemistry, physics, thus acquiring the elements of knowledge which will enable them to comprehend our laws, manners, politics, and borrow from us the secrets which have made us a great Nation.

Algiers has only four pupils at Paris, who are in the school of M. Moyencourt; two are prisoners of war; a third is the son of one of our most bitter enemies, Ben-Salem, Khalifer of Abd-el-Kader; one alone is from the ranks of those who rally around the French Banner. All four are from Algiers and its neighborhood. The province of Constantine, and the subdivision of Bone, regions now completely French, have not yet sent a single pupil.—*Tribune.*

THE LATE WILLIAM F. HARDEN. One of the Boston papers mentions that, of the \$276,000 duties paid at the Custom House in that city on the cargoes of the steamers Hibernia and Cambria, on their last trips, the firm of Harnden & Co. paid the large sum of *ninety thousand*. This will give the reader some idea of the magnitude of the business done by that firm, which is the oldest Express establishment in this or any other country. The late William F. Harnden, who died of consumption in Boston a year or two since, at the early age of thirty-three, was the father of the express business. His history was a singular one. He came to Boston, from the country, poor and friendless. At first, he had some menial employment in one of the theatres in that city; but subsequently, he was employed to sell railroad tickets at the Worcester depot, on Washington street; this was before the terminus of the road had been extended to the South Cove, opposite the United States Hotel. It was this business which led him afterwards to commence running an express. His first attempt was between Boston and Providence. That proving successful, he branched out in other directions, to New York and other places; and by his enterprise, activity, and fidelity, he soon gained the confidence of the mercantile community, and the banks and other public institutions, who patronized him liberally, and soon made him a man of means and of considerable consequence. His success was far beyond his expectations; and before he died, he had succeeded in establishing branches of his establishment in London, Liverpool, Paris, Havre, and many other places of magnitude in Great Britain and on the continent. We repeat that he was, although hardly twenty-one years of age at the time, the father of the express business in this country. It was not long, however, before his movements were followed by other enterprising business men; and we now have some dozen or twenty lines, running from this city to different parts of the country, and all of them are conducted by intelligent, faithful, honest men.—*New York True Sun.*

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March 21, 1846.

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THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

APPENDIX TO THE FIRST SECTION.

Chapters omitted.

I have now treated of eight elementary subjects, and I have omitted at least twice or thrice that number, as any one must see. For instance, you find, near the beginning of the Section, a table of four groups, distinguished into two major and two minor. The reader will say: "What means this scientific jargon about major and minor groups?"—not knowing that to explain it would require an ample chapter, and then another to class the four groups into two composite and two simple, and to indicate the characters which lead to this division.

But it will be said: "Give us a brief summary of these things." To this I consent, if only to show how too much brevity perplexes a new matter instead of giving one any satisfactory notions about it. Let us try, then.

The distinction between major and minor has reference to the influence of the two principles, material and spiritual, named body and soul. The groups of family and of love are of the minor order, because in them the material principle predominates, especially in that of the family, which is constantly under the yoke of that principle, since the tie of consanguinity cannot be broken; we cannot change our relations, as we can change friends, loves, associates. The family group then is not free: in consequence of this perpetual chain, it is faulty in the passionnal mechanism, and can only produce good there by the absorption of its anti-social character, of its egotism which leads a father to sacrifice society to his family, to think himself justified in anything he may do for the interest of his wife and children.

The group of love, although subjected to the material principle, is not its slave: the spiritual principle sometimes rules in love, as when one leaves a very beautiful mistress for one who has no beauty, with whose mind and moral qualities he is charmed. Accordingly this group, since it is not exclusively dependent on the

material, is the noblest of the two minor groups.

The group of ambition, or the corporate bond, has for its dominant motives glory and interest. It is influenced by riches, by matter which industry has ennobled, and not by mere corporeal attractions. By this feature and by that of the love of glory it belongs to the major order, to that in which the spiritual principle predominates.

The group of friendship is almost entirely free from the material; setting aside industrial affinities, it is wholly of the spiritual principle. It is then of the major order.

I call the two groups of ambition and of love *composite*, because they have, in the *passional Series*, but not in *Civilization*, the property of developing the two principles, the material and the spiritual, in direct equilibrium, of holding in just balance the springs of the soul and of the senses, while giving free course to all of them.

The other two groups are of the simple order, because they can only attain to the equilibrium of the senses and the soul by an indirect course. That is, the one must enter into closer alliance with matter, of which it is independent, (see Section IV. on the Little Hordee); and the other must disengage itself from matter, of which it is too much the slave (see Section V. on adoptions from sympathy, and distributed legacies.) These two groups, then, attain to harmony only by an indirect course or by some derogation from their essential characters.

Both of these definitions leave much to be desired; they merely skim over points of doctrine which would require long commentaries; they obscure the subject instead of explaining it; they lay themselves open to sceptics and cavillers. To avoid this inconvenience I shall frequently have to jump some questions, and only touch upon others. Not that it would be difficult to furnish every necessary elucidation; on the problems of harmony I have ten times as many solutions to give as there will be objections raised; but I must neglect here matters which will engage us only too soon when we come to the theory. As for the summary expositions which are demanded, I have just proved that they would only serve to raise up doubts instead of spreading light.

Satisfactorily to explain this double division of groups, into *major* and *minor*, and into *composite* and *simple*, would require at least two chapters as long as the fifth and sixth, and as much more upon each contrasted property of the four

groups, for instance, that of attracting, influencing one another: if there is some danger to be braved in the case of war or fire, the four groups are subject to very different influences.

In the group of Friendship: all attract each other promiscuously.

In that of Ambition: the superior attracts the inferior.

Of Love: the feminine attracts the masculine.

Of Family: the inferiors attract the superiors.

The examination of each of these subjects is indispensable in the study of groups, and would require long developments, parallels and contrasts, the whole supported by application to the properties of the four conic sections, types of the four groups.

While touching upon these problems I confine myself to reminding the reader that passionnal attraction, which has been taken for an amœment, is an immense and geometrical science; and since a very succinct sketch is all that is permitted me, every one will see the necessity of deferring in the choice of subjects to the only man who has spent thirty years in traversing this new scientific world. The abridgment which is called for will have attained its end, if it convinces readers of the impossibility of any superficial exposition of this vast science, about which I had counted upon giving not a mere abridgment, but nine large compact volumes, two of which were published in 1822, by way of prelude upon the different branches, and to sound opinion as to the extent that could be allowed to each. Instead of enlightening me upon this point, they have responded with invectives, the usual reward of discoveries, especially in France.

I shall here limit myself to the necessary instructions for an approximative trial of domestic and agricultural association. When this trial shall have been made, men will recognize the importance of the new science, and vainly regret the want of such a treatise. Our nineteenth century follows in the footsteps of the fifteenth, which decided to believe in a new continental world, when it saw Columbus return with blocks of gold and copper colored savages. Such conversions in the last extremity, such returns to the true way when sinning is no longer possible, are habitual in modern civilization; it will deny the *new industrial world* until the last moment; but it matters little, since a small committee of founders will suffice to effect suddenly a universal social metamorphosis: *Pauci, sed boni*.

SECTION SECOND.

ARRANGEMENTS OF THE EXPERIMENTAL PHALANX.

THIRD NOTICE.

MATERIAL PART OF THE PREPARATIONS.

CHAPTER IX.

Preparations, material and personal.—Admission and successive installation of members.

It should be understood from the beginning, that, before we can be in a state to direct an approximation to an Association, or a phalanx on a reduced scale, we must understand the mechanism of a full phalanx of eighteen hundred persons. The operation on a reduced scale will require only a quarter part of the capital which the other would; but no one can judge of the reduction which each branch can undergo in the small scale, if he does not understand the complete mechanism of harmony on a grand scale. This I am about to describe in these five first Sections concerning general principles and their application; they will serve as a basis for the calculation on a reduced scale, which will form the sequel of the fifth Section. It will behoove the reader to remember therefore, if he finds these perspectives too dazzling, that the actual operations will not be so grand, but that it is necessary to understand this mechanism of the high harmony of the passions, in order to determine the reductions of which it is susceptible in the lower degrees.

I distinguish the material preparations into three branches:

1. The formation of a joint-stock company;
2. The buildings, plantations, and supplies;
3. The engagement and successive installation of laborers.

1. *Formation of the Company.* Since it will be necessary to follow a very opposite course in this to the usual methods, to avoid the crowd of little stockholders, (*pauci sed boni*), I judge it best to postpone this subject to the article on CANDIDATES in the postface. Let us suppose this company all formed, and provided with the necessary capital for a foundation upon a grand scale, since we must study the theory in that way, before we can know how to found an Association on a reduced scale.

2. *The material provisions for an experimental phalanx.* These will be explained throughout the whole course of this second Section, as well as the arrangements which relate to the mechanism of attraction, a point upon which a company of stockholders would fall into grave mistakes at every step, if it should be guided by the dominant prejudices.

3. *The successive engagements, admissions, and installations of members.* On this point the opposite method will be followed to that of civilized establishments, in which they install suddenly and at once all the coöperators. The installation of the experimental phalanx (I suppose it complete) should be effected in five acts, to wit:

1. Hired laborers, a subsidiary cohort, 100
2. Germ,—the nucleus and the regency, 300
3. Half-development,—the preparatory class, 400
3. Half-development,—the mixt class, . 600

4. Three quarters-development,—the class in easy circumstances, . . 400
5. Full development,—the rich class, . 200

2,000
For the approximate foundation only 900

It will be necessary to force the number a little in the first experimental phalanx, to raise it to 1,900 or 2,000, including the hired laborers, because it will have more difficulties to surmount than those which will be founded later, and which will be reduced, first to 1,800, and then to 1,700: the fixed number being 1,600, which it will be necessary to exceed a little, especially during the first generations, which will be wanting in vigor.

Strict method would require that I should treat first of the grounds and buildings; but these would be somewhat dry details, and I defer them. Let us commence with the rule to be followed in the successive installation of the detachment.

If the edifice and the plantations could be all in readiness beforehand, the whole phalanx might be installed in the space of nine months, to wit: the first detachment in August, the second in September, the third in October, the fourth in March, and the fifth in May.

It would not be possible to operate so rapidly on the grand scale, because they would have to build and plant, and then to introduce new instalments of members into the different portions of the edifice as fast as they were finished. I estimate therefore that the installation would comprehend a term of from twenty-one to twenty-four months; in the reduced scale it would limit itself to the three detachments which would be installed, the first in August, the second in October, and the third in March; and before all, the hundred hired laborers, of the poorer class, two-thirds of whom should be men and one-third women, employed in the rougher, heavier work, and in all those functions which would retard industrial attraction. To the experimental phalanx, hindered as it must be by many gaps in the chain of passionate attraction, and obliged to avail itself of whatsoever support, whether on a great or on a small scale, these hundred hired laborers will be like the blocks with which a ship is shored up.

If the joint stock company should engage 1,900 persons all at once, or only the 800 of the reduced scale, it would go to wreck: in the first place it would be troubled by the laboring class, who, not knowing on what they were to be employed, would be very exacting in their terms; on the other hand, the rich and middling classes would have no confidence and refuse to make any engagements. It should be so managed as to lead them both to solicit admission as a favor; and to succeed in this the first detachment must be judiciously dealt with.

In treating with the industrial class they should stipulate for a fixed sum, which the employed may demand in case of any misunderstanding in the associative distribution of profits, (I reluctantly suppress some important details about these engagements); the regency will not fail to be of one mind in the repartition; but as those employed may, it will be necessary to satisfy them by giving them this option of a fixed sum.

If the domain contains some large

building, chateau or monastery, which they have hired, they will first install there the members or first detachment of about three hundred, besides the regency. It will be composed in great part of gardeners who will prepare the orchards, transplant, and do all the work which has to be done a good while before-hand; such as the introduction of animals, the preservation of fruits and pulses, the plantation of vegetables which, like asparagus and the artichoke, yield nothing the first year.

The first work will be to form these beginners to the development of attraction, to develop their passions, their tastes, their instincts; they, both parents and children, will be greatly astonished to find that, instead of treating them harshly and moralizing with them, you make it a business to favor their tastes, to spread a charm over their functions by means of short and varied sessions, to class them in groups and sub-groups in which a cabalistic rivalry will spring up through their passionate attachment to such and such dishes and preparations of food, to graduate in a regular scale the tastes of the three sexes, (counting children one,) which are very distinct.

A company of stockholders would not fail to reprove this proceeding, and to pretend that this assemblage ought to be disciplined according to the sound doctrines of commerce and morality: but let us have a better conception of the end. It is not to form civilizes, but harmonians, to lead them to industrial attraction by the prompt formation of passionate series. The sooner these are formed, the sooner will this attraction spring up. Now the shortest way is a refined and graduated taste for the pleasures of the table: this will form in the first place series in consumption, and then the serial scale will extend itself to the culinary preparations: this mechanism once organized at the tables and in the kitchens, will next establish itself in the fields and in the shops for making preserves. This is a subject to be treated in the third and fourth Sections: I limit myself to merely mentioning it here.

This easy wisdom of a graduated gastronomy, is the spring which God has prepared to operate promptly and surely upon us in the mechanism of attraction, to ensure success from the very first month of the experiment. Such a wisdom will charm all the beginners; it will not be very lucrative with the first detachment of three hundred persons, for the profits of the serial regime can only be established upon the number 600; but this is the sowing-time necessary to prepare the way for the regime of industrial attraction, which will be established on the entrance of the second detachment, and from which will spring a fourfold product.

While on this subject I would remark that on gastronomy, the cultivation of flowers, the use of the opera and other functions reputed frivolous or vicious, I shall be obliged to contradict incessantly the civilized doctrines; I do not deny that these functions are productive of harm in the actual state, but I view them in their application to the regime of passionate Series, where they become means of good.

To be Continued.

Comprehend well your task, or you will always fail.

MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

X.

A few days afterwards, Porpora having made a great stir and intrigued a great deal after his fashion, that is to say, by threatening, scolding, or sneering right and left, Consuelo, conducted to the imperial chapel by master Reuter, (young Haydn's former master and ancient enemy,) sang, before Maria Theresa, the part of Judith, in the oratorio, *Belshazzar liberata*, poem by Metastasio, music by the same Reuter. Consuelo was magnificent, and Maria Theresa deigned to be satisfied. When the sacred concert was concluded, Consuelo was invited, with the other musicians, (Caffariello was of the number,) to pass into one of the halls of the palace, and partake of a collation presided over by Reuter. She was hardly seated between that master and Porpora, when a sound, at once rapid and solemn, proceeding from the neighboring gallery, made all the guests start up, excepting Consuelo and Caffariello, who were engaged in an animated discussion upon the movement of a certain chorus, which one wished to be more quick and the other more slow.

"No one but the master himself can decide the question," said Consuelo, turning towards Reuter. But she found neither Reuter on her right, nor Porpora on her left. All had risen from table and were ranged in line with an enraptured air. Consuelo found herself face to face with a woman of about thirty, beautiful with freshness and energy, dressed in black, (chapel costume,) and accompanied by seven children, one of whom she held by the hand. That one was the heir to the throne, the young Cæsar Joseph II.; and that beautiful woman, with a free gait, an affable and penetrating air, was Maria Theresa. "*Ecco la Giuditta!*" asked the empress, addressing Reuter: "I am well satisfied with you, my child," added she, looking at Consuelo from head to foot; "you have really given me pleasure, and never have I better felt the sublimity of our admirable poet's verses than from your harmonious lips. You pronounce perfectly well, and I lay more stress on that than on anything else. What is your age, Miss? You are a Venetian? You wish to enter the theatre of the court? You are made to shine there; and M. de Kaunitz protects you."

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Having thus questioned Consuelo, without waiting for her answers, and looking by turns at Metastasio and Kaunitz who accompanied her, Maria Theresa made a sign to her chancellor, who presented quite a rich bracelet to Consuelo. Before the latter had thought of thanking her, the empress had already crossed the hall; she had already withdrawn from Consuelo's eyes the splendor of the imperial brow. She departed with her royal brood of princes and archduchesses, addressing a favorable and gracious word to each of the musicians within her reach, and leaving behind her as it were a luminous trace in all those eyes dazzled by her glory and her power.

Caffariello was the only one who preserved, or who pretended to preserve his sang-froid; he resumed the discussion exactly where he had left it; and Consuelo, putting the bracelet into her pocket, without thinking to look at it, began to answer him, to the great astonishment and great scandal of the other musicians, who, bowed before the fascination of the imperial apparition, did not conceive how one could think of anything else for the rest of the day. We must needs say that Porpora alone made an exception in his soul, both by instinct and by system, to this fury of prostration. He knew how to incline himself properly before sovereigns: but, in the depths of his heart, he mocked and despised slaves. Master Reuter, called upon by Caffariello to decide which was the true movement of the chorus in liturgy, closed his lips with a hypocritical air; and after having allowed himself to be questioned several times, he replied at last with a very cold manner: "I confess to you, sir, that I have not been attending to your conversation. When Maria Theresa is before my eyes, I forget the whole world; and long after she has disappeared, I remain under the influence of an emotion which prevents my thinking of myself."

"The young lady does not appear overpowered by the distinguished honor she has drawn upon us," said Mr. Holzbäuer, who was there, and whose insipidity had in it somewhat more of restraint than Reuter's. "It is for you, signora, to speak with crowned heads. One would say you had done nothing else all your life."

"I have never spoken with any crowned head," tranquilly replied Consuelo, who did not see the maliciousness of Holzbäuer's insinuations; "and her majesty did not permit me that favor; for she seemed when questioning me, to forbid me the honor, or to spare me the trouble, of answering."

"Perhaps you wished to enter into conversation with the empress!" said Porpora, with a bantering air.

"I have never wished it," returned Consuelo, artlessly.

"The young lady is more careless than ambitious, apparently," resumed Reuter, with a freezing disdain.

"Master Reuter," said Consuelo with confidence; "are you dissatisfied with the manner in which I sang your music?" Reuter confessed that no one had sung better, even under the reign of the august and ever to be regretted Charles VI. "In that case," said Consuelo, "do not reproach me with carelessness. I have the ambition to satisfy my masters; I have the ambition to fill well my vocation; what other can I have? what other would not be ridiculous and misplaced on my part?"

"You are too modest, signora," returned Holzbäuer. "There is no ambition too vast for a talent like yours."

"I take that for a compliment full of gallantry," replied Consuelo; "but I shall not believe I have satisfied you until the day when you invite me to sing at the court theatre."

Holzbäuer, taken in the trap, spite of his prudence, had a fit of coughing to excuse him from answering, and drew himself out by a courteous and respectful inclination of the head. Then bringing back the conversation to its first starting point: "You have truly," said he, "an unexampled calmness and disinterestedness; you have not even looked at the beautiful bracelet of which her majesty made you a present."

"Ah! that is true," said Consuelo, taking it from her pocket, and passing it to her neighbors, who were curious to see it and calculate its value. "It will enable me to buy some wood for my master's stove, if I have no engagement this winter," thought she; "a very small pension is much more necessary for us than ornaments or knick-knacks."

"What a celestial beauty is her majesty!" said Reuter, casting an oblique and hard glance at Consuelo.

"Yes, she seemed to me very beautiful," replied the young girl, who understood nothing from Porpora's elbowings.

"She seemed to you?" returned Reuter. "You are difficult."

"I had hardly time to see her, she passed so quickly."

"But her dazzling wit, her genius which reveals itself at every syllable that falls from her lips—"

"I had hardly time to hear her; she said so little!"

"In fine, signora, you are either of brass or diamond. I know not what can move you."

"I was much moved in singing your Judith," replied Consuelo, who could be malicious on occasion, and who began to

comprehend the ill-will of the Viennese masters towards her.

"That girl has wit under her air of simplicity," said Holzbauer in a low voice to master Reuter. "It is the school of Porpora, disdain and mockery," replied the other. "If we don't take care, the old recitative and the *osservato* style will invade us worse than ever," returned Holzbauer: "but be easy; I have the means of hindering this *Porporinallerie* from raising her voice."

When they rose from table, Caffariello said in Consuelo's ear: "Do you see, my child, all these people are of the arrant vulgar. You will hardly be able to do anything here. They are all against you. They would be all against me, if they dared."

"And what have we done to them!" said Consuelo astonished.

"We are pupils of the greatest master in the world. They and their creatures are our natural enemies. They will prejudice Maria-Theresa against you, and all that you say here will be repeated to her with malicious comments. They will tell her that you did not consider her handsome, and that you thought her present mean. I understand all those managings. Take courage, however; I will protect you through and against all, and I believe that Caffariello's opinion in music is worth quite as much as Maria-Theresa's."

"Between the wickedness of some and the folly of others, I am well compromised," thought Consuelo, as she departed. "O Porpora!" said she in her heart, "I will do my best to return to the stage. O Albert! I hope I shall not succeed."

On the morrow, master Porpora having business in the city the whole day, and finding Consuelo rather pale, requested her to take a promenade without the city to the *Spinnerin am Kreuz*, with Keller's wife, who had offered to accompany her whenever she wished. As soon as the maestro had gone out,

"Beppo," said the young girl, "go quickly and hire a small carriage, and we will both go and see Angela and thank the canon. We promised to do it sooner; but my cold must be our excuse."

"And in what costume will you present yourself to the canon?" said Beppo.

"In this," replied she. "The canon must know and receive me under my real form."

"Excellent canon! it will give me joy to see him again."

"And me too."

"Poor good canon! it troubles me to think —"

"What?"

"That his head will be completely turned."

"And why so? Am I a goddess? I did not think so."

"Consuelo, remember he was three quarters crazy when we left him!"

"And I tell you that it will be enough for him to know that I am a woman, and to see me as I am, in order to recover the empire over his will, and again become what God made him, a reasonable man."

"It is true that the dress does something. So, when I again saw you here transformed into a young lady, after having been accustomed for a fortnight to treat you as a boy, I experienced I know not what constraint, for which I cannot account, and it is certain that during our journey, if it had been permitted me to fall in love with you — but you will say I talk nonsense."

"Certainly, Joseph, it is nonsense; and besides, you lose time in chatting. It is ten leagues to the priory and back. It is now eight o'clock in the morning, and we must be here again by seven in the evening, in time for the master's supper."

Three hours after, Beppo and his companion alighted at the priory gate. The day was beautiful; and the canon was contemplating his flowers with a melancholy air. When he saw Joseph, he uttered a cry of joy and rushed to meet him; but he remained stupified on recognizing his dear Bertoni in the dress of a woman. "Bertoni, my well beloved child," cried he, with a holy naïveté, "what means this masquerade, and why do you come to me disguised in this manner? We are not in the carnival."

"My respectable friend," replied Consuelo, kissing his hand, "your reverence must forgive me for having deceived you. I have never been a boy; Bertoni has never existed; and when I had the happiness to become acquainted with you I was really disguised."

"We thought," said Joseph, who feared to see the canon's consternation turn into dissatisfaction, "that your reverence was not the dupe of an innocent artifice. That pretence was not imagined to deceive you; it was a necessity imposed by circumstances, and we have always thought that you, sir canon, had the generosity and the delicacy to favor it."

"You thought so," resumed the canon, astonished and terrified, "and you, Bertoni, — I should say, young lady, — did you think so too?"

"No, sir canon, replied Consuelo, "I did not think so for an instant. I saw perfectly that your reverence had not the least suspicion of the truth."

"And you did me justice," said the canon, in a tone somewhat severe, but profoundly sad; "I cannot tamper with my good faith, and if I had guessed your sex, I never should have thought of

insisting, as I did, on persuading you to remain with me. There has indeed been circulated in the neighboring village and even among my people, a vague report, a suspicion which made me smile, so determined was I to be mistaken respecting you. It has been said that one of the two little musicians who sang the mass on the day of the patronal fête, was a woman in disguise. And then it was pretended that this report was a malice of the shoemaker Gottlieb, to trouble and vex the curate. In fine, I myself contradicted it with boldness. You see that I was completely your dupe, and that no one could be more so."

"There has been a great mistake," replied Consuelo with the assurance of dignity; "but there has been no dupe, sir canon. I do not think I departed for a single instant from the respect due to you, nor from the proprieties which loyalty imposes. I was at night without shelter on the road, overcome by thirst and fatigue, after a long journey on foot. You would not have refused hospitality to a beggar-woman. You granted it to me in the name of music, and I paid my debt in music. If I did not go the next day in spite of you, it was owing to unforeseen circumstances which dictated to me a duty above all others. My enemy, my rival, my persecutor, fell from the clouds at your gate, and, deprived of care and assistance, had a right to my assistance and my care. Your reverence must well remember the rest; you know that if I profited by your benevolence, it was not on my own account. You know also that I departed as soon as my duty was accomplished; and if I return to-day to thank you in person for the kindness you have bestowed upon me, the reason is, that loyalty made it a duty to undeceive you myself, and to give you the explanations necessary to our mutual dignity."

"In all this," said the canon, half conquered, "there is something mysterious and very extraordinary. You say that the unfortunate, whose child I have adopted, was your enemy, your rival. Who are you then yourself, Bertoni? — Forgive me if that name continually recurs to my lips, and tell me how I must call you hereafter."

"I am called the *Porporina*," replied Consuelo; "I am the pupil of Porpora; I am a cantatrice; I belong to the stage."

"Ah well!" said the canon with a deep sigh. "I ought to have guessed that from the manner in which you played your part; and as to your prodigious talent for music, I can no longer be astonished at it; you have been at a good school. May I ask you if Mr. Beppo is your brother, or your husband?"

"Neither the one nor the other. He is my brother by the heart, nothing but my brother, sir canon; and if my soul had not felt itself as chaste as your own, I should not have stained by my presence the holiness of your abode."

Consuelo had, to say the truth, a manner which was irresistible, and the canon yielded to its power as pure and correct souls always do to that of sincerity. He felt as if relieved from an enormous weight, and while walking slowly between his two young protégés, he questioned Consuelo with a gentleness and a return of sympathetic affection, which, little by little, he forgot to combat in himself. She related to him rapidly, and without naming any one, the principal circumstances of her life; her betrothal at the death-bed of her mother with Anzoletto; the latter's infidelity; the hatred of Corilla; Zustiniani's outrageous designs; Porpora's advice; her departure from Venice; the attachment which Albert had conceived for her; the offers of the Rudolstadt family; her own hesitations and scruples; her flight from Giant's castle; her meeting with Joseph Haydn; her journey; her terror and compassion at Corilla's bed of suffering; her gratitude for the protection granted by the canon to Anzoletto's child; finally, her arrival at Vienna, and even the interview she had had the day before with Maria Theresa. Joseph had not until then known all Consuelo's history; she had never spoken to him of Anzoletto, and the few words she had just said of her past affection for that wretch did not strike him forcibly; but her generosity towards Corilla, and her solicitude for the child, made such a deep impression on him, that he turned away to hide his tears. The canon did not restrain his.

Consuelo's recital, concise, energetic and sincere, produced the same effect upon him as if he had read a beautiful romance, and in fact he had never read a single one, and this was the first time in his life that he had been initiated into the vivid emotions of the lives of others. He had seated himself upon a bench in order to listen better; and when the young girl had said all, he cried out: "If all that is the truth, as I believe, as it seems to me I feel in my heart, by the will of Heaven you are a sainted virgin!—you are saint Cecilia revisiting the earth! I confess to you frankly that I never had any prejudice against the stage," added he, after an instant of silence and reflection, "and you prove to me that one's salvation can be secured there as well as elsewhere. Certainly, if you continue to be as pure and as generous as you have been hitherto, you will have deserved Heaven, my dear Bertoni!"

"—I speak my thoughts to you, my dear Porporina!"

"Now, sir canon," said Consuelo, rising, "give me some news of Angela, before I take leave of your reverence."

"Angela is very well, and thrives wonderfully," replied the canon. "My gardener's wife takes the greatest care of her, and I see her every moment as she carries her about in my garden. She will grow in the midst of flowers, as another flower under my eyes, and when the time to make a Christian soul of her shall have come, I will not spare her education. Trust me for that care, my children. What I have promised in the face of Heaven, I will religiously perform. It seems that madam her mother will not dispute this care with me; for though she is at Vienna, she has not once sent to ask tidings of her daughter."

"She may have done so indirectly, and without your knowing it," replied Consuelo; "I do not believe a mother can be indifferent to that extent. But Corilla is soliciting an engagement at the court theatre. She knows that her majesty is very severe, and does not grant her protection to persons of a blemished reputation. She has an interest in concealing her faults, at least until her engagement is signed. Let us keep her secret."

"And yet she is opposing you!" cried Joseph; "and they say that she will succeed by her intrigues; that she has already defamed you in the city; that she has reported you as Count Zustiniani's mistress. It was spoken of at the embassy, so Keller told me. They were indignant at it; but they feared lest she should persuade M. de Kaunitz, who willingly listens to that kind of stories, and who cannot say enough in praise of Corilla's beauty."

"She has said such things!" said Consuelo, blushing with indignation! then she added calmly: "To be sure, I ought to have expected it."

"But there needs only one word to counteract her calumnies," returned Joseph; "and that word I will say myself! I will say that——"

"You will say nothing, Beppo; it would be mean and barbarous. You will not say it either, sir canon, and if I had a desire to say it, you would prevent me, would you not?"

"Soul truly evangelical!" cried the canon. "But reflect that this secret cannot be one a long while. There are servants and peasants enough who have known and can report the fact, to inform the world in a fortnight that the chaste Corilla was brought to bed of a fatherless child, which she deserted into the bargain."

"Before a fortnight Corilla or myself will be engaged. I should not wish to

carry the day by an act of vengeance. Until then, Beppo, silence, or I withdraw from you my esteem and my friendship! And now, farewell, sir canon. Tell me that you forgive me; extend to me again your paternal hand; and I retire, before your people have seen me under this dress."

"My people may say what they please, and my benefice may go to the devil, if so it please Heaven! I have just received an inheritance which gives me courage to brave the thunders of the Ordinary. So, my children, do not take me for a saint; I am tired of obeying and restraining myself; I wish to live honestly and without weak fears. Since I am no longer under Bridget's sceptre, and since especially I see myself at the head of an independent fortune, I feel as brave as a lion. Now then, come and breakfast with me; we will baptize Angela afterwards, and then have music until dinner."

He led them to the priory. "Here, Andrew, Joseph!" cried he to his servants on entering; "come and see the signor Bertoni metamorphosed into a lady. You did not expect that! nor I either! Well, hasten to share my surprise, and serve up quickly."

The repast was exquisite, and our young people saw that if serious modifications had taken place in the mind of the canon, it was not on his habit of good cheer that they had operated. Afterwards the child was carried to the chapel of the priory. The canon put off his wadded gown, arrayed himself in cassock and surplice, and performed the ceremony. Joseph and Consuelo assumed the office of godfather and godmother, and the name of Angela was confirmed to the little girl. The rest of the afternoon was consecrated to music, and then followed the leave-takings. The canon regretted that he could not retain his friends to dinner; but he yielded to their reasons, and consoled himself with the idea of seeing them again at Vienna, whither he was soon to go to spend a part of the winter. While their carriage was getting ready, he led them to his green-house, that they might admire several new plants with which he had enriched his collection. The day was declining, but the canon, whose sense of smell was very exquisite, had no sooner made a few steps under the eaves of his transparent palace than he cried out: "I perceive here an extraordinary perfume! Can the *glaiet vanilla* have flowered? But no; that is not the odor of my *glaiet*. The *strelitzia* is not fragrant—the *cyclamens* have a less pure and a less penetrating aroma. What can have happened here? If my *volkammeria* were not dead, alas! I should think it was that I inhaled! Poor plant! I do not wish to think of it again."

But suddenly the canon uttered a cry of surprise and admiration on seeing stand before him in a box, the most magnificent volkameria he had ever seen in his life, all covered with its clusters of little white roses tinged with rose color, the sweet perfume of which, filled the green-house and overpowered all the vulgar scents scattered around. "Is this a miracle? Whence comes to me this foretaste of Paradise, this flower of the garden of Beatrice!" cried he, in a poetic rapture.

"We brought it in our carriage with all possible care," replied Consuelo; "permit us to offer it to you as some reparation for a horrible imprecation which fell from my lips on a certain day, and of which I shall repent all my life."

"O! my dear daughter! what a gift, and with what delicacy is it offered!" said the canon, much affected. "O dear volkameria! you shall have a particular name, as I am accustomed to give one to all the most splendid individuals of my collection; you shall be called Bertoni, in order to consecrate the remembrance of a being who is no longer, and whom I loved with the heart of a father."

"My good father," said Consuelo, clasping his hand, "you must accustom yourself to love your daughters as well as your sons. Angela is not a boy—"

"And Porporina is my daughter also!" said the canon; "yes, my daughter, yes, yes, my daughter!" repeated he, looking alternately at Consuelo and the volkameria-Bertoni, while his eyes filled with tears.

At six o'clock, Joseph and Consuelo had returned to their lodging. The carriage had left them at the entrance of the suburb, and nothing betrayed their innocent escapade. Only Porpora was a little astonished that Consuelo had not a better appetite after a promenade in the beautiful fields which surround the capital of the empire. The canon's breakfast had perhaps made Consuelo rather dainty that day. But the free air and exercise procured her an excellent sleep, and on the morrow she felt herself in better voice and courage than she had yet been since her arrival at Vienna.

XI.

In the uncertainty of her destiny, Consuelo, thinking perhaps to find an excuse or a motive for that of her heart, at last decided to write to Count Christian of Radulstadt, and inform him of her position with respect to Porpora, of the efforts which the latter was making to bring her again upon the stage, and of the hope she still cherished of seeing them fail. She spoke to him sincerely, displayed all the gratitude, devotedness and submission she owed to her old master, and confiding

to him the fears she experienced respecting Albert, requested him to dictate to her immediately the letter she ought to write to the latter, in order to maintain in him a state of confidence and calmness. She ended with these words: "I asked time of your lordships to examine my heart and to decide. I am resolved to keep my word, and I can swear before God that I feel strength enough in myself to close my heart and my mind to all opposing fancies, as well as to all new affections. And still, if I reënter upon the stage, I take a step, which is, in appearance, an infraction of my promises, a formal renunciation of the hope of keeping them. Let your lordship judge me, or rather judge the destiny which commands me, and the duty which governs me. I see no means of withdrawing myself from it without sin. I expect from you an advice superior to that of my own reason; but can it be contrary to that of my conscience?"

When this letter was sealed and entrusted to Joseph to despatch, Consuelo felt more easy, as happens in a fatal situation, when we have found a means of gaining time and putting off the moment of the crisis. She therefore prepared to pay with Porpora a visit, considered by him important and decisive, to the very famous and much praised imperial poet, the abbé Metastasio.

This illustrious personage was then about fifty years old; he had a handsome face, a gracious manner, a charming power of conversation, and Consuelo would have felt a vivid sympathy for him, if, while going to the house inhabited at different floors by the imperial poet and the hair-dresser Keller, she had not had the following conversation with Porpora.

"Consuelo," (it is Porpora who speaks,) "you are going to see a man of a good countenance, a quick black eye, a ruddy complexion, a fresh and smiling mouth, who wishes, by force, to be the victim of a slow, cruel and dangerous disease; a man who eats, sleeps, works and fattens like any other, and who pretends to be suffering with sleeplessness, loss of appetite, weariness and consumption. Do not make the mistake, when he complains before you of his ills, to tell him that he does not show them, that he looks very well in the face, or any similar stupidity; for he wishes you to pity him, to be anxious about him, to weep for him beforehand. Do not be so unfortunate as to speak to him of death, or of a dead person; he is afraid of death, and does not wish to die. And yet do not commit the exceeding folly of saying to him when you come away: 'I hope your precious health will soon improve;' for he wishes to be considered in a dying state, and, if he could persuade others that he was

dead, he would be well satisfied, on condition, always, that he did not believe it himself.

"That is certainly a very foolish mania for a great man," replied Consuelo. "What can be said to him then, if he must not be spoken to either of cure or death?"

"You must talk to him of his malady, ask him a thousand questions, listen to all the details of his sufferings and inconveniences, and to conclude, tell him he is not careful enough, that he forgets himself, that he does not spare his strength, that he works too much. In this manner, we shall incline him in our favor."

"Still, are we not going to ask him to write a poem and let you set it to music, that I may sing it? How can we in one breath advise him not to write and at the same time request him to write for us as soon as possible?"

"All that can be arranged in the conversation. The only thing is to bring matters in properly."

The maestro wished his pupil to know how to make herself agreeable to the poet; but, his natural causticity not permitting him to favor the weaknesses of another, he himself committed the mistake of disposing Consuelo to a clear-sighted examination, and to that kind of inward contempt which renders as the opposite of amiable and sympathizing towards those who require to be flattered and admired without reserve. Incapable of adulation and deceit, she suffered at seeing Porpora encourage the vanity of the poet, and cruelly sneer at him under the appearance of a pious commiseration for imaginary ills. She blushed at this several times, and could only keep a painful silence, in spite of the signs made by the maestro for her to second him.

Consuelo's reputation had begun to spread in Vienna: she had sung in several saloons, and her admission to the Italian stage was an hypothesis which somewhat agitated the musical coteries. Metastasio was all powerful; let Consuelo only gain his sympathy by appropriately flattering his self-love, and he might entrust to Porpora the charge of setting to music his *Attilio Regolo*, which he had kept in his portfolio for several years. It was therefore very necessary that the pupil should plead for the master, as the master by no means pleased the imperial poet. Metastasio was not an Italian for nothing, and the Italians do not easily deceive each other. He had too much finesse and penetration not to know that Porpora had but a mediocre admiration for his dramatic genius, and that he had more than once rudely censured (right or wrong) his timid character, his egotism and his false sensibility. Consuelo's freezing reserve, the little interest she

seemed to take in his illness, did not appear to him what they really were, the trouble of a respectful pity. He saw in them almost an insult, and if he had not been the slave of politeness and good manners, would have at once refused to hear her sing; still he consented after some affectation, alleging the excitement of his nerves and the fear he had of being agitated. He had heard Consuelo sing his oratorio of *Judith*; but it was necessary he should form an idea of her in the scenic style, and Porpora insisted earnestly.

"But what can I do, and how can I sing!" said Consuelo to the latter in a low voice, "if I must fear agitating him!"

"You must agitate him, on the contrary," replied the maestro in the same tone. "He likes much to be drawn out of his torpor, because when excited he feels in a vein to write."

Consuelo sang an air from *Achille in Sciro*, Metastasio's best dramatic work, which had been set to music by Caldara in 1736, and performed at Maria Theresa's wedding fête. Metastasio was as much struck by her voice and method as he had been at first hearing her; but he was resolved to enclose himself in the same cold and constrained silence that she had preserved during the recital of his sufferings. He did not succeed; for he was an artist in spite of all, the worthy man, and when a noble interpreter causes to vibrate in the soul of the poet the accents of his muse and the remembrance of his triumphs, no rancor can hold its ground. The abbé Metastasio strove to defend himself against this all-powerful charm. He coughed frequently, moved himself in his arm-chair like a man distracted by suffering, and then, suddenly recalled to remembrances even more affecting than those of his glory, he hid his face in his handkerchief and began to sob. Porpora, concealed behind his chair, made a sign to Consuelo not to spare him, and rubbed his hands with a malicious pleasure.

Those tears, which flowed abundant and sincere, immediately reconciled the young girl to the pusillanimous abbé. As soon as she had finished her air, she approached to kiss his hand and say to him, this time with a convincing tenderness: "Alas! sir, how happy and proud should I be to have affected you thus, did it not cause me a remorse! The fear of having done you an injury empisons all my joy!"

"Ah! my dear child," cried the abbé, entirely conquered, "you do not know, you cannot know, the good and the evil you have done me. Never until now had I heard a woman's voice which recalled to me that of my dear Marianna! And

you have so recalled it to me, as well as her manner and expression, that I thought I heard herself. Ah! you have broken my heart!" And he began to sob again.

"His lordship speaks of a very illustrious person, and one whom you ought to propose to yourself constantly as a model," said Porpora to his pupil, "the celebrated and incomparable Marianna Bulgarelli."

"The *Romanina*!" cried Consuelo; "ah! I heard her at Venice in my childhood; it is my first great recollection, and I shall never forget it."

"I see truly that you have heard her, and that she left an ineffaceable impression upon you," returned Metastasio.

"Ah! young girl, imitate her in everything, in her acting as in her singing, in her goodness as in her greatness, in her power as in her devotedness! Ah! how beautiful she was when she represented the divine Venus, in the first opera I wrote at Rome! It was to her I owed my first triumph."

"And it was to your lordship that she owed her most splendid success," said Porpora.

"It is true that we contributed to each other's fortune. But nothing could sufficiently acquit my debt to her. Never did so much affection, never did such heroic perseverance, and such delicate attention inhabit the soul of another mortal. Angel of my life! I shall weep for you eternally, and I have no hope but to rejoin you!" Here the abbé wept again. Consuelo was much moved, Porpora pretended to be; but spite of himself, his physiognomy remained ironical and contemptuous. Consuelo observed it, and determined to reproach him for this mistrust, or this harshness. As to Metastasio, he only saw the effect he wished to produce, the emotion and admiration of the good Consuelo. He was of the true genus of poets; that is, he wept more willingly before others than in the secret of his chamber, and he never felt so strongly his affections and sorrows as when he related them with eloquence.

Carried away by the occasion, he made to Consuelo a recital of that portion of his youth, in which the *Romanina* had played so important a part, the services which that generous friend had rendered him, the filial care she had bestowed upon his aged parents, the maternal sacrifice she had accomplished in separating herself from him, to send him to make his fortune at Vienna; and when he was at the farewell scene, when he had told, in the most chosen and the most tender terms, in what manner his dear Marianna, with bursting heart, and breast swollen with sobs, had exhorted him to abandon her and think only of himself, he cried: "O! if she had guessed the lot which awaited

me far from her, if she had foreseen the sufferings, the conflicts, the terrors, the anguish, and above all, the horrible malady, which were to be my destiny here, she would indeed have spared herself as well as me, so frightful an immolation! Alas! I was far from believing that we were bidding each other an eternal farewell, and that we were never to meet again upon the earth!"

"What! you have never seen each other since?" said Consuelo, whose eyes were bathed in tears, for Metastasio's words had an extraordinary charm: "she never came to Vienna?"

"She never came here!" replied the abbé with a dejected air.

"After such devotedness, she had not the courage to come and meet you?" returned Consuelo, to whom Porpora in vain made terrible signs with his eyes.

Metastasio answered nothing; he appeared absorbed in his thoughts.

"But she might still come," persuaded Consuelo with candor, "and she will come certainly. That happy event would restore you to health."

The abbé became pale, and made a gesture of terror. The maestro coughed with all his might, and Consuelo, suddenly remembering that the *Romanina* had been dead more than ten years, perceived the enormous mistake she had committed in recalling the idea of death to that friend, who only hoped, as he said, to rejoin his beloved in the tomb. She bit her lip, and soon retired with the master, who gathered from this visit only vague promises and many civilities, as usual.

"What have you done, scatter-brain!" said he, as soon as they were out of the house.

"A great piece of folly, as I well see; I forgot that the *Romanina* no longer lived; but do you believe, master, that this man, so loving and so afflicted, can be so much attached to life as you are pleased to say! I imagine, on the contrary, that the regret of having lost his friend, is the sole cause of his illness, and that if some superstitious terror does not make him fear the last hour, he is not the less horribly and sincerely weary of living."

"Child," said Porpora, "one is never weary of life when rich, honored, flattered and in good health; and when a man has never had other cares and other passions than these, he lies and plays a comedy, when he curses his existence."

"Do not say that he has never had other passions. He has loved Marianna, and I can now explain why he has given that dear name to his god-daughter and niece Marianna Martinez" — Consuelo almost said "Joseph's pupil," but she stopped short.

"Finish," said Porpora, "his god-daughter, his niece, or his daughter."

"So report says; but what do I care for that?"

"That would prove, at least, that the dear abbé consoled himself quickly enough for the absence of his beloved; but when you asked him (may God confound your stupidity!) why his dear Marianna did not come and join him here, he did not answer you, and I will answer in his place. The Romanina had, in fact, rendered him the greatest services a man can receive from a woman. She had fed, lodged, clothed, succored and sustained him on every occasion; indeed, she aided him to obtain his title of *poeta cesareo*. She had made herself the servant, the friend, the nurse, the benefactress of his old parents. All that is exact. The Marianna had a great heart: I knew her well; but what is also true is, that she ardently desired to rejoin him, by getting an appointment to the court theatre. And what is more true still is, that sir abbé did not desire it at all, and never permitted it. There was indeed a correspondence between them of the most tender letters in the world. I do not doubt those of the poet were master-pieces. They will be printed: he knew it well. But even while saying to his *diletissima amico* that he sighed for their reunion, and that he was laboring incessantly to make that happy day shine upon their existence, the master fox arranged matters in such a manner that the unfortunate cantatrice could not come and fall into the very midst of his illustrious and lucrative loves with a third Marianna, (for that name is a happy fatality in his life,) the noble and all powerful countess of Altham, favorite of the last Caesar. They say that a secret marriage was the result; I therefore consider him very inconsistent in tearing his hair for that poor Romanina, whom he let die of sorrow, while he was making madrigals in the arms of the court."

"You comment upon, and judge all things with a cruel cynicism, my dear master," returned Consuelo sadly.

"I speak as does all the world; I invent nothing; the voice of the public affirms all that. Go to! all the comedians are not on the stage; that is an old proverb."

"The voice of the public is not always the most enlightened, and in all cases, is never the most charitable. Now, master, I cannot believe that a man of such renown and such talent can be nothing more than a comedian before the scenes. I have seen him weep real tears, and even if he have to reproach himself with having too soon forgotten his first Marianna, his remorse would only add to the sincerity of his regret at this day. In all this, I would rather believe him weak than mean. He had been made an abbé, he was covered with benefits; the court was

devout; his loves with an actress would have given great offence. He did not precisely wish to betray and deceive the Bulgarini: he was afraid, he hesitated, he gained time—she died—"

"And he thanked Providence," added the pitiless maestro. "And now the empress sends him boxes and rings with her cipher in diamonds; pens of lapis-lazuli with laurels in diamonds; pots of massive gold filled with Spanish tobacco; seals made of a single great diamond, and all that shines so brightly, that the eyes of the poet are always bathed in tears."

"And can all that console him for having broken the Romanina's heart?"

"May be not. But the desire of those things decided him to do it."

"Sad vanity! For myself, I could hardly help laughing when he showed us his chandelier of gold with its golden shade, and the ingenious device which the empress had engraved on it.

'Perche possa risparmiar i suoi occhi!'"

"In fact, that is very delicate and made him cry out with emphasis: *'Affettuosa espressione valutabile piu assai dell'oro!'* O, the poor man!"

"O, the unhappy man!" said Consuelo, sighing; and she reentered the house very sad, for she had involuntarily imagined a terrible coincidence between Metastasio's situation with regard to Marianna and her own with Albert. "To wait and die!" said she to herself; "is that then the fate of those who love passionately? To cause to wait and die? is that then the destiny of those who pursue the chimera of glory?"

"What are you dreaming of?" said the maestro to her; "it seems to me that all goes well, and that, notwithstanding your awkwardness, you have conquered Metastasio."

"The conquest of a weak mind is but a poor one," replied she, "and I do not believe that he who wanted courage to have Marianna admitted to the imperial theatre will find any for me."

"Metastasio, in point of art, governs the empress entirely."

"Metastasio, in point of art, will never advise the empress to anything she does not seem to desire; and people may talk of the favorites and counsellors of her majesty—I have seen Maria Theresa's features, and I tell you, my master, that Maria Theresa is too politic to have lovers, too absolute to have friends."

"Well," said Porpora thoughtfully, "you must gain the empress herself; you must sing in her apartments some morning; she must talk to you, converse with you. They say that she favors only virtuous persons. If she has that eagle glance they attribute to her, she will judge and prefer you. I will make every effort that she may see you tête-à-tête."

THE BACKWOODSMAN.

In the deep wild wood is a lonely man,
And he swings his broad-axe like a slight rattan—

His garb is uncouth, but his step is proud,
And his voice, when he speaketh, is firm and loud,

The forest recedes, as his strong arm swings
And he letteth in light like the King of kings,

His hut is of logs, and his infant brood
Tumble forth to rejoice in that solitude.

They chase the honey bee home to its store,

And the old tree gives up what it never bore,
They hide in the breaks, they rush thro' the stream,

And flit to and fro like the things of a dream.

The mother is pale, like the sweet moon's light,

But they say, in her youth no rose was so bright;

She moves in the cabin with gentle grace,
And the homeliest things have their regular place;

She sings as she works with a sighing smile,

And her far off home ariseth in vision the while.

E. B. W.

THE ELOQUENCE OF MOTION.—*William C. Preston.*—Every one has read of the action, action, action of Demosthenes, and of what a variety of emotions and passions Roscius could express by mere gesture; let it not be supposed, however, that such perfections of art belong to the ancients only. The following anecdote of the Hon. William C. Preston, is illustrative of our remark.

Some years ago, among a thousand of others, we were listening to one of his splendid harangues from the stump. Beside us was one, as deaf as a post, in breathless attention, catching apparently every word that fell from the orator's lips. Now the tears of delight would roll down his cheeks, and now, in an ungovernable ecstasy, he would shout out applauses, which might have been mistaken for the noise of a small thunder storm.

At length Preston launched out one of those passages of massive declamation which those who have heard him, know him to be so capable of uttering. In magnificent splendor, it was what Byron has described the mountain-storms of Jura. Its effect upon the multitude was like a whirlwind. Our deaf friend could contain himself no longer; but bawling into our ear, as if he would blow it open with a tempest.

"Who's that speaking!" cried he.

"William C. Preston," replied we—as loud as our lungs would let us.

"Who?" inquired he, still louder than before.

"William C. Preston, of South Carolina," replied we, almost splitting our throat in the effort.

"Well! well!"—returned he—"I can't hear a darn word, he or you are saying, but great Jerico, don't he do the motions splendid?"—*South Carolinian.*

LAZINESS. Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains.—The more business a man has, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economise his time.—*Hale.*

REVIEW.

Memoir of Johann Gottlieb Fichte. By WILLIAM SMITH. Boston: James Munroe and Co. 1848. pp. 157.

The study of German philosophy is more attractive in an historical point of view, than for the positive, scientific results to which it has arrived. It marks an era of great importance in the progress of thought, but it has failed to solve the mighty problems of Divine Providence and Human Destiny. It sprung from a profound and earnest love of truth, from a passionate desire to read the riddle of the Universe, from an instinctive conviction of the relation of man with the Invisible, Infinite Power; but it presents nothing to the scientific inquirer, but cautions against error and deception, and noble aspirations after the spiritual dignity and excellence, which are the highest good of the human soul. No one, however, who rightly appreciates a sincere striving after truth, can fail to be interested in the man, whose lives were consecrated to the loftiest contemplations; whose gigantic intellects found fit nutriment in the depths of pure, abstract thought; and whose high, unworldly characters are embodied in the speculations of this austere, spiritual philosophy.

Among this illustrious company of thinkers, in point of originality, mental freedom and courage, and unalloyed devotion to truth, Fichte certainly holds the most distinguished rank. His philosophy was the expression of his personal character; and his daily, practical life was in beautiful harmony with the spirit of his philosophy. Filled with the deepest reverence for Divine things, he was accused by his contemporaries of Atheism; fired with an enthusiastic zeal for the elevation of humanity, he was stigmatized by the conservatives of his day, as a demagogue and a democrat; and swayed by a great sense of justice, which pervaded his burning soul, he was denounced by those who were unworthy to sit at his feet, as a reckless innovator. The nobleness with which he sustained himself under such manifold contradictions was indeed heroic.

The ultimate tendency of his philosophy is to kindle a holy enthusiasm for the progress of man toward the fulfilment of his earthly destiny. The exercise of the pure intellect leads only to scepticism and despair; the mysteries of the Infinite can never be fathomed by the finite understanding; the last result of thought is to throw man back on his own soul, and to deprive him of proof of the existence of aught else. But the nature of man comprises higher elements than the power of abstract thought. His most important convictions are not the fruit of speculation. He lives also in a world of mor-

al emotions and ideas. He finds within the depths of his own soul, an instinctive sense of justice, duty, universal harmony and unity. An interior voice calls upon him to shape his life in accordance with these principles. Hence, the world presents him a field of moral action; and to realize these truths in all material relations is the earthly destiny of man. The transition is not difficult from these views, to the doctrines of social harmony as set forth in the writings of Fourier. And to the philosophic mind, the study of Fichte, in his most remote abstractions, is an admirable preparation for the broader and more commanding syntheses of the great expounder of social science.

We rejoice, therefore, in the appearance of this interesting biography, and thank its enterprising publishers for presenting it to us in so worthy a dress.

It is preceded by a well-written Introduction, from the pen of the American Editor, which displays a discriminating and delicate appreciation of the character and philosophy of Fichte.

As a specimen of the mode of thinking, which characterizes the system of Fichte, as well, in fact, as of most of the modern German speculations, we quote the following passage from the biography, which, we will merely remark, is simple and unpretending, written by an English scholar, who is known to us only as the Translator of some of Fichte's works.

"Atheism is a charge which the common understanding has repeatedly brought against the finer speculations of philosophy, when, in endeavoring to solve the riddle of existence, they have approached, albeit with reverence and humility, the Ineffable Source from which all existence proceeds. Shrouded from human comprehension in an obscurity from which chastened imagination is awed back, and thought retreats in conscious weakness,—the Divine Nature is surely a theme on which man is little entitled to dogmatize. Accordingly, it is here that the philosophic intellect becomes most painfully aware of its own insufficiency. It feels that silence is the most fitting attitude of the finite being towards its Infinite and Incomprehensible Original, and that when it is needful that thought should shape itself into words, they should be those of diffidence and modest self-distrust. But the common understanding has no such humility;—its God is an Incarnate Divinity;—imperfection imposes its own limitations on the Illimitable, and clothes the inconceivable Spirit of the Universe in sensuous and intelligible forms derived from finite nature. In the world's childhood—when the monstrous forms of earth were looked upon as the visible manifestations of Deity, or the viewless essences of nature were imagined to contain his presence;—in the world's youth—when stream and forest, hill and valley, earth and ocean, were peopled with divinities, graceful or grotesque, kind or malevolent, pure or polluted;—in the world's ages of toil—when the crushed soul of the slave looked to his God for

human sympathy, and sometimes fancied that he encountered worse than human oppression;—in all ages, men have colored the brightness of Infinity with hues derived from their own hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, virtues and crimes. And he who felt that the Eidolon of the age was an inadequate representative of his own deeper thoughts of God, had need to place his hopes of justice in futurity, and make up his mind to be despised and rejected by the men of his own day. Socrates drank the poisoned cup because his conceptions of divine things surpassed the mythology of Greece; Christ endured the cross at the hands of the Jews for having told them the truth, which he had heard from the Father; Paul suffered persecution, indignity, and death, for he was a setter forth of strange Gods.—Modern times have not been without their martyrs. Descartes died in a foreign land for his bold thought and open speech; Spinoza—the brave, kind-hearted, incorruptible Spinoza—was the object both of Jewish and Christian anathema. From our own land Priestley was banished by popular fanaticism, and in our own days legalized bigotry tore asunder the sacred bonds which united one of the purest and most sensitive of living beings to his offspring—the gentle, imaginative, deeply-religious Shelley was an "atheist!" And so, too, Fichte—whose ardent love of freedom made him an object of distrust and fear to timorous statesmen, and whose daring speculations struck dismay into the souls of creed-bound theologians—found himself assailed at once by religious and political persecution. But in him tyranny once more found a man who had the courage to oppose himself, alone and unfriended, against its hate, and whose steadfast devotion to truth remained unshaken amid all the dangers and difficulties which gathered round his way.

"Fichte's theory of God has, already been spoken of in a general way. It was the necessary result of his speculative position. The consciousness of the individual reveals *itself* alone; his knowledge cannot pass beyond the limits of his own being. His conceptions of other things and other beings are only *his* conceptions,—they are not those things or beings themselves. From this point of view the common logical arguments for the existence of God, and in particular what is called the "argument from design," supposed to exist in the material world, entirely disappears. Only from our idea of beauty, and our faith in the inevitable consequences of moral action, arises the belief in a principle of moral order in the world;—and this principle is God. But this living principle of a living universe must be infinite; while all our ideas and conceptions are finite, and applicable only to finite beings, not to the Infinite. Even consciousness and personality are the attributes of relative and limited beings; and to apply these to God, is to bring Him down to the rank of relative and limited being. The Deity is thus not an object of knowledge, but of faith,—not to be approached by the understanding, but by the moral sense—not to be conceived of, but to be felt. All attempts to embrace the infinite in the conception of the finite, are, and must be, only accommodations to the frailties of man."

Why seemest thou more abandoned by Providence than the worthless weed?

A new Guide for Travellers through the United States of America, containing all the Rail Roads, Stage and Steamboat Routes, with the Distances from Place to Place: accompanied by a large and accurate Map. By S. CALVIN SMITH. New York: Sherman & Smith, 122 Broadway.

This is the most complete little work of the kind ever presented to the American public. In condensed and well arranged tables, of easy reference, it exhibits the correct distances, from point to point, on all the Rail Roads, Stage Routes, and Canals, in the United States. The accompanying map is a faithful copy, in miniature of the superb Map and Gazetteer of the United States, recently issued by the same publishers, and delineates with the most beautiful accuracy and distinctness the natural and artificial divisions of the country, the localities of towns and so forth, and the roads and canals connecting them.

We understand that a minute topographical description, with illustrations on steel, of the principal and most interesting places in the country, will form a part of the work in the next edition, which have been omitted in the limited one now published, on account of the pressing demand for it.

We commend it as a "faithful guide" to travellers, which, in this wonderfully locomotive country, means—every body.

The Common School Drawing Master.—Part I. Containing Schmid's Practical Perspective. Boston: E. P. Peabody, 13 West Street. 1846. pp. 80.

We believe this excellent work will meet a want that has long been felt. It teaches, in a clear, simple, and easy manner, the elementary principles of perspective drawing; not by mathematical rules, but by gradually educating the eye to see how an object appears, so that the pupil can produce his drawings with as much exactness as one skilled in mathematical perspective. It is the work of a German artist, whose perspective sight was wonderfully perfect, and who, by a close analysis of his own method of proceeding, completed, after many experiments, this series of exercises. Every artist will recognize in it principles upon which he often, perhaps unconsciously, practices. Here they are explained, with so much clearness and exactness, as greatly to facilitate the progress of the learner.

The pupil who has been carefully through these lessons, will have acquired a skill and a correctness of sight, that will enable him to make with ease perspective drawings from nature, an end that can never be accomplished, by the method, so general in schools, of drawing from patterns.

This work recommends itself, not only by the excellence of its method, which

cannot fail of success in enabling the pupil to attain to some true cultivation in the art; but by the little expense with which it is attended,—requiring only a box of blocks, and a pencil. The plainness of the exercises also will render it practicable for a teacher who has no knowledge of drawing, to superintend the use of it in his school. We cannot but feel grateful to those persons who have brought it before the public, and hope to see it in general use.

The Retrospect, and other Poems. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. pp. 142.

This book is a three-fold misfortune; first, in its design, secondly, in its execution, and thirdly, in its publication. It was conceived in egregious inanity, and brought forth in the same; it is a pity to see so much good ink and paper so wasted. Some friend ought to have prevented the author from making himself publicly ridiculous in such doggerel as the following, which is a tolerably fair specimen of the whole book.

The Railroad is a great reformer
Of the present age!
No Bonaparte, Cromwell or Luther,
Warrior or sage!
But much as one or all of these
It onward speeds our race,
An impulse gives that, like the breeze,
We feel, if cannot trace!

Several reviews omitted for want of room.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Deux Romances sans Paroles, composées pour le Piano, by WILLIAM MASON. Boston: G. P. Reed, 17 Tremont Row.

The first of these beautifully printed little pieces has been awaiting notice on our table for some weeks during our absence. But a good thing, intrinsically good, can always afford to wait. There are things good only for the present moment, whose only merit is their timeliness; good to answer the demand for novelty, to keep up the shuttlecock of fashion, to furnish cheap effects of art to those too idle to be artists. The musical printing presses are kept very busy by such things. Such are the common staple of musical publications, to be noticed instantly when they appear or never; and from such, as far as possible, deliver us, as we would shun small criticism.

Perhaps even here it will look whimsical and out of all proportion to make many words about a little piece of half a dozen pages, the composition of an American and a very young man. But we watch with deep interest the growth of musical taste in this country. And if any germs of any thing like musical art

appear, however infantile and delicate, it is a phenomenon worth chronicling.—Amongst the swarm of songs, waltzes, marches, rondos, *refracimientos* of opera airs, and all manner of cunningly contrived and cheap effects, now put forth as original music, it is refreshing to meet something that may be called a *composition*,—something which has in it a touch of artistic feeling and refinement, something which, while it is simple in its means and modest in its pretensions, yet bears the marks of study, and testifies to acquaintance with deep styles, and with masters of whom the frivolous are afraid. All this it is pleasant to say of the little work before us: not that its author probably values it much, or that it is anything more than a flying leaf out of the growing album of his continuous studies, but because it serves as well as anything else to indicate a good direction of a talent of no mean degree to start with. There is a reverence in this ambition, and a strict style in this ready facility, out of which may possibly grow an artist.

It has been a favorite notion with us to regard this modern movement of "singing schools for the million," (so offensive often to the delicate taste from the cold, hard, mechanically precise manner of singing which it makes so common,) as but loosening the upper soil of our whole national capacity for music, soon to be followed by the springing up of latent germs of real musical genius, long locked up under the hard earth for the want of just this culture. It will be pleasant if we are to find the first fair illustration of this in the son of Lowell Mason, the great corypheus of New England psalmists and singing masters. There is no telling what fine flowers a good, solid, utilitarian-looking trunk may bear. But of that, time must judge: *real results* alone can prove the artist, and not any preconceived ideal fitness.

Mr. Mason has but lately made his very successful debut as a pianist at the concerts of the Boston Academy. His selection of music was not of the most profound, but suited to the reigning taste for labored brilliancy. This was perhaps a necessity of the occasion. The facile skill of the performer, as then exhibited, derives its chief worth from our knowledge of the fact that there was more behind; that the player also has some of Bach's fugues at his fingers' ends for those who call for them, and that he is at home among the sonatas of Mozart and Beethoven; that he makes the modern piano music his gymnastics and his pastime, but loves the classic masters better; that he is addicted to composition, not of a loose doggerel sort, but to short, modest flights to be sure, yet strictly graceful and artistic so far as they go. This is a

rare thing among our composers, rushing into print so readily.

The Romance before us is an Andante of a somewhat thoughtful and tender expression, conceived much in the spirit of the "Songs without Words" of Mendelssohn. A delicate shudder of Chopin, also creeps through its harmonies. It must be played over several times, until the marked character of the theme and the *legato* style of the whole become easy to the player. Many at first would call the melody too plain for anything, and the harmony very thin and meagre. But there are four good parts carried carefully on through the whole of it, except where one is purposely silent, and the melody derives its charm from its inseparableness from its indwelling harmony. In fact here are all the legitimate conditions of true composition answered. A distinct and individual progression of each of the four parts, which might not fear the test of old Bach's rules; a clear, expressive melody; a modulation quite *recherche* and refined, yet always simple; and a well sketched unity of general form, in the composition as a whole. It lacks neither feeling, nor refinement, nor effect. Its author has wrought artistically as far as he has gone, and may venture without impropriety to try a longer flight, whenever he feels the impulse.

We know not whether the second number is yet published, but we have a true desire to see it, and as much more as may be forthcoming from the same source.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

THE QUESTION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

Thou to-day shalt tell me dearest;
Art thou not a flitting dream,
Such, when summer days are fairest,
As through brains of poets gleam?

No! those lips like pouting cherries,
And those dark eyes' magic light,
And that chin, like some dear fairy's,
Belong to no poetic sprite.

Furious dragons, vampyres gory,
Basilisks and monsters dire,
Creatures of fantastic story,
Ossifying these of poet's fire.

Thee with all thy frolic fancies,
That sweet face with joy elate,
Thy coquettish, timid glances
Never poet could create.

POESY.

Deep in the heart—the heart of restless longings,

The Dove-like bird of Poesy doth build,
And kindly shieldeth, midst earth's grievous wrangings,

The Soul that could not otherwise be still'd!
Youth's Monthly Visitor.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS AND FRIENDS.

We publish extracts occasionally from the numerous letters we receive, both to express our cordial acknowledgements to the writers, for their friendly recognition, and as an evidence of the healthy interest, which the cause of Association is awakening, to a greater or less degree, in almost every part of the country.

As many enquiries are made with regard to our present condition and the effect of the destruction of our building on our immediate operations, we will take this occasion to say to our friends generally, that we intend to continue our Association, as far as possible, with the present arrangements, although we may be obliged to suspend some branches of industry, which cannot be conducted to advantage without a larger number than with our present accommodations we are able to receive. We think it an object of great importance to the Associative movement that the little band of devoted adherents to the cause which are gathered here should not be dispersed,—that the approach to a true life which has been realized on this place should be preserved,—that we should make use of the means in our power for promulgating the doctrines of Association, and of illustrating them, as we are able, in the union of our combined families,—and thus working in our sphere, with the resources already at hand, for the accomplishment of a better social order, should await the suitable time for wider action and more complete and harmonious developments. In these views, our friends abroad, who have watched our progress from the beginning with interest and hope, decidedly concur. Their counsels and encouragement, with the substantial aid we have received from them, conspire with our own convictions, to urge us to the adoption of this course.

In pursuance of this end, we wish to increase the circulation of the Harbinger, to an extent in some degree, commensurate with the reputation which it has acquired,—a reputation, which it would be false modesty for us to affect to be ignorant of, and which we are sensible, is due to the earnestness, sincerity, and conciliatory spirit, with which, from our strongest convictions of duty, we have

endeavored to conduct it. We are now approaching the close of our second volume, and the friends who desire to lend us their aid at this time, can do so with effect, by helping to increase our subscription list.

We shall moreover, be obliged to reinstate our educational department, in the prominence which it held at the commencement of our labors. At present, we must rely upon this, as the sphere of employment for many of our most valuable members, and a source of immediate and regular income. We refer our friends to the advertisement of our School in the Harbinger, and shall be obliged to any of the editors with whom we exchange, as well as others who are interested in our present success, for noticing it in such ways as they may deem proper.

The above pursuits, with the cultivation of the farm, and such mechanical branches as may be requisite for our own occasion, will for the present form our leading occupations.

In reply to those who have inquired whether pecuniary assistance would now be accepted by us, we would say, that we do not contemplate rebuilding our Edifice, under the present circumstances; that we shall be obliged to curtail, rather than extend our industrial operations, as we had anticipated; but, that the burning of our building, besides the direct loss which it occasioned us, has disappointed us in the reception of funds from persons who intended to join, and on which we relied for the successful prosecution of our present plans; and hence, we shall feel ourselves authorized to appeal to our friends for such aid as may serve to place us on a firm footing, and give us a further opportunity for the illustration of our purposes. We shall present this claim, in behalf of our common cause, to the friends in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and New Orleans, as well as to those who are scattered throughout the country, and with a comparatively trifling addition to our resources, it is our firm conviction that we shall be able, by the Harbinger, and by engaging in a regularly organized corps of public lecturers, to propagate our principles with vigor and success, and to cultivate the germ at least, of a high social order, and thus fulfil the responsibility to which we are called.

NEW YORK, April 3, 1846.

GENTLEMEN: It is with regret that I am not able to follow the noble example of the friend at Philadelphia; but when you are informed of my being a Mechanic of the city of New York, and receive only twelve shillings for a day's labor, with a family of five to support, you will not think very strange of it.

The enclosed small sum of twenty dollars I did think hardly worth sending, as it is but a mere drop towards repairing so severe a loss, but I have since come to the conclusion that a still smaller sum would be of great benefit. For on reflecting that it is by the mingling of many drops from the clouds that dried and scorched vegetation is revived,—so think I, it is by the mingling of drops from the friends of Association, they can revive the Edifice at Brook Farm. A. B.

WATERBURY, March 31, 1846.

DEAR SIR: I felt a little disappointed, at your not intending to rebuild the Phalanstery, as I could see in that building a farther development of Association, than yet has been made, and every forward march is observed by plain, practical persons, such as I am.

We believe it is capable of being carried out, and when an opportunity presents itself to aid the forward Phalanx, I hope it will find friends to support it.

I enclose you ten dollars, to be applied for the general good of the cause. Should you afterwards conclude to rebuild the Phalanstery, I will give you a better offering, if you will inform me of your operations in building.

Believe me to be an ardent admirer of the pioneers of Social science, and I earnestly trust that your friends will allow you to lose nothing by the late calamity.

I wish I was able to be one of that hundred to subscribe a hundred dollars. I hope they are to be found.

Yours in the Unity of Association,

A.

NEW YORK, March 25, 1846.

Some of you I have seen — others I do not know at all. But yet I hope I do not write as if we were strangers. At any rate, I do not feel so. I never can think of you but as bosom friends, in whose interests I find my very heart most warmly involved. And I write to you now, when I know that you are somewhat bent by the misfortune that has come upon your little community, — yes, I write in behalf of us all — in behalf of Humanity, — to charge you not to despair, and to impress you with the imperative fact that Brook Farm must not be given up. Were that bright, fiery, creative germ destroyed and its elements re-dissolved in the wide sea and air, it might take weary, disheartening years of struggle to bring them back to form and active life again. It must not be done. Thousands of hearts, all over the Union, of whose existence you have never been aware, have felt their latent sympathies developed and called into play by the news of your misfortunes. They would be in despair to

hear that these misfortunes were so great that you could not stagger under them and still go on. This indeed would be a calamity. Most devoutly do we all pray the God whom you so nobly serve, to prevent so hard a necessity. F.

We take this occasion to acknowledge a communication from our young friends in Bowdoin College, with our sincere thanks for their cordial expression of sympathy. Through the liberality of a munificent friend of Association in Louisiana, our paper is sent to the Senior Class of every College in the United States, and with a few exceptions, has been received with interest, and in some instances that have come to our knowledge, has been productive of great good.

WISCONSIN PHALANX.

This young and vigorous birth of the great West sends us a cheering voice from time to time, which is always welcomed with delight. We assure our brothers that we highly appreciate the energy, good sense, and devotedness with which the affairs of their Association appear to have been conducted, — that we cherish the most gratifying hopes of their triumphant progress, and shall watch their course with the deepest interest, as they gradually expand into the full harmonies of the Associative Order. They have made a good beginning: they are in the right path; and with their present excellent spirit and favorable materials, we can hardly anticipate the possibility of their defeat.

DOMAIN OF THE WISCONSIN PHALANX, CERESCO, FOND DU LAC CO., W. T., March 3, 1846.

To the Editors of the Harbinger.

GENTLEMEN: Deeming it due to the readers of your highly useful journal and to the friends of Industrial Association, — I crave the privilege through your columns, of occasionally stating our condition and prospects. Since our December statement, our course and progress has been undeviatingly onward toward the goal. We have added eighty acres to our land, making one thousand six hundred and thirty-three acres free of incumbrance; we are preparing to raise eight hundred acres of crops the coming season; finish our grist mill, and build some temporary residences, &c. We have admitted but one family since the 1st of December, although we have had many applications. In this part of our commencement and organization, as well as in that of contracting debts, we are profiting by the experience of many Associations who preceded or started with us.

We pretend to have considerable knowledge of the serial law, but we are not

yet prepared mentally or physically to adopt it in our industrial operations. We have something in operation which approaches about as near to it as the rude hut does to the palace — even this is better than none and saves us from the merciless peltings of the storm. One part of the system we have fully adopted, and that is, the foundation, the sharehold or joint stock property, (secure titles,) and have thereby secured to the laborer the product of his labor, and make machinery work for, and not against the operative. This could have been long ago entered into by the industrial part of our citizens, and indeed I wonder it has not: it would have unavoidably led to the Associative unity and to the true Serial law. Success with us is no longer a matter of doubt. Our questions to be settled are, how far and how fast can we adopt and put in practice the system and principle which we believe to be true, without endangering or retarding our ultimate object.

We extend to all our members, the largest liberty in all matters which do not conflict with the general interest, or with the strictest morality to which we are all firmly pledged. We have in no instance during our progress of nearly two years, been called upon to enforce an arbitrary law of restraint. All matters connected with our social progress, are governed and directed by the moral force of the principle of Social Unity; all matters connected with our pecuniary progress, are governed by the unitary interest expressed through the members or their agents; and all matters connected with our moral progress, by the tone of moral feeling and moral bonds of our union. In our religious views we act in our several individual capacities entirely, the public will being never expressed; we have never called upon "statute law" to assist us, although we have it in our act of incorporation, procured to secure our titles and our dividends to non-resident stockholders; we have no serious difficulties to encounter, none of any kind except the trifling difficulties incident to all extensive domestic arrangements where a full supply of all the comforts of life cannot be had. We feel and know that our condition and prospects are truly cheering, and to the friends of the cause we can say, — come on, not to join us, but to form others; for we cannot receive more than one out of ten who apply for admission, — nothing but the general principles of Association are "lawful tender" with us — money will not buy admission for those who have no faith in the principles, but believe as most of our neighbors do, that we shall "get rich," — this is not a ruling principle here. With such material, and our means, and the princi-

ples of eternal truth on our side, success is neither doubtful nor surprising.

Let all who can, aid and assist us by council and advice, or otherwise, and we will in all cases, hold ourselves in readiness to give any information in our power respecting our principles and progress, to all the enquiring friends of the fast spreading principles of Industrial Association. We expect at our next December annual statement to be able to represent ourselves as a minimum Association of forty families, not fully organized on Fourier's plan, but approaching to and preparing for it.

W. CHASE.

DR. BUCHANAN'S LECTURES IN CINCINNATI.

We take from the Cincinnati Weekly Times, the following account of Dr. Buchanan's First Lecture on Social Reform in that city. We rejoice to learn that he was listened to with such deep interest, and we look for the happiest effects from the devotion of his talents and energy to this great cause. The doctrines of Association have many intelligent, earnest, and devoted adherents in that city; though, for the most part strangers to us personally, we have become connected with them in many intimate and pleasant relations; and we trust that every new endeavor in the common cause, to which we are alike devoted, will unite us still more closely, and add to our mutual strength for the arduous work. Our friends in that city, as well as in others, though not called to engage in any practical attempt for the realization of the Associative order, may perhaps be no less useful and efficient, by their efforts to promulgate the doctrine, to arouse the attention of the public to the evils of society, to inspire a new and living hope in the midst of general apathy and scepticism, and thus to prepare the way for the final victory of our peaceful system over the prevailing antagonism, duplicity, and discontent. We do not know that the time has arrived for the complete establishment of the Combined Order, with its celestial harmonies, its rich and admirable resources for human development, its reverent devotion to the Unitary law of Providence; but we are sure, that it is not too soon to proclaim the truth with a thousand tongues, to lift up the trumpet-voices of prophetic faith and insight, and thus to kindle the souls of men with a divine aspiration for the social order, without which the sublime and glorious destiny of man can never be fulfilled. The atmosphere must be purified, pervaded with a genial warmth, and shedding forth a kindly influence, before the tender germ of Associative Unity can be quickened into a vigorous and permanent life. Here

is the mission of our friends, who remain in the environment of the old social forms; may they ever bring brave and magnanimous hearts to its accomplishment.

"At an early hour on Thursday evening, a numerous audience began to assemble at the Tabernacle, attracted by the interesting announcement that Dr. Buchanan, the author of the Science of Neurology, had consented to meet the friends of Social Improvement, at their earnest request, and deliver publicly, his views of 'Society as it is, and Society as it should be.' Before the throng had ceased pouring in, Dr. B. began his address, announcing the pleasure with which he stood before so large an assembly, convened to examine the great question of Society; in comparison with which, all of our political or local questions, and all the questions that most agitate society, dwindle into a trivial insignificance.

"His views had been matured by the system of Anthropology, which he had publicly taught in our city, but they were mainly the offspring of the instructive moral sense, and such as he had cherished long, for they were in their cardinal principles, coeval with the first development of the reflective powers in his mind. But why, he asked, should we assemble to consider the evils of society—why are there any evils? The world was created by a benevolent and omnipotent God, he pronounced it good—it was good, it was all that we needed for our happiness, the vast capabilities of its soil had not yet been developed—it had never sustained the hundredth part of the population which it might support; in addition to the fertility of the soil, we have the elements, fire, water, and air, and mechanical contrivances to render us still more emphatically lords of this ample heritage, and if we enjoyed it properly, this world would appear a vast smiling garden, or as a continuous moral village, where each man's house would be within a stone's throw of his neighbor. The States of this republic would contain upon an average, twenty or thirty millions of people, and being obedient to the divine laws, they would exist in primeval happiness and abundance. In such a world, so bountifully supplied with all we could desire, so beautiful and grand with its diversified scenery, calculated not only to sustain its myriad millions in luxurious comfort, but by the charms of nature—by the magic influence of its flowery plains, its ancient forests, its snow topped mountains, and its gorgeous heavens, to elevate the soul and make us feel the Divinity within us, why, in such a world, does evil exist?

"The sole condition upon which we are allowed to possess this vast inheritance, is, that we shall attend to its order and fertility, that we shall bestow upon it just that amount of labor which is necessary to our own development of body and of mind. Political economists inform us that with the present advantages afforded by machinery and the arts of civilization, three or four hours of daily labor are sufficient to furnish the necessities, the comforts, and the principal pleasures of life, abundantly to all men. Where then is there any trace of evil in the Divine plan of Creation? Could we forget the actual sufferings of our race, and look at this world as it should be, and as it could be,—what better Paradise need we desire?

"Yet where on this earth has such a state of society ever existed? Where is it, in civilized society, that the laborer is not compelled to toil from early dawn to sunset for the necessities of life? In what nation can we find the arts and manufactures flourishing, and not find at the same time the actual operatives, who rely entirely upon the labor of their hands, compelled to toil for twelve, fourteen, sixteen, or even eighteen hours, out of the twenty-four, in exhausting bodily effort, which leaves the mind benumbed, and deadens all the powers of the soul? Where do we not find the lower classes marked in their dull and coarse countenances with the stupefying effects of excessive toil, and looking like a different race of men from their more favored brethren, who enjoy wealth and ease? Where have the operatives, whose hard hands have produced all the wealth of society, and whose toil worn frames attest their martyrdom to labor, ever enjoyed a fair proportion of the wealth which they have created?

"In Great Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Denmark, &c., he traced the condition of the laboring classes, and showed, by various statistical facts, that in all these countries, the wealth of the nation was enjoyed by the nonproductive classes, and that the laborers were existing in a calamitous state of poverty and toil—with a meagre diet—without education—without hope—at the mercy of the fluctuations of trade, and living from hand to mouth, so that whenever, by a slight change in the condition of the markets, the demand for their labor was reduced, or their wages lowered, they were brought by the hundred thousand to the brink of starvation, and great numbers either died from immediate hunger and want, or were broken down in health, and brought to an early grave. Even in the most prosperous times, according to the high authorities which he quoted, they were often unable to procure decent or comfortable clothing, bedding, or even potatoes enough to satisfy hunger.

"This state of things he considered the inevitable result of commercial civilization. All nations, in proportion as they become populous, exhibit under every form of government the same condition of the laboring classes. We have not yet attained this condition, because land is yet abundant, in proportion to population; but we are rapidly approaching the condition of Europe. Nearly all the employments, in our country, are continually deteriorating in their profits,—workmen are compelled to form combinations to keep up their wages and keep down the hours of labor. Vast numbers are continually seeking employment, who cannot get it. The continual reduction of wages, in proportion as population increases and competition gluts every market, is one of the fixed laws of political economy from which there can be no escape. He gave a cogent demonstration of this law; pointed out the inevitable destiny of our country, and drew an appalling picture of the crisis which must arrive a century hence, when we shall have near three hundred millions in our republic, and a large majority of these must necessarily be as laboring men, living in abject poverty, toiling to the utmost limit of endurance, degraded in body and mind, annually suffering from pinching want, from hunger and cold—disat-

ished, turbulent, and ready to follow the lead of any bold, artful demagogue who might become the master spirit of another reign of anarchy and blood.

"Such he regarded as the history and the necessary destiny of commercial civilization. It was but a day in the history of man, beginning with a morning's brightness, when land is plenty and the laborer amply rewarded—attaining its meridian of glory when the healthy, manly, and honest laborers have raised to opulence, and beginning to decline with the decline of wages, and the corruption of the higher classes—the increase of social distinctions, based upon wealth, and the increase of ignorance arising from poverty—until the time of suffering, of mobs and bloody convulsions shall come; when thousands shall strike terror into our cities as they march under the banner of "bread or blood"—when the sun of civilization shall set in a sea of blood, and perhaps leave us to the dark night of military despotism or a monied oligarchy.

"Tracing the history of society from the time of Edward III. and Henry VI. in England, to the present century, he showed a continual decline in the rewards of labor and the condition of the laboring man. In our own country he showed a similar tendency to be in full progress, and beyond all governmental power to check—rendering it certain that real liberty and social happiness would, in the next century, be far less enjoyed in our republic, than they are at present under the despotism of Europe.

"To this dark picture there seemed to be no relief; the laws of nature and of political economy affixed a gloomy destiny to our present society. But still there was hope for man—he firmly believed there was a safe, a practicable, and a peaceful moral remedy for our present and our prospective evils. This remedy he proposed to sketch in the next lecture.

"We learn that the audience, generally, appeared to agree with these introductory views, and that a large assembly turned out on Friday to hear the remedy."

¶ We copy from "The Tribune" the following just criticism on a recent audacious misrepresentation of the purpose of Associationists contained in the New York Observer. It is always the policy of sophists to make up false issues in the discussion of any question, on which they cannot gain the victory by honest means. How far this is the case with the article referred to, or with other attacks of a similar character, we have no way of judging; ignorance and presumption are quite common enough in the world to account for much apparent iniquity, without the supposition of wilful deception but the flippant and shameless recklessness with which such charges are brought against the attempts of pure and earnest men to alleviate the startling miseries which are obvious to every body is as inexcusable as it is disgusting.

"ASSOCIATION AND MARRIAGE. An act of shameful dishonesty was perpetrated in the *New York Observer* some time since, so gross that we had resolved to

pass it over in silent loathing, but the fact that it has obtained currency from the Boston 'Alliance and Visitor' and other Religious journals which may be ignorant of the original fraud seems now to require its exposure. A defender of Association in the Democratic Review against a bitter and reckless attack made upon it through the pages of that work, stated expressly that the Associationists as such contemplate *no change* in the present system of Marriage—certainly none until several great specified Reforms the work of generations, shall have been effected, and a vast improvement in the Physical, Intellectual and Moral condition of the human race shall have thereby been secured. Then, he says, it will devolve on the noble Women of that purer and more enlightened era to determine what change, if any, in our laws of Marriage and divorce is desirable and would prove beneficial.—The calumniator in the Observer has this statement fully before him, yet he chooses to represent to his readers that the Associationists (as represented by the writer in the Democratic) contemplate and advocate the *utter abolition of Marriage and the legalization of unlimited Licentiousness!* Nothing could be farther from the thought of the writer thus forged upon—nothing can be more palpable than the *intention to deceive* of the Observer man.—He is determined to withdraw attention from and excite prejudice against the Reforms directly pressed by the Associationists whose justice, necessity and essential Christianity he cannot dispute and dare not openly combat, by confounding them in the public mind with purposes which, *as he states them*, are exceedingly objectionable and odious. The counterpart of this may be found in the history of every Reform and the life of every Reformer since the world began. 'He blasphemes'—'He hath a devil'—'He eateth with publicans and sinners'—such are the charges by which the force of every testimony against venerable corruptions and iniquities is sought to be parried. It is by such that the thoughtless multitude are incited to stone and crucify those whom their descendants ultimately recognize and almost deify as sages, saints and benefactors.—Must it be always thus!"

CELEBRATION OF FOURIER'S BIRTH DAY IN NEW YORK.

The 7th of April was duly observed by a few of the friends of Fourier in New York, but in a very quiet and private manner. There was no public announcement of the occasion, and no exertions were made to bring together all those who sympathize with the cause, and are interested in the doctrines of Association, at this anniversary, and consequently, the company was limited to those whose avocations and personal intimacy draw them into more immediate relations. It is a matter of much regret that measures were not taken to notify our friends in the city generally, as a number were absent, who, we know, would gladly have participated in the celebration, and whose presence would have rendered it more interesting even than it was. The ab-

sence of some of our leading friends from the city at this time, also, unfortunately, reduced the strength of the little band who were met to honor the memory of the immortal discoverer of the laws of Social Harmony.

A capital dinner was provided by our old host, M. Bonnard, of Nassau Street, whose cuisine in skill and *taste*, is not easily surpassed. Mr. Frederic Grain was called upon to preside, and Mr. Decker sat opposite.

Regular toasts had not been prepared, but after the cloth was removed, the President, Mr. Grain, rose, and in a few words of feeling and appropriate eulogium of Fourier, introduced the following sentiment:

Charles Fourier.—The chosen instrument of the Ruler of the Universe to reveal His laws of Order and Harmony, to the end that mankind, by applying them to society, might enter upon a new life of happiness and glory:—*his sacred memory.*

Mr. Decker then proposed:

Our absent Friends.—United with us in sympathy and purpose, if not in person.

The volunteer sentiments which followed, and the good things which came from the hearts and heads of several speakers, it would be vain for us to attempt wholly to recall. Although the company was small, it was composed of devoted friends, and we have seldom seen a higher expression of enthusiasm and interest in our cause. There was the warmest response given to every sentiment manifesting devotion to the great principles of Association, and to every aspiration after their realization. Evidently new life and a more determined purpose of working faithfully for the cause, was infused into all hearts.

Mr. Macdaniel alluded to the fact that there was an apparent cessation of effort to advance the doctrines of Fourier, and the public mind was consequently more indifferent to them than formerly; but he did not consider this in reality the misfortune which some might view it to be. This apparent calm was easily accounted for, and brought no reproach on the friends of Association; and he believed that hidden from public observation there were causes at work in society, the result of former efforts of the friends of Association, as well as tendencies and designs in a few hearts capable of powerful action, which, before a great while, would effect a wider and grander movement than we had yet seen. He spoke of the organization of the friends of Association into a band or brotherhood, of religious unity and devotion to the great work of propagation and realization of our principles, which would pledge every man and woman who sympathizes in the cause of social redemption, to work for it with earnest zeal and untiring perseverance:—a band

which should be in fact a Sacred Legion, filled with enthusiasm as holy, and disinterestedness as noble, as the Crusaders of the middle ages. And under this organization he believed we could rally and obtain power and means that would, before the lapse of many years, ensure the success of our objects—the founding of a true Model Phalanx. He gave the following sentiment:

A new infusion of faith among the faithful, and the rapid spread of the faithful over the whole earth.

Mr. Godwin reviewed the course of events connected with Association within a few years in the United States, and compared the state of the cause a few years ago, when there was a greater concentration in this city among its friends, a heartier and more active propagation, to the period of conception. The idea had then but just been received into the mind of this country, and, as at the formation of a germ, or the time of conception, nature is universally watchful and quick and vigorous in her operations, so the analogy was true in regard to the origin and conception of an idea; and when the idea of Association was first received here, it was naturally attended with the usual phenomena of activity and vigor. But the idea had been thus fairly conceived, and in the order of nature it was left to the quiet and hidden processes of gestation, awaiting in due time a glorious birth! He believed there was much truth in this analogy, and hoped we should soon have the opportunity of rejoicing over the birth of this great idea, with which this country and the world are now pregnant. We would then see unprecedented activity, energy, and enthusiasm, among those who welcome the idea.

Mr. Godwin offered the following sentiment:

Our Friends who have been the pioneers of practical Association.—If they have not been altogether successful, they have deserved success.

Mr. Comstock made a very forcible and beautiful appeal to Associationists to rouse themselves to action—to follow the example of all true and successful reformers, and go forth and spread the light which they have to the world, instead of keeping it hid under a bushel. His remarks were received with much applause; and we regret we cannot remember them at greater length, together with the just sentiment with which they were followed.

Dr. Hempel, Mr. Foster, Mr. Giles, and others, made appropriate and interesting addresses, accompanied by sentiments, which our memory will not serve us to record. Our friends at home and abroad were all duly remembered, and the glance at the merits and character

which was taken of a few, was indeed touchingly interesting, endearing them even more closely than ever to our hearts. It is impossible to remember the numerous delightful incidents of the evening, even if space would permit us to refer to them: they were joyous and refreshing, and link us more firmly than ever in the bonds of unity of sentiment and conviction, and high aspirations and purposes.

The late John Manesca, the earliest disciple of Fourier in America, who will always live in the hearts of those who knew him was spoken of with grateful remembrance, by Mr. Grain, who proposed a sentiment to his memory.

VARIETIES.

Translated from the Deutsche Schnellpost.

JULES JANIN. This popular writer lives in a suite of small apartments each of which is so narrow that it is hardly possible to understand how their thick-set occupant finds room in them for himself. Nevertheless a short time since all that part of Paris which stands in fear of the pen of the chubby *feuilletonist*, crowded into these tastefully adorned little chambers, where the finest pictures and engravings which have been sent from every quarter as tribute to the privileged critic, were quite magically illuminated by girandoles and Carcel lamps. It was a great occasion, a *grande soiree* of Dionysius the tyrant of the *Feuilletons*, and who would presume to be absent! Even Lamartine was there. But the majority of the crowd were musical people; Halevy, Auber, Spontini, Adam. That Liszt was not wanting is a matter of course; how could he be wanting when a critical Sultan, the ruler of ten thousand disciples and subscribers had sent forth his summons! O. L. B. Wolf, who played the part of interpreter on the Rhine, for those Frenchmen who went to the Beethoven festival was also there in spirit. The Beethoven *Cantate* of which he made the poems and Liszt the music, were performed in the original language; twenty German singers under the direction of Herr Stern sung the chorusses. Italy had its representatives one of whom, the famous *altiste* Alboni, sung from the *Somnambula*. Sweden sent Ole Bull, who played a concerto on the violin, and to complete the Babylonian confusion of music, Liszt closed with a fantasy on original Hungarian songs. They broke up about two o'clock. As for Liszt, this extravagant music-hero had a post coach standing at Janin's door, into which he got in concert dress, in order to drive straight off through Brussels to Vienna. In Liszt's extravagances there is always a fine and thoughtful shrewdness. Must it not have been a special

flattery to Janin to have the artist improvising in his saloons the last moments before such a journey?

SIBERIAN GOLD DUST. In Tschihat-scheff's account of the geological features of the Altay mountains, are some interesting facts concerning the gold dust of Siberia. The amount of gold derived from this source is so considerable that sooner or later, and possibly very soon, it will produce a revolution in Europe like that which resulted from the discovery and working of the rich mines of Peru. In a period of fourteen years the product of Siberia has increased two hundred fold. Although of 130,000 colonists more than 11,000 are occupied in gold-washing, there is employment for many more laborers. In fact the scarcity of laborers is the only hindrance to a much greater product. In the year 1830, only 50 Kilogrammes of gold, worth about \$6,000 Rix dollars, were produced; at present 18,000 Kilogrammes, worth about 16,320,000 Rix dollars.

WEISSE, the friend of children and receiver of taxes, once wrote the following to his friend Kästner. "In a few days I will send you the first volume of my revised comedies, which in the new fashion of writing plays will have no great luck. But what monstrous things are among these new ones! I saw this evening at the theatre a piece called 'The Robbers,' and could not endure either the disgusting characters or the coarse actions which were tolerated. The author is said to be one Schiller, a native of Swabia."

The fashionable flower, the Georgine or Dahlia, is a native of the table-lands of Mexico, where it grows on open sandy plains. In the year 1789, Vincente Cervantes, professor and director of the botanic garden at Mexico, sent three sorts to the abbé Joseph Cavanilles, who was then at the head of the botanic garden of Madrid. Here the Georgine bloomed for the first time in the year 1790. In 1798 the Marchioness of Bute brought the plant to England, and in 1804 it reached Germany through the means of Alexander von Humboldt. The flower is called the Dahlia, in honor of the Swedish botanist Dahl and Georgine after the king of England.

JENNY LIND. We hear from Berlin that the enthusiasm for Mlle. Lind is already beginning to grow very cool: after the regular Berlin fashion, people are becoming ashamed of their extravagance, and falling into the opposite extreme of irony and detraction. But for all impartial and calm hearers, the northern song-

stress is not only still herself but has lately made the most undeniable progress. Her singing and acting have gained greatly in facility and expression and now would be the time to bestow on her a justly deserved applause.

The present unfortunate victim of Berlin idolatry is an interesting pale pianist, who speaks no German, HENRY LITTOLFF by name, for the rest a faint copy of the master Liszt. No aesthetic tea can be accomplished without him and after his departure a great part of our conversation will be without its subject. Mlle. Christiani from Paris, also shines in the drawing rooms but less as an artist than as an emancipated woman. She is said to be very beautiful, of a dazzling mind, and according to the new Berlin hyperbole she is *magniperbe*; (a compound of *magnifique* and *superb*.)

FELICIEN DAVID, says the *Europa*, whose fine talents have found a just appreciation among us, has now finished his oratorio of "Moses on Sina." It will soon be presented at the Italian theatre which as we all know, still bears the old name "*la Salle des bouffes*;" a strange appellation in comparison with the sublime subject of this piece! But in Paris nobody thinks of such things. An opera is also expected of David, the basis of which is taken from a ballad by Victor Hugo; "*la Sultane favorite*."

A strange alliance of friendship subsisted between the two French composers, Nebel and Francour. They were the most intimate friends from youth up, and were united by their hearts as well as their art, closely together; they always labored in common. All their works appeared under the names of both; both together became directors of the Parisian opera, intendants of the royal Chapel, and knights of the order of St. Michael. If an air in one of their operas obtained special favor, it was never known which of the two was its author. Madame Pompadour, their patroness and protector, once asked each separately, and received from each for answer, "Both of us composed it." Francour outlived Nebel, but ten years after the death of his friend, whenever such a question was put to the old man no other answer was ever obtained.

There are favorable prospects for the culture of the grape in Australia. In French Oceania trials have been made to transplant some noble Burgundy vines. At first, though they produced leaves and shoots they would bear neither flowers nor fruit. In the latter part of last summer, however, on the island Tonga, after careful cultivation, they bore grapes which were much larger and finer than the original species in France, and be-

sides, perfectly different in taste. This result was the occasion of enthusiastic joy in the little colony.

On the railroad between Magdeburg and Köthen, the locomotive "Luther" came to a dead stop. The conductor thought this was incomprehensible, as Luther was a man of progress. To this a passenger replied "Right! but Luther is here represented at the moment when he stood in the hall at Worms and said; 'Here stand I, I can do no otherwise, God help me!'"

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE; February. E. M. Arndt, Beseler, Dahlmann, Falk, Gervinus, J. Grimm, W. Grimm, Haupt, Lachmann, Lappenburg, Mittermaier, Pertz, Ranke, Reyscher, Runde, A. Schmidt, Uhland, Wilda, have sent forth an invitation for an assembly of scholars, to take place at Frankfort on the Maine, on the 24th of September of this year. The announcement contains the following: Some gentlemen who are devoted to German Law, German history and the German language, propose to spend a few days together in one of the most venerable cities of their Fatherland; and as they wish to meet there with others of similar pursuits and aspirations, they choose this public manner of bringing their designs to the knowledge of all. Communication of scientific impulses, personal acquaintance, and the conciliation of contradictory opinions, as far as they are not a necessary result of yet incomplete investigations, will be the aim of the meeting; a purpose in which other and different branches of study can be united, provided that they are prosecuted with a concern solely for the truth.

That pleasing opera by Cimarosa, *Il matrimonio segreto*, which has preserved its freshness for a half a century and is still welcome as often as it is brought forward, was performed in the great opera house at Paris, in 1829, and produced the enormous sum of 137,000 francs, the greatest receipt of a single evening in the annals of the Parisian theatre. The representation took place for the benefit of the poor, and the price was raised; many also overpaid. Malibran was Lisetta; Sonntag, Carlotta; and Cinti-Damoreau, the Aunt.

NEW INVENTION. Captain G. W. TAYLOR, of diving bell memory, and the inventor of submarine apparatus, has recently submitted a new engine of defence to the examination of a Committee in Congress, which it is thought will be the most powerful and destructive implement of defence for inlets and harbors, ever invented. It is said to be based on a combination of electricity, and other principles, and to be calculated to create an entire revolution in the art of defending seaports from the attacks of an enemy.

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THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

As soon as the people of the neighboring villages and cities shall know the kind of life led by these three hundred pioneers, their chosen labors in short sessions, varied at least four times a day, the service of their tables offering each his option between graduated qualities, the solicitude of the chiefs to vary the pleasures of men, women, and children, great will be the rumor thereof, throughout the whole industrial class of the vicinity. They will talk of nothing but the happiness of the pioneers; every family of laborers, of mechanics, of the smaller sort of agriculturists, will be ambitious of a place among them, and those who hesitated to engage themselves before, will now come and solicit an engagement as a high favor.

I suppose that by this time a wing of the phalanstery will be finished and made habitable: then the second detachment of four hundred persons, will be engaged, part of whom will be masters and teachers of trades, — carpenters, wheelwrights, shoemakers, locksmiths; part will be farmers; and then there will be teachers of a primary school for the regime of the passional series, which will soon excite both old and young to demand the instruction which they only accept because compelled to it in civilization.

In the engagement of this second detachment the regency will have its choice among good workmen, who, seduced by the attractive life of the associates, will present themselves in ten times the numbers that will be needed, so that they can select the best.

The nucleus being raised to seven hundred by this reinforcement, it will pass from the operation of preliminary rough-hewing to that of sub-approximation, or quarter-development.

Then will commence the trial of the mechanism of the series, which cannot be sketched out with less than six hundred persons. The regency will deliver badges of labor and of parade, to all who are engaged; the groups will begin to go forth to their work with flags, and hymns, and flourish of trumpets. They will also establish three degrees in the tables,

which were limited to two in the first detachment, besides that of the regency.

It will only be after this sketch of the serial mechanism that you will perceive the properties of attraction, its geometrical precision, the preservative from excess through alternation of pleasures, the perfection of labor and increase of industrial ardor in the ratio of the gastronomic refinements, the love of riches becoming a source of virtue, the attraction of children to productive labor, the employment of discords in the general harmony, and the indirect accord of antipathies. All these prodigies, of which the germs may be seen in a mass of seven hundred persons, could not manifest themselves in a nucleus of three hundred; but seven hundred, and even six hundred, will give results which will leave no doubt about the speedy downfall of civilization. (For details see the third and fourth Sections.)

Then all eyes will be fixed upon this embryo of Harmony; shares in its stock will be sought at double price; many of the rich class will demand a place in the third detachment, which the regency will labor to assemble, or rather to accept.

Admission will be the more sought after, as people will see already shine out one of the most beautiful properties of the social regime, the *relative increase of riches twenty-fold*; that is to say, the effective product will be quadrupled, giving four thousand for one thousand, and, in a phalanx, a person with four thousand francs may adopt a style of living which would cost him twenty thousand in civilization.

It will be difficult to gain admission to the third detachment, which must be composed of teachers, skilful artisans, experienced cultivators, scientific agriculturists, and artists charged with the higher education of the ruder portion of the phalanx, and especially of the children.

In the preference of candidates, whether rich or poor, regard must be had to various qualities reputed vicious or useless in civilization, such as —

A true ear for music,
Politeness of manners,
Talent for the fine arts;

and to various rules opposed to the philosophic ideas, as —

To prefer families with but few children,
To introduce one-third of celibates,
To seek out eccentric characters,
To establish a graduated scale in ages, fortunes, and intelligence.

The associative industry derives great advantage from certain faculties, such as an accurate musical ear, which the soph-

ists despise, according to their maxim, *he who can sing and dance, will make small advance*, a maxim altogether false in the associative mechanism, and especially in the experimental phalanx, which will advance very fast if it has a highly polished people, accomplished in singing and dancing.

At the outset, the phalanx (I speak of it on the grand scale) will levy an enormous profit upon curious visitors: this source of income alone will triple the capital of the stockholders. This harvest would fail in a great measure, if the phalanx offered to the curious only the spectacle of a gross people, unskilled in the material evolutions of Harmony, and in the manœuvre of the passions, which requires great refinement.

As there would be required an assortment of workmen competent to teach, three at least in every trade, in order to create competition between several methods; if each of these workmen, drawn from the city, should bring with him a considerable family, the phalanx would be nearly half made up of parents and children not accustomed to agriculture; and this would vitiate the associative mechanism, in which agriculture ought to hold the highest rank.

In the credits and current accounts relative to the advances of subsistence, clothing, lodging and other things to the members, the phalanx never recognizes families, but only the individuals, with whom it opens a distinct account. A man cannot contract in common for his wife and children; they stipulate for each one individually, except for infants under three years, who are supported at the expense of the phalanx when they are of the poor class. Accordingly, every laborer burdened with small children will seek admission; but the regency will only accept children in certain suitable proportions: these I shall point out elsewhere.

It will be well for the phalanx, after the entrance of the third detachment, to have at least two thirds of its vegetables in fruitful species; then they will have to undergo the expense of transplanting fruit trees, together with the masses of earth which contain the roots. If the tree is too large for this method, they will follow that recently published in Scotland, by Sir — Stuart, which operates by laying bare the roots, and thus transplants successfully the largest trees. By means of these arrangements, there will be no risk of vitiating the mechanism for two or three years by ungrateful la-

bors, destitute of emulous intrigues, as would be the labor of young orchards which would call out small passionat attraction in the groups, so long as they have no fruit to show.

The experimental phalanx, even on the reduced scale, will have to provide for the comfort of a hundred hired laborers whom it will attach to itself, raise them to a semi-participation in the benefits of Association, by variety of occupations and other means, and guarantee them admission into the next phalanxes to be formed, or into their own, if it is only reduced and capable of being extended from nine hundred to eighteen hundred. All should be happy in this reunion, not excepting animals; their comfort is an essential branch of the associative harmony and one of the sources of its wealth. It would grow poor and false in its mechanism if it should fall into the egotism of Plato, who, instead of seeking a remedy for the miseries of Humanity, thanked the Gods that he had escaped the common misfortune, that he was born a man and not a woman, a Greek and not a barbarian, a freeman and not a slave. I shall return to this subject of the egotism of Plato and his brother philosophers: is it astonishing that with such a character the philosophers have failed of the calculation of attraction, which tends to the happiness of all?

It is easy to foresee that every laborer, every peasant, on entering the phalanx, would wish to stipulate for his wife and children to be boarded at the tables of an inferior degree; he would place them in the third degree, while he engaged a place for himself at the second. He would thus secure to himself the whole amount of the fixed sum made optional instead of a dividend in his engagement, and allow his wife and children only a portion of it. Such are the tender fathers of civilization; the tender peasants want to take the whole for themselves under the pretext of morality "sweet and pure;" such marital and paternal tyrannies are inadmissible in the associative regime. For the rest, at the end of a month every associate will disdain this civilized rapacity, and be well enough satisfied to be exempted from the support of wife and children, who, by the effect of industrial attraction, will earn more than their expenses.

The phalanx, provided with its third detachment, will then be able to elevate itself to the *grand approximation*, or *half-development*, which requires thirteen hundred persons. Then will commence the operations of high Harmony, like *attractive or natural education*, which will only have been sketched in the stage of *quarter-development*, confined to seven hundred persons.

The natural education (third Section) will be the most powerful stimulus for the opulent class: they will be convinced, after seeing the children of the phalanx, that not even a monarch, with all his treasures and salaried governors, can give his children a quarter of the material and intellectual developments which the poorest child of the phalanx will receive. After this, all the rich people who have inheritances to preserve, will dispute the privilege of admission into the two detachments numbered four and five, or will claim to introduce their children into them, besides taking a share in the stock at the current price which will be al-

ready three times that of the original capital.

I have said that the most striking property of the Harmonic education is the developing of some twenty industrial vocations at the early age of three or four years, even in the child who would be an obstinate little idler in a civilized household; and of, elevating this child, to a taste for the sciences, and the arts, to material and intellectual refinement, without any other precaution than to abandon him to attraction, to nature, to all his fancies, (see second and third Sections): a child brought up from birth in the passionat series would have more physical vigor at four years old than a civilizee at six, and more intelligence than most children at ten.

To give a lustre to these properties of the natural method, it will be necessary to reserve places for children from without, whom princes and people of rank will offer in crowds. They must avoid, then, admitting into the three first detachments plebeians with large families, which would cause a burthensome accumulation of children. They will only need enough, between the ages of five and thirteen years, to organize the choregraphic manœuvres, namely, one hundred and forty-four of both sexes with their chiefs, making perhaps one hundred and sixty. Now the number of children between five and thirteen would be increased to at least two hundred and twenty for thirteen hundred individuals in civilized families. They may therefore reduce the natural proportion of children in the three first detachments, and admit children as boarding scholars, who will be very earnestly offered.

I am supposing the third detachment to have been admitted at the commencement of autumn; the thirteen hundred members will have been able to form, during the winter, associative ties enough to make a brilliant display of their forces in the spring, when the phalanx shall think of enrolling its full complement of numbers, its last detachments, the fourth and fifth, so as to strike a decisive blow, and determine in six weeks of full exercise, the abandonment and closing up of civilization. Already it will have been condemned by every voice; but as the wintry phase of half-development will be subject to passionat calms by the absence of the two superior classes, it will only be after their introduction that civilization will be confounded and covered with shame, and become a by-word among its most obstinate defcuders.

Let us pass over the details of the installation of these two last detachments, since the first efforts will be limited to a small phalanx of three detachments only. That will already suffice to attract an immense crowd of paying visitors, who will come from every quarter to assure themselves whether it is true that the destiny of man, the associative mechanism of the passions is discovered, that the law of nature is about to succeed the moralistic visions tending to repress, to moderate, and to change nature, and to substitute the intelligence of Cato and of Target for the intelligence of God.

To be Continued.

Can it be that each one has not the right of living, the right of preserving that which he holds from God?

MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XII.

One morning, Joseph, busied in cleaning Porpora's antechamber, forgot that the partition was thin and the slumbers of the maestro light; he mechanically allowed himself to hum a musical phrase which came into his head and which the motion of his brush upon the floor rhythmically accompanied. Porpora, vexed at being waked before his accustomed hour, turned over in his bed, and tried to go to sleep again, but, pursued by that fresh and beautiful voice which sang justly and easily a graceful and well-turned phrase, he put on his dressing-gown, and went to peep through the key-hole, half charmed by what he heard, half angry with the artist who came so unceremoniously to compose in his house before his rising. But what a surprise! It is Beppo who sings and dreams, and who pursues his idea even while attending with an absent air to his household cares.

"What are you singing there!" said the maestro, in a voice of thunder, suddenly opening the door. Joseph, confused, like a man who is awakened with a start, was almost ready to throw aside broom and duster, and leave the house at full speed; but if he had not entertained, for some time, the hope of becoming Porpora's pupil, he still considered himself quite happy, to hear Consuelo work with the master and to receive the lessons of that generous friend in secret, when the master was absent. On no account in the world therefore, did he wish to be dismissed, and he hastened to lie that he might remove his suspicions. "What am I singing!" said he, quite out of countenance; "alas! master, I do not know."

"Can you sing what you do not know? you lie."

"I assure you, master, that I do not know what I was singing. You have frightened me so that you have put it all out of my head. I know well that I did very wrong in singing so near your chamber. I was absent, I thought myself very far from here, quite alone; I said to myself: Now you can sing; nobody is there to tell you: 'Hold your tongue, ignorant, you sing false. Hold your tongue, brute, you never could learn music!'"

"Who has told you that you sing false?"

"Every body."

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

"And I, I tell you," cried the maestro in a severe tone, "that you do not sing false. And who has tried to teach you music?"

"Why—for example, master Reuter, whom my friend Keller shaves, and who drove me from the school, saying that I should always be an ass."

Joseph was already sufficiently acquainted with Porpora's antipathies to know that he did not think much of Reuter, and he had even depended upon the latter to gain for him Porpora's good graces, the first time he tried to injure him in his opinion. But Reuter, in the rare visits he had paid to the maestro, had not deigned even to recognize his former pupil in the antechamber.

"Master Reuter is an ass himself," murmured Porpora, between his teeth; "but no matter for that," resumed he aloud, "I want you to tell me where you got this phrase," and he sang that which Joseph had made him hear ten times in succession, by mistake.

"Ah! that!" said Haydn, who began to augur better of the master's dispositions, but who did not yet trust to them; "that is something I have heard the signora sing."

"Consuelo! my daughter? I do not know that. Ah! indeed, then you listen at the doors!"

"O no, sir! but music goes from chamber to chamber even to the kitchen, and I hear it in spite of myself."

"I don't like to be served by people who have so good a memory, and who go and sing our unpublished ideas in the street. You will make up your bundle to-day, and will go and find another place this evening."

This decision fell like a thunderbolt upon poor Joseph, and he went to weep in the kitchen, whither Consuelo soon came to hear the recital of his misadventure, and to reassure him, by promising to arrange the matter.

"How, master," said she to Porpora, on carrying his coffee to him, "you wish to drive away that poor boy, who is industrious and faithful, because he happens to sing true for the first time in his life?"

"I tell you that boy is an intriguer, and a bare-faced liar; that he has been sent to me by some enemy who wishes to steal the secret of my compositions, and appropriate them to himself before they have seen the light. I bet that the scamp already knows my new opera by heart, and that he copies my manuscripts when my back is turned! How many times have I been thus betrayed! How many of my ideas have I not found in those pretty operas which drew all Venice, while people were gaping at mine and saying: 'This dotard of a Porpora gives us as new, strains which are com-

mon on the squares!' But now the fool has betrayed himself; he sang this morning a phrase which can belong to no other than *Mein herr* Hasse, and which I have very well retained. I shall take note of it, and, to revenge myself, I will put it into my new opera, in order to return the trick he has played me so often."

"Take care, master! that phrase may not be unpublished. You do not know by heart all the contemporary productions."

"But I have heard them, and I tell you this phrase is too remarkable not to have struck me before."

"Well, master, many thanks! I am proud of the compliment; for the phrase is mine."

Consuelo lied; the phrase in question was in fact developed that very morning in Haydn's brain; but she had the cue, and had already learnt it by heart, that she might not be taken by surprise by the master's distrustful investigations. Porpora did not fail to ask her for it. She sang it at once, and pretended that the day before she had tried to set to music, in order to please the abbé Metastasio, the first verses of his pretty pastoral:

Gia riede la primavera
Col suo fiorito adetto;
Gia il grato zefiretto
Scherza fra l'erbe e i fior.
Tornan le frondi agli alberi
L'erbette al prato tornano;
Sol non ritorna a me
La pace del mio cor."*

"I had repeated my first phrase many times," added she, "when I heard in the antechamber master Beppo, who, like a real canary bird, was making himself hoarse by repeating it all wrong; that made me impatient, and I asked him to be quiet. But, an hour afterwards, he repeated it on the stair case, so disfigured, that it took away all desire to continue my air."

"But what can have happened during his sleep that he sings it so well now?"

"I will explain it to you, my master: I observed that this boy had a fine and even true voice, but that he sang false for want of ear, of reflection and memory. I amused myself by making him pitch his voice, and sing the gammut according to your method, so as to see if that would succeed, even upon a poor musical organization."

"It must succeed upon all organizations," cried Porpora. "There is no such thing as a false voice, and a practised ear—"

"That is what I said myself," inter-

* Now, with its flowery face, the beauteous Spring returns;
Among the grass and flowers the zephyrs sport with glee.
The leaves return to the trees, to the fields the waving grass;
Only the peace of my heart returns not yet to me.

rupted Consuelo, who was in a hurry to reach her point, "and that is what happened. I succeeded, by the system of your first lesson, in making this stupid fellow understand what Reuter and all the Germans would not have got him to suspect in all his life. After that, I sang my phrase to him, and, for the first time, he understood it perfectly. Immediately he could sing it, and he was so astonished, so wonder-stricken that he could hardly sleep all night; it was a revelation to him. 'O! signora,' said he to me, 'if I had been taught so, I might have learned as well as any body. But I confess to you that I have never been able to understand what was taught at the foundation of Saint Stephens.'"

"Then he has been at the foundation, really?"

"He was driven from it in disgrace: you have only to speak of him to master Reuter! he will tell you that he is a bad fellow, and one to whom it is impossible to teach music."

"Hallo! come here, you sir!" cried Porpora to Beppo, who was weeping behind the door; "place yourself near me. I wish to see if you understood the lesson you received yesterday."

Then the malicious maestro began to teach the elements of music to Joseph, in the diffuse, pedantic and perplexed method which he ironically attributed to the German masters. If Joseph, who knew too much not to comprehend those elements in spite of the pains he took to render them obscure to him, had let his intelligence be seen, he was lost. But he had tact enough not to fall into the snare, and he resolutely showed a stupidity, which after a long and obstinate trial by the master, completely reassured the latter.

"I see well that you have a very limited capacity," said he, rising and continuing a pretence by which the other two were not deceived. "Return to your broom, and try not to sing any more, if you wish to remain in my service." But, two hours afterwards, no longer able to restrain himself, and spurred on by the love of a profession which he had neglected after having practiced it so long without rivals, Porpora again became a professor of singing, and called Joseph to re-seat himself upon the chair. He explained to him the same principles, but this time with that clearness, that powerful and profound logic which gives a reason for, and classifies all things; in a word, with that incredible simplicity of method which men of genius only can conceive.

This time, Haydn understood that he might appear to comprehend; and Porpora was enchanted at his triumph. Although the master taught him things

which he had long studied, and which he knew as well as possible, this lesson had for him a powerful interest, and a very decided utility: he learned by it how to teach; and as, at those hours when Porpora did not require his services, he still went to give lessons in the city so as not to lose his few pupils, he promised himself that he would profit by this excellent demonstration without delay.

"Well and good, sir professor!" said he to Porpora, continuing to play the simphonon to the end of the lesson; "I like that music better than the other, and I believe I can learn it; but as to that of this morning, I would rather return to the foundation than try to master it."

"And still it is the same which was taught you at the foundation. Can there be two musics, idiot! There is but one music, as there is but one God."

"O! but I ask your pardon, sir! There is the music of master Reuter, which wearies me, and yours, which does not weary me."

"That is a great honor for me, signor Beppo," laughingly said Porpora, whom the compliment did not displease.

From that day, Haydn received lessons from Porpora, and soon they arrived at the study of Italian song, and at the fundamental ideas of lyrical composition; this was what the noble young man had hoped with so much ardor, and pursued with so much courage. He made such rapid progress, that the master was at the same time charmed, surprised and sometimes frightened. When Consuelo saw his former distrust about to reawake, she dictated to her young friend the conduct he must pursue in order to dissipate it. A little resistance, a pretended preoccupation were sometimes necessary to excite the genius and passion of teaching in Porpora, as it happens always in the exercise of the higher faculties, which a little opposition and strife render more energetic and more powerful. Joseph was often forced to feign fatigue and disinclination in order to obtain, while pretending to drag himself to them with regret, those precious lessons which he dreaded to see discontinued. The pleasure of contradiction and the necessity of overcoming them, stirred up the teasing and warlike soul of the old professor; and never did Beppo receive better notions than those which were drawn, clear, eloquent and warm, from the anger or the irony of the master.

While the private life of Porpora was the scene of these events so trifling in appearance, but of which the results played nevertheless so important a part in the history of art, since the genius of one of the most fruitful and celebrated composers of the last century there received its development and its sanction, other events

of a more immediate influence upon the romance of Consuelo's life were passing without. Corilla, more active in discussing her own interests, more skilful in promoting them, gained ground every day, and already perfectly recovered from her confinement, was negotiating the conditions of her engagement with the court theatre. A strong virtuoso and mediocre musician, she pleased the manager and his wife much better than did Consuelo. They felt assured that the accomplished Porporina would judge from high ground, were it only in the secret of her thoughts, the operas of master Holzbauer and the talent of madam his wife. They knew well that great artists, badly supported and reduced to the necessity of interpreting poor ideas, do not always preserve, shocked as they are by this violence done to their tastes and their conscience, that every day power, that confident nerve, which mediocrity carries into the performance of the worst pieces, and through the sad dissonances of works badly studied and badly understood by their comrades.

Even when, thanks to miracles of will and power, they triumph over their part and their companions, these envious companions give them no credit for it; the composer divines the sufferings of their genius, and trembles incessantly with the fear of seeing this factitious inspiration become suddenly chilled, and compromise his success; the audience themselves, astonished and troubled without knowing why, divine that monstrous anomaly of genius enslaved to a vulgar idea, struggling in the cramping bonds with which it has allowed itself to be bound, and it is almost with sighs that they applaud its valiant efforts. M. Holzbauer recollected very well, on his part, the little liking Consuelo had for his music. She had the misfortune to show it to him on the day when disguised as a boy, and believing that she had to do with one of those faces which one meets on a journey for the first and last time in one's life, she had spoken frankly, without imagining that her destiny as an artist would be, for some time, at the mercy of the unknown friend of the canon. Holzbauer had not forgotten her, and piqued to the bottom of his soul, under a calm, discreet and courteous air, he had sworn to close the way against her. But as he did not wish that Porpora and his pupil and what he called their clique, should accuse him of a mean revenge and a mawkish susceptibility, he had mentioned to no one but his wife his meeting with Consuelo, and the adventure of the breakfast at the presbytery. That meeting therefore appeared in no way to have struck Mr. manager; he seemed to have forgotten the features of little Bertoni, and not to imagine for a

moment that the wandering singer and the Porporina were one and the same person.

Consuelo lost herself in conjectures upon the conduct of Holzbauer respecting her. "Then I must have been very perfectly disguised on my journey," said she in confidence to Beppo, "and the arrangement of my hair changed my physiognomy very much, if this man who looked at me there with such clear and piercing eyes, does not recognize me at all here!"

"Neither did Count Hoditz recognize you the first time he met you at the ambassador's," returned Joseph, "and perhaps would never have recognized you, if he had not received your billet."

"Well! but Count Hoditz has a vague and proudly nonchalant manner of looking at people, so that in fact he does not really see them. I am sure he would not have perceived my sex at Passaw, if baron Trenck had not informed him; instead of which, Holzbauer, as soon as he saw me here, and every time he meets me, looks at me with those same scrutinizing and curious eyes which troubled me at the presbytery. For what motive does he generously keep my secret respecting a foolish adventure which might have unpleasant results, if he chose to interpret it maliciously, and which might even embroil me with my master, since he believes that I came to Vienna without distress, without inconvenience, and without romantic incidents, while this same Holzbauer underhandedly disparages my voice and my method, and injures me all he can, to prevent being obliged to engage me? He hates and repels me, and having in his hands the strongest arms against me, does not make use of them! I am lost in conjecture."

The secret of this enigma was soon revealed to Consuelo; but before reading what happened to her, we must recollect that a numerous and powerful coterie was working against her; that Corilla was handsome and gallant; that the great minister Kaunitz saw her frequently; that he liked to mingle in the medley of the green-room, and that Maria Theresa, as a relief from her graver labors, amused herself by making him chat about these matters, inwardly despising the littleness of that great mind, and taking on her own account a certain pleasure in those gossipings which showed in diminutive, but with a frank boldness, a spectacle analogous to that presented at this epoch by the three most important courts of Europe, governed by the intrigues of women; her own, that of the czarina, and that of madame de Pompadour.

XIII.

It is well known that Maria Theresa gave audience once a week to whomso-

ever wished to address her; a paternally hypocritical custom which her son, Joseph II. always religiously observed, and which is still in force at the court of Austria. Moreover, Maria Theresa readily granted particular audiences to those who wished to enter her service, and no sovereign was more easy of access.

Porpora had at last obtained permission for a musical audience, in which the empress, seeing Consuelo's honest face near to, might perhaps feel some decided sympathy for her. At least so Porpora hoped; knowing the requirements of her majesty in the matter of good morals and correct conduct, he said to himself that she would certainly be struck with the air of candor and modesty which shone in the whole person of his pupil.

They were introduced into one of the little saloons of the palace, where a harpsichord had been placed and where the empress arrived half an hour afterwards. She came from receiving some persons of importance and was still in her costume of ceremony, such as she is seen on the golden sequins coined with her effigy, in a robe of brocade, imperial mantle, with a crown on her head and a small Hungarian sabre by her side. She was really beautiful thus, not imposing and of an ideal nobleness, as her courtiers affected to depict her; but fresh, cheerful, with an open and happy physiognomy, a confident and enterprising air. It was indeed the king Maria Theresa, whom the magnates of Hungary had proclaimed, sabre in hand, on a day of enthusiasm; but it was, at first sight, rather a good king, than a great one. She had no coquetry, and the familiarity of her manners announced a calm mind and one devoid of feminine craftiness. When you looked at her a long while, and especially when she pressed you with questions, you could see finesse and even a cold cunning in that physiognomy so smiling and so affable. But it was a masculine cunning, an imperial cunning if you will, never gallantry.

"You shall let me hear your pupil immediately," said she to Porpora. "I already know that she has great science, a magnificent voice, and I have not forgotten the pleasure she gave me in the oratorio of *Betulia liberata*. But I wish first to converse with her a little in private. I have many questions to ask her, and as I trust in her frankness, I have good hopes of being able to grant her the protection she desires."

Porpora hastened to go out, reading in the eyes of her majesty that she wished to be entirely alone with Consuelo. He retired into a neighboring gallery where it was very cold, for the court, ruined by the expenses of the war, was governed with great economy, and the character of

Maria Theresa sufficiently seconded the necessities of her situation.

On finding herself tête-à-tête with the daughter and mother of Cesars, the heroine of Germany, and the greatest woman of Europe at that time, Consuelo felt neither confused nor intimidated. Whether her artist's carelessness rendered her indifferent to that armed pomp which glittered about Maria Theresa and even upon her person, or whether her noble and free soul felt itself at the level of all mortal greatness, she waited with a calm attitude and a great serenity of mind until it should please her majesty to question her.

The empress seated herself upon a sofa, pulled a little her bauldric covered with precious stones, which chafed and hurt her round and white shoulder, and began thus:

"I repeat to you, my child, I have a high opinion of your talent, and do not doubt your good studies and your understanding of your profession; but you must have been told that in my eyes talent is nothing without good conduct, and that I lay more stress upon a pure and pious heart than upon a great genius."

Consuelo, standing, listened respectfully to this exordium; but it seemed to her that there was no occasion to make an eulogium of herself; and as she experienced moreover a mortal repugnance to praising herself for virtues which she practiced so simply, she waited in silence for the empress to question her more directly respecting her principles and her resolutions. Yet this was the true moment to address to the sovereign a well turned madrigal upon her angelic piety, her sublime virtues, and the impossibility of conducting badly when one had her example before one's eyes. Poor Consuelo had not even the idea of profiting by this opportunity. Delicate souls fear to insult a great character by giving it insipid praises; but sovereigns, if they are not the dupes of this vulgar incense, have at least such a habit of inhaling it, that they require it as a simple act of submission and etiquette. Maria Theresa was astonished at the young girl's silence, and assuming a less gentle tone and a less encouraging manner, she continued:

"Now I know, my dear child, that your conduct is very frivolous, and that, not being married, you live here in a strange intimacy with a young man of your profession whose name I cannot recall at this moment."

"I can answer your imperial majesty but one thing," said Consuelo at last, excited by the injustice of this sudden accusation; "it is that I have never committed a single fault, the remembrance of which prevents my meeting your majesty's

eye with a gentle pride and a grateful joy."

Maria Theresa was struck by the bold and strong expression which Consuelo's physiognomy displayed at this moment. Five or six years earlier, she would doubtless have remarked it with pleasure and sympathy; but Maria Theresa was already a queen to the very bottom of her soul, and the exercise of power had given her that kind of reflective intoxication which made her wish to bend and break every thing before her. Maria Theresa wished to be the only strong being that breathed in her dominions, both as sovereign and as woman. She was therefore shocked at the proud smile and free glance of that child who was but a worm before her, and with whom she thought she could amuse herself an instant, as with a slave whom one makes talk from curiosity.

"I have asked you, Miss, the name of the young man who dwells with you in master Porpora's house," returned she in a freezing tone; "and you have not told me."

"His name is Joseph Haydn," replied Consuelo without emotion.

"Well, he has entered, from inclination for you, into master Porpora's service, in the capacity of valet de chambre, and master Porpora is ignorant of the true motives of this young man's conduct, while you encourage it; you who are not ignorant of them."

"I have been calumniated to your majesty; that young man has never had any inclination for me," (Consuelo thought she spoke the truth,) "and I even know that his affections are placed elsewhere. If there be a little deception used towards my respectable master, the motives are innocent and perhaps estimable. The love of art alone could induce Joseph Haydn to enter Porpora's service; and since your majesty deigns to weigh the conduct of the least of your subjects, as I think it impossible that anything should escape your clear-sighted equity, I am certain you will do justice to my sincerity, whenever you condescend to examine my cause."

Maria Theresa had too much penetration not to recognize the accent of truth. She had not lost all the heroism of her youth, though she was fast descending that fatal declivity of absolute power, which little by little extinguishes faith in the most generous souls. "Young girl, I believe you true, and I find in you an air of chastity; but I discover in you also a great pride, and a distrust of my maternal goodness, which makes me fear I can do nothing for you."

"If it be with the maternal goodness of Maria Theresa that I have to do," replied Consuelo, affected by that expres-

sion, of which the poor girl, alas! did not know the limited extent, "I am ready to kneel before her and implore her: but if it be —"

"Finish, my child," said Maria Theresa, who, without much reflecting upon it, could have wished to bring this strange person to her knees: "say your whole thought."

"If it be with the imperial justice of your majesty, having nothing to confess, as a pure breath does not sully the air which even the gods breathe, I feel in myself all the pride necessary to make me worthy of your protection."

"Porporina," said the empress, "you are a girl of spirit, and your originality, by which another would be offended, is not displeasing to me. I have told you, I believe you frank, and yet I know that you have something to confess to me. Why do you hesitate to do so? You love Joseph Haydn, your connexion is pure, I do not wish to doubt it. But you love him, since solely for the pleasure of seeing him more frequently, (even supposing that it is only from your anxiety for his progress in music with Porpora,) you intrepidly expose your reputation, which is the thing most sacred, most important, in our woman's life. But you fear perhaps, that your master, your adopted father, will not consent to your union with a poor and obscure artist. Perhaps also, for I wish to believe all your assertions, the young man loves elsewhere; and you, proud as I well see you are, conceal your inclination, and generously sacrifice your good name, without receiving any personal satisfaction from that devotedness. Well, my dear child, in your place, if I had the opportunity which presents itself at this moment, and which perhaps will never occur again, I would open my heart to my sovereign and would say to her: 'You who can do every thing, and who wish to do good, I confide to you my destiny, remove all obstacles. By a word you can change the dispositions of my guardian and those of my lover. You can render me happy, restore to me the public esteem, and place me in a position so honorable that I can dare pretend to enter the service of the court.' Such is the confidence you ought to have had in the maternal interest of Maria Theresa, and I am sorry to see that you have not understood it."

"I understand very well," said Consuelo to herself, "that from a strange caprice, from the despotism of a spoiled child, you wish great queen, that the Zingarella should embrace your knees, because it seems to you that her knees are stiff before you, and this is for you an unobserved phenomenon. Well, you will not have that amusement, unless you

prove clearly to me that you merit my homage."

She had rapidly made these reflections and still others while Maria Theresa was lecturing her. She said to herself that she was staking Porpora's fortune upon a cast of the die, upon a fancy of the empress, and that the future lot of her master was quite worth the trouble of humbling herself a little. But she did not wish to humble herself in vain. She did not wish to play a comedy with a crowned head, who certainly knew as much as she did upon that score. She waited for Maria Theresa to become truly great in her eyes, in order that she might be sincere in her prostration.

When the empress had concluded her homily, Consuelo replied: "I will answer all your majesty has deigned to say to me, if you are pleased so to command."

"Yes, speak, speak!" said the empress, provoked at that impassible countenance.

"I will say then to your majesty, that for the first time in my life, I learn, from your imperial mouth, that my reputation is compromised by Joseph Haydn's presence in my master's house. I thought I was of too little consequence to draw upon myself the judgments of public opinion; and if I had been told, when coming to the imperial palace, that the empress herself judged and blamed my situation, I should have thought I was in a dream."

Maria Theresa interrupted her; she thought she perceived some irony in this observation of Consuelo.

"You must not be astonished," said she in rather an emphatic tone, "that I am interested in the most minute details of the lives of those for whom I am responsible before God."

"One may be astonished at what one admires," replied Consuelo adroitly; "and if great things are the most simple, they are at least rare enough to surprise us at first sight."

"You must understand, moreover," returned the empress, "the especial care which interests me respecting you and all the artists with whom I delight to adorn my court. The theatre is, in all countries, a school of scandal, an abys of turpitude. I have the desire, certainly praiseworthy, if not to be realized, of restoring before men, and purifying before God, the class of actors, the object of blind contempt, and even of religious proscription among many nations. While in France, the church closes her doors against them, I wish that the church should open to them her bosom. I have never admitted either to my Italian theatre, or to my French comedy, or again to my national theatre, other than persons of

a tried morality, or indeed those resolved in good faith to reform their conduct. You must know that I marry my actors, and that I even hold their infants at the font, resolved to encourage, by all possible favors, the legitimacy of births and the fidelity of wedded couples."

"If we had known that," thought Consuelo, "we would have asked her majesty to be Angela's god-mother in my stead." "Your majesty sows but to reap," returned she aloud; "and if I had a fault upon my conscience, I should be very happy to find in you a confessor as merciful as God himself. But —"

"Continue what you wished to say a short time since," replied Maria Theresa haughtily.

"I was about to say," returned Consuelo, "that ignorant of the blame attached to me in consequence of Joseph Haydn's presence in the house I inhabit, I had not made a great effort of devotedness for his sake, in exposing myself to it."

"I understand," said the empress, "you deny every thing!"

"How can I confess what is not true?" returned Consuelo, "I have neither any inclination for my master's pupil, nor any desire to marry him:" "and if it were otherwise," thought she, "I would not wish to accept his heart by imperial decree."

"Then you wish to remain unmarried?" said the empress, rising. "Well, I declare to you that it is not a position which offers all the desirable guarantees for my security on the score of honor. It is, besides, improper for a young person to appear in certain characters and to represent certain passions, when she has not the sanction of marriage and the protection of a husband. It depended on yourself alone to prevail in my mind over your competitor, madam Corilla, in whose favor much has been said to me, but who does not pronounce Italian nearly so well as you do. But madam Corilla is married and the mother of a family, which places her in a condition more recommendable to my eyes, than that in which you persist in remaining."

"Married!" poor Consuelo could not help murmuring between her teeth, overpowered at hearing what a virtuous person the very virtuous and very clear-sighted empress preferred to her.

"Yes, married," replied the empress, in an absolute tone, and quite angered at the doubt imagined respecting her protégé. "She has lately given birth to a child which she has placed in the hands of a respectable and laborious ecclesiastic, the canon of —, in order that he may give it a Christian education; and doubtless, that worthy personage would not have taken such a burden upon himself,

had he not known that the mother had a right to all his esteem."

"I cannot doubt it either," replied the young girl; consoled, in the midst of her indignation, to see that the canon was approved, instead of being censured for that adoption to which she herself had, as it were, compelled him.

"It is thus that history is written, and thus that kings are enlightened," said she to herself, when the empress had left the apartment with a dignified air, giving her as a salutation, a slight sign of the head. "Well at the bottom of the worst things, there is always some good; and the errors of men have sometimes a good result. His good priory will not be taken from the canon; her good canon will not be taken from Angela; Corilla will be converted, if the empress undertakes it; and I,—I have not gone on my knees to a woman who is no better than myself."

"Well!" cried, in a subdued voice, Porpora, who was waiting for her in the gallery, shivering and wringing his hands with anxiety and expectation; "I hope we carry the day!"

"On the contrary, we fail, my good master."

"With what calmness you say that! The devil take you!"

"You must not say that here, master! The devil is in bad odor at the court. When we have passed the last gate of the palace, I will tell you all."

"Well, what is it?" said Porpora impatiently, as soon as they were on the rampart.

"Do you remember, master," replied Consuelo, "what we said of the great minister Kaunitz, on leaving the margravine's?"

"We said he was an old gossip. Well! he has done us an ill turn!"

"Without doubt; and I say to you now: her majesty the empress, queen of Hungary, is also an old gossip."

END OF VOL. VI.

DR. BUCHANAN'S SECOND LECTURE ON SOCIETY.

From the interest manifested on the first evening, we were not surprised, on our arrival at the Tabernacle, to find a large audience assembled, in spite of the rain, which had been washing our streets the greater part of the day. This satisfied us that there was a general dissatisfaction with reference to our present social condition.

—After a rapid recapitulation of the argument of the preceding evening, the speaker entered his protest against the existing form of society for the following reasons:—

1. He protested against it because it was wasteful and ruinous in its tendencies; and this was unavoidable so long as competition in trade continued.

2. He protested against it because it makes us a prey to continual distress and

anxiety of mind, thus prostrating the physical energies, and wearing out the soul in our endless efforts to entrench ourselves against the contingencies of trade. Thus the lower feelings are kept in a state of continual excitement, and the higher and happyfying elements of human nature are paralyzed, or become instruments of torture.

3. He protested against it because it prevented the full development of man's powers—such development being incompatible with the predominant exercise of the selfish feelings necessary in the present state of society.

4. He protested against it on account of its anti-Christian character. How can the "law of love" be maintained where there is an antagonism of interest? How can we "bear each other's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ," when our existence and the possession of the common necessities of life, depends upon "getting all we can" from our neighbor?

5. He protested against it because it made the rich richer—and the poor poorer. It created an oligarchy of wealth, thus making one class of our citizens proud, aristocratic, and over-bearing, and the other class ignorant, servile, and dependent. This may not yet be realized in the free West, where lands are yet plenty, and the hardy independence of the bold pioneer still glows in the bosoms of his children. But the same state of things which now exists in European countries is coming rapidly upon us; for the inexorable laws of trade are peculiar to no form of government. The annual income of England at the present time is about 430,000,000 of pounds, a half of which is received by a class of individuals who perform no part of the mental or physical labor expended in the production of that income. After the merchants, and so forth, have received their portion, how small a part of the whole will remain for the laboring classes, who constitute, nevertheless, the great body of the inhabitants. England's fate, at no distant day, is ours; and our improvements in machinery, and so forth, will but hasten the approaching crisis.

6. Lastly,—he protested against it because it degraded woman! It degrades her from the high position for which nature has evidently designed her, to one of mere dependence, recognising her as a household utensil—a convenience to be used for the good of others! Her mind is familiarized with the little, monotonous cares, incident to her present position. And it is a lamentable fact, that the disastrous consequences of competitive trade falls heaviest on helpless woman! If there is any one who has not done so, let him read the "Song of the Shirt," which gives a startling, but true picture of the condition of a large class of the females of our own country.

Such are the evils of the present social state, and if there was no remedy, the destiny of man would, indeed, be deplorable. But the speaker promised to give the outline of a system which would be a panacea to these evils.

He remarked that the world was given to man, subject to two conditions: first, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and second, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The united obedience of both these would obtain for man the same of happiness, whether physical or moral. It would make our

world, (which is inexhaustible in its resources,) one vast garden, or connected village, stretching forth its arms to every quarter of the globe, containing one great brotherhood, enjoying peace and plenty, and living out that divine precept—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Marshes would be drained, malaria would disappear, and every thing prejudicial to health, or destructive to social happiness, would vanish before the progress of *Industrial Love*.

But obedience to the first law, if the second be neglected, will be but a source of punishment and ruin. Industry and physical energy, when combined with selfishness, would drive the ploughshare of ruin over the fairest fields of Paradise. It would create there the same state of things which exists in the present state of society on earth, producing competition in commerce and trade, the spirit of monopoly, an oligarchy of wealth, and a class of servile paupers, who beg the privilege of toiling all day for a pittance of bread.

In confirmation of this, Dr. Buchanan referred us to that system of Anthropology developed by the science of Neurology, of which he is the founder. He pointed us to a fact which he had demonstrated to his Neurological classes in this city. All the organs above a certain line, encircling the brain, are essentially happyfying in their influence, the maximum of happiness being found at the summit of the brain, in the organ of Philanthropy, or Universal Love. All the organs below that line, if they have a preponderating influence in an individual's character, make him miserable and wretched, the maximum of misery and depravity being found in the organs of Felony, or universal hatred of the race.

Here we have indicated a system of morality based upon the constitution of man, identical with that taught by Christ. We are taught that the greatest amount of individual happiness is inseparably connected with the highest degree of love for the whole race. He who "loves his neighbor as himself," loves a society of one hundred a hundred times as much as himself, and he loves the race indefinitely more. Self is swallowed up in the general welfare of all, and this is essential to the consummation of individual happiness. Surrounded as we are by the barriers of society to the exercise of love, and breathing as we do, the malaria of civilization, (!) we are yet not without witnesses to this truth. We have all loved *once* in our lives, and we have not forgotten the happiness of that hour. That period of love stands forth a green oasis in the desert of life, where *pilgrim thoughts* love to linger in their flight over the dreary past. We have loved some dear one, or our souls have swelled with the loftier sentiment of love for the whole family of man. But, alas! you have not loved in this way more than once! Such love opens one's pockets; in the language of Scripture, "It giveth to him that asketh, and from him that would borrow, it turneth not away." "It seeketh not its own, but another's wealth." In a word, whilst society exists as it is, it seduces the man who is actuated by it to beggary and starvation, or drives him to his former selfishness and avarice.

But could not a social state be devised, where the higher feelings would be called forth, and the lower and criminal pro-

pensity would not be so necessary to our very existence! Dr. Buchanan remarked that such a state was plainly indicated by the constitution of man. It would be a state where there would be *one common interest*. In such a state there would be coöperation of interest, in the place of competition. The speaker proceeded to show that a few hours of labor on the part of each individual, (not more than is necessary to our physical well being,) would, with the assistance of machinery, be amply sufficient to provide an abundance for all. In such a social state we would coöperate in our industrial efforts, thus supplying the wants of all. We would coöperate in the education of all. In such a state the invention of machinery would be a blessing, instead of a curse, as it is in the present state of society.

Dr. Buchanan proposed, as the panacea to the evils of the present state of society, a "coöperating industrial association." He referred to the practices of the primitive church on this point, as given in the Acts of the Apostles, and quoted the teachings of Christ with reference to the general distribution of wealth among all classes. He answered the usual arguments against such Associations, predicated upon man being a "lazy animal," and so forth. He referred to the communities now in existence, where the principal features of a true community are in successful operation, and closed by an eloquent appeal in behalf of the community spirit.

But we find that in this brief review of his lecture we are compelled to close without referring to one-half of the interesting topics presented on the occasion, but we close this article better satisfied than we should otherwise be, as we learn that both lectures were taken down by a stenographer, who will soon present them to the public. Those who heard the lectures delivered will be glad to learn this. — *Cincinnati Times*.

ASSOCIATION AND MARRIAGE.

Under this head a correspondent writes us at some length in criticism of the late article of an Associationist in the Democratic Review, insisting that he means by the reform the *subversion of Marriage, &c. &c.* as was maintained by the writer in the Observer. He closes with three questions which, with our answer, will make the publication of the body of his article unnecessary. Here are his questions:

- "1. Do Associationists believe Marriage a Divine Institution, and perpetual?
2. Do they believe the Bible to be a revelation from God?
3. Do they believe Christ to have been Divinely commissioned in any other sense than Fourier was?"

April 1st, 1845. Yours, ADELPHOS.

We will answer these three questions by asking three of similar character, namely:

1. Do the Advocates of Capital Punishment believe in Predestination?
2. Do they believe in the science of Geology, as at present taught, and consider its doctrines reconcilable with the Plenary Inspiration of the Bible?
3. Do they believe in Universal Suffrage?

To these questions "Adelphos" will of course reply, "some of them do, some do not. Some men of all creeds and of none — Orthodox, Heretic, Jew, Mussul-

man and Infidel, — believe in Capital Punishment; others of various creeds are opposed to it." Such is precisely the fact with regard to the Associationists' opinions on the questions asked by "Adelphos." The Associationists are not a sect — they are hardly a school. Among their eminent writers are Catholics and Protestants, Trinitarians and Unitarians, Churchmen and Come-Oners, Whigs, Loco-Focos, Liberty men and Non-Resistants or No-Government men. To ask them what they think on some vexed question of Theology or Civil Polity, is like asking what they think of the Sub-Treasury or Animal Magnetism.

Fourier did indeed believe and teach that God's most universal, all-pervading law is Attraction, and that, were the Human Family placed in true relations to each other and to Nature, this law would guide them whithersoever they should go. Many eminent disciples of Fourier, especially those made so by his personal influence and inculcations, adopt this theory; though none, we believe, hold that the men and women formed under our present Social influence, or any that we are likely to have for many years, can be trusted to the sole guidance of that law. This is not distrusting the law, but the possibility of applying it under existing circumstances. All this, however, is distant speculation, to which the mass of Associationists attach little present importance, while some dissent from it. The essential problem before us is, how shall all the ignorant be taught, the outcast reclaimed, the naked clothed, the hungry fed? The answer is, by an Industrial Organization which shall render Labor four times as effective as in the average at present. Secure to every man something to do at all times and the fair and full reward of his Industry, prosecuted under the circumstances most favorable to health, comfort, vigor and energetic application. In such a social arrangement as Association contemplates, the poorest member can have the benefit of the noblest libraries, lectures, picture-galleries, gardens, groves, &c. which now make the luxury and refinement of the rich, while his children will enjoy advantages for thorough, symmetrical education, such as no university can ever furnish. The doctor's visit, which now costs him perhaps a day's work, perhaps many days', will then cost him perhaps an hour's; the exchanges of the annual products of his labor for articles he desires or needs instead, will then cost him a hundredth part of his product, where they now cost him a fourth to one-half; while his apartments may be kept steadily at a proper temperature for less than the cost of kindling-wood at present. Such are the physical or material meliorations of the condition of the toiling millions which Associationists look forward to, expecting to labor, make sacrifices and suffer reproach these many years before any considerable approach to them is effected. When these material advantages are realized, we cannot doubt that a vast intellectual and moral advancement will necessarily accompany or accrue from them. If then any improvement in the laws, social or civil, regulating the relations of the sexes shall seem possible, as some believe, though we do not, let it be discussed and effected. We cannot perceive that this subject has any present consequence, since all appear to admit, as Fourier insisted,

that no true reform in this respect is practicable until other and vast reforms, requiring ages for their accomplishment, shall have been effected. Meantime let us do the work palpably before us, and in regard to which all can agree. If any man dislikes or distrusts our way, let him work earnestly in that which he deems better. These enormous, overshadowing evils, suffering from want, whether of work or bread, suffering from ignorance, suffering from vicious or degrading influences, must and can be abolished. Let the Church do its mightiest to overcome them, let the State also do its utmost, and there is still work enough left for the philanthropist and the reformer of Society regarded as an organism. And let not those who honestly work for Human Good regard too jealously each others' field of labor, and by reciprocal fault-finding encourage the indolent and selfish to stand aloof from each and all. No: rather let each do that which seems to him most important and feasible, doubting never that each sincere aspiration, each unselfish endeavor for Human Good, is accepted of God and will in due time be fruitful of blessing to man. — *Tribune*.

REVIEW.

What Constitutes the State? A Lecture delivered before the Young Men's Association of the City of Albany. By HENRY JAMES. New York: John Allen, 139 Nassau Street. 1846. pp. 59.

We have read this address with rare pleasure. It betrays a mind acquainted with the highest range of thought, and worthy to sit at the feet of the greatest human teachers; — worthy, because capable of receiving their instructions, not as deposits in the formal and imitative memory, but as new materials and elements for its own life and activity. Mr. James is a thinker, and not a mere repeater of the ideas of other men. Still, what we recognise as the chief merit of the pamphlet before us is its tone and purport rather than its intellectual character. Vigorous and admirable as is the latter, it appears somewhat incomplete, and therefore liable to objections. But for the spirit of progress, the faith in the Divine Providence and the assurance that human society will not fail in due time to realize its highest end, which pervade every paragraph, we cannot express our sympathy in too strong terms. If our criticism finds that Mr. James's philosophy is not perfect, we do not any the less rejoice in the earnestness, the freedom, and the sincere philanthropy of his words. They declare him to be a son of the present epoch who has not received its great formula, — Unity in Universality, — into an unfrailful soul. Accordingly in the extracts we are about to present, our readers will meet with no barren negations, no ignorant destructiveness, and no latent scepticism, but the calm and sincere affirmation of positive and permanent principles.

"I admit that in common parlance we

often call the government the State; but this usage never misleads us, as it springs from the natural habit of identifying the principal and the instrument, the master and the servant, the party represented with the party representing. We call government the State merely because, and in so far as, it represents the State; for this is its true function, to represent or serve the State. Seriously to confound the two would be equal in absurdity to calling the pilot of the ship the ship itself. An example of the same tendency is found in our calling our places of worship, or any particular body of worshippers, by the sacred name of the Church of God: and the government which should seriously claim to constitute the true State, would exhibit precisely the same contempt of truth, as the religious sect which should claim to constitute the true church.

"By the State, whenever we use the term understandingly, we mean the united society, the whole society of governors and governed alike; we mean man in his united aspect, in that social or distinctively human aspect, in which he is one with all other men, and not in that political or local aspect in which he differs from all other men. We mean the pervasive spirit of the society under all its phases of high and low, rich and poor, young and old: the spirit of humanity, which is the true source whence all the administrative or functional changes of the society flow, and whence all the duties of the citizen take their appointment and obligation. Thus, the fact about our condition in this land, which the State symbolizes, is not merely the fact of our voluntary association for the purpose of trying a new political experiment: but is the far profounder fact of our *spontaneous association*, of our being conjoined, that is, by the instincts of our common being, for the best possible development of life under whatever form of government. The fact by which we are differentiated from all other people, is the superficial local fact, that we live under a democracy; the fact by which we are united with all other people, and come under an equal allegiance with them to the State, is the divine and universal fact that we are a society; that we, like them, are prosecuting life in an associated or moral form, which form alone renders any government possible or even intelligible."

"If political constitutions really constituted the State, then the State would no longer be a state or permanence, which, being founded in the very being of man, and having a right therefore to anticipate his allegiance, projects itself ever onward into the future, by taking each successive generation of his infant progeny under its protection and law; but would be a mere make-shift and mutability called up to meet a present crisis, and of no abiding force when that crisis had passed away. The State of man would perpetually deny itself, as proving an eternal chaos instead of a state or fixed condition."

"If, moreover, the State really stood in the political forms of society, then treason to the State would always be opposition to the government. In which case our forefathers would have been traitors to Great Britain, and would have entailed upon us in our present political heritage a stolen property, which it would behoove us instantly to restore to its rightful owners, on pain of incurring their sin. But

I do not believe them to have been such bad men. I believe, on the contrary, that so far as that political movement of theirs was concerned, they were good men, that their movement originated rather in fidelity than in treason to the State. The administrative rule established in Great Britain appeared to them to conflict with the principles of the social constitution, of which the State is the symbol, and they sought therefore to change and renovate that rule as to their immediate neighborhood. They saw that the old fashioned administrative economy of the State had an inveterate tendency to diffuse the enjoyment of the bounties of existence in a grossly inequitable manner, allowing to one man large revenues and exemption from all work, while it kept others laboring hard all their lives for what proved in the end only a scant subsistence. Now they were indebted for their perception of the inequality of this rule to those principles of the social State which are attested by the conscience of every man, and which form the basis of the moral life of every community. And in this perception they determined for their part to change or abolish that faithless economy. Hence the republic we live under, which is not the offspring consequently of treason, but of the very clearest fidelity to the State."

"In short, the term the State, expresses the Spirit of Humanity without reference to sectional peculiarities: the spirit which, pervading all mankind alike, makes of the whole a living unity; the spirit by which the whole body, being fitly conjoined and compacted by that which every member supplies, according to the measure of its influence in him, builds itself up in immortal harmony."

"The State then means simply the social condition peculiar to man: a condition which makes his highest life to depend upon his relations to his fellows, or which limits his enjoyment of life within the limits of his love to his brother."

"We are forced then to exact something higher in man than the necessities of his natural life, something deeper in him than his will, for the foundation of the social state. We are driven, in fact, to something wholly out of and beyond the conscious man, before we can find an adequate cause for the phenomenon of society, and for the great law of good and evil which is its distinguishing badge and glory. Accordingly, if this something be sought to be uttered in words, it will express itself as THE UNITY OF MAN'S BEING, his essential or creative unity, the unity of being which all men have in God the Creator."

"And hence, accordingly, it is that every man is *quite* dependent upon his social relations, upon his relations to his fellows, for the highest and divinest development of life."

"For the Creator is Love only—love infinite and unchangeable—love which ignores all selfish regards, and exists only in going out of itself towards others, in going forth to bless with exhaustless blessing every creature it has made. And hence the phenomenon of humanity, or the tendency of man universally towards union with his brother, so that the perfection of society is felt to lie in its universality, in the degree that is in which it unites or draws into one all the good on the face of the earth. Indeed, the whole history of civilization may be stated as a gradu-

al approximation on the part of mankind to the idea of the unity of God, an idea which is one of course with that of the essential unity of man."

"Goodness, it will be admitted, is only another name amongst men for use. The measure of a man's goodness is his use to society. The universal sentiment of mankind ascribes goodness in the highest degree to him who performs the highest social uses, who performs the highest uses towards society."

"Of course, it is idle to look among the present politics of the earth for any pure, or any thing approaching a pure, exhibition of the social state; that is, for such an exhibition as will show a clear line of demarcation separating the good from the evil, and giving the former a paramount sway in human affairs. These politics are every where based upon some local, natural interests of man, and do not pretend to represent his moral or universal interests. They represent the Russian man, or the French man, or the English man—man, that is as he is made temporarily to differ in natural interests from his brethren by diversities of climate and production, and not as he is united with them by the interests of goodness and truth. All the politics of civilization are constructed, not upon the fact of universal humanity, not upon the fact of the essential or moral unity of the race, but upon that of its natural and adventitious distinction into rich and poor, powerful and weak; and consequently the guarantee of their rule is not simply in the conscience of their subjects attesting its righteousness, but in the strength of an armed police, or of overwhelming numerical majorities."

"Time would fail me to glance at a tithe of the outward proofs of progress our eyes witness. The extension of commerce to the remotest nations, the translation of the Scriptures into barbarian tongues for future use, the breaking down the walls of exclusivism all the world over, the increasing spirit of pleasure-travel even, bringing nation into ever friendlier knowledge of nation, the establishment of institutions like the present for the popularization of science—all these things clearly indicate the splendor that is coming. And so too our steamboats, our railroads, our magnetic telegraphs, which laugh to scorn the limitations of time and space; what are all these but the gigantic throbbings where-with dumb nature herself confesses the descent of that divine and universal spirit, which even now yearns to embrace all earth's offspring in the bonds of a mutual knowledge and a mutual love!"

"Thus the glimmer of returning light, which has been struggling with the thick night ever since the invention of printing, is now giving way to an auroral brightness which, flushing all the horizon, and corruscating at intervals up to the very zenith, gives sure promise at length of broad, refulgent, eternal day. Let us not wonder that in the yet imperfect light and imperfect warmth of the early morning, many lowering phantoms and shapes of mist lift their lurid heads between us and the crimson dawn! Elaborately exhumed ghosts of departed superstitions do shriek and squeal along the twilight streets: but let none of these things move us! They are the phenomena of the hour merely, the pitiful contortions of the expiring night under the beams of

the oncoming and majestic day. That blissful day grows meanwhile, and ever grows; soon its meridian light and heat will dissipate the mists, and reduce all nature's permanent forms to perfect harmony of shape and coloring."

This is sound and timely doctrine, and in the main well put. The ground of the State and the efficient cause of all society, is plainly to be found nowhere but where Mr. James finds it. To use his words the essential or creative Unity of Man's being is the source of all social relations and organizations. That is to say, the love principle of the soul acting through its various attractions, affections or passions, necessitates and produces society. But for want of an accurate analysis of the soul and an understanding of its various impulses, he has failed to give his statements a satisfactory clearness of outline. Indeed it is, we suppose, from this very cause that he has used the word "State" in a new sense, in doing which he does not appear to have gained in scientific precision, or to have rendered himself more intelligible. By the State, is commonly understood, society in its most general relations; the existing force and form of public order. Mr. James makes it to consist in the permanent principles of Humanity, in the original solidarity which distinguishes Man from the lower orders of creation. Undoubtedly this is the vital essence and reason of the State, the standard whereby its forms and relations are to be measured, the primary fact whose adequate representation is its ultimate aim, but yet it is not the State itself. Neither does the State mean the social condition peculiar to man, to quote a different statement of our author, but the most general mode of that social condition; the social condition requires it, cannot exist without it, but yet cannot logically be identified with it.

Mr. James speaks in one place of the true State, and says that no organization now existing can rightfully arrogate to itself that title, any more than any particular church can claim to be the true church; this is a true postulate, but by no means admits of the conclusion which Mr. James forms from it. The true State will exist, only when the political relations of men exactly correspond to the Spirit or Love which constitutes the Unity of Humanity, or when Society is organized in its widest sphere and therefore in all lower spheres, in accordance with the essential nature of the human soul, and thus made in its degree a representative of the Uncreate Divine Unity,—but even then it will not be the same thing with the Unity of Humanity, but a thing very distinct from it. The body of a man is an association of various members, organs, and forces, all depend-

ant upon a central power which is the soul; but it is neither the necessity for association which exists in those organs and forces, nor is it the soul, but simply the mode of that association and the outmost manifestation of that central power.

Mr. James seems herein also to have failed of a strictly logical conception of that ideal State which he has endeavored to set forth, and to have confounded it with the foundation of morals or the harmonic principles of the soul, an error of some magnitude, to which we will presently recur in another connection.

He is evidently correct when he argues that the State is not the government; that is merely its climax, its pivot, though not its servant in any true sense of the word; no more is it the political constitution considered in the abstract as a lifeless formula, but it is the political constitution considered as a living mechanism. It is thus both permanent and mutable; permanent not in the sense of being exempt from change, but because there is a ceaseless necessity for an authoritative general public order, wherefore every the worst State that has ever been, has had its foundation in the very being of man and in the will of God; mutable because human intelligence is progressive, and accordingly transforms the State and more and more moulds it upon that ideal which it more and more clearly perceives. The State anticipates the allegiance of its subjects solely because it is the existing public order, and has a right to be presumed to be the best that under all the circumstances of the time can be established; and which is of abiding force until it is reformed, but it does not deny itself nor is it a chaos because it can be changed and amended. It is order and not chaos, though it may be a very imperfect or even false kind of order. It is strictly a state which may be succeeded by other more or less perfect states.

And so of the American Revolution, to which Mr. James refers. That was the result of a resolution on the part of the people, to change their State. The political order under which they were, did not correspond to those principles of justice which they had come to a perception of; their movement was indeed, treason to the State, but it was treason to what they knew to be a false State and not to a true one; it was a movement of progress, in behalf of the universal good, having for its end not the destruction and degradation of public order which is a sin, but its elevation into a higher plane which is a noble and sacred thing.

We are well aware, that in this last matter we differ from Mr. James more in appearance than in reality, but as to the main question, What is the State, there

is between us, something more than an apparent disagreement, something more than a mere difference of words. The real defect which exists not only in this part of Mr. James's essay, but appears throughout it, is one which we have often noticed before, in the disciples of that school of philosophy to which he belongs. Briefly stated, it is an intellectual neglect, or rather a want of appreciation of the universal principle of order: in other words, it considers the cause and the end but overlooks the means. Thus in the extracts we have made, the end and the cause of society are admirably set forth, but its means, that is its Order, is nowhere distinctly spoken of, and is even in a great measure confounded with its cause! But for this, Mr. James would have spoken less in the abstract, and would have urged rather than suggested the necessity of a Science of Social Unity, and of a wise and adequate attempt to embody those ideas of Humanity, of Universal Justice and Universal Love, on which he dwells, in an actual State, in a polity which shall truly represent the moral or universal interests of man. The great features of such a society he has stated; all that remains to inquire is what is the method by which they can be made actual; in other words, as society proceeds from the primal Divine Unity, what is the corresponding Divine Order through which alone it can reach its end? This question, Mr. James has not so much as hinted at; of the absolute necessity of a reply to it before the moral perceptions which every page of his lecture evinces can be embodied in human relations, he has made no mention. But if he has overlooked a most important part of his subject, he has done a great service to the progress of thought in what he has performed; for this we express to him our own gratitude and that of every friend of human improvement, and we wish his lecture could be put into the hands of every man whose mind is prepared to receive its truths.

Scenes and Thoughts in Europe. By AN AMERICAN. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1846. pp. 160.

This book fully answers the expectations which we formed on its announcement. It relates in a vivid and agreeable style, the travels of a gentleman and a scholar through some of the most interesting parts of Europe. It contains some good descriptions of natural scenery, fine criticisms of art and literature, and many just remarks on European society. Its author is a man of hope as well as of delicacy and refinement, and has a faith in Humanity and in the better Future, even more sincere and ardent than his love of Nature and his appreciation

of the glories of art. He occasionally betrays a philosophy too exclusively democratic and protestant, and a judgment not sufficiently balanced, but for all that, we greet him with cordial satisfaction, and wish his book the success it deserves.

We quote the following glimpse of the cathedral of Strasburg.

"Before entering on our route through the Black Forest to Schaffhausen in Switzerland, we made a circuit of half a day by Strasburg, to see the Cathedral, one of the most beautiful of Gothic churches, the pinnacle of whose spire is the highest point ever reached in an edifice of human hands, being twenty-four feet higher than the great Pyramid of Egypt. These airy Gothic structures, rising lightly from the earth, as if they were a growth out of it, look, amidst the common houses about them, like products of another race. They have an air of inspiration. Their moulds were thoughts made musical by deep feeling. They are Poems of an age when Religion yearned for glorious embodiment. They declare the beauty and grandeur of the human mind, that it could conceive and give birth to a thing so majestic. Those high-springing vaults: those far-reaching aisles, solemnized by hues from deeply colored windows; those magnificent vistas, under roof; those onward walls, so gigantic, and yet so light with flying buttresses and the relief of delicate tracery; to think, that the whole wondrous fabric, so huge and graceful, so solid and airy, so complex and harmonious, as it stands there before you, stood first, in its large beautiful completeness, in the brain of its architect, *Erwin von Steinbach*. Those great builders of the middle ages have not been duly known; their names are not familiar, as they should be, like those of the great painters."

Here is a passage relating to the Italian climate.

"But first, a word about the climate. It is much like ours of the middle States, except that our winter is colder and drier. An American is surprised at this similarity on arriving in Italy, having got his notions from English writers, who, coming from their cloudy northern island, are enchanted with the sunny temperance of an Italian winter, and oppressed by the heats of summer. The heat is not greater than it is in Maryland, and our winter is finer, certainly than that of Florence, being dryer, and though colder, at the same time sunnier. As with us, the autumn, so gloomy in England, is cheerful, clear, and calm, holding on till Christmas. They have hardly more than two cold months. Already in March the spring is awake, and soon drives back Winter, first into the highest Appenines, where he clings for a brief space, and thence retreats up to the topmost Alps, not to reappear for nine or ten months. Nor is that beautiful child of the light and air, the Italian sunset, more beautiful than the American."

Powers' Eve is thus spoken of.

"The head of Eve is a new head. As it is beautiful, it is Grecian; but it recalls no Greek model. Nor Venus, nor Juno, nor Niobe, can claim that she helped to nurse it. Not back to any

known form does it carry the mind; it summons it to compass a new one. It is a fresh emanation from the deep bosom of Art. In form and expression, in feature and contour, in the blending of beauties into a radiant unity, it is a new Ideal, as pure as it is inexhaustible. Lightly it springs into its place from the bosom and shoulders. These flow into the trunk and arms, and these again into the lower limbs, with such graceful strength, that the wholeness of the work is the idea that establishes itself among the first upon the mind of the beholder. To the hollow of a foot, to the nail of a finger, every part is finished with the most laborious minuteness. Yet, nowhere hardness. From her scattered stores of beauty Nature supplied the details; with an infallible eye, the Artist culled them, and transferred them with a hand whose firm precision was ever guided by grace. The Natural and the Ideal here blend into one act, their essences interfused for the unfolding of a full blossom of beauty."

But we might multiply extracts indefinitely, without exhausting the good things of the work. We recommend our readers to make Mr. Calvert's acquaintance for themselves.

The Apocalypse Explained according to the spiritual sense; from a Latin posthumous work of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. First American, from the last London Edition. New York: John Allen, 139 Nassau St. Boston: Otis Clapp, 12 School St.

We notice with pleasure the publication of an American edition of this work. The five volumes of the English edition, are to be reprinted in some thirty numbers at twenty-five cents each, which will bring the whole within reasonable terms. It is sold to subscribers only.

No man of sincere and unsophisticated mind can read Swedenborg without feeling his life elevated into a higher plane, and his intellect excited into new and more reverent action on some of the sublimest questions which the human mind can approach. Whatever may be thought of the doctrines of Swedenborg or of his visions, the spirit which breathes from his works, of which the present is generally regarded as one of the most valuable, is pure and heavenly.

The same publishers have also just issued a new number of the Swedenborg Library, containing the commencement of a translation of Swedenborg's Spiritual Diary, by Professor Bush. This work which has never before been rendered into English, possesses a peculiar interest as being the private record of the daily experiences of the sect.

The Wilderness and the War-Path. By JAMES HALL. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1846. pp. 168.

This is a cleverish book by an author who some time ago made himself a favorite with that large class who claim the distinguished title of novel-readers. He

here presents to the public, some eight or nine distinct tales, a part of which at least, we have seen before. They are not of a very high order, but are fresh and spirited, rather skilfully contrived and managed, and written in a lively but sometimes very careless style. They have their chief value as pictures of the life and customs of the Western Indians; all who in any way prefer the fashions of that sort of savages to the elegance and morality of civilized society, — a taste not wholly unaccountable, — will find gratification in these stories.

The American Phonographic Journal.— Boston: Andrews and Boyle.

This new monthly periodical should be in the hands of every phonographer. Each number contains eight pages in phonographic character elegantly engraved on copper, for the low price of one dollar a year. It will we trust have an ample subscription list.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MR. EDWARD L. WALKER.

This gentleman gave his first Concert in Boston, at the Melodeon, on Wednesday evening, April 15th. A numerous, highly intelligent, and fashionable audience were drawn together by the enthusiastic reports of those who had enjoyed the music and the man in private. The feeling was genuine and well founded in the main, notwithstanding that a good deal of extra excitement had been manufactured by the unqualified eulogiums of the newspapers, and by appeals to patriotic vanity on the score of the performer's being an American and "self-taught," as the phrase is. All teaching is in fact self-teaching; and the way one teaches himself, is to avail himself of every aid which comes in his way. We attach little value therefore to the phrase, and wish it were discarded as an insignificant catch-word.

It can be no satisfaction to Mr. Walker for the papers to overdo the matter so much, in bespeaking public attention to his uncommon merits, as to pronounce him without hesitation the finest pianist who has performed before an American audience, and already predict the rivaling, if not the total eclipse of Liszt, Thalberg, Chopin, and Heller, on this side of the Atlantic. Evidently Mr. Walker is a young man of too much genuine modesty and good sense to wish to be placed in such a false position before the good, easy, silly public, which will suppose a man to be all that he is not, to-day, and then deny him all that he is, to-morrow. Really we consider it a grievance to be obliged thus to put in anything in the shape of a negative

plea to the nascent fame of this young artist, when our impulse was to speak quite strongly in his praise. And so we *shall* speak, after cautioning both Mr. Walker and our readers, far and wide, against the besetting sin of Bostonians, who, not in musical matters alone, are prone to go into rhapsodies about each new-comer, and proclaim him the first genius in the world, until another candidate arrives.

Mr. Walker is a native of New England, as we understand, but has passed the greater part of his life in the interior of Pennsylvania, assiduously devoting himself to the study of music, his strongest passion from a child. The fame of Coleman's "*Æolian Attachment*" led him to look closely into his instrument, to ascertain if any latent power lay there, which had not been brought out. Passing his finger along the wires, he discovered the "*Harmonic tones*," a mysterious race which lurk in the nature of every instrument, if we could only find them. They are already well known in the violin and in the flute; the Swell-stop in the organ has a corresponding character. Their quality of tone is more refined, and clear, and *piquant*, than the ordinary tone of the same instrument; they have a distant harp-like ringing; but if you hear too much of them, they cloy; for they are not masculine enough, and their sound wants the personal part of the angelic, as if all character had been refined out of them. Yet it is a kind of tone which a player of taste would gladly have at his command sometimes, and ought to have, since it legitimately belongs to the piano, residing in the very nature of its strings, and is not, like the "*Æolian Attachment*," an attempt to superinduce upon the piano something which has nothing to do with it, producing a mongrel, sickly sound, in which the noble qualities of organ and piano-forte "descend to meet." If the proper sound of the piano could really be prolonged, it were indeed a great discovery; but to think to counterfeit so desirable an effect by bringing in the flabby reed-tones of an accordion, is really worthy of the ingenuity of a Yankee.

The *Harmonics* in Mr. Walker's piano are an octave above the natural sounds of the keys struck, and are produced of course by dividing each wire in the middle. This is done by pressing a pedal, which brings down a range of metallic fingers upon the top of the wires, pinching them as with so many finger-nails, and thus making the piano, for the time being, the same thing as a harp: in fact why should not the piano resume the old name of its grand-father, and be called the "*Harpeichord*" again! It also enables the same key to give out octaves, though not quite homogeneous in quality.

There is a temptation of course in the hands of a superficial artist to use it as a play-thing: but we are not aware that its inventor claims for it anything more than we have above described; and we are sure he is too good a musician to wish to substitute mechanical effects for art.

Mr. Walker has secured the patent-right to his invention in England, whence he has just returned. It has already realized to him a little fortune, which saves him from the necessity of teaching, the common fate of even the best of the pianists who have settled in this country. His determination now is to devote himself to his art, as a public performer and composer. His ideal of the artist character is high; he has cherished a reverence for the works of Bach, and Mozart, and Beethoven, and though he must needs find audience at first by brilliant compositions, variations upon popular airs, and fantasias full of rapid runs, well calculated to dazzle the senses by superior execution, (since few will listen to a Sonata of Beethoven,) yet it is his intention, should he succeed in establishing a reputation, to give concerts of a higher order and introduce the classic music. Such, at least, we understand to be his feeling. Rarely have we met a person more delicately organized, more sensitive, and more full of the restless fire of a refined and beautiful ambition. What he has accomplished is certainly wonderful for an American. He seems to have almost a perfect command of the instrument. There is an exquisite grace and delicacy of finish in his passages, and a bright and prompt precision and energy which holds out to the end. He has the art of bringing out the finest of the tone always. His "*Harmonic Grand Piano*," lately manufactured by Mr. Chickering, under his own superintendence, has, apart from the improvement, perhaps the finest tone we ever heard. Indeed there is that studied regard for perfection of tone and form in all he does, which marked the artist of the violin, Vieuxtemps, of whom he reminds us also by the unaffected simplicity and purity of his enthusiasm, though of course he has far to travel yet before he will stand on the same height.

We come now to the Concert. Mozart's Overture to the *Magic Flute* came first, which it is always refreshing to hear, although an organ takes the place of orchestra. The performance was creditable to Mr. George F. Hayter. The song "*Thou art Lovelier*," by Miss Northall, was hardly worthy of her fine powers. There was rather too much of childishness in her performance, although every one is charmed by such grace and freedom of style as hers. A certain tremulousness of the voice, which might have been expressive, became a weakness

by too long continuance. The cadenzas and flourishes were by far the best part of the song, for they had life in them, as of a frolic child. The *Fantasia* on "*Believe me if all those endearing young charms*," composed and executed by Mr. Walker, was refined and delicate in the extreme. Of the variations we can only say that they were exquisitely graceful, light, and flowing; but marked by little grandeur of conception, or depth and fulness of harmony. Miss Northall sang the air from *Tancredi*—"Come Dolce," throwing off its long-drawn difficulties with as much ease as smoke-wreaths from a cigar. Mr. Walker's variations on the "*Mermaid's Song*" from "*Oberon*," showed richer beauty than the first, although we felt the *tremolo* variation to be hardly in the spirit of the wooing, floating, languishing melody of the theme.

In "*Bells upon the Wind*," Mr. Walker's *Harmonic* harp-tones made a very pleasing accompaniment to the fair singer. Then followed his Grand Fantasia on the "*American National Air*!" He won a sort of beauty from it; but there has been enough of that thing lately. When will players compliment us by introducing us to Beethoven and to Mendelssohn, instead of by galvanizing our stale patriotic fervors into life! The *Rondo des Hirondelles*, was the most pleasing and imaginative of Mr. Walker's compositions. It was full of the shouts and merriment of children let loose in the green fields of May, of swallows skimming over the surface of the water, and swarming with the gay melodies of birds and insects. It expressed an innocent and sensuous pleasure, rather than any profound sentiment, and, like all of the composer's music, evinced more liveliness and gracefulness of fancy, than strength, variety or depth. It was a beautiful performance; but other elements are wanting to the great composer; we felt a sameness in his melodies, though they sparkle in new forms perpetually; a sameness, that is, of *expression*. Broader and deeper harmonies also were a want, which the ear familiar with the German masters could not easily dispense with. Even the "*Dream*" by Wallace, played by Mr. Walker when encored, seemed rich in comparison with his own, while it borrowed not a little in return from the admirable manner in which it was performed. Miss Stone displayed the matchless volume of her voice in a song which sadly called for a deeper soul than hers. But the song worth all the rest was the celebrated Spanish Song "*What Enchantment*," by Miss Northall. Here there was a fiery impatience, and strength of passion both in the music and in the performance, which left nothing to be desired.

On the whole we hail the appearance

of Mr. Walker as an evidence that something like musical art is possible in our utilitarian land. He is not yet a Thalberg or a Chopin, as the papers in their musical "Nativism" would make it out; but he is a most accomplished player, a gentle, pure enthusiast for his art, and seems to know himself too well to love false praise better than sincere criticism. We trust that his very warm reception by a Boston audience has fairly launched him upon the sea of his generous and high artistic aspirations.

1. *The Musical A, B, C; a method for teaching the Rudiments of Music; with Songs to sweeten study; designed for schools or private instruction*, By E. IVES, JR.
2. *The Musical Spelling Book: a new method of instruction and Musical Recreation*. By E. IVES, JR.
3. *The Musical Reader: a new method &c. &c. together with Hymn Tunes and Choruses, and the Musical Album*. By E. IVES, JR.
4. *The Musical Wreath: a Collection of Songs &c. &c.* Edited By E. IVES, JR. The whole published by Paine and Burgess, 62 John St., New York.

These volumes form a complete course of exercises in Vocal music, and embody the results of some twenty years of very successful teaching on the part of Mr. Ives. The "Method" prefixed to each of the three first, essentially alike in all of them, is the same with that in the "Beethoven Collection of Sacred Music" reviewed some months since in the Harbinger. Its chief recommendation is that it is from the first a *practical* method. But little of theory is given; except that the utmost care seems to have been taken to state the few rudimental principles, which are indispensable at the outset, with strict philosophical precision, avoiding all vague terms, and defining the pupil's position for him as he takes each step. The constitution of the Scale is made perfectly clear, and the pupil is carried through the whole circle of the Keys almost at once, conquering all fear of Flats and Sharps. He begins immediately to read music: "instead of a verbal explanation of the principles of reading music, there is a course of progressive exercises, by which the principles are reduced to practice; and thus, instead of being talked about, the thing is done."

It is a great thing to give the learner the right things to do, and in the right order. In doing them he is sure to find the theory; for if the practical steps are the right ones they involve it. Here the things done, if followed through, put the scholar in possession, and that speedily, of the whole elementary theory of music. That is, the exercises are so simplified, condensed and disengaged from every thing extraneous and superfluous, and

they are placed in such an order, that at each step the relations of all sounds become more clear, and one is soon at home in any part of the whole labyrinth of Scales and Keys. Having done nothing wrongly, inconsiderately, or out of order, he has nothing to unlearn, no contradictory, confused notions to clear up. There cannot be too much of theory in the master, and there cannot be too little theory presented *as such* to the scholar. The teacher's science should be the scholar's routine. The latter is quick enough to perceive relations, only present to him the things, just those things and no others, the relations between which constitute your theory. Now the theory of music is well enough determined, at least in its most important spheres; and the whole art of a teacher is to devise a practical "Method," which shall make the very prejudices (so to speak) of practice become wholesome knowledge in the learner's mind. Such, if we understand him, is the purpose of Mr. Ives, and he has rare results to show.

In our notice of the "Beethoven Collection" we joined issue with Mr. Ives upon one point, to which he gives a prominent importance in his Method. We mean his abandonment of the practice of "Sol-Fa-ing by mutation." In his Solfeggio he calls sounds of the same abstract pitch invariably by the same syllabic name. Thus Do is always C, Sol is always G, &c. We defended the old method on this ground: If there must *anything* intervene between the naked musical sounds and the mind; if there must be any syllables or names identified with the sounds; then why not use those syllables which shall always suggest the true Harmonic relation of each sound to that which is the Tonic of its proper scale; so that when you hear C you shall know whether it is the key-note, or the Fifth in the key of F, or the Dominant Seventh in the key of D, and so on; in other words, so that the singer's pleasure in each sound, as well as his power to deliver it with true expression, may be increased by an intelligent perception of its relations to other sounds? Farther attention to the subject has pretty much converted us to Mr. Ives's method. To say nothing of the complicated difficulty to the pupil, of changing the application of the syllables whenever the Key is changed, if we attempt to carry this change through thoroughly, we are stopped at every step. For a true analysis of every chord, a justification of every note (even in an unaccompanied melody) by its Thorough Bass, shows us that the Key is continually changing even when the signature does not change, and that it would be more proper to count a note in the Air from its own fundamental Bass,

than from the general Key-note of the whole. Since therefore we cannot accomplish the *whole* object of this mutation of syllables; since in its complete consistent carrying out it would amount to nothing less than a radical study of Thorough Bass, for which the pupil is not supposed to be prepared, we think it best to drop it, and avail ourselves of the manifold advantages of the simpler, if not more scientific method, of Mr. Ives. Besides, he claims for it the universal sanction of the European schools.

The chief advantage of the plan is, that it accustoms the pupil to remember the "abstract" or absolute pitch of sounds. Let a large class commence with sounding one note, G for instance, calling it Sol. Such will be the impression left by that sound, that ever after the syllable Sol will recall, to most of them, that very sound. This is certainly a very great point, if it could be gained; and about it we were very sceptical, until the opportunity was offered us of personally witnessing the surprising results which Mr. Ives has reached in his own classes. A class of young ladies, some of them children, about forty in number, sang rapidly through all the Major and Minor scales, in all the keys, without an instrument, and always came out precisely at the concert pitch with which they started. Those who know the tendency of choirs and single voices, to flat more or less in singing through the shortest strain, when not supported by an instrument, will scarce believe this credible. The facility which the same class had acquired in reading music, was illustrated by performances at first sight of many difficult trios and chorusses from the modern operas. And a select choir of both sexes, numbering from sixteen to twenty, gave a very creditable performance of the whole of Mozart's Twelfth Mass, not shrinking even from the Fugue "*Cum Sancto Spiritu*," though much of it they had not seen before. There was wanting, to be sure, that deep catholic feeling, and that expression which comes from general culture and refinement; but it was a great thing to see music of so deep a spirit made the common exercise and education of those classes. The soul grows, the character deepens, the whole person becomes unconsciously refined by familiarity with such music. We left with feelings of sincere respect for Mr. Ives and for the work which he is doing with such entire and pure devotion. This American practicality of his, if it have not the inspiring poetic faculty of genius, will contribute sensibly to the musical development of our people.

We have hardly room to speak of the collections of music contained in these volumes, which are highly valuable. In

the two first are simple songs, duets and choruses for children, pleasing, varied and appropriate. The "Album" attached to the "Reader," is a collection of three-part choruses, arranged for female voices, from the *Zauberflöte*, *Clemenza di Tito* and *Idomeneo* of Mozart, the *Freyschutz* of Weber, the *Cinderella* of Rossini, the *Somnambula*, *Il Pirata*, &c. of Bellini, besides several others; and initiates the classes at once into music of a high artistic character. In the "Wreath" are entwined all that ever appeared of a series of numbers formerly issued by Mr. Ives, under the title of "One Hundred Songs." The selection is certainly admirable. Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Karl Krebs, the best of German Song composers, are well represented; there is a rich variety of Italian, French and English music, all with English words; and a number of original songs modestly interspersed, do no small credit to the taste and skill of Mr. Ives. The whole are bound up in an elegant volume, and constitute a rich and choice repository of song for those who want something better than the popular things of the music-shops.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

THE RAILROAD.

A bright November day. The morning light
Shone through the city's mist against my eyes,
Soft chiding them from sleep. Unfolding them
They raised their lids and gave me a new day.
A day not freshly breaking on the fields,
And waking with a morning kiss the streamers
That slept beneath the vapor, but on streets,
Piles of great majesty and human skill,
Stone veins where human passion swiftly runs.
Thereon I gazed with tenderness and awe,
Remembering the heavy debt I owed
To the dim arches of the dingy bricks,
Which sternly smiled upon my youngest years
And gravely greeted now, as through the crowd
By all unknown and knowing none, I passed.

The warning whistle thrilled the misty air,
And stately forth we rode into the morn,
Subduing airy distance silently.
The shadow glided by us on the grass,
The sole companion of our lonely speed,
And all the landscape changing as we went,
A shifting picture, of like hues and forms
But ever various, trees, rocks, and hills,
Rising sublime and stretching pastoral,—
How like a noble countenance which shows
Endless expression and eternal charm.

I leaned against the window as we went,
And saw the city mist recede afar,

And lost the busy hum which haunts the mind
As a voice inarticulate, the tone
Of many men whose mouths speak distinct words
Which blend in grim confusion, till the sound
Like a vague aspiration climbs the sky.
The muffled murmur of the iron wheels,
And the sharp tinkle of the hurried bell,
And a few words between, were all the sounds
Which peopled that else silent morning air.
A busy city darting o'er the plains
Across the turnpikes and through hawthorn lanes,
O'er wide morasses and profound ravines—
Through stately woods where red deer only run,
And grassy lawn and farmer's planted field,—
Was that swift train that flashed along the hills,
And smoked through sloping valleys, and surprised
The mild-eyed milkmaid with her morning pail.

I dreamed my dreams until the village lay
White in the morning light, and holding up
Its modest steeples in the chrystal air.
A moment, and the picture changed no more.
But wore a serious constancy and showed
Its bare-boughed trees immovable. I rose,
And stepping from the train, it glided on,
Sweeping around the hill; the whistle shrill
Rang through the stricken air. A moment more
It rolled along the iron out of sight.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

LABOR FOR WAGES.

Those writers who laud civilization and dwell with raptures on its future extension, have, it must be confessed, but little idea what it really is. They imagine it to be a high and indefinitely perfectible state of existence; they have never inquired and do not know what are its distinguishing features; and accordingly the very vagueness of their notions only gives their words a bigger inflation and a more senseless glitter. But the truth is, that civilization is as distinct a social state as the savage, the barbarous, or the patriarchal; its traits are as marked and almost as deformed and hateful, and like its predecessors, it is only the transition into a more elevated phase of social life.

One of the leading and invariable characteristics of civilization is, that its work is done for wages; hired labor is a permanent institution as closely interwoven

with all the structure of civilized society, as chattel slavery is with barbarism. They stand or fall together; the abolition of slavery conducts us out of barbarism, and the abolition of labor for wages out of civilization; a radical change in the system of labor which now prevails in so-called free countries, would at once raise the whole of society from the civilized chaos, into a state of comparative order and happiness and lead the way to rapid and extensive progress.

The first thing which strikes us in the system of hired labor, is the conflict of interests between the laborer and his employer. It is perhaps in this relation that the incoherence and duplicity which prevail in existing relations, most plainly appear. The interest of the laborer is to get the largest possible amount of pay for the smallest possible amount of work. The interest of the employer, is to get the largest possible amount of work for the smallest possible amount of pay! What frightful facts are described by these few words! But let us look a little at the practical operation of the system. In this conflict of interests, it is manifest that the advantages of the parties are by no means equal. It is not at all a fair battle. The employer has all the power in his hands; to him it is a matter of comparatively little consequence, whether such an operative works for him or not, but to the workman and his family it is a matter of life and death. Capital commands, and labor is its impotent victim. The first thing is to reduce the wages of labor to as low a rate as possible, so that the cheapness of the product may ensure a large market, and so that the largest amount of profit may go into the pocket of the capitalist. Does the laborer resist? In vain! Even the benevolence of the employer is ineffectual, for he also is the slave of competition, and his neighbor's wares are already in the market compelling him to furnish his own at the lowest price, so that he cannot pay high wages if he would. Then comes the fatal competition between laborers, underbidding each other and literally starving themselves for a living! Here is the conclusion of that civilization of which philosophers and philanthropists are not ashamed to boast! And it is no exception, no accident, but a constant and inevitable result of the system of labor which prevails in the most advanced countries. Shall we sit quiet while the immense majority of our fellow beings are thus degraded and ruined, bodily and spiritually. Every sentiment of Justice, each breath of human feeling, protests against such a state of things. We only wonder that all generous men do not rise up against it at once and declare that it shall exist no longer. One is almost inclined to doubt

whether a heart be yet beating in men's bosoms, when they move on without concern in the midst of such crying wrongs to Man, and such sins against God. Who can look upon the toiling masses, yielding their strength for the world, bearing its heaviest burdens, and accomplishing almost inconceivable works without the deepest sympathy? Patiently, nay, desperately, they go forward, subduing nature, building palaces, and making nations rich, themselves bent, body and soul, with ceaseless labor, ground by poverty down to the very dust. O friends, here is a tragedy such as was never seen before! Battle fields strewn with murdered men are not so mournful! And yet by a little legislation, by restrictions here and prohibitions there, it is all to be remedied! Let us not cheat ourselves with such fatal delusions. The evil lies far too deep to be reached by such means. As well might a man attempt to check the fury of a whirlwind by the breath of his nostrils. The difficulty is in the very framework of society, and external applications cannot cure it. While the relation of *Master* and *Servant* remains, while the labor of the world is *hired labor*, you may legislate and restrict till doomsday, and ten chances to one, you make the matter worse.

And here let us say a friendly word to the workingmen, but especially to those who are engaged in the workingmen's movement, as it is called. We entreat them not to be mistaken in their measures, or to suppose that they will find permanent relief from any merely superficial changes. If they succeed in reducing the hours of a day's labor to ten, as in some parts of the country they are trying to do, what have they gained? Something certainly, but in comparison with what justice entitles them to, nothing at all. Only a Social Reform which shall institute new and harmonious relations between capital and labor, which shall abolish Hired Labor, and substitute coöperative labor, which, in a word, shall guarantee to every man, woman, and child, the right to labor and to the fruit thereof, can do anything of much value for them, or for any other class of society. This is the basis and beginning of all social improvement; without it the most successful efforts of the most devoted philanthropy, and the most glowing love of the right can have only transient and unsatisfactory effects.

NEW POLITICS.

We take from the Tribune the following extracts from a letter of Dr. DANIEL LEE, of Rochester, N. Y. to a Working Men's meeting which had nominated him as a delegate to the approaching Convention for the amendment of the Constitu-

tion of that State. We recollect seeing a legislative report by Dr. Lee some two or three years since, which expressed views similar to those here presented. It will be seen that they go rather farther than what are usually called political principles. Principles! Heaven save the mark!

"That the whole Governmental machinery of this great Commonwealth has long been perverted to the aggrandizement of the few, at the expense of the many, I have had abundant opportunity to learn. I trust, however, in the goodness of Providence, and the growing intelligence of the masses, that, to be in favor at the Capitol, it will not *always* be necessary for a public servant to blind his eyes, stop his ears, sear his conscience, and obey the winks and nods of those that feed and fatten by some legal fiction, which enables them to reap where others have sown.

"For one, I had much rather go on to a farm and earn my necessary food and clothing, by raising potatoes at ten cents a bushel, than be a party to any law-making, or Constitution revising, the leading aim of whose controlling influence is, to contrive ways and means to give to one family an hundred times more than it really needs, by compelling one hundred families to work hard and live on half allowance. Strange as it may seem to some, I shall carry with me while life lasts, the painful impressions made during my first winter's attendance at the Capitol, to see its portals thronged every morning by squalid children begging a few cents to buy bread; while by attending the evening parties of the gentlemen who have, in a good degree, controlled the policy and government of this State for twenty five years, one could see money enough *worse than wasted*, to purchase at least one comfortable meal for every destitute family in the city. Learning from official sources that both *pauperism and crime increase faster than population*, called on to vote large sums to erect a new State prison, and suppress rebellion in the Anti-Rent districts, and finding the money power of New York assuming a position at war with the public peace, destructive of the interests of honest industry, and incompatible with the clearest rights of humanity, I wrote my two agricultural reports, which have so scandalized those that seek to *acquire property not to produce it*. Since our Maker has given, most obviously, but one pair of hands to each human being, with which to work and provide for all his physical and mental wants, how is it possible *so* to frame our Constitution and laws, as to give to one human being a sum equal to the earnings of *ten hands*, and not take from others what legitimately belongs to them?"

"Tell me he who can, in what way he will contrive to give one half of any community a sum equal to the whole earnings of *three hands* to one human being, and not compel the other moiety of the same community to limit all their daily food and raiment, their houses, firewood, and all the other necessities and comforts of civilized man, to the average product of *one hand* to each human being!"

"Are we not all expressly commanded to 'love our neighbor as ourselves?' Why, then, I ask, do we make a solemn

mockery of the Christian religion, and studiously exclude its most sacred principles from the Constitution and laws of our State? This is a marvel which I cannot comprehend. If robbery according to conventional rules be, upon the whole, wise and salutary, then all men should be able to live without producing anything. But as this is impossible, it follows of necessity that, just so far as a community tolerates the acquisition by one person of what rightfully belongs to another, it encourages reprisals, excites man's sense of injustice, and his keenest hatred against his fellow man."

"There is a degree of moral obtuseness and of intellectual insanity in the base idolatry, which worships property made with human hands, that must cease to afflict immortal beings, on this planet. If we will only consent to protect labor as it should be protected, there will be nothing for avarice to feed upon; and like all other unnatural and vitiated appetites, it will soon cease to torment its votaries and its victims. But this conventional protection of labor must follow, not precede, the enlightenment of the popular mind, which is a work that cannot be accomplished for many years to come."

Here are some things which law makers in general will find it rather difficult to meet except by that omnipotent and highly useful argument, a sneer. Dr. Lee is such a visionary as to believe that the constitution of New York ought to prevent pauperism! Why that was never before heard of in the nineteenth century, except from some impracticable dreamer. Pauperism is one of the *peculiar* institutions of enlightened countries; indeed when we know what proportion of a nation are paupers, we know what advances it has made in learning, virtue, religion, and the useful arts. Prevent pauperism! Why that is contrary to Scripture, which says, "the poor ye have always with ye," and shall we presume to say there shall be *no poor*?

But more than this, Dr. Lee even affirms that the Christian Love of the Neighbor ought to be incorporated in the fundamental law of the State. Visionary again! What sound politician ever advanced such a fanatical notion? It must be confessed, however, that the great Christian statute would look rather strangely in such a place. We fear that it might find there such company as it never got into before.

We do not understand by what methods Dr. Lee would ensure a more equitable division of the products of industry; he has not told us how, in his opinion, labor can be protected from the operation of competition, nor indeed do we believe that there is any efficient means of effecting this end short of an associative organization of industry, and distribution of profits in a fixed ratio to Capital, Labor, and Skill. But we recognize in his words a noble love of hu-

manity and of justice, and we welcome them as a most cheering sign of the times.

MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

We occasionally meet with a choice morsel of this article in the newspapers, which proves what its author had no intention of proving. Sometimes it is painful to see a poor mistaken mortal flourishing away in long-drawn words and windy arguments about what he knows nothing of, but more frequently the philosopher cuts too absurd a figure to admit of any commiseration; the only thing possible is a good natured laugh at his expense.

One of the finest specimens of this sort of high-flying that we have seen lately, is to be found in the *Ægis*, a respectable weekly paper, published at Worcester, Mass. The *Ægis* is generally remarkable for sound sense and for a judicious collection of the various matters which go to the making up of a good country newspaper, but in the last two numbers it has launched into another sphere, and emitted an elaborate essay on the "Character of the Age."

Among other transcendental speculations of this piece of philosophy, the *Ægis* treats of the material and spiritual principles in man, which it says are of opposite and uncongenial natures. To the body, work is proper, but the soul was made for knowledge; the great business of a man is the cultivation of the soul by "intermeddling with science and advancing in knowledge," whereby the "individual" gets nearer and nearer to a true condition; but the union of the soul with the body, which has to work, is "forced and unnatural," and the more the soul is fed with knowledge and thus freed from the body, the more the "individual" don't like to work; *argal*, laziness is a spiritual virtue! That's the reason too why gentlemen and educated men generally have such an aversion to soiling their hands! This is only the smallest part of the achievements of this dissertation, but we presume it will be sufficient to convince our readers that the philosophers are not all dead yet.

The reason, we take it, why people in general, — and in this respect educated people differ from those who are not educated only in the ability, not in the inclination, — prefer to live without work, is the simple common sense reason that manual labor as it is now arranged is repulsive, has no charm, does not attract to its performance, and by consequence is socially degrading. Besides it is ill rewarded; the laborer gets but a small part of what he produces. Here is motive enough for "a constantly increasing reluctance"

to engage in industrial employments without resorting to any impalpable fancies about spirit and matter. Let labor be so ordered that it shall be agreeable in its nature and circumstances, let it in a word be made attractive, and let the laborer be guaranteed his rights, and the *Ægis* will no longer need to speculate about any hostility between spirit and matter, or to fear disastrous consequences from the spread of idleness. We shall then see usefulness put in its proper social position, and honor bestowed on men for what they can do, and not in proportion to their means of living without doing anything, or their skill in getting possession of the earnings of others. That labor can be made attractive, on man need to doubt who has ever seen an army. If war, a most disgusting and horrid occupation, can be rendered an object of enthusiasm by being *organized*, so can useful employments, which at the very utmost are infinitely less repulsive in themselves. The body so far from being opposite to the soul, — which by the way does not diet exclusively on knowledge, as the *Ægis* holds, — is its representative and instrument, and in a true organization, where affections of the soul find a congenial development in the uses of industry, all persons will love work, and we shall have no injustice in the distribution of the bounteous abundance which will be produced.

Though we differ from the *Ægis* in its theory of the body and soul and its philosophy of laziness, we heartily agree with it, that "it appears from quite a variety of considerations, that man was, and is, destined to a sphere of operations of a far more noble and exalted kind than that which he at present occupies." This is a serious and important truth. A high and glorious destiny awaits mankind, who, like the children of Israel, are expiating their unbelief in the immensity of blessings which God has prepared for them, and their neglect of the Divine laws of social order, in the dreary deserts of barbarism and civilization, where they endure the scourges of war, slavery, ignorance, poverty and misery. This destiny is Attractive Industry and Social Unity. Whether the race is yet distant from that blessed consummation, or whether the Promised Land is soon to rise upon the arid wastes through which Humanity is now toiling, our duty is the same, — deep and untiring devotion to the good of universal man, and to the realization of the laws and promises of God.

The true misery of the world is not so much that there are in it pain and afflictions, as that Humanity, the image of God, is defaced and degraded and trodden under foot.

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

VOLUME SEVENTH.

I.

Consuelo related to Porpora only so much as it was necessary for him to know respecting Maria Theresa's motives for the kind of disgrace to which she had condemned our heroine. The rest would have troubled and vexed the master, and perhaps irritated him against Haydn, without doing any good. Neither did Consuelo tell her young friend those things which she concealed from Porpora. She despised, with reason, some vague accusations which she knew had been forged to the empress by two or three inimical persons, and which had not circulated in public. The ambassador Corner, in whom she thought best to confide, confirmed her in this opinion; and to prevent malice from seizing upon these seeds of calumny, he arranged matters wisely and generously. He induced Porpora to take up his abode at his hotel with Consuelo, and Haydn entered the service of the embassy and was admitted to the table of the private secretaries. In this manner the maestro escaped from the anxieties of poverty, Joseph continued to render to Porpora some personal services which gave him the opportunity of being often near him and taking his lessons; and Consuelo was sheltered from malignant insinuations.

Spite of these precautions, Corilla had the engagement at the imperial theatre instead of Consuelo. Consuelo had not known how to please Maria Theresa. That great queen, while amusing herself with the green-room intrigues, which Kaunitz and Metastasio related to her by halves and always with a charming wit,

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

wished to sustain the character of an incarnate and crowned Providence in the midst of those strollers, who, before her, played that of repentant sinners and converted demons. It may well be imagined that in the number of the hypocrites who received small pensions and little presents for their self-proclaimed piety, were not to be found, either Caffariello, or Farinelli, or the Tesi, or madam Hasse, or any of those great virtuoses who alternately appeared at Vienna, and whose talent and celebrity caused much to be forgiven them. But the inferior situations were sought by persons determined to gratify the devout and moralizing fancies of her majesty; and her majesty, who carried her inclination for political intrigue into every thing, made the marriage or conversion of her comedians a diplomatic concern. We can see in the memoirs of Favart, (that interesting real romance, which actually took place in the green-room,) the difficulties he experienced in sending to Vienna the actresses and opera-singers whom he had been ordered to engage. They were wanted at a cheap rate, and, moreover, chaste as vestals. I believe that this witty contractor employed by Maria Theresa, after having searched all Paris, did not find a single one; which does more honor to the frankness than to the virtue of our opera girls, as they were then called.

Thus Maria Theresa wished to give to the amusement she took in all this an edifying pretext, and one worthy the beneficent majesty of her character. Monarchs are always attitudinizing, and great monarchs perhaps more than others; Porpora said so continually, and he was not deceived. The great empress, a zealous Catholic, an exemplary mother of a family, had no objection to chat with a prostitute, to catechize her, to excite her to strange confidences, in order that she might have the glory of leading a repentant Magdalen to the Lord's feet. Her majesty's private income, placed on the road between vice and contrition, rendered these miracles of grace numerous and

infallible in the hands of the empress. Thus Corilla, weeping and prostrate, if not in person, (I doubt if she could have brought her savage character to play this farce,) at least by power of attorney given to M. de Kaunitz, who became security for her newly acquired virtue, must infallibly win the day against a decided young girl, proud and strong as was the immaculate Consuelo. Maria Theresa loved, in her dramatic protégés, only those virtues of which she could call herself the originator. Those virtues which had been formed or preserved by themselves did not interest her much; she did not believe in them as her own virtue should have caused her to believe. In fine, Consuelo's position had piqued her; she found in her a strong and reasoning mind. It was altogether too presumptuous and arrogant in a little Bohemian, to wish to be estimable and chaste without the empress having any part in the matter. When M. de Kaunitz, who pretended to be very impartial, while he depreciated the one to the advantage of the other, asked her majesty if she had granted the petition of *that little one*, Maria Theresa replied: "I am not satisfied with her principles; speak to me no more of her." And all was said. The voice, the figure, and even the name of the Porporina were entirely forgotten.

Some reason had been necessary and was moreover peremptorily demanded by Porpora, to explain the kind of disgrace to which he found himself subjected. Consuelo had been obliged to tell him that her position as an unmarried woman had appeared inadmissible to the empress. "And Corilla!" cried Porpora, on learning the engagement of the latter, "has her majesty got her married?" "So far as I was able to understand, or to guess from her majesty's words, Corilla passes here for a widow." "O! thrice a widow, ten times, an hundred times a widow, in fact," said Porpora, with a bitter laugh. "But what will be said when the truth is known, and she will be seen to proceed here to new and numberless widowhoods!"

And that child I have heard of, which she has just left in the house of some canon, near Vienna: that child, which she wished to make Count Zustiniani acknowledge, and which he advised her to recommend to Anzoleto's paternal tenderness!" "She will jest at all that, with her comrades; she will relate it, according to her custom, in sneering terms, and will laugh, in her boudoir, at the good trick she has played the empress."

"But if the empress learns the truth?"

"The empress will not learn it. Sovereigns are surrounded, I imagine, by ears which serve as porches to their own. Many things remain without, and nothing enters the sanctuary of the imperial ear but that which the guards are quite willing should pass."

"Moreover," resumed Porpora, "Corilla will always have the resource of going to confession, and M. de Kaunitz will be charged to see that she performs the penance."

The poor maestro gave vent to his bile in these bitter pleasantries; but he was deeply vexed. He lost the hope of obtaining the performance of the opera he had in his portfolio, the more especially because he had written it upon a libretto which was not Metastasio's, and Metastasio had the monopoly of the court poetry. He was not without some suspicion of the little skill Consuelo had displayed in attracting the good graces of the sovereign, and he could not help showing some dissatisfaction towards her. To increase the misfortune, the Venetian ambassador had been so imprudent, one day, when he saw him inflated with joy and pride at the rapid development which Haydn's musical education displayed under his teaching, as to tell him the whole truth about that young man, and to show him his pretty essays at instrumental composition, which had begun to circulate and to be remarked by amateurs. The maestro cried out that he had been deceived, and was terribly furious. Fortunately, he did not suspect that Consuelo had been an accomplice in the deception, and M. Corner, seeing the storm he had raised, hastened to prevent any mistrust on that score by a good falsehood. But he could not prevent Joseph's being banished for several days from the chamber of the master; and it required all the ascendancy which his protection and his services gave him over the latter, to enable the pupil to recover his favor. Porpora, nevertheless, felt a grudge against him for a long while, and it is even said, took pleasure in making him purchase his lessons by the humiliation of a menial service much more minute and more prolonged than was necessary, since the lacqueys of the ambassador were at his command. Haydn was not rebuffed; and by dint of

gentleness, patience and devotedness, always exhorted and encouraged by the good Consuelo, always studious and attentive to his lessons, he succeeded in disarming the rough professor, and in receiving from him all that he could appropriate or wished to.

But the genius of Haydn panted for a flight far different from what had hitherto been attempted, and the future father of the symphony confided to Consuelo his ideas respecting musical scores developed in gigantic proportions. Those gigantic proportions which now appear to us so simple and so proper, might pass, a hundred years since, for the Utopia of a madman, as well as for the revelation of a new era opened to genius. Joseph still distrusted his own powers, and it was not without terror that he confessed to Consuelo the ambition which tormented him. Consuelo, also, was at first somewhat frightened. Until then, instrumental music had performed only a subordinate part, or, when isolated from the human voice, it acted without complicated methods. Still, there was so much calmness and persevering gentleness in her young friend, he testified so much modesty and such a coolly conscientious seeking after truth in all his conduct and all his opinions, that Consuelo, unable to believe him presumptuous, decided to believe him wise and to encourage him in his projects. At this period, Haydn composed a serenade for three instruments, which he executed with two of his friends, under the windows of those *dilettanti* whose attention he wished to attract to his works. He began with Porpora, who, without knowing the name of the author or those of the performers, placed himself at his window, listened with pleasure, and clapped his hands heartily. This time, the ambassador, who also was listening and was in the secret, kept on his guard and did not betray the young composer. Porpora was not willing that any who received singing lessons from him should be distracted by other thoughts.

About this time, Porpora received a letter from the excellent contralto Hubert, his pupil, who was called the Porporino, and was attached to the service of Frederick the Great. This eminent artist was not, like the other pupils of the professor, so infatuated with his own merit, as to forget all he owed to him. The Porporino had received from his master a kind of talent which he had never sought to modify, and with which he had always been successful: this was, to sing in a broad and pure manner, without introducing ornaments and without departing from the wholesome precepts of the maestro. On this account, Porpora had for him a partiality, which he found it very difficult to conceal in the presence of the enthusi-

astic admirers of Farinelli and Caffariello. He conceded that the skill, the brilliancy, the flexibility of those great virtuosos produced more effect and must more suddenly enrapture an audience eager for wonderful difficulties: but he said to himself, that his Porporino never sacrificed to bad taste, and that one never tired of hearing him though he always sang in the same manner. It appears, in fact, that Prussia did not tire of him, for he was a favorite in that kingdom during the whole of his musical career, and died there quite old, after a residence of more than forty years.

Hubert's letter announced to Porpora that his music was much liked at Berlin, and that if he wished to come and join him there, he was certain of having his new compositions admitted and performed. He earnestly advised him to leave Vienna, where artists were constantly exposed to the intrigues of a clique, and to recruit for the court of Prussia some distinguished cantatrice who could sing with himself the operas of the maestro. He made a great eulogium on the enlightened taste of his king and the honorable protection which he granted to musicians. "If this project pleases you," said he, at the end of his letter, "answer immediately, and inform me what are your demands, and in three months from this time, I engage to obtain for you conditions which will at last ensure you a peaceful existence. As to glory, my dear master, it will be enough that you write for us to sing so as to have you appreciated, and I hope that the sound thereof will reach even to Dresden."

This last passage made Porpora prick up his ears like an old war-horse. It was an allusion to the triumphs which Hasse and his singers were obtaining at the court of Saxony. The idea of counterbalancing the fame of his rival in the north of Germany so pleased the maestro, and he experienced at that moment such a spite against Vienna, the Viennese and their court, that he replied without hesitation to the Porporino, authorizing him to make a contract for him at Berlin. He gave his *ultimatum*, and he made it as modest as possible, in order not to fail in his hopes. He spoke to him of the Porporino with the highest praise, telling him that she was his sister, by her education, her genius and her heart, as she was by her surname, and desired him to arrange an engagement for her on the best possible terms; the whole without consulting Consuelo, who was informed of this new resolution after the departure of the letter.

The poor child was quite frightened at the very name of Prussia, and that of the great Frederick made her shudder. Since the adventure of the deserter, she

had thought of that famous monarch only as a vampire or an ogre. Porpora scolded her a great deal for her want of satisfaction at the prospect of this new engagement; and as she could not relate Karl's history to him, nor the bold deeds of Mr. Mayer, she bowed her head and suffered herself to be reprimanded.

Still, when she reflected upon this new project, she found in it some alleviation to her position: it was at least a delay in her return to the stage, since the affair might not succeed, and, in any event, the Porporino required three months to conclude it. Until then, she could dream of the love of Count Albert and find in her own heart a firm resolution to respond to it. Whether she should at last recognize the possibility of a union with him, or feel herself incapable of deciding upon it, she could keep with frankness and honor the promise she had made of thinking of it, without distraction and without constraint.

She resolved to wait for Count Christian's reply to her first letter, before she announced this news to her hosts at Riesenbourg; but that reply did not arrive, and Consuelo began to think that the elder Rudolstadt had renounced the idea of such a misalliance and was endeavoring to persuade Albert to do the same, when she secretly received, from the hand of Keller, a billet which contained these words:

"You promised to write to me; you have done so, indirectly, by confiding to my father the embarrassment of your present situation. I see that you have fallen under a yoke from which I cannot withdraw you without a crime; I see that my good father is frightened for me at the consequences of your submission to Porpora. As to myself, Consuelo, I am frightened at nothing at present, because you testify to my father regret and terror at the part you are desired to assume; this is, to me, a sufficient proof that you are determined not to pronounce, unreflectingly, the sentence of my eternal despair. No, you will not break your promise, you will endeavor to love me! What matters it to me where you are, in what you are engaged, or the rank which glory or prejudice assign to you among men, or time, or the obstacles which keep you far from me, if I hope and you tell me to hope? I suffer much, without doubt, but I can suffer still without fainting, so long as you do not extinguish in me the spark of hope.

"I wait, I know how to wait! Do not fear to terrify me by taking time for your reply; do not write to me under the impression of fear or of pity, to which I wish to owe no favor. Weigh my destiny in your heart and my soul in yours,

and as soon as the moment shall have arrived when you are sure of yourself, whether you be in the cell of a nun or upon the boards of a theatre, tell me never to trouble you more, or to come and join you—I shall be at your feet, or silent forever, as your will may decide.

"ALBERT."

"O, noble Albert!" cried Consuelo, pressing the paper to her lips, "I feel that I love you! It would be impossible not to love you, and I will not delay telling you so; I wish to reward, by my promise, the constancy and devotedness of your love."

She began at once to write; but Porpora's voice made her hurriedly hide in her bosom Albert's letter and the answer she had begun. She could not find an instant of leisure and privacy during all the rest of the day. It seemed as if the crabbed old fellow had guessed her wish to be alone, and had undertaken to thwart her. When night came, Consuelo felt more calm, and understood that so important a decision required a longer trial of her own emotions. Albert must not be exposed to the fatal consequences of a reaction in her; she read the young Count's letter over a hundred times, and saw that he equally feared, on her part, the pain of a refusal and precipitancy of a promise. She resolved to meditate upon her answer several days; Albert himself seemed to desire it.

The life which Consuelo then led at the embassy was very quiet and regular. To avoid giving occasion for wicked suppositions, Corner had the delicacy never to visit her in her apartment and never to invite her, even in company with Porpora, into his own. He met her only at madam Wilhelmina's, where he could converse with her without compromising her, and where she obligingly sang before a small circle. Joseph also was admitted to play there. Caffariello came often, Count Hoditz sometimes, the abbé Metastasio seldom. All three regretted Consuelo's failure in obtaining an engagement, but neither had the courage or perseverance to strive for her. Porpora was indignant at this, and with difficulty concealed it. Consuelo endeavored to soften him and to make him accept men with their peculiarities and their weaknesses. She excited him to labor, and thanks to her, he recovered, from time to time, some glimmers of hope and enthusiasm. She encouraged him only in the spite which prevented his carrying her into society in order that her voice might be heard. Happy in being forgotten by those great personages whom she had looked upon with terror and repugnance, she devoted herself to serious studies, to sweet reveries, encouraged the now calm

and holy friendship of the good Haydn, and said to herself, each day, as she took care of her old professor, that if nature had not formed her for a passionless and inactive existence, still less was she made for the emotions of vanity and the activity of ambition. She had often dreamed, and, in spite of herself, she still dreamed of a more animated existence; of joys of the heart more lively; of pleasures of the understanding more expansive and more vast; but the world of art, so pure, so sympathetic, and so noble, which she had created for herself, manifesting itself to her view only under a frightful envelope, she preferred an obscure and retired life, gentle affections and a laborious solitude.

Consuelo had no new reflections to make on the offer of the Rudolstadt. She could conceive no doubt respecting her generosity, respecting the unalterable holiness of the son's love, or the father's paternal tenderness. It was not her reason and her conscience that she was to interrogate. Both spoke in favor of Albert. She had triumphed, this time without effort, over the remembrance of Anzoleto. One victory over love gives strength for all others. She therefore no longer feared his allurements; she felt herself safe from all fascination. Yet, with all this, passion did not speak energetically for Albert in her soul. She still, and always had to interrogate her heart, in the depths of which a mysterious calmness received the idea of a complete love. Seated at her window, the artless child often looked at the young people of the city as they passed. Bold students, noble lords, melancholy artists, proud cavaliers, all were the objects of a chaste and seriously childish examination on her part. "Let me see," said she to herself, "is my heart fanciful and frivolous? Am I capable of loving suddenly, madly, and irresistibly at first sight, as many of my own companions of the *scuola* used to boast or confess to each other, before me? Is love a magic flash which pierces our being, and which turns us violently from our sworn affections, or from our peaceful innocence? Is there among those men who sometimes raise their eyes towards my window, a glance which confuses and fascinates me? Does that one with tall form and proud step, seem to me more noble or more handsome than Albert? Does that other with his beautiful hair and elegant dress, efface in me the image of my betrothed? In fine, would I wish to be that richly dressed lady whom I see pass there in her barouche, with a stately gentleman at her side, who holds her fan and presents her gloves? Is there anything in all this scene to make me tremble, blush, palpitate, or dream? No! truly no! Speak, my heart, decide;

I consult thee, and give thee free course. I hardly know thee, alas! I have had so little time to think of thee since my birth! I had not accustomed thee to disappointment. I gave up to thee the empire of my life, without examining the prudence of thy impulse. Thou hast been broken, my poor heart, and now that conscience has subdued thee, thou no longer darest to live, thou no longer knowest how to answer. Speak, then; arouse and choose! 'Well! thou remainest tranquil! And thou desirest nothing of all that is there!' 'No!' 'Thou no longer desirest Anzoleto!' 'Again, no!' 'Then it must be Albert whom thou callest!' It seems to me that thou sayest 'yes!' And Consuelo, each day, retired from her window, with a fresh smile upon her lips and a clear and gentle fire in her eyes.

After a month had passed, she replied to Albert, with a quiet mind, very slowly, and almost counting her pulse at each letter formed by her pen:

"I love none but you, and am almost sure that I love you. Now let me reflect upon the possibility of our union. Do you also reflect upon it; let us together find the means of afflicting neither your father nor my master, and of not becoming selfish when we become happy."

She added to this billet a short letter for Count Christian, in which she informed him of the quiet life she was leading, and of the respite which Porpora's new projects had given her. She requested them to seek and to find the means of disarming Porpora, and to inform her within a month. A month would still remain for her to prepare the maestro, before the decision of the negotiation undertaken at Berlin.

Consuelo having sealed these two billets, placed them upon her table and fell asleep. A delicious calmness had descended into her soul, and never, for a long time, had she enjoyed so deep and so pleasant a slumber. She awoke late, and rose hurriedly to see Keller, who had promised to come for her letter at eight o'clock. It was nine; and as she dressed herself in haste, Consuelo saw, with terror, that the letter was not on the spot where she had placed it. She sought for it every where without finding it. She went out to see if Keller was not waiting for her in the antechamber. Neither Keller nor Joseph was there; and as she reëntered her apartment to search again, she saw Porpora approach from his chamber and look at her with a severe air.

"What are you looking for?" said he to her.

"A sheet of music which I have mislaid."

"You lie; you are looking for a letter."

"Master——"

"Hold your tongue, Consuelo. You don't yet know how to lie; do not learn."

"Master, what have you done with that letter?"

"I have given it to Keller."

"And why—why did you give it to Keller, master?"

"Because he came to get it. You told him to, yesterday. You don't know how to dissemble, Consuelo, or else my ear is quicker than you think."

"In fine," said Consuelo, resolutely, "what have you done with my letter?"

"I have told you; why do you ask me again? I thought it very improper that a young girl, virtuous as you are and as I presume you wish always to be, should secretly give letters to her hair-dresser. To prevent that man from having a bad idea of you, I gave him the letter in a calm manner, and ordered him, from you, to send it as addressed. He will not believe, at least, that you hide a guilty secret from your adopted father."

"Master, you are right, you have done well; forgive me!"

"I do forgive you; let us say no more about it."

"And—you read my letter?" added Consuelo, with a timid and caressing air.

"For what do you take me!" replied Porpora in a terrible tone.

"Forgive me that also," said Consuelo, bending her knee before him, and trying to take his hand; "let me open my heart to you——"

"Not a word more," replied the master, repelling her; and he entered his chamber, shutting the door after him with a crash.

Consuelo hoped that when this first storm had passed, she would be able to appease him, and have a decisive explanation with him. She felt strength enough to tell him all her thoughts, and flattered herself that she might thus hasten the result of her projects; but he refused all explanation, and his severity was unshakable and constant on that point. Otherwise, he testified the same friendship to her as usual, and even from that day had more cheerfulness of mind and more courage of soul. Consuelo saw in this a good omen, and awaited with confidence the answer from Riesenbourg.

Porpora had not lied. He had burned Consuelo's letters without reading them; but he had preserved the envelopes, and substituted a letter of his own for Count Christian. He thought that, by this bold step, he had saved his pupil, and spared old Rudolstadt from a sacrifice beyond his strength. He thought he had fulfilled the part of a faithful friend towards him, and that of an energetic and wise father towards Consuelo. He did not foresee

that he might give a death blow to Count Albert. He hardly knew him. He believed that Consuelo had exaggerated; that the young man was neither so much in love nor so ill as she had imagined; in fine, he believed, as do all old men, that love has bounds, and that grief never killed any one.

II.

In the expectation of an answer which she was not to receive, since Porpora had burned her letter, Consuelo continued the calm and studious course of life she had adopted. Her presence attracted to Wilhelm's house some very distinguished persons, whom she had great pleasure in meeting there often; among others, the baron Frederick de Trenck, who inspired her with real sympathy. He had the delicacy not to accost her as an old acquaintance the first time he again saw her, but to be presented to her after she had sung, as a deeply affected admirer of what he had just heard. On again meeting that handsome and generous young man who had so bravely rescued her from Mr. Mayer and his band, Consuelo's first impulse was to extend her hand to him. The baron, who did not wish her to commit an imprudence out of gratitude to him, hastened to take her hand respectfully, as if to reconduct her to her seat, and gently pressed it to thank her. She learned afterwards from Joseph, from whom he took music lessons, that he never failed to ask about her with interest and to speak of her with admiration; but that, from a sentiment of exquisite discretion, he had never addressed to him the least question respecting the motives for her disguise, the cause of their venturesome journey, or the nature of the feelings they might have had, or still had, towards each other. "I know not what he may think," added Joseph, "but I assure you, there is no woman of whom he speaks with more esteem and respect than he does of you." "In that case, friend," replied Consuelo, "I authorize you to tell him all our story, and all mine if you will, but without naming the family of Rudolstadt. I wish to be unreservedly esteemed by that man to whom we owe our lives, and who has conducted himself in such a noble manner towards me in every respect."

Some weeks afterwards, M. de Trenck, having hardly terminated his mission at Vienna, was suddenly recalled by Frederick, and came one morning to the embassy, to bid a hasty farewell to M. Corner. Consuelo, on descending the staircase to go out, met him under the porch. As they were alone, he came to her and took her hand, which he kissed tenderly. "Allow me," said he to her, "to express to you for the first and per-

haps for the last time in my life, the sentiments with which my heart is filled for you: it was not necessary for Beppo to relate your history to me, in order that I might be penetrated with veneration. There are some physiognomies which do not deceive, and I required but one glance to feel and divine in you a great understanding and a great heart. If I had known at Passaw that our dear Joseph was so little on his guard, I should have protected you against the levity of count Hoditz, which I foresaw only too well, though I had done my best to let him understand that he would make a mistake and render himself ridiculous. Moreover, that good Hoditz has told me how you made a fool of him, and he feels very much obliged to you for having kept his secret; for myself, I shall not forget the romantic adventure which procured me the happiness of knowing you, and even should I pay for it with my fortune and prospects, I should still consider it as among the most beautiful days of my life."

"Do you believe then, sir baron," said Consuelo, "that it can have such consequences!"

"I hope not; but still every thing is possible at the court of Prussia."

"You give me a great fear of Prussia; do you know, sir baron, that it would also be possible for me to have the pleasure of meeting you there before long? There is some talk of an engagement for me at Berlin."

"In truth," cried Trenck, whose face lighted with a sudden joy; "well, may God grant that the project be realized! I can be useful to you at Berlin, and you must count upon me as upon a brother. Yes, I have for you the affection of a brother, Consuelo—and if I had been free, should perhaps have been unable to defend myself from a warmer feeling still—but neither are you free, and sacred, eternal bonds do not permit me to envy the happy gentleman who seeks your hand. Whoever he may be, depend upon it, madam, he will find in me a friend if he desires one, and if he has ever need of me, a champion against the prejudices of the world. Alas! I also, Consuelo, have in my life a terrible barrier, which rises between me and the object of my love; but he who loves you is a man and can cast down the barrier, while the woman whom I love, and who is of a higher rank than I, has neither the power, nor the right, nor the strength, nor the liberty to make me clear it."

"And can I do nothing for her or for you?" said Consuelo; "for the first time I regret the impotence of my poor condition."

"Who knows!" cried the baron, earnestly; "perhaps you can do more

than you think, if not to unite us, at least to soften sometimes the horror of our separation. Should you feel the courage to brave some dangers for us?"

"With as much joy as you exposed your life to save me."

"Well, I depend upon it. Recollect this promise, Consuelo. Perhaps I shall recall it to you unexpectedly."

"At whatever hour of my life it may be, I shall not have forgotten it," replied she, extending her hand to him.

"Well," said he, "give me some token of little value which I can again present to you on occasion; for I have a presentiment that great trials await me, and there may be circumstances in which my signature, even my seal, would compromise her and you."

"Do you wish this roll of music which I was about to carry to some one for my master! I can get another, and will make a mark on this by which I can recognize it on occasion."

"Why not! A roll of music is, in fact, that which can best be sent without exciting suspicion. But I will separate the sheets, that I may make use of it several times. Make a mark on each page."

Consuelo, resting upon the balustrade of the staircase, wrote the name of Bertoni upon each sheet of the music. The baron rolled it up and carried it away, after having sworn an eternal friendship to our heroine.

At this period, madam Tesi fell ill, and the performances at the imperial theatre threatened to be suspended, as she there performed the most important parts.—Corilla could indeed replace her. She had great success both at the court and in the city. Her beauty and her provoking coquetry turned the heads of all those good German lords, and they did not think of criticising her voice which was somewhat frayed, or her rather epileptic acting. All was beautiful from so fine a person; her snowy shoulders gave forth admirable sounds, her round and voluptuous arms always sang justly, and her superb attitudes carried her through the most venturesome strokes without opposition. Notwithstanding the musical purism on which they prided themselves, the Viennese, as well as the Venetians, surrendered to the fascination of a languishing look; and madam Corilla in her boudoir, prepared many strong heads to be rapt and intoxicated by her performances.

She therefore boldly presented herself to sing, ad interim, the parts of madam Tesi; but the trouble was how to replace herself, in those she had sung. Madam Holzbäuer's flute-like voice did not allow her to be thought of. It was therefore necessary to admit Consuelo, or to be

satisfied with small things. Porpora worked like a demon; Metastasio, horribly dissatisfied with Corilla's Lombard pronunciation, and indignant at the attempts she made to drown the other parts, (contrary to the spirit of the poem and in spite of the situation,) no longer concealed his antipathy to her, nor his sympathy for the conscientious and intelligent Porporina. Caffariello, who was paying court to madam Tesi, (which madam Tesi already cordially detested Corilla, for having dared dispute with her her effects and the sceptre of beauty,) declared boldly for Consuelo's admittance. Holzbäuer, desirous of supporting the honor of his office, but frightened at the ascendancy which Porpora would soon assume if he got a foot only behind the scenes, knew not which way to turn. Consuelo's good conduct had conciliated so many partisans, as to make it difficult to impose upon the empress much longer. In consequence of all these reasons, propositions were made to Consuelo. By making them mean it was hoped she would refuse them. Porpora accepted them at once, and as usual, without consulting her. One fine morning, Consuelo found herself engaged for six performances, and without being able to withdraw, without understanding why, after waiting six weeks she had received no news from the Rudolstadt, she was dragged by Porpora to the rehearsal of Metastasio's *Antigono*, set to music by Hasse.

Consuelo had already studied her part with Porpora. Doubtless it was a great suffering to the latter to be obliged to teach her the music of his rival, the most ungrateful of his pupils, the enemy whom he hated above all others; but, besides the necessity of doing this to get the door opened for his own compositions, Porpora was too conscientious a professor, too upright an artist, not to bestow all his attention, all his zeal upon this study. Consuelo seconded him so nobly that he was at once delighted and distressed. Spite of herself, the poor child found Hasse magnificent, and her soul experienced much more development in those songs of the Sassone, so tender and so full of passion, than in the somewhat naked and sometimes rather cold grandeur of her own master. Accustomed, when studying other great masters with him, to abandon herself to her own enthusiasm, she was this time compelled to restrain herself, on seeing the sadness of his look and the despondency of his reflections after the lesson. When she entered upon the stage to rehearse with Caffariello and Corilla, though she knew her part very well, she felt so much agitated that she could hardly open the scene of *Ismene* with Berenice, which commences with these words:

"No; tutto, o Berenice,
Tu non apri il tuo cor, &c." *

To which Corilla replied by these :

" — E ti par poco,
Quel che sai de' miei casi ? " †

At this place, Corilla was interrupted by a loud shout from Caffariello; and turning towards him, her eyes sparkling with anger, "What do you find so funny in that?" asked she of him. "You said it very well, my fat Berenice," replied Caffariello, laughing still louder; "no one could say it more sincerely." "Do the words amuse you?" said Holzbäuer, who would not have been displeased to be able to report to Metastasio, the soprano's jests upon his verses. "The words are beautiful," drily replied Caffariello, who knew his ground well: "but their application in this circumstance is so perfect, that I could not help laughing at it." And he held his sides as he repeated to Porpora:

— E ti par poco,
Quel che sai di tanti casi?

Corilla, seeing what a cutting satire was contained in this allusion to her morals, and trembling with anger, hate and fear, was about to rush upon Consuelo and disfigure her; but the countenance of the latter was so gentle and so calm that she dared not. Moreover, the dim light which penetrated the stage, falling upon the face of her rival, she stopped, struck by vague reminiscences and strange terrors. She had never seen her by daylight or near to, at Venice. In the midst of the pains of child-birth, she had confusedly seen the little Zingaro Bertoni busy about her, and had not been able to comprehend his devotedness. At this moment, she strove to collect her ideas, and not succeeding, she remained under the influence of a disquiet and uneasiness which troubled her through the whole rehearsal. The manner in which the Porporina sang her part, contributed not a little to increase her ill humor, and the presence of Porpora, her old master who, like a severe judge, listened to her in silence and with an air almost contemptuous, became to her, little by little, a real punishment. Mr. Holzbäuer was not less mortified, when the maestro declared that he beat time quite incorrectly; and they were obliged to believe him, as he had been present at the rehearsals which Hasse himself had directed at Dresden when the opera was first produced upon the stage. The necessity they felt of good advice, made ill-will yield and silenced anger. He led the whole rehearsal, taught each one his duty and even reprimanded Caffariello, who pretended

to listen to his advice with respect, in order to give him more weight with the others. Caffariello only thought of wounding the impertinent rival of madam Tesi, and no sacrifice which procured him this pleasure was too great on that day, not even an act of submission and modesty. It is thus that, with artists as with diplomatists, on the stage as in the cabinet of sovereigns, the finest and the meanest actions have their hidden causes which are infinitely small and frivolous.

On going home after the rehearsal, Consuelo found Joseph quite full of a mysterious joy; and when they could converse in private, she learnt from him that the good canon had arrived at Vienna; that his first thought had been to send for his dear Heppo and give him an excellent breakfast, while asking him a thousand tender questions about his dear Bertoni. They had already arranged the means of making acquaintance with Porpora, in order that they might see each other familiarly, openly and without scandal. On the next day, the canon was presented as a protector of Joseph Haydn, a great admirer of the maestro, and under the pretext of coming to thank him for the lessons he was so kind as to give to his young friend. Consuelo appeared to salute him for the first time, and in the evening, the maestro and his two pupils dined in a friendly manner with the canon. Unless he affected a stoicism which the musicians of those days, even the greatest, did not pretend to, it would have been difficult for Porpora not to take a sudden liking for this honest canon who kept so good a table and appreciated his works so highly. They had music after dinner, and thenceforth, saw each other almost every day.

This was moreover a solace to the anxiety which Albert's silence began to cause to Consuelo. The canon was of a cheerful spirit, chaste and at the same time free, exquisite in many respects, just and enlightened on many other points. In fine, he was an excellent friend and a perfectly amiable man. His society animated and strengthened the maestro; the temper of the latter became more gentle, and therefore, Consuelo's home life more agreeable.

One day when there was no rehearsal, (it was two days before the performance of *Antigono*,) Porpora having gone into the country with an acquaintance, the canon proposed to his young friends to go and make a descent upon the priory, in order to surprise those of his people whom he had left there, and to see for himself, by falling upon them as from the clouds, if the gardener's wife took good care of Angela and if the gardener did not neglect the volkameria. The proposition was accepted. The canon's carriage was

stuffed with patés and bottles, (for they could not make a journey of four leagues without acquiring an appetite,) and they arrived at the benefice, after having made a little circuit and left the carriage at some distance, the better to ensure the surprise.

The volkameria was in wonderful condition; it was warm and its roots were fresh. Its flowering had ceased on the return of cold weather, but its pretty leaves lay without languor upon its graceful stalk. The green-house was in good order, and the blue chrysanthemums braved the winter and seemed to laugh behind the glass. Angela, hanging on the bosom of her nurse, began to laugh also, when her attention was drawn by pretty tricks; and the canon very wisely decreed that this good disposition must not be abused, because forced laughs, when excited too often in such little creatures, develop their nervous temperament in an untimely manner.

They were there, conversing freely in the gardener's little cottage; the canon, wrapped in his wadded gown, was warming his legs before a great fire of dry roots and pine cones; Joseph was playing with the pretty children of the gardener's handsome wife, and Consuelo, seated in the middle of the room, held Angela in her arms and contemplated her with mingled tenderness and pain. She was thinking that this child belonged to her more than to any other and that a mysterious fatality bound the lot of the little one to her own, when the door suddenly opened, and Corilla appeared opposite to her, like a phantom invoked by her melancholy reverie.

For the first time since her delivery, Corilla had felt, if not a sentiment of love, at least an attack of maternal remorse, and she had come to see her child in secret. She knew that the canon was living at Vienna; arriving half an hour after him and not seeing the tracks of his wheels near the priory, since he had made a circuit before entering, she stealthily penetrated through the gardens, and without meeting any one, to the house where she knew Angela was at nurse; for she had not omitted to obtain some information in this respect. She had laughed a great deal over the embarrassment and Christian resignation of the canon, but she was entirely ignorant of the part that Consuelo had played in the adventure. It was therefore with surprise mingled with fear and consternation, that she saw Consuelo in this place; and not knowing, not daring to guess, what child she was thus tending, she was about to turn and fly. But Consuelo, who by an instinctive movement had clasped the infant to her breast, as the partridge hides her young under her

* No, Berenice, you do not frankly open your heart to me.

† Does what you know of my adventures seem to you but little?

wing at the approach of the vulture; Consuelo, who was on the stage, and could the next day present in another light the secret of the comedy, which Corilla had hitherto related in her own manner; Consuelo in fine, who looked at her with a mixture of terror and indignation, kept her chained and fascinated in the middle of the floor.

Still Corilla was too consummate an actress to lose her presence of mind and her powers of speech for a long time. Her tactics were, to prevent a humiliation by an insult; and, to recover her voice, she began her part by this apostrophe uttered in the Venetian dialect with a sharp and bitter tone: "Eh! Dio Santo! my poor Zingarella, is this house than a receptacle for foundlings? Have you also come here to find or to deposit your child? I see that we run the same risks and have the same luck. Doubtless our two children have the same father, for our adventures date from Venice and the same epoch; and I have seen with compassion for you, that it was not to rejoin you as we had thought, that the handsome Anzoleto deserted us so unceremoniously in the midst of his engagement last season."

"Madam," replied Consuelo, pale but calm, "if I had had the misfortune to be as intimate with Anzoleto as you were, and, in consequence of that misfortune, the happiness of becoming a mother, (for that is always a happiness to one who knows how to feel it,) my child would not be here."

"Ah! I understand," replied the other, with a dark fire in her eyes; "it would be brought up at the villa Zustiniani. You would have had the wit I wanted, to persuade the dear Count that his honor was pledged to acknowledge it. But you have not had the misfortune, as you pretend, to be Anzoleto's mistress, and Zustiniani was so happy as not to leave you proofs of his love. They say that Joseph Haydn, your master's pupil, has consoled you for all your misfortunes, and doubtless the child you have in your arms —"

"Is yours, Miss," cried Joseph, who now understood the dialect very well and advanced between Consuelo and Corilla in a manner which made the latter recoil. "It is Joseph Haydn who assures you of the fact; for he was present when you brought it into the world."

Joseph's face, which Corilla had not seen since that unlucky day, brought immediately to her memory all the circumstances which she had vainly endeavored to recollect, and the Zingaro Bertonni at last appeared to her under the true features of the Zingarella Consuelo. A cry of surprise escaped her, and for an instant, shame and spite filled her breast. But

soon, impudence returned to her heart and insult to her lips. "Really, my dears," cried she, with an atrociously benignant air, "I did not recognize you. You were both very pretty when I met you on your adventures, and Consuelo was quite a nice boy in her disguise. It is then in this holy house, between the fat canon and the little Joseph, that she has passed the year since her flight from Venice! Come, Zingarella, do not be uneasy, my child. We have each other's secret, and the empress, who wants to know every thing, will learn nothing from either of us."

"Supposing I had a great secret," replied Consuelo coldly, "it is in your possession only to-day; and yours was in mine on the day when I talked an hour with the empress, three days before the signing of your engagement, Corilla!"

"And you spoke ill of me!" cried Corilla, becoming red with anger.

"If I had told her what I know of you, you would not have been engaged. If you are so, the reason apparently is, that I did not wish to profit by the opportunity."

"And why didn't you? You must be very stupid!" returned Corilla, with a frankness in perversity, wonderful to see.

Consuelo and Joseph could not help smiling as they looked at each other; Joseph's smile was full of contempt towards Corilla; Consuelo's was angelic and raised towards heaven.

"Yes, madam," replied she with overpowering gentleness, "I am as you say, and feel very well so."

"Not too well, my poor girl, since I am engaged and you are not!" returned Corilla, moved and somewhat thoughtful; "they told me at Venice, that you wanted wit and would never be able to make your way. That was the only true thing Anzoleto told me of you. But what of that? It is not my fault if you are so. In your place, I should have represented myself as a virgin, a saint. The empress would have believed it; she is not difficult to persuade — and I should have supplanted all my rivals. But you did not do so. That is strange, and I pity you for not knowing better how to shape your course."

For the moment, contempt prevailed over indignation; Consuelo and Joseph burst into laughter, and Corilla, who, on perceiving what she called in her mind the incapacity of her rival, lost that aggressive bitterness with which she had first armed herself, put herself at her ease, drew a chair towards the fire and prepared to continue the conversation tranquilly, in order that she might better discover the strong and weak points of her adversaries. At this instant, she found herself face to face with the canon

whom she had not yet perceived, because the latter, guided by his spirit of ecclesiastical prudence, had made a sign to the gardener's stout wife and her two children to keep before him until he could understand what was passing.

To be Continued.

LETTER FROM BROADWAY.—NO. VII.

TO THE HARBINGER.

The war-blast begins to gather in the distance, and threaten fiercely like the breath of the Simoom in the desert. Politicians rule the world — all the vast and immediate interests of society are held in abeyance or remorselessly sacrificed by a few men of mean soul and contemptible talent, but whose sheer, downright impudence has placed them in conspicuous positions, and given them control of the government, the public treasure, the interests, the honor and peace of the nation — to say nothing of the property and lives of the citizens. The Democrats, fearful that their own particular cabal could not succeed in perpetuating power, resorted to a war-policy, in the belief that the bloody clap-trap would be as efficient to catch the popular enthusiasm as ever; while the Whigs, fearful of being left altogether behind-hand in the contest for the people's "most sweet voices," have actually out-demagogued Demagogue the demi-god, and are fiercer for war than the fiercest. Even a venerable Ex-President, tottering toward the grave, supported by a nation's arms, turns backward to snarl and bite. Yes — the war-spirit is up — the slogan is gone forth — the fiery arrow is sped — the "honor" and "patriotism" of the dear people are aroused, and "glory" points the way to blood and slaughter, desolated cities, ruined commerce, bereaved households, and all the horrible concomitants of war. The hour lowers and threatens deeply; and even some of the hopefulest thinkers almost believe that another tremendous, Titanic, final struggle must take place throughout christendom ere man will be fitted even to *hope* for a better life and a higher destiny than to vacillate from feudalism to financierism — from cutting each other's throats to picking one another's pockets.

All these things are talked over and written about in the newspaper-dens of Nassau-street, and drank and quarreled over in the underground dram-shops about Tammany Hall and the Bowery. But in Broadway, one hears nothing of such unpleasant topics. The broad, mirror-like shop-windows are all in bloom with the choicest exotics from Cashmere, China, France, and Italy, at any number of dollars per yard; and the pavement is thronged, as ever, with its "never-ending, still-beginning" procession of folly

and fashion, beggary and crime, all so haggard and mismatched and distorted, that one involuntarily pauses and asks himself, "Can all these horrible discords ever be harmonized?"

A few days ago the annual farce called "Municipal Election" was enacted—duly prologued with enthusiastic meetings, thrilling and eloquent speeches, magnificent and uncountable torch-light processions, and all the exquisite mumery of these occasions. One who did not know, would surely never guess the object of these elections, but would be tempted to believe that they were held for the purpose of allowing the people to select individuals in whom they had confidence to govern them, take care of the interests and economies of the city, &c. &c. Not at all! The sole thing accomplished by these annual outpourings of popular wisdom and individual liberty, is to decide whether this or that set of men shall enjoy the offices and distribute the immense patronage of the city government, for the next year—shall be permitted to disburse the three or four millions of city expenses and fatten their own pockets from the somewhat plentiful crumbs which fall from the rich public's table. It is true! Fifty thousand men in New York turn out every spring and vote,—many of them spending time and money which they know not how to spare,—for the purpose of retaining or placing some two scores of cunning intriguers in office. From April to April again, not a shadow of improvement steals over the affairs of the city. The streets are impassable from obstructions and poisonous with filth and garbage—the whole city infested with thieves and burglars, who perform their most daring and desperate deeds under the very noses of our thousand policemen; and if one of them is occasionally arrested to save appearances, he is let out in a few days on straw bail and that is the last that is heard of him. Our public squares and promenades are so overrun with lazzaroni and harlots that it is unsafe to take one's wife or daughters through them after night-fall—the poor are crammed, by heartless and avaricious landlords, into unhealthy garrets, sheds, pens, and foul caverns, for the use of which, abundant interest on the value of good and comfortable dwellings is extorted from their miserable earnings—but what then? Haven't we enjoyed the inalienable right of suffrage and deposited our unpurchasable tickets in the ballot-box, that palladium of liberty! and better than all, Haven't we beaten them? Didn't we elect our candidates by a triumphant majority? Yes, poor Bobus, you did so!—You have worked hard for these men, and they are not ungrateful—they are

immediately going to work hard—for themselves.

There have recently been some symptoms of the breaking out of the music-fever once more here. The production and continued representation of "Le Désert" to always large and constantly increasing audiences, comprising the best portion of our most fashionable society, is a very favorable omen, and the next musical prodigy will stand an excellent chance for fame and fortune—for we do nothing by halves. With us an artist is either a sort of divinity to be worshipped, or a very suspicious seedy gentleman, by all means to be avoided. Sivori will probably be the next wonderment,—as I have just seen a very beautifully printed pamphlet containing all the puffs of the English and French press, upon his performances, and carefully emasculated of all the rough, strong criticisms which gave them a sort of vitality. All sweetmeats, it is supposed, will best suit our palates in America. This exceedingly interesting publication is prefaced by an account of the great artist's life, by which we learn that Sivori was born in the same city as Paganini! that he used to get two sticks and make motions as if playing on a violin, when he was only eight months old! and that Paganini declared Sivori—*his pupil*—to be the only person who could pretend to play his compositions! If here is not matter enough for popular excitement, then will the artist manage his affairs very clumsily. It is as well to say, perhaps, that Paganini never had a pupil and resolutely refused to instruct his own son in the weird mysteries which he alone could evoke from the violin. Sivori was one of a number of young men who followed the *maestro* about from place to place, with a fiddle and a green bag, and perhaps half a dozen times a year prevailed on him to bestow upon them a perfectly commonplace lesson. But I learn from travelled friends, that Sivori is really a fine artist, and needed not all this smothering in whip-syllabub before he was acceptable.

But I am to say something about "Le Désert." To leave all preliminary flourishes of its reception in Paris, the instant fame it conferred on its author, Felicien David, &c. &c. we will come to the piece itself. It is, then, a quite pleasing and successful effort of what is known as imitative harmony; and the subject being very striking, an audience "of the meanest capacity" could not fail, with the help of the programme, in getting a pretty good idea of the composer's meaning,—especially as the French verse is all carefully translated! so carefully, that in the grand camel-chorus, I observe that "*Allons! Marchons! Trottons!*" &c., are rendered, "*All on! March on! Trot on!*" &c.

Seriously, however, I have been much pleased with this Symphony, which contains two or three of the most beautiful things any where to be found in modern French music. The *reverie*, "O Lovely Night!" and the "Hymn to Night!" are happily conceived and written with great expression and purity of taste. The whole piece has been extravagantly praised by the critics of the daily Press, some of whom are not very tender-hearted; and I say with some reluctance that in my opinion, it does not deserve any great proportion of all the fine things that have been said of it. I am convinced that if the different airs, chorusses, &c. of this piece, (with the exception of the "chant of the Muezzim,") were to be set to different words and interspersed through an opera of Parisian intrigue or *diablerie*, they would be found quite as "descriptive" as now. For example,—what do you think of putting, in the caravan-march, the mutes on the violins, to represent the tread of the canvas-hoofed camel upon the sand! The Muezzim's Chant, which is said to be *real* Arabic, is certainly very poor music, and could not be distinguished from the chant of the chimney-sweep, *ceteris paribus*.

Our National Academy of Design has just thrown open its Annual Exhibition. Although the intentions of many of our artists are far better than their designs, yet the present collection contains some really fine pictures. Among them all there is not one that has more completely won my affection, than a landscape by C. P. CRANCH. There is an indescribable fascination in the truthfulness, calmness, and depth which are in this picture. DURAND has painted a tender and exquisite thing—a child-like young girl carrying a cordial to her sick and perhaps dying father. The whole tone of the piece is soft and sad, and dim with the blending shadows of hope and memory which meet when rosy youth and ghastly death touch hands in the great dance of life; there is a thrilling pathos in the scene that still vibrates in my heart. COLLE has two or three charming landscapes, and OSGOOD a romantic, intellectual head of a young girl whose beautiful fancies overflow in unconscious chords upon the mandolina. There are two or three hundred pictures in the Exhibition, and I have as yet only seen half a dozen—so I can say no more at present.

In theatricals we are rather down at the heel just now. Mr. Murdoch has played a very successful engagement at the Park, and fully established his claims to be ranked among the first actors of the time. His performances deserve an extended criticism, which I mean to try to furnish you. Since he left, the house has been dull.

ENFRANCHISED LABOR, master of itself, will become master of the world; for Labor is the action of Humanity, accomplishing the work which the Creator has given it in charge. Working Men, take courage then; be not wanting to yourselves, and God will not be wanting to you. Each of your efforts will produce its fruit, will be attended by an amelioration of your condition, whence other and greater ameliorations will spring, and from these yet others, until the time when the earth, refreshed and regenerated, shall be like a field whose harvest is peacefully gathered and shared by a family of brothers.—*La Mennais*.

☞ A real philanthropy cannot come from a delicate nervous system alone; of that relief of human wretchedness which is only the narrow result of a sensitive organization, no mention is made in the spiritual world. The angels love best that holy zeal which will not rest while any son of eternity, any human being is left by society bleeding at the way side, but which devotes itself to the binding up of all wounds and to giving to all men those blessings and joys which God has appointed for all.

AN ORIGINAL ANECDOTE. Capt. K., one of our shrewdest steamboat captains, caught a "Jeremy Diddler" on board his boat one day, as he was making a passage from Boston to 'down East,' and pinned him up in good style. It seems the fellow laid a traverse to get clear of paying his fare, and insisted to the clerk that he had paid, but had lost his ticket. "Whom did you pay?" asked the clerk. Why he rather guessed it was the captain. So K. was summoned to the conference. "O yes, yes," says Capt. K., "it appears to me I do recollect. Let me see, you gave me a five dollar bill?" "Yes," says Diddler, "I did." "And I gave you your change in half dollars didn't I?" (The fare was only half a dollar; competition was high.) "Yes," says Jeremy "that is it—I recollect it perfectly." "Very well," says Captain K., "I won't dispute your word for anything; but, if you please, I should like to see the halves!" The fellow was tripped where he least expected it. He could not produce the halves, and had to fork out his fare.—*Portland Argus*.

THE LARGEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD. According to reports of travellers, the bridge of Layang, over an arm of the sea, in China, is the largest bridge in the world—erected in a similar way as the bridges of Babylon, but entirely of stone. Its length is said to extend to 26,800 Paris feet, and comprises three hundred arches, or rather openings of pillars.—These are not overspread by arches, but there are placed above them large slabs of stone which form the roadway 70 feet broad. The distance of the pillars is nearly 74 1-2 feet, the latter being 70 feet high and 15 feet broad, and strengthened with stone facings of the form of triangular prisms, which extend over the whole

height of the pillars up to the transversal slabs. The latter (of course more than 70 feet long) extend in breadth to 15 feet, and have 9 feet in thickness. Other reports, however, assign no more than 73 feet, old Paris measure, to the distance of the pillars, and only 4 1-2 feet to the breadth and thickness of the transversal slabs—by which, of course, the length of the bridge is reduced one half. Even so it would be an astonishing structure, being six times the length of the longest bridge in Europe, namely, the Point de St. Esprit at Lyons. The parapet is according to some reports, a railing—according to others, a balustrade, and every pillar supports a pedestal, on which a lion 21 feet long, and made of one block of marble, is placed.—*The Builder*.

THE PROGRESS OF CRIME IN OUR LAND. It cannot fail to have struck the attention of the attentive reader, that our newspapers are fast becoming nothing more nor less than registers of crime; and deeds the mere reading of which, is calculated to shock the moral sensibilities of our natures, are now daily perpetrated; and it would seem that we are taking a retrograde march on the high road of civilization and Christianity, instead of profiting by the lights which they have shed upon our world. It is not our purpose to attempt an explanation of the causes, which have led to the increase of crime in our country, but simply as chroniclers of passing events to note what we have written. No section of our country is free from the stain of crime. The East and the West, the North and the South have all their proportionate share of it. We rarely, if ever, take up a paper without meeting with the record of some horrible murder, or some other crime of a dark character. We leave to others to determine when these things shall find an end.—*Southern Patriot*.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS may hold two or three hundred, if crammed. I counted fifty odd members present. A number of them were bishops, in flowing black robes with white lawn sleeves. They made themselves quite busy in defending the abuses of the ecclesiastical courts. What benefit England derives from these fat ecclesiastics it is not so easy to see as it is to see what benefit they derive from England. One of them, it is true, the Bishop of Exeter, introduced and advocated with a good deal of zeal, a bill for the suppression of brothels, but it was unfortunately discovered by the opponents of the bill, that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey were among the largest holders of this species of property, and the Bishop's ardor soon cooled down. It was stated, and could not be contradicted, that the venerable ecclesiastical body referred to, derived a considerable part of its revenue from the rent of no less than forty such houses.—*Chronotype*.

A HINT TO THE LADIES ON ELEGANCE OF CARRIAGE. It was wonderful to see the amazing burdens that the Spanish women carried on their heads; and walked at so rapid and safe a pace without the least accident. It is remarkable that the female peasantry in Spain have a more graceful and comely style of walking than the ladies; which I have repeatedly

heard accounted for by the burdens that they carry on their heads, requiring a certain degree of steadiness to balance; and as they are also taught to dance the *fandango* when very young, they naturally retain an interesting gait. I have heard that the Irish girls have the same qualification, and that ladies laugh at the idea; but I would recommend the use of a good burden on the head, for a couple of hours every morning; and I doubt not but it might have more effect than all the drill-sergeants and French dancing masters in the universe.—*Captain Ball's Seven Years in Spain*.

Dicken's new paper gives an extract of a letter from our learned blacksmith, Elihu Burritt, read by Joseph Sturge, at the great Peace Meeting at Manchester, and adds this comment.

"We take it that a few such blacksmiths must ultimately prove more than a match for the expensive bully War. A few more such Vulcans, and, in good time, it must go hard with Mars."

Our distinguished fellow citizen Dr. J. H. BUCHANAN, who has lately been lecturing at Cincinnati with great applause has been elected to fill a chair in the Eclectic Medical Institute, of that city. Dr. B. has accepted the appointment and will enter upon his duties next fall, as Professor of Physiology, the Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence. This is a new Medical School, which held its first session during the past winter with a very respectable class. Its Faculty consists of seven Professors and its prospects are said to be quite flattering.—*Louisville Democrat*.

THE HARBINGER.

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.
Translated for the Harbinger.

SECTION II.—NOTICE III.

CHAPTER X.

Classification, Direction, Estimate of Expenses.

In all civilized societies the only hierarchy recognized is that of rank or fortune; the associative order makes use of several other scales of classification unknown among us, as that of characters, which are undecipherable hieroglyphics to the civilizes; and that of temperaments, which medical treatises reduce to four, and which are the same in quantity and distribution with the individual characters; but it will require long trials before we shall be able to make the selection and regular scale of characters and temperaments.

The first classification to be established will be the *collective* characters, analogous to the different ages; they will class themselves spontaneously; no one will be obliged to rank himself in such or such a category of age.

The following table represents this scale. Its distribution is that of a measured and composite series; perhaps the only one which can be formed in the first experimental phalanx.

PHALANX ON A GRAND SCALE.

DISTRIBUTION INTO SIXTEEN TRIBES AND THIRTY TWO CHOIRS,

DISTINGUISHING THE FULL AND SEMI-CHARACTER, THE REGENCY, AND THE COMPLEMENTS.

ORDERS.	GENERA.	AGES.	NUMBERS.
COMPLEMENT ASCENDING.	{ Nurslings, (<i>Nourrissons</i>), 0 to 1 72 } { Infants of the second age, (<i>Poupons</i>), 1—2 60 } { " " " third age, (<i>Lutins</i>), 2—3 48 }		180
TRIBES AND CHOIRS.			
ASCENDING TRANSITION.	1. Small children, (<i>Bambins et Bambines</i>), 3—4 1-2		60
ASCENDING WINGLET.	2. { Cherubs and Cherubines, 4—6 1-2 38 } 3. { Seraphs and Seraphines, 6 1-2—9 44 }	Full character. 19 Semi-character. 22	
ASCENDING WING.	4. { Lycéans and Lycéennes, 9—12 50 } 5. { Gymnasians and Gymnasiennes, 12—15 1-2 50 } 6. { Youths and Maidens, 15 1-2—20 62 }	302 25 28 31	196
	7. { Young Men and Women, (<i>Adolescents, &c.</i>) 68 } 8. { The fully formed, 74 }	34 37	
CENTRE.	X THE REGENCY.	54	27
	9. { The Athletic, 70 } 10. { The Mature, (<i>Virils et Viriles</i>), 64 }	35 32	
DESCENDING WING.	11. { The Refined, (<i>Rafines et Rafinees</i>), 58 } 12. { The Temperate, (<i>Tempéres et Temperees</i>), 52 } 13. { The Prudent, 46 }	364 29 26 23	189
DESCENDING WINGLET.	14. { <i>Reverends et Reocrendes</i> , 40 } 15. { <i>Venerables</i> , 34 }	20 17	
		Full character, 810 Semi-character, 405	910 405
DESCEND'S TRANSITION.	16. Patriarchs,		45
COMPLEMENT DESCENDING.	{ Sick, 30 } { Infirm, 40 } { Absent, 50 }		120
TOTAL,			1,020

Note. It will not do to adhere strictly to this number at first. It must be raised,

In the Phalanx of the first generation, to	1,800
In the experimental Phalanx, to,	2,000
In the approximative Phalanx, to	900

It may be here remarked, that a measured series, as well as a simple one, admits of the division into three bodies, namely: the centre and two wings. But if we decompose this series by sexes, there will then arise another division into four bodies, of which it is not necessary to speak at present.

The thirty-two choirs, with their *esprit de corps*, and all their graduated attributes, will be a fruitful source of accords, provided the ages, tribes and choirs class themselves with full liberty. There will be no distinction of semi-character observed in a phalanx on the reduced scale of eight hundred associates and a hundred hired laborers; since the semi-characters can be brought into play only in a mass of about sixteen hundred persons. I shall define hereafter the difference between a semi-character and a full character.

The children will lend themselves most ardently to the work of forming the corporate scale of ages, in the six tribes, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6; with the exception that the more precocious children

will be promoted, and the least developed be kept back.

The scale of ages, which pleases childhood very highly, is indispensable to emulation, to impart a tone and impulse to them all; this must be given by degrees, and communicated from the sixth tribe to the tribes below it. All education pivots on the sixth tribe. (See Section III. and IV.) Those most advanced in years will gladly form the tribes 14, 15, and 16; for the six choirs of these tribes enjoy various prerogatives in respect to food, clothing, lodging, carriages, &c.: a patriarch (sixteenth tribe) is served at the tables of the first class, however poor he may be: a reverend and a venerable are entitled to seats at the tables of the second class, in spite of insufficient fortune. The same regard is shown them in respect to clothes, lodging, equipage, &c. Our moderns, like savages, abandon old age, infancy and infirmity; upon the idiot they lavish suspended litters, nicely stuffed, while the lame and wounded are jolted and made to suffer martyrdom in wagons without

springs, and not a moralist to cry out in their behalf! These are the blessings of perfectible civilization, its philosophic and moralistic gasconades!

The tribes 7 and 8, comparatively young, and 9 and 10, of whom the same thing may be said, will class themselves without repugnance in the scale of ages, with but very few exceptions, for every thing will be voluntary in this classification, from the seventh to the sixteenth tribe.

It is only in the tribes 11, 12, and 13, that the decline of age commences; and it may well be imagined that the women will not feel flattered at the idea of figuring in these tribes, and will refuse downright to be incorporated in them: but it will be no such thing. The Associative regime will call forth a multitude of interests differing from ours: one of its effects will be to secure consideration and affection to age, which in the civilized order is looked upon with little favor by the young.

It will be seen, in the chapter on pas-

sional attachments, that this banner of advanced age, which would be a bug-bear for declining dames to-day, will become in fact an incentive to them. For the rest, every one may class himself in any tribe of which he can obtain the consent. The woman of forty may rank herself with women of thirty, if they will admit her; and this admission will be easy to obtain.

The classification above twenty years being free, I have not indicated the ages of the tribes from No. 7 upwards.

The most precious use of this scale of ages is to facilitate the natural education, to create an *esprit de corps* among children which shall draw them passionately to studies and productive labors. (See Section III.)

In this classification by tribes, an inequality between the two great divisions will be observed: nature affords smaller numbers in the descending age than in the ascending; accordingly I have distributed the fourteen tribes of full harmony by

38, 34, 50, 56, 62, 68, 74.—54.—70, 64, 58, 52, 46, 40, 34; and not by corresponding equal numbers, 36, 42, 48, 54, 60, 66, 72.—54.—72, 66, 60, 54, 48, 42, 36. The second scale would suppose a numerical equality of the two divisions of age. On the contrary there will be, for thirty years, a surplus in the first division, because children are superabundant in civilization.

The class of *full character*, which comprehends 810 individuals, consists of those beings who enjoy the full exercise of all their faculties, corporeal and intellectual. A child between three and four years old cannot have, even under the Associative education, the dexterity, the intelligence, the decided inclinations which constitute the full character. At that early age there are few prominent tastes; he skims over every thing; it is not until four or four and a half that his nature manifests itself clearly, so that you can discern his dominant, and sub-dominant passions, instincts, &c. Consequently in the tribe of *Bambins* no distinction is made of the semi-character. It is the same with the tribe of *Patriarchs*. An old man of the sixteenth age has no longer his corporeal faculties, and cannot figure in the full character, nor in active exercise.

Hence the semi-character is only observed in the 14 tribes from 2 to 15 inclusive. It is composed of 405 individuals, whose tastes are indistinct, ambiguous, and very useful for binding together different functions, for a semi-character often figures as the junction between two full characters. This order, which would be despised in civilization, enjoys great consideration in Harmony; the neuter and the *ambigu* are eminently useful there.

The class which partakes in the evolutions and manœuvres, the class called active Harmony, is limited to the twelve tribes from 2 to 13 inclusive.

I have said that they hold an exchange each day, or general conference, to agree upon the various sessions of the morrow and days following, whether in industry, or in repasts and pleasures, as well as on the borrowing and lending of auxiliary cohorts to the neighboring phalanxes. The mechanism of the exchange, in Association, is very different from that of our commercial exchanges, which are the extreme of confusion. A Harmonian exchange will unravel more intrigues and

conclude more negotiations in half an hour, than the civilized exchange could terminate in half a day. This method is one of the numerous details which must be passed over in an abridgment.

The regency, charged with directing the current affairs and providing for the general service, is only a committee delegated from the Areopagus, which is an authority of opinion; it is composed: 1. of the chiefs of every series of industry or pleasure, pleasures being as useful in Harmony as labors; 2. of the three tribes of Reverends, Venerables, and Patriarchs; 3. of the principal stockholders, who vote by shares, and of the holders of savings funds, who have obtained a share by the accumulation of little economies; 4. of the magnates (of both sexes) of the phalanx. A list of them all will be given in detail for the three sexes in another place.

The Areopagus has no statutes to make or to maintain, every thing being regulated by attraction and by the *esprit de corps* of the tribes, choirs and series. It pronounces upon important affairs, as the harvest, the vintage, the erection of buildings, &c. Its advice is passionately received as the compass and guide of industry, but it is not obligatory; a group would be free to postpone its harvest, in spite of the advice of the Areopagus.

It has no influence on the principal operation, which is the repartition of dividends in triple lots proportional to capital, labor and skill. Attraction alone is the arbiter of justice in this affair. (See Section V.)

Neither the Areopagus, nor the regency are charged with illusory responsibilities, like the civilized financial chambers which, with a complication of figures, know how to mask their own extortions. The accounts in associative Harmony, are the work of a special series, charged with keeping the books, which are open to the inspection of every one.

Besides, the accounts are but very slightly complicated in this new order. They know nothing there of daily payments, of the civilized custom of always keeping money in hand. Every one has his credit open in proportion to his known fortune, or to his presumptive dividends in *attractive industry*. The neighboring phalanxes do not pay every day for what they buy of one another: as cattle, fowls, vegetables, fruit, butter, milk, cheese, wine, oil, wood, &c. An account is kept, and balanced at stated periods, after transfers or compensations between the townships and districts. As to individual accounts, for advances of food and other necessities, they are regulated only at the end of the year, at the time of the general inventory and repartition of profits.

The contributions for the public treasury and for the industrial armies, of which more will be said hereafter, give no occasion for tax-gatherers; each phalanx settles with the treasury in four bills payable quarterly at the chief place of the province: as to the industrial armies, each troop sent by a province or a district enjoys a fixed credit; its expense is paid by itself in orders on its district. There is no room for the extortions of contractors.

All contentions are reduced to a few arbitrations. Every one may draw at any moment the amount of his stock, except the current dividend, which must be regulated by the inventory at the end of the year.

There is no need of any guardian for the children; not a farthing can be taken from their fortune, which consists of shares registered in the great book kept by every phalanx, and bearing a fixed interest, or a dividend regulated each year by the inventory. Thus an orphan is not exposed to any swindling, and his funds, in every phalanx in which he holds shares, accumulate with interest, until he arrives at the age of majority (twenty years), when they fall to his own disposal.

It will be necessary to distinguish three classes of fortune and of expense for the table. Such a scale is indispensable in Harmony, where all equality is political poison. Among the associates engaged there will be some possessing a little capital, lands, animals and agricultural implements which they will have sold, a dilapidated cabin for which they will have received compensation. For these investments they will receive a share or portion of a share. They will form a class already superior to the multitude, and will be admitted, if they desire it, to the tables of the second order, where will be received also those who, by precious knowledge in industry, will have credit to an amount sufficient to admit them to the second class.

A first class will be created composed of the principal workmen, of instructors enrolled in the city, and of the chief capitalists, besides the cultivators who, by furnishing extensive lands, or a house fit for use, will find themselves considerable stockholders; these three degrees will be necessary even in a small phalanx on a reduced scale.

The regency, or committee of managing stockholders, will form a fourth class, which cannot well identify itself with the phalanx until the last detachments shall have come in.

Several rich families may decide to incorporate themselves with it by the autumn, which would be very useful to give activity to intrigues during the winter which will precede the entrance into full exercise.

To strike a decisive blow in the spring, it will require a considerable time to exercise the associates and especially the children, in the choregraphic and other manœuvres, from those of the opera to those of the censer. This phalanx, although insufficient in numbers, must be able, at the close of winter, to present itself in *fine keeping, both material and spiritual*; let it be in excellent drill, like the dancers and *figurantes* of the opera; and let it already present various equilibria of the passions, by free choice among alternatives of pleasure, which prevent excess, and denote that this effect will become general when the mechanism shall be raised to the complete scale by the introduction of the last detachments.

In insisting on the necessity of operating upon consecutive detachments, I have proved that the expense of creating the first stimulus will only fall upon the first, which will not be very numerous. I pass to the pecuniary estimate.

COST OF THE FOUNDATION ON THE FULL SCALE.

It will only amount to one-fourth on the reduced scale.

		Francs.
Rent of lands and buildings for one year,	600,000	
Dwellings and stables,	5,000,000	
Animals, vegetables, rural implements,	1,200,000	

Expense of engaging members, and advances,	1,200,000
Furniture, linen, plate, &c.	1,000,000
Manufactories, workshops, raw materials,	1,500,000
Subsistence for six months,	800,000
Arrangements preparatory to attractive industry,	800,000
Expense of financial bureau, registry, negotiations,	600,000
Hired laborers, not members,	400,000
Transplanting trees with earth,	300,000
Public library,	300,000
Music and the opera,	300,000
Palisades and fences,	200,000
Occasional expenses,	400,000
	15,000,000

A quarter part of this, or four millions, will suffice on the reduced scale; and it may even be commenced with two millions, for no sooner will the work have been begun, than stockholders will present themselves faster than they will be desired.

It must be borne in mind that, in founding a phalanx on a small scale, two things will be lost :

1. The second sale of shares, two-thirds of which being reserved and worth ten millions, may be sold for forty millions, in case of a very successful operation, a brilliant commencement which should suddenly display the high harmonies of the passions.

2. The income from paying visitors, which may be estimated at fifty millions for the two first years, when it is the only existing phalanx on a grand scale, and for the third year when it will have perfected its mechanism to a higher point.

If we suppose each visitor to pay upon an average a hundred francs per day, six hundred persons admitted every day would furnish a receipt of forty-four millions in two years; and it might be much larger in the course of the third year. But the phalanx on the reduced scale, in which the accords would be less brilliant, would not cause that dazzling impression through all Europe from which would result such an affluence of opulent visitors, attracted by curiosity.

A phalanx on a reduced scale will only attract a quarter part, and at a quarter of the price.

It may be replied that it is not easy to raise fifteen millions of subscriptions; true, because civilized spirits are incredulous only about things which are sure and free from risk. But if there is any folly on the carpet, the capital flows in by the hundred millions. Has there not been recently proposed to the French the foolish enterprise of bringing vessels to Paris! vain-glorious undertaking, which would cost three hundred millions, according to the estimate, and perhaps twice that in reality, for, in this sort of works, the estimate is always a good deal mitigated, and the obstacles are not all taken into the account.

Here the question is only of four millions, two for the beginning; now, how many capitalists there are, able of themselves alone to make the foundation! A peer of France has recently invested three millions in the Paravey failure. If we find so many men adventurous for dangerous affairs, can we not find one for an affair exempt from danger!

The experimental phalanx, being obliged to build, ought to buy and not to hire its domain; but, in order to husband its capital, it might hire the land, and if possible

the buildings, with the right of purchasing them within two years at a stated price. Once fairly installed, it will find more capital than it wants to effect the purchase.

Although any domain of a good quality would be suitable for the experiment, yet it would be better to seek a country which is cut up, with various exposures, and covered with small hills, like the country of Vaud, Savoy, Charollais, the beautiful valleys of Brigau and the Pyrenees, and those between Brussels and Halle; a country adapted to various culture, and provided with a fine stream of water.

It should be in the neighborhood of a large capital; no matter if it be removed ten leagues, provided that visitors can pass from the city to the phalanx without sleeping on the road. If too far removed from any large city, the phalanx, in the spring, would have difficulty in engaging the rich families who should enter at that period.

With regard to edifices, it will not do to calculate upon those already built; a building distributed for civilized relations will not serve for those of industrial attraction. Whatever pains may be taken to refit the actual buildings, they will be always inconvenient for the relations of the passional series. The monasteries of civilization, which could be bought, all have the fault of being of one simple body (a single range of apartments); their stalls would never suit the distribution into series.

One of those vast chateaus which abound in the environs of Paris, and even several of them, might be used to lodge the visitors who stay over night; a pleasant house, a quarter or half a league distant from the phalanstery, would be equally useful for private residences or a rural entre-pôt; but they must avoid surrounding themselves with a village; for, even if they should engage all the inhabitants of the village, they would have to tear down the houses, which would be very expensive, and would furnish after all but an ungrateful soil.

If the phalanstery should be in the neighborhood of a village or of some families not associates, these would hinder the mechanism by their importunities; they would be continually in the way: it must be a domain which is free from inhabitants, even if it is necessary to clear a portion of the forest.

For the rest, if the township contains some scattered families, they may be considered as enrolled, and a place reserved for them in the phalanstery: they will be eager to incorporate themselves with the phalanx and to exchange their strips of land for shares; the women especially, when they have seen the domestic life of Association, will get so tired of the civilized household that they will pine away with ennui. As to children, the parents must be very careful how they introduce them into the phalanx, for after they have seen the choirs and groups of children in the mechanism of attraction for one day, they will fall sick with disappointment when they have to leave them and go home.

I have set down in the estimate the expense of palisades as indispensable. The daily admission of visitors who pay will be a sufficient incumbrance; it will be necessary then for the phalanx to protect itself from importunate visitors, and

employ a palisade or latticed fence, wherever there is not a natural barrier, as a river. I say *latticed*, because the Associative order does not admit those monastic walls which mask the view and transform the high way into a prison. It requires all the bad taste of the civilizes to habituate oneself to these hideous prospects.

To be Continued.

REVIEW.

Writings of Hugh Swinton Legare, late Attorney General and Acting Secretary of State of the United States; consisting of a Diary of Brussels, and Journal of the Rhine; Extracts from his Private and Diplomatic Correspondence, Orations and Speeches; and contributions to the New York and Southern Reviews. Prefaced by a Memoir of his Life. Embellished with a Portrait. Edited by his Sister. In Two Volumes. Charleston, S. C.: Burgess & James. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. pp. 558, 598.

Few men in this country have acquired a more brilliant reputation than the subject of these volumes. He was distinguished in a variety of departments, in any one of which great excellence is so difficult of attainment, that it must always command our admiration. He was a scholar of rare accomplishments, enthusiastic in the pursuit of learning, and subjecting his mind, from an early age to a profound and generous culture. His literary productions, consisting mainly of articles for periodical journals, are specimens of a high order of criticism, elaborate investigation, and acute, if not always correct reasoning, written in a style of singular vigor and purity. We cannot point out any writings in the periodical literature of this country, by which they are surpassed; and they will sustain an honorable comparison with the best productions, in this kind, of European scholarship.

His fame as a learned jurist was great, and rapidly extending, at the time of his sudden and premature decease; and had his life been spared a few years, it is easy to anticipate the signal eminence he would have attained, as a master in the science of jurisprudence, as well as an advocate of the most unquestionable ability. He was an earnest and devoted student of the Roman Law; he delighted in the application of its profound and subtle principles, as far as possible, to modern practice; and looked forward with sanguine hope, to the infusion of its spirit into our existing codes.

As a statesman, Mr. Legaré was cautious and deliberate, both by natural temperament and well-considered convictions; the eclectic character of his mind disqualified him as the leader of a party; his attachment to principle was too sincere to permit his adherence to ambig-

ous measures; he loved truth better than success or popularity; and hence, he would have found his true position on the bench of justice, rather than on the floor of Congress, or as a debater before a popular assembly.

On the whole, the character of Mr. Legaré with all the imperfections with which it must be shaded in a just and impartial portraiture, was far above the ordinary standard of civilization; he displayed an abundance of beautiful and attractive qualities as a man; while his faults and errors seem to have been the inevitable result of the social order in which he had been trained. He cherished a noble ambition for the attainment of excellence; his tastes were elevated and liberal; the humanizing influence of elegant learning to which he was so sincerely devoted, gave him a love of intellectual refinement and grace; his attachment to his friends and family circle was pure and glowing; and his thirst for fame never condescended to unworthy means for its gratification. He was a conservative by position and native tendencies. He had no faith in the progress of man—no hope of a better future for Humanity. His highest aspirations all seem to have been limited and individual in their character. Hence, he alludes, if not to himself, to his native State, to the social circle of which no doubt he was a conspicuous ornament, to the distinguished city which he loved almost with the tenderness of a lover, as if their prosperity were superior to every other consideration. Hence, his apologies for slavery, not as a temporary evil in the progress of society, but as a permanent element of the highest civilization, and his attempts to reconcile it with the natural sentiment of justice, and a sound view of human destiny. We feel still more deeply grateful to the science of social unity, which points out the way for the extinction of all servile relations between man and man, by the establishment of attractive industry, when we find that even such a mind as that of Mr. Legaré, could coolly contemplate the most odious form of these relations, with no emotion but apathy and hopelessness.

The Memoir prefixed to these volumes aims at far more than it accomplishes. It is singularly barren of facts and incidents, and written in a style of great pretension, which, it would seem, must have been constantly rebuked by the thought of the eminent scholar, whom it commemorates. It presents a sad contrast to the severe and simple grandeur which characterizes Mr. Legaré's happiest efforts of composition.

The Writings of Mr Legaré are preceded by his Diary at Brussels, and Journal of the Rhine, with Extracts from his

Correspondence. The Diary is certainly of the most piquant character. No chronicle of court scandal was ever more entertaining. It records the events of every day as they occur, with as much naïveté as the prattle of a child, and lets you completely behind the scenes in the social life of great men and women in a foreign city. A most confiding frankness is exercised in the use of names, and no details kept back that could please the taste of the most voracious lover of gossip. His American visitors, we fancy will not feel highly flattered by the way in which they are here served up; nor the noble English damsels to whom he alludes in such terms of affectionate freedom. We are not to thank Mr. Legaré, however, for this gratification of private curiosity at the expense of social decency; for though he wrote down the particulars, just as he would take off his clothes at night, we are sure that his benevolence did not go so far as to lead to such a gross violation of personal reserve for the benefit of the public.

The volumes are published in a style of great elegance, but disfigured with such numerous and glaring errors of the press, as to call for the severest criticism.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

We have received from G. P. Reed, 17 Tremont Row, Boston, the following new publications:

1. *La Dance des Fees*, for the Piano Forte. Composed and dedicated to Madlle. Taglioni, by FERDINAND HILLER. pp. 6.
2. *Romance sans Paroles*; by S. THALBERG. pp. 5.
3. *Deux Romances sans Paroles*, composées pour le Piano par WILLIAM MASON. Number 11. pp. 5.
4. *These as they change*: Song. Music by Dr. CALLCOTT; the Piano Forte accompaniment arranged by WILLIAM HUTCHINS CALLCOTT. pp. 9.
5. *Twenty-five Studies*, fingered for the Piano, by HENRY BERTINI JR. Op. 29. pp. 35.

These are all valuable. It is encouraging to think that there can exist a demand for so much music of a high quality as Mr. Reed is continually putting forth. A publisher would have seen his ruin in such things a few years ago. But now the number of persons who can play the piano or sing well enough to read compositions of moderate difficulty, has increased to that extent that it can support an excellent publishing establishment or circulating library of music in each of our great cities. It shows that the visits of European artists have not been without a quickening influence among us, and that in spite of our utilitarian education there is something in the divinest of the arts of the Beautiful most congenial with the inner life and aspiration of this people.

The pieces aboved named do not call for any labored criticism or description; they are not very remarkable, except as contrasted with the common run of popular music. They are at least worth the study which is required to master them; and they stand quite as high for music, as the best of our Magazine articles do for literature. We praise the general tone of them, as fair average specimens of the music continually issued from the same source; it is refined, expressive, not offensive to good taste, nor destitute of meaning.

No. 1 has a very original and peculiar grace. This "Dance of the Fairies" is without fire or passion; but the blood is cool and the pulse moderate as in the mild nights of June. *Andante Grazioso* is the time of it; a leisurely, serene, sweet, dreamy movement, by no means dull or wanting life, but rather indicating a life which is safe within its little magic sphere from all encroachment and excitement. A subdued and smothered sound, scarcely swelling above the *pianissimo*, conveys a sense of distant and diminutive existence; and the peculiarity of the harmony, the rich blending of semi-discordant Seconds every now and then, and the predominance of the minor mode, take it out of the every day sphere of the human, and gives it its fairy-like and supernatural charm. There is an exquisite lightness in it, and a dim swarming sound as of tiny insects in the warm air, which however, when you listen closely, is found to be composed of very precise and neatly finished passages.

No. 2 is a pleasing little Romance, in the key of E major, of slow time, and presenting few of the usual difficulties of Thalberg, except the frequent *extensions*, which require a practised hand.

No. 3. Mr. Masou in this second of his "Romances without Words" has kept the promise of the first. It is a Presto movement, full of life and grace, and not without a certain quaintness in its harmony, (as for instance, the alternating between the chords of E flat major and of C flat major) which seems dictated more by feeling than by any whim of trying experiments.

No. 4 is a song of a good deal of dignity and serious beauty, in the usual style of Callcott, which of course is somewhat stiff and heavy, compared with the more romantic genius of Germany, or the warbling, honied melodies of the Italians. It is well suited for an Alto or a low Tenor voice, and is thus not liable to the practical objection which holds against the great majority of good songs, which is that comparatively few voices have high notes enough to climb their compass.

No. 5. Another set of Bertini's ad-

mirable lessons. These are a grade higher in point of difficulty than the twenty-five which were published some time since, and are intended as an introduction to the long celebrated studies of Cramer.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

Dr. CHANNING.

FOURIER COMPARED WITH BACON AND SWEDENBORG.

Our readers will be interested by the following extract from a letter by a distinguished man of science in England, which we publish with the kind permission of the friend in this country to whom it was written. The writer evidently cannot be called an Associationist; yet his sympathies are strong with every movement that has truth and justice in it; he is not bound by any fear of new thought; he is a believer in Universal Unity, and he criticises not only Fourier, but also Swedenborg, with whose spheres of thought he seems to have very much identified his own, from a high and catholic stand-point. Of the former, his view is highly appreciative, for one who criticises from without, and, so far as the scientific character of Fourier is concerned, it does not differ widely from that so imperfectly expressed in our article for Nov. 1, 1845, to which he alludes.

We cannot, any more than the writer of this letter, look to any one man for a revelation of all science, nor think to find the truth only by "swallowing him." Fourier shall serve us so far only as we find him good, and in this sense only are we Fourierists. We are persuaded that he has caught a sight of Laws, unseen hitherto, or certainly, not clearly seen, the knowledge of which is most important to man's guidance, and to the fulfilment of his collective destiny; that he has been the first to explore most important fields of inquiry hitherto overlooked by those who have expended too much talent, genius if you please, in speculations which have not aided life in any proportion to their depth and beauty. In a word, he has sought to solve the contradiction between the ideal and the practical side of life; to detect the laws which regulate the *external form* of life in every period, in correspondence with the internal spiritual life; and to discover the Divine Order of Society, on its political and material side. This we believe he has essentially done;

though he may have betrayed the idiosyncrasies and limitations of his character in filling out many details of the plan he has sketched for carrying out these laws, and though he may have mingled fancy with fact, and speculation with calculation, in many of his attempts to ascend from the local to the universal. His impatience, also, with the literature and philosophy of all times past is somewhat childish, as well as contradictory with his own all-accepting theory of progress. We sympathize with what is here said about "the 400,000 volumes."

The difference between us and the writer probably is this. He is one of those minds, to whom the spiritual and scientific aspect of things is more interesting than the practical; while we have felt the time come for beginning to embody the Love and the Wisdom more directly in the sphere of Uses. He is sceptical by habit of all material movements, of all actual reforms *as such*, of all attempts to improve the *machinery* of social life. He can do justice to Fourier as a great seer and man of science; but cannot follow him down into these practical paths of enterprise. But he is a religious man, and views things also from the everlasting centre of the Moral. In this there is hope, nay necessity that he shall one day come to recognize the indispensableness of outward reform, of social reorganization, to any farther accomplishment of the mission of the Holy Spirit in the private hearts and lives of men.

"LONDON, Dec. 1, 1845.

"It was with very singular pleasure that I received your kind missives, the 'Harbingers,' and I assure you they have afforded us much amusement and instruction. * * * Your country is so extraordinary to me that I don't know what to make of it. You are looking out for reformation and regeneration of all possible kinds. Is this the necessary state of national youth, full of joy in its juvenility, or is it that you really enjoy some foretaste, and indeed some presence, of the desired new birth? I cannot tell. All I know is, that you are trying every conceivable mode of new life, or supposed new life, and that you have a clear faith in the existence of an ideal that may be made real. But as I said before, it quite bothers me to find you so much able to go into things of this sort; then undauntedly to cast them off, like old shoes, if they do not fit; and still to keep your faith when one, two, three, or three hundred of its subjects chance to perish. At all events you must have some gristle in you where other people have nothing but bone. And again I say, in the presence of your 'Harbinger,' I don't understand it.

"I have carefully perused its article, and find in it every wish to estimate Fourier truly. With all that is here said of Fourier's genius, every one who knows anything about the matter must fully coincide. He is clearly one of the Watts or Arkwrights of thought, who spins by machinery what others have essayed to make by hand. Science, as a fabric full of pattern and exactness, is almost peculiar to his writings. In this respect he is the natural corollary of Lord Bacon, who said long ago this: '*Mens hominis nuda * * ad opera pauca et facile sequentia sufficit: eadem ope instrumentorum, multa et reluctantia vincit. Similis est et mentis ratio.*' But I know not whether Fourier is content to tailor the human race, or whether he does not aim to spin man altogether over again, skin, organs and all: which if he does, he is perhaps competing with an architect too high for him. But be this as it may, he has a noble faith in order, and always expects the traces of a Divine workman in nature: he expects that man is supremely consulted and loved in her provisions: that providential exactitude cannot be too highly estimated. I do not at all see why he should not be made use of to the full extent to which he is useful, both in building the sciences, and in reconstructing the social state; and this, despite his applications of his doctrine to religious problems, where I, at least, can accord him but small praise. Such is the wholesome manner in which he appears to be viewed in the United States; namely, as 'good for that for which he is good.' I very willingly own to having derived many ideas from him, or rather, I should say, from my sincere friend Doherty's expositions of him; which I have enjoyed to a considerable extent. But my acquaintance with Fourier at first hand is too slight to warrant me in speaking critically of his system, and though you kindly ask me for my opinion, yet, beyond a most general impression I have nothing to offer.

"I see clearly, however, from what I do know, that Fourier is more kindred in genius to Lord Bacon than to Swedenborg. His end, like Bacon's, is, at any rate for this time, the natural improvement of humanity: he works '*ad commodam humanam*'—for the endowment of human life. He aims at the production of Arts on the vastest scale: at the elaboration of mental organs or instruments which will range and combine the masses of the race into a new and hitherto unthought of commonwealth. A generous end, this, which is not to be depreciated because it is below the theologic and religious sphere.

"There is this further parallel between Bacon and Fourier, that they were

both great Proposers of science and society, but their performances were less considerable. Thus Bacon felt, and pointed out with the clearest indications, that a new machinery was needed for the interpretation of nature, and for the conversion of sciences into arts, but he did not even complete his own conceptions, or give more than a rude and unfinished draught of his new Logic: he did not interpret one science, or generate perhaps one item of an art. With a richness of thought which no other Englishman has displayed in that walk, he criticised the past, and indicated the wants of the future; but he was surpassed by his contemporaries in physical discoveries, although no man of the time was so conscious as he of the right direction in and from which discoveries must proceed. So also Fourier, with a physical Logic more comprehensive than Bacon's, propounded the complete theory of no existing science, and organized no walk of actual knowledge to the limit to which facts and experience extended; but he criticised old things and sciences with destructive power, and hinted at novelties in knowledge and reality, which are startling perhaps at present, but as truth is stronger than fiction, will probably be found rather below than above the mark of that which an inconceivably good and liberal Providence has in keeping for mankind. Instead of giving us the theory of Botany, Zoology, Music or Astronomy, he betook himself to a range of data of his own perceiving or creating, namely, the details of Association, and these he disciplined almost into a pure science: which, however, for the present is something nearer to mathematics than physics, because both the facts, and the order of the facts, are of the mind alone. Please to believe me when I aver, that I make this surmise (for my letter is but one surmise from beginning to end) without in any way wishing to depreciate Fourier, or to bring his achievements and peculiarities against him; although I am free to remark, that I should have rather read him on Music or Botany than on Association. Still there is this to be said. Fourier appeals to the time when the Phalanx shall be a reality; and if such a time ever comes, he will then quite emerge from the category of Proposer, into the higher, or at least more unquestionable position of Artist and Performer. Therefore I will by no means say, that he may not one day be as great a practical man as he is at present a conceiver of Method. How much I wish, for my own ease and gratification in reading him, that the old gentleman had been less pugnacious: that he could have left the 400,000 volumes alone, and allowed his followers a few ages hence to brag for him, instead

of sounding his own honors with his own voice.

"I will now say a few words with respect to Swedenborg, whose name is sometimes associated with Fourier's, though as I think, not with discrimination. For Swedenborg, though pretending but little, and not ranging any further than the facts supplied by the scientific world, or than the inductions to be built upon them, yet has unquestionably given a very complete theory of at least one science, namely, Physiology. He has also gauged the foundations of an existing Chemistry, and supplied something which is perhaps a correct view of the elemental [aromal] world. In this he has limited himself to what now exists, without going into those infinitudes of series which appear to open when we follow Fourier through the successive exaltations of human senses and organisms that are to come when humanity becomes "harmonic." Swedenborg, on the contrary, has "cut off" this "infinity," as a needful means of performing in his generation the definite use to which he felt himself equal. Moreover he investigated nature to her end, in order that he might from this pass on into theology, or at any rate into a more real psychology and natural theology than had before existed. And he did all this with the simpleness of a child, quite unknowing what was next to happen to him. I do not now touch upon his theological writings further than to observe, that they contain certain asseverations, as for instance about the Last Judgment, &c. &c., which if they are founded on truth, are facts that no person whatever, associationist or civilizee, has a right to discard from his mind; but there, in common justice, they must remain, and must indeed modify all other coexisting things in the mind, with the whole force that in them lies. When you talk of followers of Swedenborg believing that their author has 'revealed all truth,' I readily apprehend your fear, and sympathize with it. In one sense, every truth contains all others, and in this manner whoever reveals a truth, or truths, may be said to reveal all truths. But very little is any single truth worth to finite eyes, unless it is in a series of others, around, above and below, and unless that series itself is continually receiving increments in all its dimensions. Therefore no sooner has a great author written, than progress requires that he shall be used to extend discovery. In this way Swedenborg supplies the greatest necessity to his followers, of a progress to truths which although he involved, he did not, and could not, evolve. For the greater and worthier the author, the greater the liberty of originating — the finer the helps to origination, — which

his thoughts and reasons supply. But although there be danger of supposing that Swedenborg has done what he has not, and what we ought to do, yet there is, I presume, another danger, that those things which he has really been the means of giving to the world, and which war with no progress in truth, and have no counter positions, may be blinked without reason, or not allowed their proper force or sway. And such I do suppose has been the case with his doctrines in the main. If his followers have apprehended them for something that they are *not*, the followers of other authors have not had wide enough sympathies, or impartial enough respect for things, to place any account in them at all. They have been treated as chaff in the presence of much that was comparatively of slender substantiality. This state of things requires correction, as well as that superstitious piling of honors upon Swedenborg, which he himself would have been first to repudiate: for what a grievous charge it would be against any one, that he had sucked out the milk of all nature, and that nothing else in the way of food remained, unless by destroying and eating *him*. And in truth such a view does destroy any author to whom it is applied. It was this that destroyed Aristotle, and made his followers for some ages into mere cannibals, devouring their master.

"But I must cease this too long strain of thought. It is perhaps worth nothing at all to you, more particularly as it does not touch upon the "practical" part, namely, Association itself. This, however, is a walk which you need not expect an Englishman at present to be able to discourse upon. If you will show that it pays, Lombard Street will rush into it with as much good will as now it enters into railroad speculations. But our state of society is too complex and ticklish to institute social experiments for the benefit of the race. In America this can be done better for many obvious reasons. Yet as I said before, if you can make it answer, we shall have no prejudice strong enough to hinder us from planting it here, and lending the world the money to construct it in other countries."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, April 16, 1846.

DEAR SIR: Although unable, like the good friend of the sacred cause in which you are engaged, who sent the munificent gift of one hundred dollars from Philadelphia, to mark in so signal a manner, our sense of your late calamity by fire, or tender you so valuable a token of sympathy and encouragement, my brother and myself think it our duty to transmit this first annual subscription of Ten Dollars to the Brook Farm Phalanx, with

confidence in its appropriation for our great cause as we should desire.

When we think in the intermissions of toiling, eating, and sleeping, — the whole routine of the life of the worker, — what account in another life, we shall render to the Eternal Justice, of our mission on earth, and what reply we shall make when asked "where is thy brother Abel" as it surely will be, of us even, humble as we are, — our thoughts directly tend to this thrice blessed cause of Association and we pray that we may not be so unfortunate as to omit any occasion to advance it.

We think that this movement of ours, might be a good example to others, many of whom no doubt would regard it as we do, not as a patronizing gift, but as a solemn, sacred, urgent duty: and if it should so appear to you we should be glad to see this published without our signatures, and are dear Sir, with highest respect and esteem,

Your obedient servants.

It is contended that the only way to reform society is to reform individuals; let them be regenerated and set right and society will come right as a necessary consequence. That is the same as if a surgeon when called to treat a man most of whose joints were dislocated, should attempt to cure him by merely rubbing and bandaging his limbs, with the notion that if he could only bring them into a healthy state, they would fall back into their places. Society is like such an injured man; the first thing to be done is to get its members into their proper places; to set its joints, to bring its relations into the true order, and not suppose that men and women can be made good while they live in a state of universal dislocation.

The Edinburg Review in a recent article on America, contemplates a new era in the relations of the world; it says:

"With the internal communications of peace so multiplied and improved, that the same social relations will subsist between kingdoms as now subsist between provinces of the same kingdom, while provinces become as parishes, — no civilized nation can long keep its knowledge, its habits, its industry, its very spirit to itself; all will be sections of a great whole, between which, relative size and population will form the principal distinctions. . . . These are not, perhaps, very attractive speculations; they disturb old and favorite associations; they seem to reduce many cherished traditions, much painfully acquired knowledge, to obsolete lore; but these things are so, and we must accustom ourselves to regard them and their consequences without shrinking."

Thus does the coming beneficent revolution force itself upon the notice of minds of every way of thinking; the

blind even cannot deny that an age is approaching which will differ from all that have gone before in raising the law of nations to the principles of Universal Peace and Unity.

We have been enabled by the liberality of a distinguished friend of Association in a distant State, to send a copy of the Harbinger, during the past year, to the Senior Class of each of the Colleges in the United States. The term of his subscription expiring with the close of the present volume, we shall be obliged to erase the Colleges from our list: but we hope still to find readers and subscribers among the earnest and enthusiastic young men, in whose minds an interest has been awakened in the doctrines of Social Unity as set forth in our columns.

Friends, who intend to renew their subscription, after the close of this volume, will please to let us hear from them as soon as possible. Direct to "THE HARBINGER, BROOK FARM, WEST ROXBURY, MASS." and there will be no delay.

If you think our paper worth sustaining, O friendly subscribers, send us each of you two or three additional names. Friends in New York, Pennsylvania, and the West, we depend on you for a continuance of the support you have freely given. Help us to start our new volume with a good three thousand, and we shall be content.

We shall finish "Consuelo," in a few numbers of the third volume. We shall then commence with an original translation of another work not less interesting, from the same pen.

GRATIFYING. There are at present fewer prisoners in Boston Jail than at any time for ten years past. No person imprisoned for debt, — thirteen accused of crimes, whose trials cannot yet take place, and one person detained as a witness — only fourteen persons in all. The Municipal Court, having cleared its calendar of prisoners, and disposed of all the other business where the defendants were ready for trial, dismissed its jurors and closed the April term. — *Transcript.*

ANNIVERSARY IN MAY.

The friends of the abolition of Capital Punishment throughout the United States, are earnestly requested to be represented at the meeting of the New York State Society, to be held in this city on Monday, May the 11th. Among the speakers expected to address this meeting, are Hon. Robert Rantoul, Vice President Dallas, Rev. John Pierpont, Horace Greeley, Rev. E. H. Chapin, Charles C. Burleigh, Rev. J. N. Maffit, Parke Godwin, J. L. O'Sullivan, Rev. W. H. Channing, and Prof. Patterson, of Philadelphia.

W. T. McCOUN, Pres.

JOSIAH HOPPER, Sec.
New York, April 20, 1846.

BROOK FARM SCHOOL.

The Directors of the School connected with the Brook Farm Association have made arrangements for enlarging the establishment, and are now prepared to receive an additional number of pupils.

The course of study comprises instruction in the various branches usually taught in the High Schools and Academies of New England, with particular attention to the modern European languages and literature.

Pupils of different ages and of both sexes are received; a constant maternal care exercised over the youngest; and the more advanced subject to the friendly counsel and assistance of the teachers, without the restraints of arbitrary discipline. Young men are fitted for College, or for commercial pursuits, or carried through a course of instruction, in the higher branches usually taught in the University.

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The School is under the immediate direction of Mr. and Mrs. RIPLEY, Mr. DWIGHT, and Mr. DANA, assisted by experienced teachers in the different departments; and every pupil of tender age is entrusted to the particular care of a lady of the establishment, who has charge of his wardrobe, personal habits, and physical education.

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GEORGE RIPLEY.

Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass. }
March 21, 1846. }

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VOLUME II.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1846.

NUMBER 22.

MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

III.

After the insinuation she had thrown out, a few minutes before, respecting Consuelo's connection with the fat canon, the sight of the latter produced upon Corilla somewhat the effect of a Medusa's head. But she gained confidence at the thought that she had spoken in Venetian, and saluted him in German, with that mixture of embarrassment and effrontery which characterizes the look and the very physiognomy of the woman of bad life. The canon, usually so polite and gracious in his hospitality, nevertheless did not rise nor even return her salutation. Corilla, who had inquired much about him at Vienna, had been told by every body that he was extremely well-bred, a great lover of music, and incapable of severely reproving a woman, especially a cantatrice. She had intended to go and see him and fascinate him in order to prevent his speaking against her. But if, in such affairs, she had the kind of wit which Consuelo wanted, she also had that nonchalance and those desultory habits, which belong to disorder, laziness, and, though this may seem out of place, to unsteadiness. All these feelings are attached to the life of gross organizations. Effeminacy of body and mind render powerless the effects of intrigue, and Corilla, who had an instinct for all sorts of treacheries, had rarely the energy to conduct them well. She had therefore put off her visit to the canon from day to day, and when she found him so cold and so severe, she began to be visibly disconcerted.

Then, seeking to recover herself by a bold stroke, she said to Consuelo who still kept Angela in her arms:

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

"Well, why don't you let me embrace my daughter and lay her at sir canon's feet, that—"

"*Dame Corilla*," said the canon, in the same dry and coldly satirical tone, with which he had formerly said, *dame Bridget*, "have the goodness to let that child alone;" and expressing himself in Italian with much elegance, though with a slowness rather too accented, he thus continued, without moving his cap from his head; "during the fifteen minutes I have been listening to you, though I am not very familiar with your patois, I have understood enough to warrant me in telling you, that you are, by far, the most impudent jade I have ever met with in my life. Still, I believe you more stupid than wicked, more cowardly than dangerous. You comprehend nothing that is beautiful, and it would be a waste of time to attempt to make you comprehend it. I have only one thing to say to you: that young girl, that virgin, that saint, as you called her just now in mockery, you pollute by speaking to her; therefore speak not to her again. As to this child which was born of you, you would disgrace it by your touch: therefore touch it not. An infant is a holy being; Consuelo has said it, and I have understood her. It was from the intercession, the persuasion of Consuelo, that I dared to take charge of your daughter, without fear that the perverse instincts she might have inherited from you would some day make me repent of it. We said to each other that divine goodness gives to every creature the power of knowing and practicing what is good, and we resolved to teach her what is good and to make it pleasant and easy to her. With you, it would be far otherwise. From this day, therefore, you will no longer consider this child as yours. You have abandoned it, ceded it, given it; it no longer belongs to you. You remitted a sum of money to pay for its education,— " He here made a sign to the gardener's wife, who, directed by him an instant before, had taken from the wardrobe a tied and sealed

purse; that which Corilla had sent to the canon with her daughter, and which had not been opened. He took it and threw it at Corilla's feet, adding: "we have nothing to do with it and do not wish it. Now, I request you to leave my house and never to set foot in it again, under any pretext whatever. On these conditions, and that you never allow yourself to utter a word respecting the circumstances which have forced us into relations with you, we promise you the most absolute silence respecting all that concerns you. But if you act otherwise, I warn you that I have means you know not of of letting her imperial majesty hear the truth, and that you may suddenly exchange your theatrical crowns and the applause of your admirers, for a residence of some years in a Magdalen asylum."

Having spoken thus, the canon rose, made a sign to the nurse to take the child in her arms, to Consuelo to retire with Joseph to the extremity of the apartment, and with his finger pointed out the door to Corilla, who, terrified, pale and trembling, rushed out convulsively and as if distracted, without knowing where she went nor what was passing about her.

The canon, during this kind of impression, had felt an honest man's indignation, which, little by little, had rendered him truly powerful. Consuelo and Joseph had never seen him thus. The habit of authority which is never lost in a priest, and also, the attitude of royal command which passes somewhat in the blood, and which, at that instant, betrayed the son of Augustus II., clothed the canon, perhaps without his knowledge, with a kind of irresistible majesty. Corilla, to whom no man had ever thus spoken in the austere calmness of truth, experienced more fear and terror, than her furious lovers had ever excited in her by their outrages of vengeance and contempt. Italian and superstitious, she was really afraid of that ecclesiastic and his anathema, and fled terrified through the gar-

den, while the canon, exhausted by an effort so contrary to his habits of benevolence and cheerfulness, sank upon his chair, pale and almost fainting.

While hastening to aid him, Consuelo involuntarily followed with her eyes the agitated and tottering steps of poor Corilla. She saw her stumble at the end of the alley and fall upon the grass as if she had made a false step in her trouble, or could no longer support herself. Carried away by her good heart, and considering the lesson more severe than she would have had strength to give her, she left the canon in the care of Joseph, and ran to her rival who was suffering under a violent nervous attack. Unable to calm her and not daring to lead her back to the priory, she prevented her from rolling on the ground and tearing her hands with the gravel. Corilla was as if crazy for some moments; but when she recognized the person who was assisting her and who endeavored to console her, she calmed herself and became of a bluish paleness. Her contracted lips kept a gloomy silence, and her dull eyes were not raised from the ground on which they were fixed. Still she allowed herself to be conducted to her carriage which was waiting for her at the gate, and entered it, supported by her rival, without saying a single word. "You are very ill," said Consuelo, frightened at the alteration in her features. "Let me go a little distance with you, I will return on foot." Corilla, for all answer, pushed her rudely back, then looked at her a moment with an impenetrable expression. And suddenly, bursting into a paroxysm of sobs, she hid her face in one of her hands, making with the other a sign to her coachman to drive off, and lowering the blind of the carriage between her and her generous enemy.

On the next day, at the hour for the last rehearsal of *Antigono*, Consuelo was at her post, and waiting for Corilla in order to begin. The latter sent her servant to say that she would come in half an hour. Caffariello wished her at all the devils, said he was not at the command of such an abigail, that he would not wait for her, and pretended to go away. Madam Tesi, pale and suffering, had wished to be present at the rehearsal, in order to amuse herself at Corilla's expense; she had had a stage sofa brought, and extended thereon behind the first wing, painted like a folded curtain, which in the familiar dialect of the green room, is called *Harlequin's cloak*, she calmed her friend and insisted on waiting for Corilla, thinking it was to avoid her criticism that she hesitated to appear. At last, Corilla arrived, more pale and languishing than madam Tesi herself, who recovered her color and strength on

seeing her thus. Instead of throwing off her mantle and hood with the haughty movement and careless air she usually assumed, she let herself fall upon a throne of gilt wood which had been left at the back of the stage, and spoke thus to Holzbäuer in a faint voice: "Mr. Manager, I declare to you that I am horribly ill, that I have lost my voice, that I have passed a terrible night—" ("with whom?" asked the Tesi languishingly of Caffariello)—"and that for all these reasons," continued Corilla, "it is impossible for me to rehearse to-day and sing to-morrow, unless I resume the part of Ismene, and you give that of Berenice to another."

"Do you dream of it, madam!" cried Holzbäuer, as if struck by a thunderbolt. "Is it on the eve of performance and when the court has fixed the hour, that you can bring forward an excuse?"

"You will have to consent to it," replied she, resuming her natural voice, which was by no means gentle. "I am engaged for the second parts, and there is nothing in my contract can compel me to perform the first. It was a desire to oblige which induced me to accept them on the failure of madam Tesi, and not to interrupt the pleasures of the court. Now I am too ill to keep my promise, and you cannot make me sing against my will."

"My good friend, you will be made to sing *by order*," said Caffariello, "and you will sing badly; we are prepared for it. This is a misfortune to be added to all those you have been willing to encounter in the course of your life but it is too late to repent of it. You ought to have made your reflections a little sooner. You presumed too much upon your powers. You will suffer *fiasco*; that is of little consequence to us. I shall so sing as to make the audience forget that the part of Berenice exists. The Porporina also, in her little part of Ismene, will make amends to them, and every body will be satisfied except you. This is a lesson by which you will profit, or by which you will not profit another time."

"You are much deceived as to the motives of my refusal," replied Corilla with assurance. "If I were not ill, I could perhaps sing the part as well as *any other*; but as I cannot sing it, there is one here who will sing it better than it has yet been sung in Vienna, and that no later than to-morrow. Thus the performance will not be put off, and I will with pleasure resume my part of Ismene which does not fatigue me."

"Then you think," said Holzbäuer, surprised, "that madam Tesi will be well enough to-morrow to sing her part?"

"I know very well that madam Tesi

cannot sing for a long time," said Corilla, in a loud voice, so that from the throne on which she was seated she could be heard by the Tesi, extended upon her sofa ten paces from her: "see how she is changed, her face is frightful. But I have said that you have a perfect Berenice, and here she is," added she, rising and taking Consuelo by the hand to draw her into the middle of the anxious and agitated group which had formed around her.

"Me!" cried Consuelo, who thought she was dreaming.

"You!" cried Corilla, pushing her upon the throne with a convulsive movement. "Now you are a queen, Porporina, you are in the first rank; it is I who place you there, I owed you that. Do not forget it!"

In his distress, Holzbäuer, on the point of failing in his duty and perhaps of being forced to give in his resignation, could not refuse this unexpected relief. He had in fact seen from the style in which Consuelo performed Ismene, that she could also perform Berenice in a superior manner. Spite of his aversion to her and Porpora, he had at this moment but one fear, which was that she would not accept the part.

She did indeed excuse herself, and seriously; and cordially pressing Corilla's hands, begged her, in a low voice, not to make for her a sacrifice which gave her so little satisfaction, while in her rival's mind, it was the most terrible expiation and the most fearful submission she could impose upon herself. Corilla was not to be shaken in her resolution. Madam Tesi, terrified by the serious competition with which she was threatened, would have wished to try her voice and resume her part were she to expire the moment afterwards, for she was seriously indisposed; but she did not dare. It was not allowable at the court theatre, to give way to those caprices to which the good natured sovereign of our days, the good public, submits so patiently. The court expected something new in this part of Berenice; it had been announced; the empress depended upon it. "Come, decide," said Caffariello to the Porporina. "This is the first sensible thing Corilla has ever done in her life; let us profit by it."

"But I do not know the part; I have not studied it," said Consuelo; I shall not be able to know it by to-morrow."

"You have heard it; therefore you know it, and you will sing it to-morrow," said Porpora at last, in a voice of thunder. "Come, no more nonsense, and stop this debate. We have wasted more than an hour in babbling. Sir manager, let the violins commence. And you, Berenice, to the stage! no book! down

with that book! when you have rehearsed three times, you ought to know all the parts by heart. I tell you that you do know it!"

"No; *tutto, o Berenice*," sang Corilla, who had again become Ismene.

"*Tu non aprì il tuo cor.*"

"And now," thought that girl, who judged of Consuelo's pride by her own, "*all that she knows of my adventures will seem to her of little consequence.*"

Consuelo, whose prodigious memory and all powerful facility Porpora well knew, did in fact sing the part, music and words, without the least hesitation. Madam Tesi was so struck by her acting and her singing, that she found herself much more ill, and was carried home after the rehearsal of the first act. The next day, it was necessary for Consuelo to prepare her dress, arrange the *strokes* of her part and go over the whole carefully, by five o'clock in the evening. Her success was so complete, that the empress, on going out, said: "That is an admirable young girl; decidedly I must have her married; I will think about it."

On the day after, they commenced the rehearsal of Metastasio's *Zenobia*, music by Predieri. Corilla still insisted on yielding the first part to Consuelo. Madam Holzhäuer sang the second this time; and as she was a better musician than Corilla, this opera was much better studied than the other. Metastasio was delighted to see his muse, which had been neglected and forgotten during the war, recover favor at the court and excite enthusiasm at Vienna. He almost thought no more of his troubles; and, urged by the benevolence of Maria Theresa, and by the duties of his office, to write new lyrical dramas, he prepared himself, by reading Greek tragedies and Latin classics, to produce some one of those masterpieces which the Italians in Vienna and the Germans in Italy placed without ceremony above the tragedies of Racine, of Corneille, of Shakespeare, of Calderon, above every thing, to speak openly and without false shame.

It is not in the very midst of this history, already so long and so full of details, that we shall further impose upon the reader's patience, perhaps long since exhausted, by telling him what we think of Metastasio's genius. That can be of little consequence to him. We shall therefore only repeat what Consuelo said of it in private, to Joseph.

"My poor Beppo, you could not believe the difficulty I find in playing these parts which are called so sublime and so pathetic. It is true that the words are well arranged, that they flow easily from the tongue in singing; but when I think of the personage who utters them, I know

not where to find I will not say emotion, but gravity to pronounce them. What a strange medley has been made by modelling antiquity to the fashion of our own time, and bringing upon the stage intrigues, passions and moralities, which would be appropriate, perhaps, in the memoirs of the margravine of Bareith, of baron de Trenck or of the princess of Culmbach, but which, in Rhadamistes, Berenice or Arsinoë, are absurd anachronisms. During my convalescence at Giant's Castle, Count Albert often read to me to make me sleep; but I did not sleep, and listened with all my might. He read to me the Greek tragedies of Sophocles, of Eschylus and Euripides, and he read them in Spanish, slowly but clearly and without hesitation, though he had the Greek text before him. He was so well versed in ancient and modern languages, that you would have said he was reading an admirably written translation. He endeavored to make it literal, he said, that from the scrupulous exactness of his interpretation I might comprehend the genius of the Greeks in all its simplicity. What grandeur, Dio Santo! What poetry and what wisdom! What gigantic personages, what pure and strong characters, what energetic situations, what deep and true sorrows, what heart-rending and terrible pictures, he made pass before me! Still weak, my imagination still under the influence of the violent emotions which had caused my illness, I was so overpowered by what I heard, that I imagined myself, when listening to him, to be by turns Antigone, Clytemnestra, Medea, Electra, and to play in person those terrible and sad dramas, not upon a stage in the glare of the foot lights, but in horrible solitudes, upon the thresholds of yawning grottoes, or under the columns of ancient porticos, by the light of pale fires, where I bewailed the dead and conspired against the living. I heard those heart-rending choruses of the Trojan women and the Dardanian captives. The Furies danced around me—to what strange rhythms and what infernal modulations! I never think of it without a feeling of pleasure and of terror which makes me shudder. Never shall I experience, upon the stage, in the realization of my dreams, the same emotions and the same powers which I then felt stirring in my heart and brain. There, for the first time, I felt myself to be a tragedian, and I conceived types of which no artist had furnished me the models. There I comprehended the drama, the tragic effect, the poetry of the theatre; and as Albert read, I inwardly improvised a chant upon which I imagined that I followed and myself said all that I heard. I sometimes surprised myself in the attitude and with the physiognomy of the persons whom he

was making speak, and he often stopped, frightened, thinking that he saw Andromache or Ariadne appear before him. O! I learned and divined more in a month from those readings, than I should in a whole life spent in repeating M. de Metastasio's dramas, and if the composers had not introduced in the music the feeling and the truth which are wanting in the action, I believe I should sink under the disgust I experience in making grand-duchess Zenobia converse with landgrave Eglé, and in hearing field-marshal Rhadamistes dispute with ensign Zopire. O! all that is false, egregiously false, my poor Beppo! false as our costumes, false as the blonde-colored wig of Caffariello Tiridates, false as madam Holzhäuer's deshabbillé Pompadour in the Armenian shepherdess, as prince Demetrius' rose-colored knit breeches, as these scenes which are here beside us, and which are as much like Asia as the abbé Metastasio is like old Homer."

"What you have just said," replied Haydn, "explains to me the reason why, feeling as I do the necessity of writing operas for the theatre, if indeed I can ever attain to that, I am conscious of more inspiration and hope when I think of composing oratorios. There, where the puerile artifices of the stage do not continually give the lie to the truth of feeling, in that symphonic scale where all is music, where soul speaks to soul by the ear and not by the eye, it seems to me that the composer can develop all his inspiration and carry the imagination of his audience into truly elevated regions."

While conversing thus, Joseph and Consuelo, waiting the coming of others for the rehearsal, walked side by side along a great back scene which was that evening to be the river Araxes, and which in the half light of the stage, was then only a broad band of indigo stretched out among great splashes of ochre, destined to represent the mountains of the Caucasus. These back-scenes, when prepared for the performance, are placed one behind another, so as to be rolled upon a cylinder at each change. In the intervals which separate them, the actors walk during the performance; the supernumeraries sleep or exchange pinches of snuff, seated or lying in the dust, under the drops of oil which slowly fall from the badly secured lamps. During the day, the actors walk along these narrow and dark alleys, repeating their parts, or talking of their private concerns; sometimes listening to the little secrets, or surprising the deep machinations of other promenaders conversing quite near to them without seeing them, behind an arm of the sea or a public square.

Fortunately, Metastasio was not upon

the other bank of the Araxes while the inexperienced Consuelo thus poured out her artist's indignation to Haydn. The rehearsal began. It was the second of *Zenobia*, and it went on so well that the musicians of the orchestra applauded, according to custom, with their bows upon the body of their violins. Predieri's music was charming, and Porpora led with more enthusiasm than he had been able to feel for that of Hasse. The part of Tiridates was one of Caffariello's triumphs, and he did not wish to be offended at their dressing him like a Parthian warrior, while they made him warble like Celadon and talk like Clitander. Consuelo, if she felt her part to be false and stiff in the mouth of a heroine of antiquity, at least found in it a woman's character agreeably drawn. It presented at the same time a kind of similarity to the frame of mind in which she was between Albert and Anzoletto; and forgetting entirely the *local color*, as we say now-a-days, to represent only human sentiments, she perceived that she was sublime in that air, the text of which she had so often felt in her own heart:

Voi leggete in ogni core;
Voi sapete, o giusti Dei,
Se son puri i voti miei,
Se innocente e la pietà.

At this instant she was conscious of a true emotion and of a deserved triumph. She did not require the glance of Caffariello, who was not restrained that day by the presence of the Tesi and who admired in good earnest, to confirm her in what she already felt, the certainty of the irresistible effect she should produce with that splendid passage upon all audiences and under all possible circumstances. She thus found herself quite reconciled with her part, with the opera, with her comrades, with herself, with the stage in a word; and spite of all the imprecations she had uttered against her profession an hour before, she could not help feeling one of those inward thrills, so sudden and so powerful, that it is impossible for any one who is not an artist in something, to understand what ages of labor, of deceptions and sufferings they recompense in an instant.

IV.

In his quality of pupil, still half-servant to Porpora, Haydn, desirous of hearing music and of studying, even under a material point of view, the arrangement of operas, obtained permission to glide behind the scenes when Consuelo was singing. For the last two days he had remarked that Porpora, at first quite disinclined to admit him thus to the interior of the stage, had authorized him to do so with an air of good nature, even before

he dared to ask him. The fact was that the professor's mind had taken a new turn. Maria Theresa, talking of music with the Venetian ambassador, had recurred to her fixed idea of matrimoniomania, as Consuelo called it. She had told him that she should be pleased to see that great cantatrice establish herself permanently at Vienna by marrying the young musician, her master's pupil; she had obtained information respecting Haydn from the ambassador himself, and the latter having said much in his favor, assuring her that he displayed great musical powers and especially that he was a very good Catholic, her majesty had desired him to bring about the marriage, promising to make a comfortable provision for the young couple. The idea pleased M. Corner, who loved Joseph tenderly and had already given him a pension of seventy-two francs a month that he might continue his studies with freedom. He spoke of it warmly to Porpora, and the latter, fearing lest his Consuelo should persist in her idea of retiring from the stage to marry a gentleman, after having hesitated and resisted a long while, (he would have preferred above every thing that his pupil should live without marriage and without love,) at last allowed himself to be persuaded. To strike a great blow, the ambassador showed him Haydn's compositions, and confessed that the serenade *en trio* with which he had been so much pleased, was Beppo's. Porpora acknowledged that they displayed the germ of great talent; that he could give him a good direction and help him by his advice to write for the voice; in fine, that the situation of a cantatrice married to a composer might be a very advantageous one. The extreme youth of the couple and their slender resources would make it necessary for them to devote themselves to labor without other ambitious hopes, and Consuelo would thus be chained to the stage. The maestro consented. He had received no answer from Riesenbourg any more than had Consuelo. This silence made him fear some resistance to his views, some project on the part of the young Count. "If I can marry or at least betroth Consuelo to another," thought he, "I shall have nothing more to fear on that score."

The difficulty was to bring Consuelo to this resolution. To advise her to it would have inspired her with the idea of resisting. With this Neapolitan tact, he said to himself that circumstances must produce an insensible change in the young girl's mind. She felt a friendship for Beppo, and Beppo, though he had overcome love in his heart, showed so much zeal, admiration, and devotedness for her, that it was easy for Porpora to imagine

him violently in love. He thought that by not thwarting him in his relations with her, he would give him the means of making his attentions acceptable; that by informing him, at fit time and place, of the empress' designs and his own consent, he would inspire him with the courage of eloquence and the fire of persuasion. In fine, he suddenly ceased to abuse and disparage him, and allowed free scope to their fraternal freedom, flattering himself that matters would advance more speedily than if he openly interfered.

Porpora, in not sufficiently doubting of success, committed a great mistake. He exposed Consuelo's reputation to slander; for it was only necessary that Joseph should be seen twice in succession with her behind the scenes, for all the people of the theatre to proclaim her love for that young man, and poor Consuelo, confiding, and without foresight like all upright and pure souls, never thought of anticipating the danger and guarding against it. Thus, from the day of this rehearsal of *Zenobia*, all eyes were opened and all tongues let loose. In each wing, behind each scene, the actors, the choristers, the employés of all sorts who were walking about, made their remarks, malicious or good-natured, accusing or benevolent, respecting the scandal of that nascent intrigue or the freedom of those happy betrothals.

Consuelo, entirely occupied by her part, by her artist's feelings, saw, heard, and suspected nothing. Joseph, dreamer as he was, absorbed by the opera they were singing and that which he meditated in his musical soul, caught, indeed, some whispered words and did not understand them, so far was he from being flattered by a vain hope. When he overheard in passing, some equivocal sentence, some cutting observation, he raised his head, looked around, searched for the object of these satires, and not seeing any, fell again into his meditations; for he was profoundly indifferent to all talk of the kind.

Between each act of the opera, they often gave a comic interlude, and that day they rehearsed the *Impresario delle Canarie*, a collection of very gay and comic scenes by Metastasio. Corilla, who played in it the part of an exacting, imperious prima donna, was absolutely perfect, and the success she usually had in this farce consoled her a little for the sacrifice of her great part of *Zenobia*. During the rehearsal of the last part of the interlude, and while waiting for that of the third act, Consuelo, somewhat oppressed by the emotion of her part, went behind the back scene, between the horrible valley bristling with mountains and precipices, which formed the first decora-

tion, and that good river Araxes, bordered by *most delightful mountains*, which was to appear in the third scene, agreeably to refresh the eyes of the *feeling* spectator. She was walking rather fast, forwards and backwards, when Joseph brought her fan which she had left upon the prompter's box, and of which she made use with much pleasure. The instinct of his heart and Porpora's voluntary inattention, mechanically impelled Joseph to join his friend; the habit of confidence and the need of sympathy always made Consuelo receive him joyfully. This double movement of sympathy at which the angels in heaven would not have blushed, fate had decreed should be the occasion and the cause of strange misfortunes. We know very well that our lady novel-readers, always in a hurry to reach the denouement, think "the more mischief the better sport;" we beg them to have a little patience.

"Well, my friend," said Joseph, smiling upon Consuelo and extending his hand; "it seems to me that you are no longer dissatisfied with the drama of our illustrious abbé, and that you have found in your air of the prayer, an open window through which the demon who possesses you can take his flight in good earnest."

"Then you think I sung it well?"

"Do you not see that my eyes are red?"

"Ah! yes, you have wept. That is good. So much the better! I am glad to have made you weep."

"As if it were for the first time! But you are becoming an artist, as Porpora wishes you to be, my good Consuelo. The fever of success is excited in you. When you sang in the bye-paths of the Boehmer-wald, you indeed saw me weep and you wept yourself, moved by the beauty of your song; now it is altogether another matter; you smile with happiness and are thrilled with pride on seeing the tears you cause to flow. Come, courage, my Consuelo, you are *prima donna* in the full sense of the term!"

"Do not tell me so, friend. I shall never be like her." And by her gesture she indicated Corilla who was singing on the other side of the back-scene, upon the front part of the stage.

"Do not misunderstand me," resumed Joseph, "I mean to say that the God of inspiration has conquered you. Your cold reason, your austere philosophy and the recollection of Riesenburg have in vain struggled against the spirit of Python. This is what fills you to overflowing. Confess that you pant with pleasure; I feel your arm tremble in mine; you face is animated and I have never seen in you the look you now wear. No, you were not more agitated, you

were not more inspired when Count Albert was reading the Greek tragedies to you!"

"Oh! what pain you give me!" cried Consuelo, suddenly becoming pale and withdrawing her arm from Joseph's. "Why do you pronounce that name? It is a sacred name which ought not to be heard in this temple of folly. It is a terrible name, which, like a thunderbolt, drives back into night all the illusions and all the phantoms of gilded dreams!"

"Shall I say it, Consuelo?" resumed Haydn, after a moment's hesitation; "you can never resolve to marry that man."

"Be silent, be silent, I have promised!"

"Well! if you keep your promise, you can never be happy with him. You! leave the stage! renounce your life as an artist! It is too late by an hour. You have tasted a joy, the remembrance of which would be the torment of your life."

"You terrify me, Beppo! Why do you say such things to me to-day?"

"I know not: I say them as if in spite of myself. Your fever has passed into my brain, and it seems to me that when I go home I shall write something sublime. No doubt it will be something ridiculous. No matter; I feel full of genius for the moment."

"How gay you are! how tranquil you are! while I, in the midst of this fever of pride and joy of which you speak, feel an intense sadness and would like to laugh and weep at the same time."

"You suffer, I am sure; you must suffer. At the moment when you feel your power burst forth, a dismal thought seizes upon and freezes you——"

"Yes! that is true; what does it mean?"

"It means that you are an artist, and that you have imposed upon yourself as a duty the cruel obligation, abominable to God and yourself, of renouncing art."

"Yesterday it seemed to me that it was not so, and to-day it seems to me that it is. I am nervous, and these agitations are terrible and fatal, as I see. I had always denied their impulse and their power. I had always entered upon the stage with calmness, with a conscientious and modest attention. Now I am no longer mistress of myself, and if I had to appear at this moment, it seems to me that I should commit some sublime follies or miserable extravagances. The reins of my will slip from my hands; I hope I shall not be so to-morrow, for this emotion partakes both of delirium and agony."

"Poor friend! I fear that it will always be so henceforth, or rather I hope so; for you will not be truly powerful ex-

cept under the influence of this emotion. I have heard it said by all the musicians, all the actors with whom I have conversed, that without this delirium or this trouble, they could do nothing; that instead of becoming more calm with age and habit, they became always more impressible at each embrace of their demon."

"This is a great mystery," said Consuelo, sighing. "It does not seem to me that vanity, the jealousy of others, the mean desire of triumph, can have so suddenly seized upon me and transformed my whole being in the course of a single day. No! I assure you that in singing that prayer of Zenobia and that duet with Tiridates, in which Caffariello's passion and vigor carried me away like a whirlwind, I thought neither of the public, nor of my rivals, nor of myself. I was Zenobia; I thought of the immortal gods of Olympus with an entirely Christian ardor, and I burned with love for that good Caffariello, whom I cannot look at off the stage without a smile. All that is strange, and I begin to think that, as the dramatic art is a perpetual lie, God punishes us by striking us with the madness of believing in it ourselves and of considering as real what we do to produce illusion in others. No! It is not permitted to man to abuse all the passions and all the emotions of life in order to make of them a play. He wishes us to keep our souls healthy and powerful for true affections, for useful actions, and when we defeat his ends, he punishes us and makes us mad."

"God! God! The will of God! There lies the mystery, Consuelo! Who can penetrate the designs of God towards us? Would he give us, from our cradles, these instincts, this need of a certain art, which we never can stifle, if he intended to proscribe the use we are called upon to make of them? Why, from my childhood, did I take no pleasure in the plays of my little comrades? Why, ever since I have been my own master, have I applied myself to music with an eagerness from which nothing could distract me, with an assiduity which would have killed any other child of my age? Repose wearied me, labor gave me life. It was the same with yourself, Consuelo. You have told me so a hundred times, and when one of us related his history to the other, the latter thought he heard his own. Yes, the hand of God is in all, and every power, every inclination is his work, even when we do not understand its object. You were born an artist, therefore you must be one, and whoever prevents you from being one will kill you or give you a life worse than the grave."

"Ah! Beppo," cried Consuelo in consternation and almost distracted, "if you

were really my friend, I well know what you would do."

"What then, dear Consuelo! Does not my life belong to you?"

"You would kill me to-morrow as soon as the curtain falls, after I have been truly an artist, truly inspired, for the first and last time in my life."

"Ah!" said Joseph with a sad gaiety, "I would rather kill your Count Albert or myself."

At this moment, Consuelo raised her eyes in a melancholy revery toward the wing which opened before her. The interior of a great theatre, seen by day, is so different from what it appears to us from the hall by lamp-light, that it is impossible to form an idea of it when one has not seen it thus. There is nothing more sad, more gloomy, and more frightful than that hall buried in obscurity, in solitude and silence. If a human face should show itself distinctly in those boxes closed like tombs, it would seem like a spectre and would make the boldest actor recoil with fear. The fitful and dim light, which falls from several windows in the roof at the back of the stage, glances aslant over scaffoldings, torn scenes and dusty boards. Upon the stage, the eye, deprived of the illusion of perspective, is astonished at that contracted space where so many persons and passions are to act, representing majestic movements, imposing masses, ungovernable emotions, which will seem such to the spectator, and which are studied, measured to a line, so as not to interfere and be confused or strike against the scenes. But if the stage look small and mean, on the other hand, the height above it intended to receive so many decorations and to move so much machinery, appears immense, freed from all those scenes festooned in clouds, in architectural cornices or verdant boughs which divide it in certain proportions to the eye of the spectator. In its real disproportion this elevation has something austere, and, if in looking upon the stage, you would think yourself in a dungeon, on casting your eyes upwards, you would believe yourself in a Gothic church, but in a ruined or unfinished one; for every thing there is dim, unformed, odd and incoherent. Ladders without order for the use of the machinist, placed as if by chance and thrown without apparent motive against other ladders which are not distinguished in the confusion of these indistinct details; piles of oddly shaped boards, scenes upside down, the design of which presents no meaning to the mind; ropes interlaced like hieroglyphics; nameless fragments, pulleys and wheels which seem prepared for unknown punishments; all this resembles those dreams we have when about waking, in which we see incomprehensible things,

while we make vain efforts to ascertain where we are. Every thing is vague, every thing floats and seems ready to fall to pieces. You see a man who works tranquilly upon the rafters and seems upheld by spiders webs; he may appear to you like a sailor climbing the shrouds of a vessel, or like a gigantic rat sawing and gnawing the worm-eaten timbers. You hear the words which come you know not whence. They are uttered eighty feet above your head, and the strange sounding of the echoes huddled together in every corner of this odd-shaped dome brings them to your ears, distinct or confused, as you make a step in one direction or another, which changes the acoustic effect. A horrible noise shakes the scaffoldings and is repeated in prolonged whistlings. Has the roof given way? Has one of those weak balconies cracked and fallen, burying poor workmen beneath its ruins? No! it is a watchman sneezing, or a cat rushing after her prey across the precipices of that suspended labyrinth. Before you become accustomed to all these objects and all these noises, you are afraid; you know not what is happening, nor against what unheard of apparitions you must arm yourself with courage. You understand nothing, and that which is not distinguished by the eye or by the thought, that which is uncertain and unknown, always alarms the imagination. The most reasonable idea you can form, on first entering such a chaos, is that you are about to be present at some senseless mummery in the laboratory of a mysterious alchymy.*

* And still, as every thing has its beauty for the eye which knows how to see, those theatrical limboes have a beauty much more affecting to the imagination than all the pretended illusions of the stage, when lighted and prepared for the hour of performance. I have often asked myself in what that beauty consisted, and how it would be possible for me to describe it, if I wished to impart the secret to the mind of another. What, it will be said, can external objects, without color, without form, without order and without distinctness, assume an aspect which speaks to the eye and to the mind? Only a painter could reply; "Yes, I understand." He will recall the *Philosophy in Meditation* of Rembrandt: that large room lost in shadow, those staircases without end, which turn one knows not how; those dim lights which shine and are extinguished, one knows not why, upon different planes of the picture; all that scene so indistinct and at the same time so clear; that powerful color spread over a subject, which, in fact, is painted only with light and dark brown; that magic of chiar'oscuro, that play of well managed light upon the most insignificant objects, upon a chair, a pitcher, a copper kettle; and at once, those objects which are not worthy to be looked at, and still less to be painted, become so interesting, so beautiful in their way, that you cannot withdraw your eyes from them. They have received life, they exist and are worthy to exist, because the artist has touched them with his wand, because he has there fixed a portion of the sun, because between them and him he has known how to extend a transparent, mysterious veil, the atmosphere which we see, which we breathe, and

Consuelo therefore let her eyes wander absently over this singular edifice, and the poetry of that disorder was revealed to her for the first time. At each extremity of the passage formed by the two back scenes, opened a dark and deep wing in which figures passed from time to time like shadows. Suddenly she saw one of those figures stop as if to wait for her, and she thought she saw a gesture which called her. "Is that Porpora?" asked she of Joseph. "No," said he, "but it is doubtless some one who has come to notify you that the third act is to be rehearsed."

Consuelo hurried forward, directing her steps towards the person whose features she could not distinguish because he had drawn back to the wall. But when she was three feet from him, and was about to question him, he glided quickly through the neighboring wings and gained the bottom of the stage, passing behind all the scenes.

into which we think we enter, as in our imagination we bury ourselves in the depths of his canvass. Well! if in real life we should find one of his pictures, were it composed of objects more contemptible still, of broken boards, faded rags, smoked walls; if a pale light dimly throws its illusion over it; if the chiar'oscuro there displays that essential art which is in the effect, in the assemblage, in the harmony of all existing things without man's intervention, man knows how to find it there, and he delights in it, he admires it, he enjoys it as a conquest which he has made.

It is almost impossible to explain in words those mysteries which the pencil of a great master unfolds intelligibly to all eyes. On seeing the interiors of Rembrandt, of Teneers, of Gerard Dow, the most common eye will recall the reality which nevertheless had never struck it poetically. To see this reality poetically, and to make of it in thought, one of Rembrandt's pictures, it is only necessary to be endowed with the picturesque vision common to many organizations.

But to describe this picture and make it pass by words into the mind of another, requires a power so ingenious, that in attempting it, I declare I am yielding to a whim without hope of success. The genius endowed with this power, and which expresses it in verse, (a much more prodigious thing to attempt), has not always succeeded. And yet I doubt, whether, in our age, any literary artist can approximate to the results he had obtained in this style. Read a piece of poetry which is called *The Well of India*; it will be a masterpiece, or a dissipation of the imagination, according as your faculties are or are not sympathetic with those of the poet. As for myself, I confess that I was horribly shocked by the perusal. I could not approve such disorder and such intemperance of description. But when I had closed the book, I could see nothing else in my brain but those wells, those subterranean passages, those gulfs, through which the poet has made me pass. I saw them in my dreams, I saw them when awake. I could not get out of them, I was buried alive in them. I was overpowered, and was not willing to read the piece again, for fear of finding that so great a painter, so great a poet, was not a faultless writer. Nevertheless, I retained in my memory for a long while the last eight verses, which, in all times and to all tastes, will be a profound and sublime passage, and without reproach, whether heard by the heart, the ear, or the mind.

"That is some one who seems to watch us," said Joseph.

"And who likewise seems to fly," added Consuelo, struck by the earnestness with which he had withdrawn himself from her eyes. "I know not why I feel afraid of him."

She returned to the scene and rehearsed her last act, towards the termination of which she again experienced the feelings of enthusiasm which had before transported her. When she wished to put on her mantle to retire, she looked for it, but was dazzled by a sudden brightness; a luthern-window had just been opened above her head, and the rays of the setting sun fell obliquely before her. The contrast of that sharp light with the obscurity of surrounding objects perplexed her sight for an instant; and she made two or three steps at random, when suddenly she found herself by the side of the same person in a black cloak, who had disturbed her in the wing. She saw him confusedly, and still it seemed to her that she recognized him. She uttered a cry and rushed towards him; but he had already disappeared, and she looked for him in vain.

"What is the matter!" said Joseph, presenting her mantle; "have you hit against an ornament! have you hurt yourself!"

"No," said she, "but I have seen Count Albert." "Count Albert here? Are you sure? Is it possible?" "It is possible, it is certain," said Consuelo, dragging him onward; and she went through all the wings, running and penetrating into every corner. Joseph assisted her in the search, all the while persuaded that she had deceived herself, while Porpora called her impatiently that he might conduct her to their lodging. Consuelo found no one who recalled to her the least feature of Albert; and when, compelled to go out with her master, she saw pass all the persons who had been on the stage at the same time with herself, she remarked several cloaks quite similar to that which had struck her. "It makes no difference," said she in a low voice to Joseph, who drew her attention to this, "I did see him; he was there!"

"It was an hallucination of yours," returned Joseph. "If it had in truth been Count Albert, he would have spoken to you; and you say that he twice fled from your approach."

"I do not say that it was really he; but I have seen him, and as you say, Joseph, I now think it was a vision. Some misfortune must have happened to him. O! I have a great mind to go off at once and fly to Bohemia. I am sure that he is in danger, that he calls me, that he expects me."

"I see that, among other bad things,

he has inoculated you with his craziness, my poor Consuelo. The exaltation you felt in singing has disposed you to these reveries. Recover yourself, I conjure you, and be certain that if Count Albert be in Vienna, you will see him hasten to you alive and well before the close of the day."

This hope reanimated Consuelo. She quickened her pace with Beppo, leaving behind her old Porpora, who was not vexed this time at her forgetting him in the warmth of her conversation with the young man. But Consuelo was thinking no more of Joseph than of the maestro. She ran, she arrived quite out of breath, ascended to her apartment, and found no one. Joseph questioned the domestics if any one had asked for her during her absence. Nobody had come, nobody came. Consuelo expected in vain the whole day. During the evening and quite far into the night, she looked from her window at the belated passers-by who went through the street. It continually seemed to her that she saw somebody direct his steps towards her door and stop. But each somebody passed on, one singing, another with an old man's cough, and were all lost in the darkness. Consuelo, convinced that she had dreamt, went to bed, and on the morrow, this impression being dissipated, she confessed to Joseph that she had not really distinguished any feature of the person in question. His whole appearance, the cut and hang of his cloak, a pale complexion, something black at the lower part of his face, which might be a beard or indeed the shadow of his hat strongly thrown by the peculiar light of the stage, these vague resemblances, rapidly seized by her imagination, had been enough to persuade her that she saw Albert.

"If such a man as you have often depicted him to me had been upon the stage," said Joseph to her, "there were so many people wandering all about that his neglected apparel, his long beard and black locks must have attracted attention. Now, I have asked every body, even the door-keepers who let no one into the interior without recognizing him or seeing his permit, and nobody had seen any stranger at the theatre on that day."

"Then it is certain that I was dreaming. I was agitated, beside myself. I thought of Albert; his image passed in my mind. Some one was there before my eyes, and I made Albert of him. My head must have become very weak! It is certain that I must have cried from the bottom of my heart, and that something very extraordinary and very absurd took place in me."

"Think no more of it," said Joseph; "do not fatigue yourself with chimeras. Go over your part, and think of this evening!"

ANECDOTE. We find in an exchange paper an anecdote of the late William Wirt, that is too good to be lost. Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry, as every reader of that biography knows, is excessive in its laudations of the great Virginia orator; in fact it may well be doubted whether the man ever lived to whom such swelling and varied strains of panegyric could be justly applied, as Wirt continually resorts to in depicting the character of Henry.

In illustration of this trait the following story, current in Eastern Virginia, said to be true to the letter, is told.

Wirt was once engaged in the trial of a cause in which one of the most material witnesses on the other side was notorious for his gullibility. By way of showing up this trait in the witness, and thus impairing his testimony, Wirt asked if he had ever read Riley's Narrative, and if so, whether he thought it was true.

"O, yes," said the witness, "I've read it, and I believe every word of it."

The counsel on the other side, perceiving the advantage gained by his opponent, here interposed the question—

"Did you ever read Wirt's Life of Henry, and if so, do you believe it is true?"

"I have read it," replied the simple witness, "but I can't say I believe it; no *that's* more than I can swallow!"

Wirt was "essentially floored."

THE HARBINGER.

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

SECTION II.—NOTICE III.

CHAPTER XI.

Distribution of Cultures into three orders.

To give the labors of the field more of intrigue, of charm, of variety, which is a demand of the three Mechanizing Passions, the Associative cultures will be distributed into three orders, interlaced and adapted to various locations. 1. The simple or massive order; 2. The ambiguous or vague order; 3. The composite or interlocked order.

1. The *simple*, or *massive* order, is that which excludes all interlacings; it reigns in its full glory in regions where agriculture is carried on upon a grand scale, where it is all open field on one side, and all woods on the other, and so with the meadows and the vineyards; although in every mass there may be many portions suitable for other culture, especially in the forests, where there should be clearings made on purpose, for the free admission of the sun's rays and for the maturation of the trunk-wood.

2. The *ambiguous*, or *vague* and *mixed* order, is that of the confused and irregular gardens called the *English*, of which the idea is due to the Chinese. This method, which brings together, as if by chance, all sorts of cultures, is only used on a small scale by us, and never in the whole cultivation of a township. Association will make great use of it in the way of general embellishment, and to spread a charm over industry. The actual broad masses of meadow, wood and field, will lose their dreary aspect by the employment of the ambiguous order.

3. The *interlocked*, or *composite* order, is the contrary of the civilized system, with its enclosures and its barricades. In Harmony, where there will be no danger and no motive for the smallest theft, the interlocked method is fully practicable, and produces the most brilliant effect. Each agricultural series shoots out its branches upon various points; it has its outposts and detached squares within the limits of the series whose centres of operations are remote from its own; and in consequence of this intermingling (subject to the conditions of the soil) the township finds itself sown all over with groups, the scene becomes animated, and at the first glance varied and picturesque.

These three orders may be compared to those of the Greek architecture. The world has found nothing new, scarcely a few slight variations, since the three Greek columns; the same will be the case with all the agricultural methods which can be pointed out, they will be but modifications of the three orders above mentioned.

The massive order is the only one practised in the larger agriculture of the civilizes; they bring together all their grain crops on one side. On the other hand, every body in his garden abuses the interlocked method; he accumulates some twenty species where there should be hardly three or four.

A phalanx, in cultivating its domain in the Combined Order, begins by determining two or three suitable uses for each portion. Mixtures may be always made with success, leaving out of the question the very precious vineyard-plot which may also bear fruits and pulse, as accessories to the pivotal culture. The end of these alliances will be to bring different groups into contact, and thus interest each in labors interlocked with its own, and to leave a group isolated in its functions as little as possible.

To this end, every branch of culture strives to push its divisions into the midst of the others: the parterre and the kitchen garden, with us confined about the house, will send out branches through the whole domain. Their centre, to be sure, is in the neighborhood of the phalanstery, but they shoot out into the fields strong lines, detached masses, which diminish by degrees, and occupy portions of the fields and meadows whose soils suits them; and so too the orchards, though farther from the phalanstery, have some posts in its immediate vicinity, for connecting ties, some lines or groups of shrubs and wall-fruit within the borders of the kitchen and the flower garden.

This interlocking, so agreeable to the eye, is also eminently useful in the amalgamation of passions and industrial intrigues. It should be one especial object to bring about *marriages of groups*, meetings between groups of men and groups of women, by means of this interlocking of cultures. These meetings are strictly industrial, and as useful as our gatherings at saloons and cafés are barren; for example:

If the Series of groups for raising cherries is drawn out in full numbers in its great orchard, a quarter of a league from the phalanstery, it is well that, in its session from four to six in the afternoon, it should see various other companies come out to work in its immediate neighborhood; for instance:

1. A cohort from the nearest phalanx,

of both sexes, who come to aid the cherry-growers.

2. A group of fair florists belonging to the township, who have come to cultivate a hundred toises of Mallows and Dahlias to relieve the prospect on the neighboring road, and to form a border in a hollow square for a field of vegetables contiguous to the orchard.

3. A group from the Series of vegetable growers, who come to trim the altar of a sect* placed between the field of vegetables and the cherry orchard.

5. A group of maidens raising strawberries, who come in at the end of the session, having just been cultivating a glade adorned with strawberries in the neighboring forest.

At a quarter before six, wagons from the phalanstery bring the afternoon meal for all these groups: it is served in the pavilion of the cherry-growers, from a quarter before to a quarter after six; then the groups disperse, after forming bonds of friendship and negotiating industrial or other meetings for the following days.

I refer to the treatise on *Universal Unity*, for the details relative to the combination of the three orders of agriculture. You will there find some useful remarks to a founder, on the marriage of groups, the affiliations of the sexes in an industrial series, and the means of making all this contribute to the ulterior end, the harmonious distribution of profits, without which the whole Associative mechanism would crumble the very day after any discord should break out in the apportioning of dividends.

The judicious amalgamation of the three orders of culture is the means of combining the good with the beautiful. These orders are not even known by civilized agriculturists, who are only able to employ three caricatures of them, to wit:

In the *massive order*, great masses of forests or of fields: their fields, so foolishly praised by the poets, present the most monotonous aspect; while their forests are a chaos of shapeless masses, and but poorly productive for the want of cultivation, which in civilization does not extend to the forests. We are still savages on this point. This character of ours is an interlocking (*engrenage*) into the savage period, as the military code is an interlocking into the barbarous period.

As to the *ambiguous order*, it can only be applied with us to pleasure grounds, like the royal gardens, the Tivolis and spots of little value; moreover it embraces but a little space, in which it reigns without amalgamation with the two other orders, and what is worse, without production, without the blending of the good with the beautiful. Thus it is only a caricature of its true destination.

As to the *interlocking order*, it is only applied inversely in our cultures, where

* On these rural stars are placed, at the summit of a little mound of flowers or shrubs, the statues and busts of the patrons of the sect, of the individuals who have excelled in its labors and enriched it by some useful methods. These are the mythological demi-gods of the industrial sect or series. A corybantes opens the session by burning incense before the demi-god. Industry being in the eyes of the Harmonians the highest function, they are careful to connect with it every means of enthusiasm, like the mythological honors rendered to men and women who have served humanity by perfecting industry.

the diffusion tends to impoverish and destroy the general beauty. Three hundred families in a village cultivate three hundred squares of cabbages upon different points, not thirty of which are suitable to this culture; and in their three hundred gardens you will find, more or less, ten miserable species of this vegetable, while a phalanx, limiting itself to thirty cabbage-plots distributed through favorable spots, will there cultivate with success a hundred varieties of the cabbage. We are then, in the employment of the agricultural orders as in every other branch of the industrial system, in the opposite way to that of nature.

REVIEW.

Self-Formation; or, the History of an Individual Mind; intended as a Guide for the Intellect through Difficulties to Success. By A FELLOW OF A COLLEGE. First American, from the London Edition. Boston: Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols, 118 Washington St. 1846. pp. 504.

We find ourselves in this case as well as in some others, compelled to differ slightly from the judgment of the critics in general. It is now some weeks since this book was issued, and the journals in the vicinity of its place of publication, have unanimously praised it without limitation or deduction. To this wholesale admiration we cannot subscribe, though it would give us great pleasure to do so were it possible. The book has merits, and not seldom they are of a high order; it abounds in fine sentiments and in fragments of what should be comprehensive thought; it occasionally hits on ideas of great importance, which, had its author been adequate to follow them to their conclusions, would have opened clearly to his view vast and grand intellectual regions, and would have given his book quite a different stamp. As it is, he seems like a near-sighted man who sees only what is around his feet, and when placed before a wide, glowing landscape, apprehends near and insignificant objects, but fails to perceive either the whole scene or its most beautiful features. Accordingly with much pretension to wisdom he writes superficially, and with a style which is generally pointed and taking in spite of its affectation, he is always diffuse, often prosy, and sometimes flat.

We said that the book had merits, but these are special rather than general,—belong to the materials more than to the structure. It contains very many things which are well worth saying and which are well said, and sets forth a humane and benevolent purpose in its composition, but there in all frankness our commendation must stop.

We have no great faith in that class of books of which in some respects perhaps, this is the best, which lay down rules for the use of studious young people in their

mental growth and development. All persons of any original force of mind learn the art of thinking by methods of their own, without ever owing much to students' manuals or being able to derive any considerable benefit from the peculiar devices that have served others.

But while these five hundred prolonged pages are thus as a whole liable to some serious objections which ought to prevent a universal burst of applause in their behalf, there are passages now and then which make the book well worth reading. We give one of the best of these.

"It is commonly said that a child's questions are often of all others the most difficult; and this is quite true; simply because they go to the depths of truth, whereas we are accustomed to draw water for our daily use from its surface only, — a surface in general, from its exposure, full of all kinds of foulness, — and therefore softer and of better accommodation to our services than the pure and clear, but somewhat hard genuineness of the spring. But the questions of children are often not only very difficult, but very displeasing also; and this from the same cause, from their tendency to the very root, their sheer radicalism. As, for instance, a little boy will ask, Why does papa eat so many nice things, — so much nicer than the poor people! and, Why does he go about dressed so finely, though he never works! and, Why do the other men let him have so much land, when he says that I ought not to have for my own garden any more than I can dig with my little spade! and, Why do the poor people work for him all day, and then take their hats off to him, and call him, Sir! Why don't they take it in turns to do it, he one day, and they the next! Now, these are home-thrusts; they are not to be parried. The only way to meet them is to blunt the weapon's point by opposing to it the defensive armor of the fool, the hard, stiff, impenetrable, ass-headed callousness of custom; and accordingly this is done. Don't be so troublesome; don't ask questions about what does not concern you; nobody ever inquires of a little boy about such things, and therefore you need not know them; or, if any answer at all be given, it is generally in the form of what the lawyers call a horse-plea, — I suppose because it runs away from the question, — a silly parley bed evasion, — a frustration instead of a reply. The child feels at once, for children are keenly sensitive of ridicule, that the purpose is to make a fool of him; and the purpose is often gained. He is made a fool indeed, not merely for the moment, figuratively, but perhaps also, if the practice be continued, actually and ever after. Such is the encouragement given to the really commendable spirit of curiosity, the inquisitiveness of the child after truth and right principles. The fact is, that, wherever there is corruption and perversion of custom, truth and principles are the most inconvenient things imaginable. The less that is said about them the better, at least for dominant interests. But it is long before children can be made sensible of the convenience of such obliquities, — they cannot shuffle themselves into the loose social habits. They know nothing of conven-

tional phrases and opinions, — they are no sophists, and therefore in many cases they are the best and truest of philosophers."

First Lessons in English Grammar and Composition; with Exercises in the Elements of Pronunciation, Words for Dictation, and Subjects for Composition. By ELIZABETH ORAM. New York: Paine and Burgess. 1846.

When we are obliged to express an unfavorable opinion of the work of a lady, our task as a critic is peculiarly unpleasant. But we hold that the office of a reviewer is one of responsibility as well as delicacy, and that justice only should give the law to judgment. Two reasons, however, we confess, usually influence and bias our criticism to some extent, when the author of a book is a woman: — one is found in that homage which in our hearts we ever feel towards the sex, inspiring us with a deference that would deal gently even with glaring faults; and the other grows out of a keen sense of the wrongs suffered by woman from conventional prejudice and unjust social arrangements, guarding us against exerting the slightest discouragement of the growing struggle to shake off that accumulated load of oppressions which so cruelly fetters the efforts of females. In works of fiction or fancy, therefore, we may be excused, when they are from the pen of a lady, if in most cases we exercise merely negative criticism, and admire them only the less for any blemishes they may contain; but we do not feel justified in showing such lenity when the subjects of the books are of a different nature — and especially when they relate to the education of youth: a strict line of duty then devolves upon us. The book before us is a school-book — it must stand upon its own merits.

We might properly dismiss it with simple general condemnation, as really its claims upon our notice rest entirely on its absurdities; and these are so self-evident that they need no exposure to prevent them from being pernicious. The preposterous nature of the very title page is quite enough to render the critic's decree against it altogether unnecessary. We consider the public safe, as well as poor little school boys and girls who would "suffer some," if they had to learn the lessons in it; we can therefore conscientiously sympathize with the publishers.

The design of the work is announced with some trite truisms on the importance of elementary instruction, which we think, indeed, cannot be too often and strongly insisted on, when the matter is understood, but when the highest notion of it is the reduction of error into arbitrary and empty *simple* rules, all commen-

dation of it is ridiculous. The design is truly original — a heterogeneous compilation of the *established* errors of all authors on various subjects. As we have said the title page is sufficient — only conceive of "First Lessons in English Grammar and Composition, with Exercises in the Elements of Pronunciation, Words for Dictation, and Subjects for Composition" — all in one small book! Henceforth Grammars, Spelling-books, Dictionaries and Rhetorics are useless — and if we could get rid of some of them it would be well; but not exactly in this way. Although this invaluable treatise covers so broad a ground of "elementary knowledge," (in the title page) it is by no means confined to the limits of the "Programme," which one would suppose afforded room enough, in all conscience, for the display of genius for book-making: there is besides a very pretty sprinkling of flowers culled from all quarters, according to the most approved modern practice, of disguising hard lessons in a sugar-coating of delightful little stories illustrating all the arts and sciences, wonderful or curious natural phenomena, universal history, travels, &c. &c. This is an ingenious way of making the "abstruseness and dryness" of ignorant pedantry, which is supposed to be inherent in the subject treated, "interesting," to children. Children have an instinctive hatred of error and hence the fatigue always attending the study of it. This modern nostrum of educational empiricism may be a very cunning method of imparting knowledge, but while the task of learning what is false, is somewhat relieved of "dryness," it is still barren, and the child advances backwards, while he appears to proceed, step by step, quite naturally up the "hill of science."

If the book were worth it, we would speak of its errors in detail, but as it is, we dismiss it with the hope that the whole tribe to which it belongs will soon be extinct.

Martyria: a Legend wherein are contained the Humilies, Conversations, and Incidents, of the Reign of Edward the Sixth. Written by WILLIAM MOUNTFORD, Clerk. First American Edition, with an Introduction. Boston: Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols, 118 Washington Street. 1846. pp. 328.

We confess that we cannot quite agree with the eulogium which the American Editor of this book has passed upon it. Its theology is that of the Unitarian sect of Christians, — a body that has done the world no inconsiderable service. Of course, it contains only the common notions of human destiny, and has no glimpse of that New Faith which perceives in Christianity something higher than a re-

ligion of sorrow and a continuous homily against earthly enjoyments, which understands that the life of Humanity has, under the Divine Providence, two opposite developments; the one in discord and misery during the ages of depravity and social ignorance, the other in harmony and joy, when the true conditions of social and individual life are known and made actual; in which all outward things will become symbols and forms of the highest life of the soul. There are in it notwithstanding, many excellent sentiments, occasional fine passages and successful turns of rhetoric, though these have not met us so frequently or with so much brilliancy as the Introduction led us to expect. As a story, which the book in some sort claims to be, we must say that it is duller even than religious didactic stories in general,—a branch of fictitious composition that has certainly not yet been carried to any great perfection, if indeed it is capable of it. The characters which are introduced appear mainly for the purpose of talking, and get through with that business indifferently well, but as for any other sign of life we have not found it in them. The author has endeavored to put on the quaintness of a narrative written in the times to which his legend relates, but in so doing he has altogether missed of the vividness which belongs to the style of that comparatively unsophisticated period, and has produced a book which, however pure and elevated its moral tone and its religious aspirations, however excellent its humane and fraternal spirit, is certainly exceedingly dull and clumsy,—qualities which though not always faults in a sermon or an essay, are conclusive against a history or a novel.

The Bankers' Weekly Circular and Statistical Record. J. SMITH HOMANS, Editor and Proprietor. No 1 Spruce St. New York. \$3 per annum.

We have long had this journal lying on our table waiting for the commendatory notice it so well deserves. It is conducted with industry and talent, and is valuable not only to bankers and commercial men, but to all those who have learned the use of statistics and know their value; to the political thinker who founds and fortifies his opinions on undeniable facts, and to the careful observer of society who seeks for the indications of its condition and power wherever they may be found. We can hardly be too grateful to the laborious compiler who puts within the scope of a single glance, facts for which we should otherwise have to search quite as laboriously ourselves. Thus in a late number we notice a table of American and English Rail-roads, giving the length, cost, profits, &c. of each, prepared with

admirable precision and completeness. We trust the Editor is amply rewarded for his useful labors.

POETRY.

TO AN ENTHUSIAST.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Young ardent soul, graced with fair Nature's truth,
Spring warmth of heart, and fervency of mind,
And still a large late love of all thy kind,
Spite of the world's cold practice and Time's tooth,—

For all these gifts, I know not, in fair sooth,
Whether to give thee joy, or bid thee blind
Thine eyes with tears,—that thou hast not resign'd

The passionate fire and fierceness of thy youth:

For as the current of thy life shall flow,
Gilded by shine of sun or shadow-stain'd,
Through flow'ry valley or unwholesome fen,
Thrice blessed in thy joy, or in thy wo
Thrice cursed of thy race,—thou art ordain'd
To share beyond the lot of common men.

SERENADE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Ah, sweet, thou little knowest how
I wake and passionate watches keep;
And yet while I address thee now,
Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep.
'Tis sweet enough to make me weep,
That tender thought of love and thee,
That while the world is hush'd so deep,
Thy soul's perhaps awake to me!

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet bride of sleep!
With golden visions for thy dower,
While I this midnight vigil keep,
And bless thee in thy silent bower;
To me 'tis sweeter than the power
Of sleep, and fairy dreams unfurl'd,
That I alone, at this still hour,
In patient love outwatch the world.

THE WATER LADY.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Alas, the moon should ever beam
To show what men should never see!—
I saw a maiden on a stream,
And fair was she!

I stayed awhile to see her throw
Her tresses back, that all beset
The fair horizon of her brow
With clouds of jet.

I stayed a little while to view
Her cheek, that wore in place of red
The bloom of water, tender blue,
Daintily spread.

I stayed to watch, a little space,
Her parted lips if she would sing;
The waters closed above her face,
With many a ring.

And still I stay'd a little more,
Alas! she never comes again;
I throw my flow'rs from the shore,
And watch in vain.

I know my life will fade away,
I know that I must vainly pine,
For I am made of mortal clay,
But she's divine!

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

THE ASSOCIATIVE MOVEMENT—ITS PRESENT CONDITION—PRACTICAL MEASURES—MEETING IN MAY.

The friends of the Associative movement are now called on to adopt a system of practical measures for its wide and speedy extension. Since the Convention at New York in the spring of 1844, there has been little organized action with a view to the promulgation and spread of the true principles of social order, and their successful realization at no distant period. The New England Fourier Society has indeed held a series of meetings at different times in Boston, which have, undoubtedly, been productive of beneficial effects, and which, in general, have been of a very gratifying character. They have always collected numerous audiences, gathered the scattered advocates of Association in friendly and pleasing union, called forth no small degree of intelligent and earnest discussion, attracted the attention of many of the most sincere and noble spirits in our community, and quickened into life a genuine enthusiasm for social progress. The Lecturers, too, that have been sent forth into various portions of New England have usually met with a kind and welcome reception; they have in almost all cases, found a strong desire for information on the doctrines of social unity; and rarely have they failed of eliciting the acknowledgment from candid minds of the truth and beauty of the principles which were presented, and their hope of seeing them fulfilled in the practical relations of society.

But none of these efforts have been of a sufficiently systematic character to ensure the highest permanent results. The zeal which has been awakened by the presence of an eloquent lecturer, has too often died away with the sound of his voice; and no measures have been adopted to secure the interest aroused for the benefit of the cause. No general plan of wise and efficient action has been devised, which should concentrate the strength, that is now scarcely recognized or perhaps wholly lost by diffusion, and give unity, and consequently increased vigor, to the resources which now exist, to a

large extent, for the promotion of the Associative cause in the United States.

We are persuaded that the times are fully ripe for more enlarged and combined action; nay, that this is imperiously demanded by the present condition of the movement. The harvest is already white on a thousand fields, and faithful laborers are waiting to thrust in their sickles and reap. With the prevailing discontent, under the actual organization of society, the mournful conviction that its coherence and apparent prosperity are founded on deception and force, the aspiration after a higher destiny on earth than man can now enjoy, we cannot doubt for a moment, that the principles of Associative Unity will take a deep hold of the most earnest minds in this country, and that our native land is appointed to be the scene of a triumphant experiment for peaceful reform, surpassing in grandeur and moral utility, the most splendid events which the history of our race records. We trust that there will be no delay in maturing a system of operations which will do justice to the sublime idea of Social Unity, and which will call forth from the wisest men all the energy and zeal which, devoted to this great cause, are waiting for the opportunity of efficient action.

We trust that at the Quarterly Meeting of the New England Fourier Society, which is to be held in Boston the latter part of the present month, this subject will be made the prominent topic of discussion. We bespeak for this meeting a full attendance. We hope that it will be largely represented by friends from a distance. We invite the presence of our brethren from all the Associations. We hope that not a friend to the cause, whom steamboat and railroad can bring to us, will fail of showing himself in our councils, on this occasion.

We would not presume to anticipate the methods, which may be deemed desirable, after thorough and friendly discussion; but, as at present advised, we are well assured of the pressing importance of some system like the following.

I. The formation of a Central Society, including representatives from all the Associationists in the United States, to be called by some such name as "The American Associational Union," for the purpose of organizing and directing a system of practical means for the promulgation and realization of the principles of Association.

II. The formation of affiliated, auxiliary Societies, in every part of the United States.

III. The establishment of a permanent Fund for the promulgation of the doctrine.

IV. The organization of an extensive system of Lecturing.

V. The means of increasing and sustaining a system of publications.

We suggest the above topics for the careful consideration of our friends. We will not enlarge upon the details. We trust our call will be responded to, in the spirit in which it is uttered, and that the approaching anniversary will form a bright and cheering epoch in our history.

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT EVERETT.

This was a proud day for our old University. The man who is thought better than any other to represent the character of an American scholar; the man to whom more than to any other personal influence all the hosts of Cambridge owe their literary enthusiasm; their model man, acknowledged chief and centre of that crowded court of intellect which annually holds session there, who personifies to all of them the spirit of that culture to which they vaguely aspire both in themselves and in their children; the man who probably has most power to inspire the college Faculty to teach and the young mind to learn; has at last yielded to the general wish, and become the President of Harvard University.

To us the occasion was interesting in various ways. It is always interesting to a seeker of Harmony to see a person installed in his true place, the place assigned him long since by the silent thoughts of every one. This is a satisfaction which we rarely enjoy, especially in spheres of dignity and importance. It is seldom that a man is called by a universal sense of fitness to any post, conspicuous enough to quicken competition. It is seldom that all find their own ambition most gratified in the elevation of another; as seemed to be the case in this gathering of the scholars of New England to the installation of Edward Everett in the highest seat which literature has built up in our land.

There was the interest too of revisiting our Alma Mater in a hopeful day; when her best side, of progress and enthusiasm, was called out. Believers as we are in a new social world, where colleges shall be superseded, and life itself become a university,—a university in very deed, inasmuch as it shall be the giver of universal knowledge and culture to the universal family of man, and not to a favored few alone,—we still must own a grateful thrill in every memory of Harvard. Our colleges, imperfect as they are, and limited in the recipients of their bounty, are yet by far the most vital nurseries wherein the germs and young plants of the world's hope are fostered, at least until they have to be transplanted to the chill

exposures of the competitive business and selfish economy of life. Not that all quickening impulse proceeds from colleges, of course, for we remember the carpenter's son of Nazareth. But we mean to say that to our colleges, and certainly to Cambridge, conservative as it and they all are, is due that generous culture of so many minds which has given to all new and radical and divine ideas a home in New England which they have not elsewhere. At college the youth learns disinterestedness of some sort; he learns to reverence truth and beauty for their own sakes; he indulges generous and holy aspirations, though fraught with pain for him, it may be, (pain, the more acute in proportion to his increased refinement), when he shall find them contradicted and held in abeyance by all the ways and the demands of society, of which he is to become an active member, or rather a scrambling competitor for enough of its loaves and fishes to enable him to keep soul and body together, to love, and have a home and family around him. The University has ever performed an indispensable part in the progress of society, and it will continue until it has fulfilled its mission, until the prophecy which is implied in the word "University" shall be accomplished. Let it only be a giver of light; let it quicken the perceptions, and discipline the intellect to full possession of its own strength and freedom; let it teach the exact sciences, and make known the laws, analogies and harmonies of the Universe; let it exhibit in history and philosophy and the literatures of times past and present, the progress of humanity; let it teach youth how to drop the sounding line into its own soul, and try to read and calculate the meaning and the promise which it finds there; let it *educate*, in a word, if only to the standards thus far set; and we care not how conservative, how antiquated its tone and garb may be, the regeneration and the re-formation of society are fore-doomed to come of it.

But chiefly was the occasion interesting from the signs of progress which it wore. We knew not in which they were most remarkable, in the inaugural discourse of President Everett, or in the enthusiastic applause with which it was received. Certainly we went with no such expectations; but listened with unfeigned surprise to confirmation, from the highest source, of all our heresies, if we have any. For every scholarly grace, and every charm of voice and manner accompanying a memory most daintily and richly stored, a mind well trained, and a perpetual play of chaste poetic fancy; for fervent eloquence, infallible at such a time, when the theme, the audience, and

the day were all his own; for a costly intellectual banquet, served with utmost tact and elegance, we were, of course, prepared by all the past of Mr. Everett. These things are the established character of the man and go with his presence every where. On the present occasion there was less, perhaps, of brilliancy or ornament, than in his former efforts. His speech was sobered by the office he assumed; it was rather severe and plain than otherwise, though wanting not a particle of grace. But there was an earnestness, a freshness, a breadth and liberality of thought, an unshackled application of common sense to the great problems of education, which won our respect and raised our hope.

We can only enumerate some of the leading thoughts of the discourse; the orator's most perfect statement of them it is not in our power to reproduce. He spoke of the nature and objects of a University education. After defining a University, as it exists in England, France, and Germany, and as it has thus far crept in humble imitation here; and after suggesting a further expansion and approximation to the University complete in this our *quasi* University of Harvard, he limited himself to the more immediate or "Academic" education there administered. This he reviewed in its utilitarian, its intellectual, and its moral tendencies.

Under the first head, he estimated the worth of such an intellectual outfit as the college graduate carries with him into the professions, or other liberal pursuits of life; contending for the most generous and many-aided course of studies. The question of the utility of classical and mathematical studies was handled in a masterly manner; a few words, pertinent and comprehensive, summed up all that could be said, and made it plain to every one that the congeniality of the study of language to the young mind proves it to be one of the first and foremost lessons in nature's course, the proper introduction to all things knowable; and that the mathematics, from the simplest arithmetic to the sublimest calculus, are, (if we may use a phrase instead of the orator's, which we forget,) the key to every harmony; while by the practical application of the first to the reading of the classics, and of the second to the physical sciences, one is sure to enter into deeper and deeper acquaintance with human nature and with the order of the material world. Knowledge this, quite indispensable in whatsoever walks of life, whether "liberal" or not, if that term must be used; for in a true state of society we would have every honest occupation *liberal*, and in the present state we doubt if any, even the most respectable, are truly so.

Under the appearance of dismissing it as too great an educational improvement to expect of the world in these days, the orator ingeniously contrived to put in a very noble plea *en passant* for the harmonious education of the body and the senses. It was in short a whole philosophy of physical culture, and of the spiritual use and correspondence of the material. It was like the enthusiastic German scholar's apology for the old Greek gymnastics, which to his eye had so profound a meaning. While rejecting as fanciful the suggestion of Herder, that senses more than five lurk undeveloped and undreamed of in the human body, Mr. Everett spoke most glowingly of the untold and unimaginable wealth of new powers yet to be developed in the senses which we have. Were all this to be reflected back to him in the more complete and definite descriptions and calculations of a certain much derided modern French philosopher and propounder of the "Science of Universal Unity," would the learned President shake hands with his own thought?

Passing from the mere utilitarian grounds of a collegiate course, he next considered the education which the whole intellectual nature gains therefrom; and finally its moral influence, or the education of character. It was on this last point that the speaker modulated into a deeper tone than it is common to hear on such occasions.

After premising that never had there been such wonderful manifestations of scientific and intellectual progress as at this day, and that the legitimate result of it should be a corresponding awakening of the moral element in man, a corresponding elevation of the spirit of society, he frankly confessed his fear that civilized society is not growing better, "that we are fast relapsing into Heathenism," that instead of growing reverent by knowledge, we are growing heartless, selfish, indifferent to God's image in our fellow man, and worshippers of

"Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell from heaven; for even in heaven his looks and thoughts

Were always downwards bent, admiring more

The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,

Than aught divine or holy else, enjoy'd
In vision beatific."

In our markets and our homes, in the senate, "and, (must I say it), in the academy and the church, we worship gods as bad as any in the Pantheon." It seemed to him as if a "new dispensation" was needed, as much as when Christ came, to regenerate the world. Here was a confession, highly encouraging to the friends of social reorganization,

who believe that the laws of the Divine Order of Society, based on a true philosophy of the Human Passions, which are the key to Nature's music throughout all her kingdoms, have been discovered and stated with convincing power, if not made clear in all details, or the demonstration thereof fairly set down in the child-like and over-confident announcements of the remarkable mind whose destiny it was to perceive them. If all be true which Mr. Everett asserted, if Christianity is seemingly becoming so impracticable, if the sublime truths of science only lend new eyes to Mammon, but open not the spiritual vision and still less the spiritual and loving heart; then is it not time to seriously ask ourselves whether society as at present organized is, or is not, at variance with the nature and destiny of man, and with any Christian theory of life? If all science thus far makes men selfish, may it not be because the science of sciences, the Social science, is wanting, and the very announcement of it treated with ridicule and contempt? We fancy few of Mr. Everett's delighted listeners that day were aware of the full meaning of these bold and eloquent confessions. It is in the nature of things that it should be so. Thus radicalism proves its truth, by detecting, in every honest emotion of conservatism, a life-blood mantling to the face of a redness very like its own. As even in firm granite rocks the perpetual flux of atoms goes on, so the most conservative institutions silently acknowledge the workings of the great Truth which is to reform all. And every great truth gets twice stated; first by the seers and announcers through whose lips it shocks the slow world; and secondly by the slow world itself, which even now, though in a most resisting attitude, is silently and unconsciously beginning to mould itself into a great practical manifestation of the very thought it dreads. Let all reformers then be tolerant and reverent, and not declare against the Past, but *for* it; since the Past, with all its power, most certainly is working for them, if they have truth on their side.

The importance of some direct culture of the religious sentiment, and of religious worship as an element in the collegiate education, was set forth in strong terms. The obstacle opposed to this by the prevailing differences of opinion, was happily disposed of by the speaker's taking ground above them all, and regarding them as only theoretic differences. The high idea of something like a unitary faith, a catholic, a universal, practical religion of the heart, which may wear many forms of intellectual doctrine, shone through this part of the discourse. Especially did he trust to religious exercises being raised above a dull routine in col-

lege, and becoming a quickening and life-giving influence: when this is realized, all doctrinal differences forget themselves.

The President closed with a most affectionate and animating appeal to the young men, his future pupils. This was evidently from the heart; the speaker seemed to grow more beautiful and youthful as he spoke, and to call to his younger brothers from the enthusiasm of his own generous youth. The appeal was to the highest motives. He spoke to them of the incalculable and almost miraculous power which is imparted to the intellect by any purely disinterested object, be it the love of truth, the love of man, or the love of God; reminding them, by way of illustration, of the zeal and faculty for study which they had seen awakened by "that lowest of the not unamiable motives, emulation." Under the inspiration of a disinterested motive, said he, "the memory grapples with hooks of adamant to the most barren details; attention becomes intuition; and in the words of Burke (and how much wisdom in them) '*our passions instruct our reason.*'" Will those, who owned instinctively the truth and beauty of all this, still treat as offensive to morality the doctrine of Passional Attraction, which we have so long urged as the main-spring of all human action, as the divine force by which alone the life and powers of man, and the whole arrangements of society can ever be drawn into unity with the divine laws of nature? Will it be objected to Fourier, that he places the heart before the head, and abandons man to his own unbridled impulses? The doctrine of Associationists in regard to education could not be better stated than in the words the President so warmly quoted. They too look forward to a state of things wherein "our passions can instruct our reason."

Aye, here is just the difficulty. Can this be done in such a *state of things* as now exists? Associationists think not. They believe that the Divine Order of society must be established before the passions, these holy fountains of life and energy, can become safe guides of reason. And this is the only criticism which we would make upon this whole discourse. The view of education which it presented was radical and universal enough for any one; it was perhaps the most complete description of the education of the whole man, which we have ever heard. Were it only *practicable*, as the world is now! But we assert that without that "new dispensation" to which the President alluded, it is only a tantalizing picture. Can civilization bestow upon its youth such education as Mr. Everett described? We have not time to enter fully into considerations which we have so often urged before. This single observation should

suffice: the vast majority of the human family, in the most triumphant day and place of civilization, must bend their whole energies, in channels not congenial to their nature, and too often in spite of every moral conviction except the "virtue of necessity," to the sole task of earning bread enough to live upon. Sphere for them there is not, however cultivated and refined their talents; but only *such* sphere as in this anti-Christian and anti-human competition of interests may now by some possibility of accident be left open to them. The young man at college stores his mind with generous thoughts, and cherishes the holiest aspirations; he must smother them when he comes out into the world, or the world tramples him under its feet. And then, what is an education for the trifling minority who can afford to pay for it, or whom the learned professions can support? Education, we know, according to President Everett's idea, according to all the most enlightened educators, is the education of man *as man*, because it is the right of man to be educated, or in other words, called out. Now does the present state of society guarantee this right to all its members? Is it not on the contrary necessary to this very University education of the few, that the masses drudge from day to day, renouncing education for themselves, to furnish *them* the leisure and the means? And for the full efficacy of such education to any one, were it not desirable that he might pass his life in a community *all* educated to the degree at least that they could appreciate his culture? — Thus by this problem of education is the doctrine of the unity of Humanity forced upon us, with the sad reflection that there exists no unity now, except that of custom inherited from old and violent constraint, and the poor compromise of antagonistic interests. All generous education continually preaches unity of interests and the solidarity, spiritual and material, of the race; while all the social arrangements now do contradict and thwart and paralyze such education, as the general rule. Money may purchase the enjoyment to a limited extent; but this bow poor and dilettanteish and selfish! how like enconcing oneself within a fenced acre or two of green in the midst of a city, instead of having the world for a green paradise.

One word more in justice to Mr. Everett. We know not whether the more conservative portion of his audience felt the meaning of all his true and generous utterances, as we did. While we drew cheering confirmations to many of our views from the whole tenor of his remarks, we by no means flatter ourselves that such was his intention. On the contrary, we suppose Mr. Everett, by educa-

tion, temperament, associations, and long habit to be identified with conservatism; and we presume he would look with little faith to any schemes of social reorganization, strongly as he feels the need of some "new dispensation." We do not claim him for ours; but only wish to give him credit for the eloquent and honest avowal of convictions springing from his own true instincts and experience, which harmonize too well, as some may think, with the doctrines which this paper constantly sets forth. Let every Associationist take courage. The spontaneous emotions and the common sense of those who study to educate and bless Humanity, *without a system*, are continually stumbling upon the arguments of social science.

NEW SOCIAL SYSTEM.

In presenting a new system of society to those who have not really reflected on the subject, we labor under considerable disadvantages. People are so much in the habit of regarding those who speculate upon the social organization, or who venture to presume that it is susceptible of any essential improvements, as mere dreamers whose fancies may be beautiful enough, but are good for no practical purpose, that the announcement of a new theory of society shuts men's ears to reason and inclines them at once to ridicule. And yet they are not so doubtful of the possibility of new discoveries in much less important matters. An invention of machinery, or a discovery in chemistry is at least not thought to be mere nonsense *a priori* and without examination, but the hint of a discovery in social mechanism is sufficient to cause the suspicion that the soundest mind is somewhat askew. This scepticism is, however, not altogether without foundation. It must be confessed that most of those who have undertaken to improve the social system and to establish better conditions of human life, have not been remarkable for practical wisdom so much as for benevolence of purpose and power of imagination. The theories they have given are valuable as specimens of literature, or as curious mental vagaries, rather than as guides to actual progress. They are like the preliminary efforts which nature always puts forth before she produces any great work. The Human Mind too always precedes its real advances into the domain of Truth, by vague, uncertain, or even fantastic attempts to accomplish what is sure sooner or later, to be done in earnest. Thus, for many centuries, innumerable enthusiasts were engaged in the study of alchemy and the attempt to discover the philosopher's stone. Out of their chaotic endeavors rose at last the science of chemistry with its vast practical uses. Precisely such is the case in

the sphere of social studies and experiments. The arbitrary and fanciful systems of Plato, Sir Thomas More, Robert Owen and others, are merely the uncertain tentatives by which the intellect as it were forewarns and prepares itself for successfully grappling with the great problem and wresting from Nature the inmost of her mysteries. It is remarkable, too, that the class of theorists of which we are speaking, never appear except where society has reached a considerable degree of perfection. It is not until the spontaneous movement of Humanity has carried it far forward, that any inquiries or surmises as to the laws of the social body arise. The savage and barbarian never dream that any advances out of their present condition can be made. They are like children who take the day as it comes, and have no real consciousness that they have ever been or ever shall be other than they are. But the civilized man begins to be curious both as to what went before and as to what is to follow, as well as to criticize what actually exists. Then arise theories of government and philosophies, and last of all, attention is directed to the essential constitution of society. Then come your political theorists and tinkers with their devices and nostrums, wise or unwise as the case may be, — and then too come the men always of large heart and real worth, who presume to meddle with the more vital interests of the world, and in fair pictures hold up to you some impossible Atlantis or Utopia. These men are not by any means to be despised. They are prophets indeed who foretell they know not what. They give sure evidence that Humanity has not attained the limits of its progress and that the deepest instincts of man reach forth for something worthier and more congenial to themselves than the shapeless confusion which is dignified with the name of society. Let all due honor then be rendered to the men who have attempted to imagine a more just and harmonious order of things. What if they have been visionaries and dreamers and have followed their fancy where reason and science are the only sure guides. The world owes them a debt of gratitude which it will sometime discharge and we should do injustice to the cause we advocate, did we fail to speak with earnest appreciation of men, whose hearts at least have been far in advance not only of their own time but of the present time.

We differ from them, not in their noble faith that there is a new and better social system to be established, but in the method of seeking for it; they endeavored of their own ingenuity to construct society; they presumed that they might invent a social mechanism, while

we are convinced that a true order of society is not, and cannot be a thing of human creation, having been preestablished by the Divine Architect long before the foundation of the earth. Its laws are therefore to be *discovered* by reverent and patient study, as are natural laws every where; the discovery of them constitutes the Science of Society.

We claim that the new social system which we propose, is a scientific system, not an arbitrary one; that it is an exposition of the laws of God, not of the mere imagination of man; that it is based on eternal principles and not on temporary contrivances. Nor does it live in the air only, but also has its feet placed firmly on the solid earth. It does not promise universal abundance, education, and happiness, without a knowledge of the material conditions on which those things must always depend. It begins at the beginning: it says that the first condition of human well-being is a just organization of Labor, and that without this, any worthy superstructure is impossible. Is this an insane or visionary declaration? Those that have ears to hear, let them hear!

THE SWEDENBORGIAN ASSOCIATION.

We have received the prospectus of a scientific Society, which has just been constituted in London, under the above title. It appears to be formed mainly of the receivers of the great teacher's theological doctrines; its particular purposes are stated as follows.

"I. To preside over all works and manuscripts of Swedenborg, written anteriorly to the opening of his spiritual sight in the year 1745; in short, all which are not included in the design of the Society instituted in 1810, as illustrated by its practice hitherto.

"In furtherance of this end;

1. To print good English translations of the works published by Swedenborg before the above date.
2. To publish, or assist in the publication of, the MSS. of Swedenborg, literary, scientific, and philosophical, referable to the same period.
3. To print good English translations of those manuscripts.
4. To reprint, with competent editing, the original works alluded to in Art. 1; as for instance, the "Principia," "Economia Regni Animalis," "Regnum Animale," "De Cultu et Amore Dei," &c.
5. To keep in print the translations, and bring them to the notice of the public, by advertisements, and all other available means.
6. To support translations of the foregoing works in other languages, as German, French, &c., by the purchase of a sufficient number of copies to enable the Association to keep them always on sale.
7. To publish Atlases of Plates illustrative of the foregoing works.

"II. To publish original works and papers of merit, and if necessary, periodical "transactions," tending to the illustration, defence and application, of the

scientific and philosophical views of Swedenborg.

"III. To preside over the Biography of Swedenborg.

"In furtherance of this end:

1. To take means to collect all authentic documents concerning, or connected with, that author, and now scattered in various countries in Europe, and to prepare a critical edition of them in English, under the express sanction of the Association.
2. To publish a full and authorized Life of Swedenborg.

"IV. To issue a good literary, scientific, and philosophical review, either quarterly or monthly, with a view of combining all the talent of the New Church, and enabling it to bear with force upon the spirit of the times.

"V. To institute, as soon as it may be thought expedient, periodical scientific meetings, for the reading of papers, the delivery of lectures, conversation, and all other social means of instruction in the scientific and philosophical doctrines of Swedenborg.

"VI. To collect a library of such books as will be useful for the literary employes of the Society, and for the members generally.

"VII. To institute a school of rational science, if at any time it be possible and expedient to take such a step."

The prospectus goes on to say:

"These are the objects which the Association will have in view; objects at once defined and comprehensive; objects which may be commenced with comparatively small means, and without any delay; and yet which will ultimately absorb large funds, and require the best talents and energies of numerous laborers devoting themselves for ages to the new field of rational science. The Association, therefore, has the opportunity before it both of a speedy beginning and an indefinite progression. Its functions will not cease, nor its work be accomplished, until the sciences afford a basis for the support, and a plane for the exhibition and representation, of spiritual truth and goodness.

"Some portion of the Society's operations must be of an unpopular character; yet even this portion will furnish the ground of works and proceedings which in the end will come home to the business, the business, and the undertakings of all. On the other hand a large part of its labors will have results that appeal immediately to the whole body of those who are interested in the great cause of human information and regeneration as involved in the writings of Swedenborg. And happily there is ground to hope that there are many individuals who will make sacrifices in behalf of the usefulness of the Association, and will not require that all its publications shall be easy reading, and apprehensible without specific courses of study.

"The Association will be a powerful means of preparing the way for the scientific education of the New Church. In the doctrines of religion, no assistance, as a matter of teaching, can possibly be derived from the Catholic and Protestant Churches; because in those consummated bodies every thing of truth is vitiated and perverted. So also no discipline, either good or true, can be gained from the science which has grown up under their baneful shade. For this science, considered with a

view to mental improvement, is eminently chaotic, useless, uninteresting, and uninteresting. It exercises no faculty but the very lowest order of memory. It proposes no end but learning, as contradistinguished from intelligence and wisdom; it has no effects but self-inflation, and the permanent alienation of the professions from the public: it believes and sees no truth in nature because it believes and sees no order. To confide to this science the education of our children, is to train them, through a natural chaos, for the spiritual chaos of the old church; to make them illiberal and unprogressive; to give them a love for vain and injurious precedent; an inaptness for receiving new truths; a false respect for the worldly distinctions conferred upon unsanctified learning; to leave them half freemen and half bigots, leaning to the New Church and the old science; and to distract their souls from their bodies, and dividing their kingdom against itself, to prevent them from coming into an integral state of thought on any subject. Hence the necessity for supporting an Association which under the blessing of Divine Providence may render possible a scientific education congruous with the holy truths of the New Jerusalem.

"The publication of Swedenborg's scientific works and manuscripts will probably be the first of the Society's operations; and here it may be well to state, that the first editions of the "*Principia*," "*Economy of the Animal Kingdom*," and "*Animal Kingdom*," may be considered as already provided for, and consequently need not engage the present attention of the Society; but the "*Prodromus Principiorum*," (a most interesting specimen of Swedenborg's theory of chemistry, which exists more fully developed in manuscript,) the "*Miscellanea Observata*," the "*Prodromus de Infinito*," the "*Worship and Love of God*," and a number of other small works, will come under its immediate auspices. Swedenborg's scientific MSS. are of great importance, and the publication of them may be proceeded with simultaneously with the execution of the works just mentioned. They will make perhaps a dozen or fifteen good-sized octavo volumes; and comprise mathematical, physical, physiological, and philosophical subjects."

"The Association will be strictly limited to literary, scientific, and philosophical works and projects, and will not trench upon the province of theology. It will however aim to illustrate the true position of speculative science, and to place it in such an order that it shall be seen as a clear mirror and evidence of spiritual things. In the performance of this function, it will be the supplement, handmaid, and sister of all the other institutions of the New Church.

"In its literary career it will endeavor to give all new things that make profession of use, a fair hearing; and thus to provide at least one exception to the blind hostility and the cry of impossibility, with which whatever is good and useful, and meant for the service of mankind, is at first assailed by the world.

"It is hoped that as the objects of the Association are coextensive with the New Church, so it will not be of merely local or even of merely national existence, but will have banded supporters at any rate wherever the English language is spoken:

it is hoped that distinct branches of it will be organized in the United States of America, to aid it by literary talent and by liberal pecuniary contributions; to have depôts of its publications, and by continual correspondence and by delegates to take part in its councils; in short, to give and to receive, and to quicken, extend, and elevate its uses.

"It is further hoped and confidently expected that *Donations* will flow into the treasury of the Association, for the purpose of fairly setting it on foot, and that from time to time *Bequests* will be made to it, as to an established and permanent charity, designed, under Providence, to relieve the intellectual and moral poverty of the world."

We welcome the formation of this Association with sincere pleasure and hope, and we do not hesitate to say that the publication and study of Swedenborg's scientific writings must produce a new era in human knowledge, and thus in society. Although, as the writer in our last paper says, he has given a complete theory of but one science, namely Physiology, in so doing he has in some degree exposed the *method* which must be used in all sciences whatever. His glory is not that he was a wonderful physiologist or chemist, but that he has given us the hint of a new Organon, a Logic to which indeed all his writings on natural science are only a preparation and introduction, but which it was not his work to complete. This Logic once perfected, Nature will stand our generous friend, ready to yield her utmost treasures for our benefit, while now she is as a miser from whom we can by toil and entreaty gain only a little of what we need.

It is quite proper to say that however much Swedenborg and Fourier differ both in the character of their minds, and the immediate end of their studies, the method they adopted was fundamentally the same; their success is thus due not to the vastness of their genius alone, but in a measure also to the instruments they employed. The Logic of Fourier is imperfectly stated in his doctrine of the Series; of Universal Analogy; and of Attractions proportional to Destinies: that of Swedenborg in the incomplete and often very obscure and difficult expositions which appear here and there in his works of the Doctrine of Forms; of Order and Degrees; of Series and Society; of Influx; of Correspondence and Representation; and of Modification. This Logic appears to have existed complete in the minds of neither of these great men, but even so much of it as they have communicated, puts into the hands of the student the most invaluable assistance and attracts him to a path of thought in which the successful explorers will receive immortal honors from a grateful race. Into this path the "Swedenborgian Association" proposes in some measure to enter; we shall

watch its progress with interest and shall continue to wish for it the most brilliant success.

"OUR MECHANICS. The following eloquent tribute of honor to the ingenuity and enterprise of the mechanics of our country, we extract from one of our exchanges. Let it be read by every friend of the mechanic in our land, and let the mechanic himself remember in the words of the writer, that 'their path is one of true glory, and it is their own fault if it does not lead them to the highest posts of honor and renown.'

"They are the palace builders of the world; not a stick is hewn, not a stone is shaped, in all the lordly dwellings of the rich, that does not owe its beauty and fitness to the mechanic's skill; the towering spires that raise their giddy heights among the clouds, depend upon the mechanic's art and strength for their symmetry, beauty, and fair proportion; there is no article of comfort or pleasure but what bears the impress of their handiwork. How exalted is their calling—how sublime is their vocation! Who dares to sneer at such a fraternity of honorable men—who dares to cast odium upon such a patriotic race? Their path is one of true glory, and it is their own fault if it does not lead them to the highest posts of honor and renown."

We find the above in the New York Farmer and Mechanic. It is a rare specimen of the way in which society attempts to flatter those whom it wrongs. First swindle a man and then pat him on the back and tell him he is a splendid fellow, a great character! In the same way, society reduces the reward of labor to the lowest possible rate, subjects it to the omnipotence of capital, and puts the workman in such a social position that every upstart who wears good clothes and gets his living by his wits can look down upon him with a contemptible sense of superiority, shuts him and his out from the means of education and refinement,—and then shouts in his ears that his calling is exalted, his vocation sublime! That conviction must be a great consolation to a man whose unremitting toil can hardly bring the week around, and who is haunted by anxieties and fears from morning to night! The path of such a man may be one of true glory, but how does that contribute to the daily bread of his children, or prevent a reduction of his precarious wages from driving him to despair! Let us have the reality first and then we may talk about the name, but while labor is socially degraded and plundered, let us not insult the victims of our *advancing civilization* by declaiming with much "eloquence" that they are glorious heroes, and ought to be the happiest of men. Make society such that useful industry will really be a badge of honor and not of disgrace, before you enlarge in ambitious paragraphs upon its essential dignity; give to mechanics and productive laborers of all kinds their undeniable

rights as men and as useful members of society, but do not attempt to feed starving men with perfumed lies even if they are served up in gilt platters. Take measures to make labor regarded as really honorable and then it will not be necessary to insist so zealously upon the fact, in order to have the recipients of the honor aware of it.

MORTALITY OF ENGLISH LABORERS.—The following extract from an English paper is pregnant with matter for serious reflection.

"By medical inquiries recently set on foot, it has been fully established that the average duration of life amongst the aristocracy, exceeds that of the working class by more than two-fifths! That is to say, the working class are robbed of two-fifths of their existence by the present anti-social system, to say nothing of the misery they have to endure in the remaining three-fifths.

"It is moreover ascertained that in most of the large towns in England and Scotland, more than one-half of the offspring of the poor die before the age of five years—the inevitable result of the poverty and hardships the poor have to endure. From the "VITAL STATISTICS" of Spitalfields it appears, that the average duration of life in that metropolitan district is only sixteen years, while that of the aristocracy is thirty-three—or more than double. In Liverpool the average duration of life among the poor is still less than in Spitalfields. 'Tis only fifteen years! What a hideous waste of human life."

Undoubtedly the aristocratic tenure of the lands of Great Britain has indirectly something to do in the production of these horrible facts, but it is not the immediate, efficient cause of them. That cause is nothing else than the civilized system of competitive labor. Can any man of philanthropic soul behold whole generations lasting but sixteen years, years of such intensity of wretchedness and degradation that he cannot but be thankful that they are not prolonged, without raising his voice and hands against the murderous, the infernal cause of such spiritual and physical destruction? Of what avail is the Christianity, the enlightenment of England, to these, her wretched children! Nay, of what avail is our American freedom, our boasted intelligence and benevolence, if we are to look on in careless silence as the same monstrous system of labor gets complete possession of our beloved country, cheating us with its glittering hoards of wealth, while it transforms our freedom into its accursed slavery and ruthlessly tramples our brethren into its abysses of vice and death. And the same system is here; with sure strides it approaches the same consummation. There is but one way of averting it; that is, the Organization of Labor on just principles, on principles of mutual benefit; all other means

are powerless; shall that only remedy be neglected!

☞ The Pacha of Egypt, being informed that the physicians of this country charged for their services according to the number of their visits, inquired "if the patients ever got well."—*Exchange*.

In a proper arrangement of things, physicians would be employed by society, and would be paid in proportion to the number of people in good health, and not in proportion to the number of the sick. What an absurdity to make it for the interest of a class that the rest of the community should suffer from disease, and should be kept sick as long as possible! If the salaries of physicians were stopped in the ratio of the illness in the society in which they lived, we fancy that diseases would be cured much more promptly and prevented to a much greater extent than they are at present.

☞ The *Voice of Industry* quotes from the Harbinger "The French in Algiers," without giving credit.

EXTRACT. The doctrine of fellowship and good will flows from hundreds of thousands of pulpits; millions and millions of treasure are expended to maintain the ministers of the "tidings of great joy" that were proclaimed to mankind!—and yet, with all its vaunted civilization, the world is still barbarous in respect to those amenities and charities which sweeten existence. That constant strife for gold; that intense ardor to be the first in the busy race after the world's idol, no matter who may be trampled and crushed by the way,—that breathless anxiety to outstrip a neighbor—that eager thirst to drink the largest draughts of a river which God intended to flow for the moderate benefit of all; that jostling, pressing, hurrying, crowding, elbowing, confusion, violence, stratagem, supplanting, intriguing and way-laying, which constitute the avocations of the world's mob, are the active elements of a hostility to human peace, sympathy and benevolence.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK!

A Quarterly Meeting of the NEW ENGLAND FOURIER SOCIETY will be held in Boston, on *Wednesday, May 27th*, at 10 o'clock, A. M. As subjects of great interest will be brought before the meeting, it is earnestly hoped that there will be a full and general attendance of the friends of the cause.

GEORGE RIPLEY, *Pres't*.

J. BUTTERFIELD, *Sec'y*.

* * * The place of meeting will be announced in the Boston daily papers.

ANNIVERSARY IN MAY.

The friends of the abolition of Capital Punishment throughout the United States, are earnestly requested to be represented at the meeting of the New York State Society, to be held in this city on Monday, May the 11th. Among the speakers expected to address this meeting, are Hon. Robert Rantoul, Vice President Dallas, Rev. John Pierpont, Horace Greeley, Rev. E. H. Chapin, Charles C. Burleigh, Rev. J. N. Maffit, Parke Godwin, J. L. O'Sullivan, Rev. W. H. Channing, and Prof. Patterson, of Philadelphia.

W. T. MCCOUN, *Pres.*

JOSEPH HOPPER, *Sec.*

New York, April 30, 1846.

BROOK FARM SCHOOL.

The Directors of the School connected with the Brook Farm Association have made arrangements for enlarging the establishment, and are now prepared to receive an additional number of pupils.

The course of study comprises instruction in the various branches usually taught in the High Schools and Academies of New England, with particular attention to the modern European languages and literature.

Pupils of different ages and of both sexes are received; a constant maternal care exercised over the youngest; and the more advanced subject to the friendly counsel and assistance of the teachers, without the restraints of arbitrary discipline. Young men are fitted for College, or for commercial pursuits, or carried through a course of instruction, in the higher branches usually taught in the University.

Lessons are given in Music, Dancing, Drawing, and Painting, without any extra charge.

The School is under the immediate direction of Mr. and Mrs. RIPLEY, Mr. DWIGHT, and Mr. DANA, assisted by experienced teachers in the different departments; and every pupil of tender age is entrusted to the particular care of a lady of the establishment, who has charge of his wardrobe, personal habits, and physical education.

For young children, who are deprived of parental care, and for older pupils who wish to pursue a thorough and exact course of study, without the usual confinement of a large seminary, it is believed that this School affords advantages, that are rarely to be met with.

TERMS.—FOUR DOLLARS a week for board, washing, fuel, lights, and instruction in all branches.

Application may be made by mail to
GEORGE RIPLEY.

Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass. }
March 21, 1846.

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ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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VOLUME II.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1846.

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

V.

That day, Consuelo saw from her window a very strange troop file towards the square. It consisted of thick-set, robust, and weather-beaten men, with long moustaches, their naked legs clad in thongs interlaced like the ancient buskin, their heads covered with pointed caps, their belts garnished with four pistols each, the neck and arms uncovered, the hand armed with a long Albanian carbine, and the whole set off by a red cloak. "Is that a masquerade?" asked Consuelo of the canon, who had come to pay her a visit: "we are not in the carnival that I am aware of."

"Look well at those men," replied the canon, "for we shall not see them again for a long while, if it please God to maintain the reign of Maria Theresa. See how the people look at them with curiosity, though with a kind of disgust and terror! Vienna saw them enter in her days of anguish and distress, and then she received them more joyously than she does now, ashamed and dismayed as she is at having owed her salvation to them."

"Are those the Slavonian brigands, whom I heard so much of in Bohemia, and who did so much mischief there?"

"Yes, those are they," replied the canon; "those are the remnant of the hordes of serfs and Croatian bandits whom the famous baron Francis de Trenck, cousin-german of your friend the baron Frederick, had freed or enslaved with an incredible boldness and ability to make almost regular troops in the service of Maria Theresa. There, there he is, that frightful hero, that Trenck with the burnt mouth, as our soldiers call him; that famous partisan, the most crafty, the

most intrepid, the most necessary in the sad and warlike years which have just passed; the greatest talker and the greatest pillager of his century, decidedly; but also the most brave, the most hardy, the most active, the most fabulously rash of modern times. That is he, Trenck the pandour, with his famished wolves, a sanguinary pack of which he is the savage shepherd."

Francis de Trenck was still taller than his cousin of Prussia. He was nearly six feet five. His scarlet cloak, fastened round his neck by a brooch of rubies, opened upon his chest to display a whole museum of Turkish artillery studded with precious stones, of which his girdle was the arsenal. Pistols, curved sabres and cutlass, nothing was wanting to give him the appearance of the most determined slayer of men. As a plume, he wore on his cap the figure of a small scythe with four sharp blades, falling towards the front. His aspect was horrible. The explosion of a barrel of powder* in disfiguring him, had put the finish to his diabolical look. "He could not be seen without a shudder," say all the memoirs of the time.

"Then that is that monster, that enemy of humanity!" said Consuelo, turning away her eyes with horror. "Bohemia will long remember his passage; the cities burned and sacked, the old men and children cut in pieces, the women ravished, the country exhausted by contributions, the crops devastated, the flocks destroyed when they could not be carried away, every where, ruin, desolation, murder and conflagration. Poor Bohemia! eternal rendezvous of all strifes, theatre of all tragedies!"

* Having descended into a cellar at the pillage of a town in Bohemia, and in the hope of discovering first some casks of gold, the existence of which had been reported to him, he hurriedly approached a light to one of the precious casks; but it was powder which it contained. The explosion brought down a part of the vault upon him, and he was rescued from the ruins, dying, his body furrowed with enormous burns, his face covered with deep and ineffaceable wounds.

"Yes, poor Bohemia! victim of all furies, arena of all combats," returned the canon; "Francis de Trenck has there renewed the horrible excesses of the time of Jean Ziska. Like him unconquered, he has never given quarter; and the terror of his name was so great, that his advance guards have carried cities by assault, while he was yet four leagues distant fighting with other enemies. It may be said of him as of Attila, that the grass never sprouts again where his horse has passed. The vanquished will curse him to the fourth generation."

Francis de Trenck was lost in the distance; but for a long time Consuelo and the canon saw file before them his magnificent horses, richly caparisoned, which his gigantic Croatian hussars led by hand. "What you see is only a trifling specimen of his riches," said the canon. "Mules and chariots loaded with arms, pictures, precious stones, ingots of gold and silver, incessantly cover the roads leading to his estates in Slavonia. There he has amassed treasures which would furnish the ransom of three kings. He eats from gold plate, which he took from the king of Prussia at Sorau, when he almost took the king of Prussia himself. Some say that he missed him by a quarter of an hour; others pretend that he had him prisoner in his hands, and that he sold him his liberty at a high price. Patience! Trenck the pandour will not long enjoy, perhaps, so much glory and riches. They say that a criminal process threatens him, that the most horrible accusations are suspended over his head, that the empress is much afraid of him; in fine, those of his Croats who have not taken, according to their custom, their discharge under their caps, are to be incorporated in the regular troops and kept in check after the Prussian manner. As to himself—I have a bad idea of the compliments and rewards which await him at the court."

"They have saved the Austrian crown, from what is said?"

"That is certain. From the frontiers

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

of Turkey even to those of France, they have spread terror and carried the best defended places, the most desperate battles. Always the first in attack at the front of an army, at the head of a bridge, at the breach of a fort, they have forced our greatest generals to admire and our enemies to fly. The French have always recoiled before them, and the great Frederick has paled, they say, like a simple mortal at their war-cry. There is no rapid river, no inextricable forest, no miry bog, no precipitous rock, no hail of bullets or torrent of flames, which they have not passed at all hours of the night and in the most rigorous seasons. Yes, certainly, they have saved the crown of Maria Theresa more than all the old military tactics of our generals and all the craft of our diplomatists."

"In that case, their crimes will be unpunished and their thefts sanctified!"

"Perhaps they will be too severely punished, on the contrary."

"Those who have rendered such services are not usually punished?"

"Excuse me," said the canon, maliciously; "when there is no more need of them —"

"But were not all those excesses permitted, which they committed on the territories of the empire and her allies?"

"Doubtless, every thing was permitted, because it was necessary."

"And now!"

"Now that is no longer the case, they are blamed for all that was permitted them."

"And the great soul of Maria Theresa!"

"They have profaned churches!"

"I understand. Trenck is ruined, sir canon."

"Chut! that must be said in a low voice," returned he.

"Have you seen the pandours?" cried Joseph, entering quite out of breath.

"With little pleasure," replied Consuelo.

"Well, did you not recognize them?"

"This is the first time I have seen them."

"Not so, Consuelo, it is not the first time those figures have struck your eyes. We met some of them in the Boehmerwald."

"None, thank God! to my recollection."

"Then you have forgotten a hut in which we passed the night on the fern, and where we perceived all of a sudden that ten or a dozen men were sleeping around us!"

Consuelo remembered the adventure of the hut and the encounter with those savage persons whom she, as well as Joseph, had taken for smugglers. Other emotions, which she neither shared nor im-

agined, had engraved upon Joseph's memory all the circumstances of that stormy night. "Well," said he, "those supposed smugglers who did not perceive our presence beside them and who left the hut before day, carrying bags and heavy bundles, were pandours; they had the same arms, faces, mustaches and cloaks which I have just seen pass, and Providence delivered us, without our knowledge, from the most dangerous encounter we could have made on our journey."

"Without any doubt," said the canon, to whom the details of that journey had often been related by Joseph; "those honest people had been discharged by their own will, as is their custom when their pockets are full, and were gaining the frontier to return to their country by a long circuit, rather than pass with their booty over the territory of the empire, where they were always afraid of having to give an account of themselves. But be sure that they did not reach it without difficulty. They rob and assassinate each other all along the road, and it is the strongest who reaches his forests and his caverns, laden with the shares of his companions."

The hour of performance came to distract Consuelo from her sombre recollection of Trenck's pandours, and she went to the theatre. She had no room to dress in; until then madam Tesi had lent her's to her. But this time, madam Tesi much enraged at her success, and already her sworn enemy, had carried away the key, and the prima-donna of the evening was much embarrassed to know where to find a refuge. These little perfidies are usual at the theatre. They irritate and indispose the rival whose powers they are intended to paralyze. She loses time in asking for a dressing room, she is afraid of not finding one. The hour advances; her comrades say to her in passing: "What! not yet dressed? they are going to begin." At last, after many requests and many steps, by means of anger and threats, she succeeds in getting into a room, in which she finds nothing that she requires. If the milliners are ever so little bribed, the costume is not ready or fits badly. The dressing maids are at the orders of every other than the victim destined to this little punishment. The clock strikes, the notifier, (the *butta-fuori*), cries with his shrill voice in the corridors: "*Signora e signori, si va cominciare!*" terrible words, which the debutante does not hear without a mortal chill; she is not ready; she hurries, she breaks her laces, she tears her ruffles, she puts on her mantle awry, and her diadem will fall off the very first step she makes upon the stage. Palpitating, indignant, nervous, her eyes full of tears, she must appear with a celestial smile upon her face;

she must display a pure, fresh and unerring voice, when her throat is suffocating and her heart ready to break.— Oh! all those crowns of flowers which rain upon the stage at the moment of triumph, have beneath them thousands of thorns.

Fortunately for Consuelo, she met Corilla, who, taking her by the hand, said: "Come to my room; the Tesi has flattered herself she could play you the same trick she did me at the beginning. But I will come to your assistance, were it only to enrage her! it is a vengeance at least! At the rate at which you go on, Porporina, I really risk seeing you pass before me wherever I have the misfortune to meet you. Then you will no doubt forget the manner in which I behave to you here, and remember only the injury I have done you."

"The injury you have done me, Corilla!" said Consuelo, entering her rival's dressing-room and commencing her toilet behind a screen, while the German dressing-maids divided their attention between the two cantatrices who would converse in Venetian without being understood. "Really, I do not know what injury you have done; I cannot recollect any."

"The proof that you feel a grudge against me is, that you say *you* to me, as if you were a duchess and as if you despised me."

"Well, I do not remember that *thou* hast done me any injury," returned Consuelo, overcoming the repugnance she felt at treating familiarly a woman whom she respected so little.

"Do you say the truth?" retorted the other. "Have you so far forgotten poor Zoto?"

"I was free and able to forget him; I have done so," returned Consuelo, fastening on her queen's buskin with that courage and freedom of mind which the feeling of the profession gives at certain moments; and she made a brilliant roudade not to forget to keep herself in voice.

Corilla replied by another roudade for the same reason; then she interrupted herself to say to her maid: "By the devil's blood, wench, you squeeze me too tight. Do you think you are dressing a Nuremburg doll? These Germans," resumed she in dialect, "don't know what shoulders are. They would make us as square as their dowagers, if they had their way. Porporina, don't let yourself be bundled up to the ears as you did last time: it was absurd."

"Ah! as to that, my dear, it is the imperial order. These dames know it; and I don't think it worth my while to rebel for so small a matter."

"So small a matter! our shoulders, a small matter!"

"I do not say so for you, who have the

most beautiful form in the universe; but for me —"

"Hypocrite!" said Corilla with a sigh; "you are ten years younger than I am, and my shoulders will soon have to depend entirely upon their reputation."

"It is you who are a hypocrite," returned Consuelo, horribly wearied with this style of conversation; and to interrupt it, she began, as she did up her hair, to go through her gamut and embellishments.

"Hold your tongue!" suddenly said Corilla, who listened to her in spite of herself; "you plunge a thousand daggers in my throat. Ah! I would yield all my lovers to you with a good will; I could readily find others; but your voice and your method I never can dispute with you. Hold your tongue! I have a great mind to strangle you."

Consuelo, who saw well that Corilla was only half in jest, and that these mocking flatteries concealed a real suffering, took the hint; but an instant after, the latter resumed: "How do you make that stroke?"

"Do you wish to make it? I yield it to you," replied Consuelo, laughing with her admirable good nature. "Here, I will teach it to you. Put it in some place of your part from this very evening. I will find another."

"That would only be a stronger one. I should gain nothing."

"Well then, I will not make it at all. It is as well, for Porpora does not like such things, and it will be one reproach less he will make to me this evening. Here, there is my stroke." And drawing from her pocket a line of music written upon a small piece of folded paper, she passed it over the screen to Corilla, who began to study it immediately. Consuelo assisted her, sang it to her several times and at last taught it to her; the dressings going on at the same time. But before Consuelo had put on her robe, Corilla impetuously pushed aside the screen and came to embrace her, thanking her for the sacrifice she had made. It was not a very sincere feeling of gratitude which impelled her to this demonstration. There was mingled with it a perfidious desire to see her rival's figure in her corset, that she might be able to betray the secret of some imperfection. But Consuelo had no corset. Her waist was unshackled as a reed, and her chaste and noble form borrowed not the aid of art. She guessed Corilla's intention and smiled. "You may examine my person and penetrate my heart," thought she, "you will find nothing false there."

"Zingarella," said Corilla to her, resuming, in spite of herself, her hostile manner and her harsh voice, "then you no longer love Anzoletto?"

"Not at all," replied Consuelo, laughing.

"And he, he loved you a great deal!"

"Not at all," returned Consuelo with the same assurance and the same well-felt and very sincere ingenuousness.

"So he told me, indeed!" cried Corilla, fixing upon her her blue, clear and ardent eyes, in the hope of detecting a regret and reopening a wound in the past life of her rival.

Consuelo did not pique herself upon fineness, but she had that of frank souls, so powerful when it strives against crafty designs. She felt the blow and resisted tranquilly. She no longer loved Anzoletto: she knew not the sufferings of self-love; she therefore permitted this triumph to Corilla's vanity. "He told you the truth," she answered, "he did not love me."

"But you, did you then never love him?" said the other, more astonished than satisfied at this concession.

Consuelo felt that she could not be frank half-way. Corilla wished to get the advantage of her and must needs be satisfied. "I," replied she, "I loved him a great deal."

"And you confess it so! Have you no pride, poor girl!"

"I have had enough to be cured."

"That is to say you have had philosophy enough to be consoled with another. Tell me with whom, Porporina. It cannot be with that little Haydn, who has not a copper to bless himself withal."

"That would be no reason. But I have not been consoled with any one in the manner you mean."

"Ah! I know! I forgot that you pretend—but don't say such things here, my dear, you will be turned into ridicule."

"Therefore I shall not say them unless I am asked; and I shall not let every body ask me. It is a liberty I have let you take, Corilla; you will not abuse it unless you are my enemy."

"You are a mask," cried Corilla. "You have wit, though you pretend to be so ingenuous. You have so much that I am on the point of believing you as pure as I was at twelve years old. Still that is impossible. Ah! how skillful you are, Zingarella! you will make the men believe whatever you wish."

"I shall not make them believe anything; for I shall not allow them to be sufficiently interested in my affairs to question me."

"That will be the wiser: they always take advantage of our confessions, and have no sooner drawn them from us than they humiliate us with their reproaches. I see you know your business. You will do well not to inspire passions; in that way you will have no trouble, no storms;

you can act freely without deceiving any one. With an uncovered face, you will find more lovers and make your fortune sooner. But for that you will need more courage than I have; no one must please you and you must not care to be loved by any one; for those dangerous delights of love cannot be enjoyed without precautions and falsehoods. I admire you, Zingarella! Yes, I feel struck with respect at seeing you, so young, triumph over love; for the thing most fatal to our repose, to our voices, to the duration of our beauty, to our fortunes, to our success, is indeed love, is it not? O! yes, I know it by experience. If I could always have kept myself to cold gallantry I should not have suffered so much; I should not have lost two thousand sequins and two of my highest notes. But see, I humble myself before you; I am a poor creature; I was born unhappy. Always, in the midst of my finest affairs, I have done some mad thing which has spoiled all, I have allowed myself to be taken by a crazy passion for some poor devil, and then good-bye to fortune! I might have married Zustiniani; yes, I could have; he adored me and I could not endure him; I was mistress of his lot. That miserable Anzoletto pleased me—I lost my position. Come, you will give me advice; you will be my friend, will you not? You will preserve me from the weakness of my heart and the lightness of my head. And, to begin—I must confess that for a week I have an inclination for a man who is losing favor singularly, and who, in a little while, may be more dangerous than useful at the court; a man who is rich by millions, but who may be ruined in a turn of the hand. Yes, I wish to detach myself from him, before he drags me over his precipice—There! the devil wishes to give me the lie, for he is coming; I hear him, and I feel the fire of jealousy mount into my face. Close your screen well, Porporina, and do not move; I don't want him to see you."

Consuelo hastened to draw the screen with care. She had no need of the warning to desire not to be examined by Corilla's lovers. A man's voice, quite vibrating and true though deprived of freshness, hummed in the corridor. He knocked at the door for form's sake, and entered without waiting for an answer.

"Horrible profession," thought Consuelo. "No, I will not allow myself to be seduced by the intoxications of the stage; the interior is too disgusting."

And she hid herself in her corner, ashamed at being in such company, indignant and dismayed at the manner in which Corilla had understood her, and perceiving for the first time that abyss of corruption of which she previously had no idea.

MACGREGOR'S COMMERCIAL STATISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES. It is not generally known in this country that John Macgregor, Esq., one of the Joint Secretaries of the British Board of Trade, has been engaged in the preparation of a series of papers for presentation "to both Houses of Parliament, by command of Her Majesty," under the general title of "Commercial Statistics: a digest of the productive resources, commercial legislation, customs, tariffs, navigation, port, and quarantine laws and charges, shipping, imports and exports, and the monies, weights, and measures of all nations, including all British Commercial Treaties with foreign States, collected from authentic records, and consolidated with special reference to British and foreign products, trade and navigation." The first two volumes, which were laid before Parliament in parts, contain about 2,800 pages, and embrace Austria, Denmark, France, Belgium, Germany, Holland, the Italian States, the Ottoman Empire, Greece, African States, Russia, Sweden and Norway, Spain and Portugal. The third part, which we have had the pleasure of examining, is devoted entirely to the United States, and of itself occupies a volume of 1427 royal octavo pages, equal to one half the space devoted to all the other nations above named; a fact which speaks volumes for the important space we occupy in the rank of the industrial and commercial world. The work is compiled with evident care, and its arrangement reflects great credit upon the compiler, Mr. Macgregor, one of the most accomplished and able statesmen in England. Noting, as we ran over the volume, the frequent occurrence in the body of the work, the name of that popular periodical *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine*, we had the curiosity to count its repetition, and we found it was referred to about sixty times, as *Hunt's Magazine*, *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, *Merchants' Magazine*, *New York Merchants' Magazine*, etc.; besides many of the articles which were originally published in the *Magazine*, are quoted from largely, without reference to the work, or only mentioning the name of the author, as for instance, the articles of the Hon. Charles Hudson, James H. Lanman, Jacob B. Moore, who, by the way, is called *Moon*, and many others whose articles have added so much to the value and interest of Mr. Hunt's authoritative journal. We should think that in one way or another one-third at least of the volume was compiled or extracted from the *Merchants' Magazine*. This fact must prove highly gratifying to Mr. Hunt; and indeed creditable to the mercantile community; stimulating them, as it should, liberally to sustain a work that is so well known and highly appreciated abroad, and at the same time reflects so much credit upon the commerce of the country.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

FASHIONABLE COMFORT. MR. WILLIS, in one of his pleasant and graphic sketches of real life in London society, gives the following language as coming from the lips of a titled lady, who had become weary of the routine of fashionable gayety in the metropolis: "You need not be reminded what London is; how wearisome its round of well-bred gayeties; how heartless and cold its fashionable display. Providence, I think, has confined to a

comparatively low level the hearty and joyous sympathies of our nature; and it avenges the humble, *that the proud, who rise above them, rise also above the homely material for happiness.* An aristocrat I am doomed to be! I am, if I may so express it, irrevocably pampered, and must live and associate with the class in which I have been thrown by accident and education. But how inexpressibly tedious to me is the round of such a life, the pains I have here taken to procure a respite from it, may perhaps partially convey to you. It is possible, probable indeed, that I entertain at my house people who envy me the splendors I dispense, yet who are themselves happier than I. To young people, for whom it is a novelty; to lovers, whose happiness is wholly separable from all around them; to the ambitious, who use it as a convenient ladder; gay London life is (what any other life would be with the same additions,) charming. But to one who is not young; for whom love is a closed book, and who has no ambition in progress; this mere society without heart or joyousness is a desert of splendor. I walk through my thronged rooms, and hear, night after night, the same ceremonious nothings. I drive in my costly equipage, separated by its very costliness from the sympathy of the human beings who pass by me. There are those who call themselves my intimate friends; but their friendship lacks homeliness and abandonment. Fear of commitment, dread of ridicule, policy to please or repel, are like chains worn unseen on the tongues and hearts of all who walk the world at that level."

A HOUSE OF INDUSTRY. The Philadelphia Ledger gives the following account of a new project for a House of Industry in that city:

"A project is on foot to relieve the destitution which exists during the inclement weather of winter among the poor of Moyamensing. The plan is to provide the means for building a house of industry for the southern district, in Moyamensing, capacious enough for the reception of those who, in the midst of winter, are deprived of shelter, fuel, and food, by the heartlessness of landlords, or from other causes. It is proposed to raise \$5000, required for the building, by the sale of stock at \$10 per share. The house of industry will be divided into a large number of neat apartments for the reception of the destitute and their families, where they will remain as long as they are under the care of the institution. The occupants will be supplied with such suitable employment as basket making, spooling, weaving, or sewing, and for which they will receive tickets to be redeemed by articles of clothing, fuel, food, and in payment of rent.

"At the end of winter, if they wish it, they can leave the institution with some money saved, which can be put to use in the spring with great advantage. A hall is to run through the centre of the building in which the inmates will be gathered twice a day for the reading of the Scriptures and prayer, and on the Sabbath for religious instruction. The plan was tried on a small scale during the last winter by William J. Mullen Esq., who in this manner dispensed the bounty of which he was made the almoner, by some charitable individuals, and the good which flowed from the expenditure of a very trifling sum of

money induced the same gentleman to submit the above proposition to the Christian Home Missionary Society at its last meeting. The scheme met the hearty approval of that association, and a committee, of which Mr. Mullen is the chairman, was appointed to carry out the plan proposed.

It must be admitted that no Association which has yet been formed in the United States, deserves the name of a proper Phalanx. They may be called only *transitional* movements, with a view of reaching the true Associative form; they have not yet attained it. At Elizabeth-town, upon the Monongahela, they build Steamboats; and the boats built there have a great reputation. Suppose that an inland farmer, never having seen a boat of the kind, but being informed that they were built at Elizabeth-town, should go there for the purpose of looking at one. Speaking to a workman in the boat-yard, he would say: "Friend, I am told that you build Steamboats here—can I see one?" "Yes, there is one on the stocks." "What! call you *that* a Steamboat? Why I had heard that Steamboats were furnished with elegant and convenient cabins, and that they could travel upon the river at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour! But *this* thing could not even float, if it were launched: for I see large spaces in it, not yet water-tight; neither has it any propelling machine or engine." "Sir, you mistake," replies the Boat-Builder, "this that you are looking at, is not a *finished* Steamboat; we are only *making* a Steamboat; but if you will come again in due season, you will find this Boat finished and on the water, with her engine and machinery in her, and able to perform all that you have heard." So Associationists are not yet in Association; they are only *building* Association.—*H. H. Van Amringe*.

DESPOTISM. It is astonishing as it is melancholy, to travel through a whole country, as one may through many in Europe, gasping under endless taxes, groaning under dragons and poverty, and all to make a wanton and luxurious court, filled for the most part, with the worst and vilest of men. Good God! what hard-heartedness and barbarity, to starve, perhaps a province to make a gay garden! And yet sometimes, this gross wickedness is called "public spirit," because, forsooth, a few workmen and laborers are maintained out of the bread and blood of half a million!—*Gordon*.

A CLOSE HIT. Rev. Mr. Drew, of the Gospel Banner, gives very quiet thrusts occasionally. Here is one that tells:

"A Mason or an Odd Fellow is bound to render assistance to his brother in need, in any part of the world, why is it not so among Christians? But let a Christian go from this State to New Orleans, and be taken sick and needy, and make himself known to the churches as a Christian, and who would come to his aid on that account!"—*Sun*.

A FAITHFUL SENTINEL. A few days since, says the Baltimore Argus, we saw a "Jack Tar" taking more than usual care of a gallant Rooster, on board of a vessel then lying in port, and upon inqui-

ry, we learned that he was an especial favorite, and had made many voyages in the vessel. The cause of the attachment, it appears was in consequence of the faithful manner in which chanticleer performed his duties as a sentinel, the sailor assuring us that "he was as true as a chronometer," that he would call the morning watch by crowing at the exact time, and has never been known to be five minutes out of time for four years past, in all manner of weather, and in the different climates, as well as at sea. — *Sar.*

REVIEW.

An Address on Pauperism, delivered before the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, in the Central Church, Winter Street, Sunday Evening, February 22, 1846. By JOHN T. SARGENT, Pastor of the First Congregational Society in Somerville. Boston: Benjamin H. Greene. 1846

A very poor, and very sick man called upon us occasionally, and rarely has this condition of sickness and poverty seemed more hopeless, or more sad. For a few days he did not come, and he was visited. He was found sitting on his table at work, (he was a tailor,) in a closet kind of place, very near to an open window, with his coat off. His disease is consumption. He sat perfectly erect at his toil, it seeming impossible for him to breathe in any other position. His breath was panting and laborious. It seemed as if this were enough for him to do, — to breathe, — so feeble, so exhausted was he. He was at work on a summer tweed sack. It was lined throughout, a sort of double garment, double-breasted, with many pockets. The day was very warm, one of the hottest days of this premature spring. "It is very heavy," said he. "I hardly can bear it near me. I can with difficulty turn it. It will take me two and a half days to make it. I shall get *seventy-five cents* for it. I have a wife and three children to support. I am almost worn out." He coughed heavily, as from the deeper breathing which a labored sigh occasioned. He resumed his work, for he had not time to rest.

The author, the title of whose address, we have put above, writes of that which he knows, and testifies to that which he has seen. For years has he been employed as a minister at large in Boston. For years has he been the visitor and the friend of the poor. In summer's heat and the winter's cold, the poor have had by him the Gospel preached unto them. Honored office! It takes him who does it into the place of suffering, of misery. Who can sound the depths of the want of him who would work unto the death to minister to his own necessities, and those of his wife and of his children, but upon whom is laid the heavy hand of disease, and who with them would starve with

hunger were not their terrible want supplied? You must see the iron enter the human soul, friend, and you must be a man too, if you would begin to know the miseries of poverty. But the author gives hardly a line to the condition. That is known to every body. The poor man has no secrets. His door stands fearlessly open every day; and kindness, and heartiness, and impertinence, may enter it as freely as does the winter storm. The poor man is seen to have lost in his poverty the privileges of his birth, — your respect, your reverence, the smallest claim, even to deference. "What," you ask, "are his opinions worth? What can he do for individual, or for state? He is our burden not our helper." It was not necessary to give a word to a condition which ever tells its own story.

Mr. Sargent gives himself for the hour, to the enumeration and to the discussion, very brief from the necessity of the case, of the *causes* of poverty. And this is the true work of him who would change that condition. You may move the heart, possibly, by histories of pauper wretchedness, and you may wring out of it the means for the temporary relief of the individual case, the unmitigated suffering. But the true office of the teacher is to show in what a condition consists, — its whole causes, if he would begin to show society what its duties to such a condition are. You must be willing to incur much odium it may be, — to meet with the cold shoulder, — to be much abused too, if you would be true to your work when you come to the discussion of the causes of poverty. You will find them lying out of and beyond the poor themselves. You will find them in Society itself, in Christian civilization, in social refinement, and you must enter into society, try its depths and its shoals, and declare fearlessly what you discover there. Men send to the poles to ask of those frozen ends of the earth what is their story, and why they are so stormy and so cold. They send men to teach the gospel of Christ, which, as its great distinction, was said to be preached to the poor, — to teach that gospel to the wild savage who lives the world's semi-circumference from their own home. They would learn human want, though beneath the frozen pole, or on the burning line. He is surely not doing a less office, who, in the existence of the deepest human misery, sees profound ignorance of its causes, and who after patient study, and the widest observation, comes forward with the result of his terrible explorations, the sum total of the wretchedness he has witnessed, and an open statement of the causes. He need not trouble himself much about remedies. Let true

causes be fairly stated, and the remedy lies fairly open before the common sense of any tolerably well-cultivated community. "He is happy," said an ancient writer, "who knows the causes of things." "Let me," said a profound teacher of medicine, "show what is disease, and what are its causes, and I shall have little question that prevention or cure will be hard by." Mr. Sargent does however speak of remedies. They are the natural, the necessary deductions from the causes, enumerated and unfolded.

The causes of poverty according to most authors, are *idleness, intemperance, ignorance*. It proceeds from *imitation* of social position which the example of the rich ever presents motive or occasion for. It comes also from the outlawry which society practically passes upon him, who it may be, under temptation not to be resisted, has committed a crime, — in hunger has stolen a bit of bread, — or in his half-nakedness has stolen a coat. Society shuts such a man out from its sympathy, and withholds from him its faith. How deep must his poverty be. Poverty comes of the current love of money, which for its unused accumulation may so reduce wages that it becomes impossible for the working man to lay by anything for the day of his sickness, or when employment is denied to him. Again the author shows how fatal are the recognized distinctions in society between men of various rank, to true self respect, and self dependance, — how strong and powerful may become the motive to live wastefully and recklessly when the utmost exertions of industry may fail to secure either competence, consideration, or even comfort. Then again he enters the house of God, and even there, in the place of the recognized presence, and for the worship of Jehovah, the language comes to him from pew and from altar, that, "God is not the Father of them all." The author finds the causes of poverty, then, not in the individual solely or mainly. His ignorance, his idleness, his intemperance are not *causes* of his pauperism, they are its *effects*. They are consequences of circumstances which he can seldom control, and if he do so, it is by the constant, the daily exertion of powers, the most trifling neglect of which may bring ruin upon all which he has done before. It is to society the author looks for the causes of the wide and wasting evil of poverty, and concerning which his position has furnished such strong proof.

The evil of poverty is in itself, and in its products. How heavy is its discipline with the sufferer! We see it borne patiently, — yes, almost cheerfully. We find submission to it, and to the daily dependance it brings upon daily charity. Who does not know how enduring and

how kind that charity sometimes is! But with all admissions, you cannot escape from the thought of a noble nature, depressed by mere position, and dependant because of facts in that position which should not exist a moment longer, and need not to have existed at all,—you cannot look upon such facts without heart-sickness,—without deep sorrow. Then the discipline of poverty for, or with those who are called upon for its present relief. How often does delegated charity become official coldness and unkindness? The official makes his hurried visit,—says his stereotyped word of consolation, which is little more than a homily on endurance of a condition against nature itself, and so no longer tolerable,—leaves the weekly stipend, and goes his way to another case. And how strong is the temptation with him or with her, to feel that to be a weary labor which has so little fruit; and the performance of which brings no exemption from its unbroken repetition.

Mr. Sargent sees in society the causes of Pauperism, and looks to society for its only, its sure remedy. Give to society a Christian organization. Let the divine doctrine of Stewardship be at the foundation of wealth, both of its accumulation and of its use. Let men indeed feel that they are brethren, and there will be no more pauperism, no such poverty as fills the good man's heart with grief, and his eyes with bitter tears. There will be poor, and there will be rich alway, even unto the end. But let it be the poverty of Christ, who became *poor* that we might be rich. Let it be a poverty for love and for reverence, that occasion for humanity, which most truly declares the Divine in man, and how blessed were society! We thank Mr. Sargent for his labor of love to the poor and to the rich. He has spoken to, and for both. God grant his earnest, his honest, his Christian, his fearless word may reach the hearts of all men!

We publish with pleasure the above notice of a pamphlet, of which we should have before spoken ourselves, had we not failed to receive a copy by some accident or neglect. Our esteemed friend by whom the notice is furnished, has the best right to discuss the subject; the knowledge of all the painful forms and details of pauperism of which the most extensive observation and sympathies as boundless as they are warm and ready, have put him in possession, entitles his words to the most serious attention. But we must say at the same time, that neither Mr. Sargent nor our correspondent have in our opinion touched the specific cause of pauperism. We have not room for a full exhibition of the matter, but we will say once more what we have already said many times, what we shall have, we fear, to say many times more,—would to God, we might say it so

clearly and irresistibly as to reach every heart in this nation, *Pauperism is the necessary result of the system of hired, competitive labor. There is the cause of pauperism which can never cease, but must constantly increase until that cause is removed.* We are aware that something more than the assertion is necessary to the establishment of the fact, but we entreat our friends who have not yet admitted it, to dismiss it with no hasty reflection.

As our correspondent has thus not perceived the original cause of poverty, so his statement of the remedy, though a true one, is vague and general. It lays down the truth but not distinctly and tangibly enough. Undoubtedly a Christian organization of society is the only cure, but what is that and where does it commence? In the organization of industry we say; in the abolition of the competitive system of wages and the establishment of a system of partnerships, of social justice and guarantees. That too is the fundamental form of human, of Christian brotherhood, that is the basis and the only basis of Christian society. On that foundation and on that alone can a social structure arise to which pauperism and its whole sickening train of evils shall be utterly unknown.—Eds.

A Treatise on Phonology; comprising a Perfect Alphabet of the English Language, a System of Vocal Gymnastics, Exercises in Orthography, Reading, and Declamation, and Pitman's Phonetic Short-hand. By ANDREW COMSTOCK, M. D., Principal of the Vocal and Polyglott Gymnasium, Author of a System of Elocution, etc. No. I. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.

For a small book, or several books, as the case may be, we are here presented with a most imposing, not to say astounding title-page. But school books seem to be afflicted with a terrible malady now-a-days; they have caught the disease of the Spanish aristocracy, which is a kind of swelling, or *puffy* inflation, the chief symptom of which is, an exhibition outside that belies the inside,—appearances that are deceitful. In its malignant form it is characterized by the same remarkable feature that distinguishes it among Spanish grandees,—a disposition to be known in the world by a long string of grandiloquent names.

Seriously, authors of school books appear to be possessed, lately, with a mania,—almost as bad as an “evil spirit,” for giving high-sounding and inapplicable titles to the works they manufacture. As people are sometimes startled into credulity by the superlative advertisements of “quacks,” one cannot help being impressed with a certain kind of respect by a display of learning on a title-page; and we suppose some of these authors think by this means, to astonish the world into a just conception of the magnitude of their genius and the extent of their erudition. The mania really assumes an

alarming aspect, and we fear that the sublimest venders of pills and panaceas, hair-oils and shaving-soaps, have never reached a higher pitch of eulogistic eloquence, in the virtue-expressive names of their universal compounds, than these same school-book makers will shortly attain, in their title-pages. It might be deemed unkind or uncourteous in us, to hint at a parallel between the professions and performances of these two kinds of public benefactors.

The titles of books should express precisely what their pages unfold, and neither more nor less; if they fail either way, let it be on the side of modesty, for modesty adorns a book as well as a woman. Conceit, however, is a human infirmity as common among authors as other sorts of people, and often utterly innocent of intention to impose on any body, they christen their literary offspring with most preposterous names.

Because the book before us has a title which is guilty of grievous misnomers and is high-wrought and extensive enough to be more than suspicious, we do not mean to condemn it at wholesale; we shall discriminate its faults and defects. If only for the recognition of true principles and the attempt to introduce them, the author deserves credit. But he is unfortunate in two things: first, in not thoroughly understanding his subject; and second, in not having the faculty to explain intelligibly what he does understand. He is still more unfortunate, however, in not having a proper respect for the rights of others: his plagiarism of Mr. Ellis is unpardonable. The tables of that gentleman, exhibiting the falseness of English Orthography, contained in his admirable work called “A Plea for Phonotypy and Phonography,” are taken, without the least reference or credit, and, although somewhat modified, to be sure, are incorporated almost bodily in the book; and singularly enough the title-page, voluminous as it is, omits all mention of this portion of the first number of the “Treatise,” which is a very considerable if not a most important part of it. Such treatment of the invaluable labors of Mr. Ellis is neither modest nor just.

We will omit verbal criticism, although there is abundant room for it, as well in the language of the explanations as the terms of the title, the first of which, “Phonology,” is about as appropriate as the term Mathematics would be to a work on the art of navigation. But it seems to be the fate of all ideas of a universal nature to be forestalled, and have their proper appellations wrested from them by Partialists, who seize and mis-apply them to their own fragmentary notions.

We are somewhat surprised that the author, who evidently has had the works

of Mr. Pitman and Mr. Ellis before him, should be so defective in his analysis of sounds. His analysis is neither minute nor correct, and his classification cannot pretend to science. He tells us there are "thirty-eight elementary sounds of the English language," which is an error at the outset; and he divides these "elements" into three classes; namely, fifteen vowels, fourteen subvowels, and nine aspirates. The vowels are given in the following order, which is only *disorder*: *a* in *ale*, *a* in *arm*, *a* in *all*, *a* in *an*, *e* in *eve*, *e* in *end*, *i* in *vile*, *i* in *sin*, *o* in *old*, *o* in *lose*, *o* in *on*, *u* in *tube*, *u* in *up*, *u* in *full*, and *ou* in *out*.

This scheme of vowels rejects the sound of *a* in *mare*, of *u* in *turn*, and of *oi* in *oil*.

In regard to the sound in *air*, *mare*, and so forth, the author remarks that the opinion of some writers that it is a *distinct sound*, is "erroneous." He holds that "there are two vowel sounds in these words, which coalesce in pronunciation—the first *characterizes* (a sample of the lucid explanations of the author) the pronunciation of the word; the second is the sound of *u* in *up*." Suppose we try the word *mare* according to this view, giving *a* the alphabetic sound, and preceding *r* by the sound of *u* in *up*, thus *ma-ur*. We think very few hearers would have an idea that the word so pronounced meant an animal of the *horse* genus.

But the author says *he* likes this pronunciation best. Well, his preference may not be out of place in a work on Elocution, but it has nothing to do with an *analysis* of English sounds. The sound of *a* in *air* is a distinct and legitimate English vowel sound. There would be just as much propriety in rejecting *e*, *o*, *i*, &c., because they are not ordinarily uttered before *r*, without being followed by *u*, as in *ear*, *oar*, *fire*, &c.; though when the *r* is *trilled*, the *u* is not heard.

The sound of *u* in *turn* is omitted because no distinction is perceived between it and the sound of *u* in *up*—two distinct sounds which are commonly confounded by unpracticed ears.

If there is any propriety in reckoning the sound of *i*, and of *ou* in *out*, among the "elementary sounds," there is certainly none in rejecting that of *oi* in *oil*. They are all *perfect* diphthongs, and not simple sounds. The *imperfect* diphthong *u* in *tube*, (or *you*) which is a compound of the consonant *y*, and the vowel in *lose* being ranked as an elementary sound, makes the exclusion of *oi* still more exceptionable.

Besides the defect of omission of these three sounds, *a* in *mare*, *u* in *turn*, and *oi* in *oil*, in the scheme of vowels, there is great confusion in the arrangement of

the scheme itself, from an indiscriminate grouping together of the simple vowels and diphthongs.

The vowels are subsequently distinguished into Monophthongs, Diphthongs, and Triphthongs; but there is gross error in the division under these heads. The author makes nine Monophthongs, or simple, *one-sound* elements, four Diphthongs, and two Triphthongs. The vowels he calls Monophthongs are properly classed as such; but among the Diphthongs he improperly classes the vowel *a* in *fate*. He says, "the diphthong *A*, as well as *I*, has a characteristic sound for its radical, and the monophthong *i* (in *sin*) for its vanish." This is a misapprehension which we know some persons entertain, arising from a deficiency of clear analytical perceptions. Because when you dwell on *a* as in *day*, the sound *vanishes* into *i* in *sin*, is no reason that it is not a simple vowel element. It does not vanish into this sound when cut off by a consonant as in *fate*, and it can be uttered *alone*: if either popular pronunciation or elocutionary effect requires the sound of *a* vanishing into *i* in *sin*, then we have another diphthong like *i* in *vile* in our language, which should be distinguished from the simple element *a*, and not allowed to smother or destroy it. But in our opinion this is not the fact, and there is no such necessity.

The sound of *o* in *lose* is also ranked as a diphthong, which, the author says, has "a characteristic sound for its radical, and the subvowel *w* for its vanish." This is a greater mistake than the other, but it would require more space than we can spare to point out the fallacy which leads to the conclusion.

Still worse than either of these two last named errors, however, is the classing of *o* in *note*, and *ou* in *out*, as triphthongs! The sound of *o* is a pure 'monophthong' and *ou* is a perfect diphthong. The vanishing sound of *o* in *note*, when prolonged, is *o* in *lose*, and because this last sound has been previously ranked as a diphthong, *o* in *note* is called a triphthong! The remarks before made on *a* vanishing into *i* in *sin*, apply equally to *o*. And instead of *ou* being a triphthong, it is a perfect diphthong, formed by the close coalescence of the two simple elementary sounds of *a* in *arm*, and *o* in *lose*. We dismiss the vowels, although there is much to be said about them.

With the consonants, which the author divides into "subvowels" and "aspirates," we will be brief. His classification is arbitrary and confused.

The Subvowels are, B, D, G, V, Th, (in *then*) Z, Zh, (in *azure*) L, K, M, N, Ng, W, and Y.

The Aspirates are, P, T, K, F, Th, (in *thin*) S, Sh, (in *shade*) H, and Wh, (in *what*!). The author deserves a med-

al for the discovery of this last "elementary sound." We have no objection to its being provided with a letter, to represent it one of these days, but it is no more an elementary sound than *he!* *he!!* *he!!!* or *ha!* *ha!!* *ha!!!*. There is only one Aspirate in English, which is the breathing sound represented by H; and the Wh of our author is only this "breathing" on the *w* in the word *what*; from which it will be seen that the word ought to be spelt with the H before the W, thus *Hwat*.

The consonants that are called "aspirates," are simply articulations *without* voice, which are properly termed by Mr. Pitman, "whispered consonants;" and those called "subvowels," are articulations *with* the voice, properly distinguished as "spoken consonants." Besides these, however, there are other distinctions which minute analysis recognizes, that we cannot refer to in this place.

The "thirty-eight elementary sounds," which we have here briefly examined, are made the basis of a *Phonotypic Alphabet*.

Considering the incompleteness of the author's analysis of sounds, this attempt to form a new alphabet must be viewed with regret by every person friendly to a reform in the Orthography of the English language; and much more since Mr. Pitman has already supplied the desideratum of a *Phonotypic Alphabet* so admirably, upon a perfect analysis. The forms of the new letters supplied by Mr. Pitman have been adopted after a long series of thorough experiments; and for the purposes of a *transition Alphabet*, we think his admits of no material improvement; alterations will only tend to confusion. We can perceive no superiority or advantage in any of the new letters proposed by the author; some of them are decidedly objectionable: and the reasons given for their adoption are simply puerile and ridiculous. The only good reason for adopting a form of a *new letter*, is its homogeneousness with the letters of the Roman Alphabet, on which it is grafted: whether the Greeks, or the Hindoos, have it in their alphabet, is of no consequence whatever. The specimen pages of *Phonotypy*, in the author's alphabet, are not nearly so pleasing to the eye as those of Mr. Pitman; and yet we think that, excepting Pitman's *Phonotypy*, typographically considered, it is the best we have seen, and mainly because the Roman Alphabet, as far as it goes, is retained.

We deprecate another thing as injudicious at this time: adding to the alphabet letters for the two compounds *ls* and *gz*, heard in the words *box* and *legs*. The letter *x* should be excluded from a transition alphabet; or, if the principle of representing combined consonant-elements is admitted, except in the case of

ch and j, in which the elements are so closely combined as scarcely to be perceptible, it should be applied *universally*. The elements *s* and *z* unite with all the other consonants as intimately as with *k* and *g* (hard), and if we have letters for *ks* and *gs*, we should also have them for *ps*, *hz*, *ts*, *dz*, &c. As the sounds of *s* and *z* occur so frequently in English, it would be well, perhaps, to have letters for all the compounds they form, by their coalescence with other consonants; the time will come when we shall have *them* and many more, to improve the art of typography and aid learning; but the time is not now.

The sooner we have a Congress, or Academy to regulate these things the better; for until we do, every pretender will have an alphabet of his own invention, based on his own notions of pronunciation and analysis, which will end in infinite confusion.

Some may think we have devoted more attention to this book than it deserves; let it be borne in mind that though the book has but little intrinsic merit, the subject is all important and cannot receive too much discussion.

Poems: by THOMAS HOOD. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1846. pp. 229.

The American publishers could have done no better service to the public, nor to the already high reputation of their "Library of Choice Reading," than by circulating, in a form at once so elegant and cheap, poems which have for some time been among the purest and privatest pleasures of a very few. Their "Preface" is perhaps better than any criticism. In the first place a brief announcement from the English edition, to the effect, that "this collection of Mr. Hood's *serious* poems is made in fulfilment of his own desire;" that, if well received, it will be followed by a volume "of the more thoughtful pieces in his poems of wit and humor;" that several of the minor poems are here printed for the first time; that by this obedience to his last instructions "the most sacred duty which his friends owed to his memory will have been discharged: and that in any future recital of the names of writers who have contributed to the stock of genuine English poetry, Thomas Hood will find honorable mention." Then a heart-felt and sensible tribute, from the pen of Dickens, to the great worth of the poems and to the dear memory of the man.

We first knew Hood by his wit; by the "smiles melting into tears" from that great good-natured heart, quickening a most frolic fancy to such quaint conceits and merry moods as alone could make an earnestness like his endurable to itself. We will not weary our readers nor our-

selves here with any fine philosophical distinctions between Wit and Humor, or any of the other synonyms of the laughter-loving genius. We call it Wit, letting others puzzle their dry wits about the propriety of the term;—and we say that wit more sparkling, more self-prompted (and why not say, Heaven-prompted), more delicately beautiful, more healthfully strong and racy, and above all more innocent and loving, never lent its pleasant provocations, its electrifying quality to the sphere about a man. This wit of his is never forced; his jokes are not ground out by the painful necessities of an occasion, like the stale supplies of annual mirth expected at our Phi Beta Kappa festivals; his broadest puns have none of the far-fetched orientalism of that last "dangerous *pun-job*" of our friend Dr. Holmes. It is the radiant nature of the man. He does not make his dainty Ariel drudge against her will (pardon the *her*; the sex, we believe, has never been decided), but pleases himself with the delicate spirit's surprises. There is more imagination in his humor than in that of Dickens. Nor does it give you the idea of an *eccentric* man, of one who moves your pity, while you admire and are amused by him. In this he differs from Charles Lamb: with a fund of humor quite as deep and loving perhaps, he is far more healthy and less contracted by any little circle of habits and associations. His is but the playful side, the natural humor, of a character remarkably humane, self-poised and universal.

Next came the deep impression of those "humanitarian" poems. The "Bridge of Sighs" and the "Song of the Shirt," redeemed the dulness of each newspaper into a corner of which they chanced to stray; just so upon a branch of some dry withered tree there suddenly alights a fresh bright bird of Heaven, and deeply are our souls stirred by the too poignant truth of its sweet singing. These inimitable poems have endeared Hood to every friend of Humanity, to every suffering wretch whose soul is greater than his lot. These, with some of the best of the class first mentioned, have already appeared in Wiley and Putnam's collection of "Prose and Verse, by Thomas Hood."

Now come these Serious Poems, his dying legacy to his race. And "by these presents" we are all called upon to accord to him another title in addition to the two above, and to recognize in him one of the most classic, original, imaginative and deeply inspired bards of modern England, one to be named with Tennyson and Keats. The little poems, songs and sonnets, which open the volume, like the first violets of spring, are some of them absolutely perfect of their kind, as

for instance the "Serenade," and "Farewell Life! my senses swim" &c.; and those irresistible outpourings of domestic affection, those religious hymnings of the parent's fond attraction to the young child. The longest poem is the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," in Spenserian stanza; a most exquisite creation, in which the Fairies are represented as pleading all their gracious acts to man in hope to stay the hand of their sworn enemy, Time, who has just raised his scythe to mow them down and obliterate their beautiful dominion, when they are saved by the interposition of Shakspeare. It is a pure feast of beauty, perpetually fresh and varied, as when one sits and gazes upon the ground in the woods, and loses his life for a time among the inexhaustible miniature hieroglyphics of berries, vines and mosses and all sorts of wonderfully delicate and picturesque organizations with which nature weaves a carpet for the earth. Blessed be the Shakspeares and the Houds, who save all this *reality* from being swept away from the consciousness of man!

His "Hero and Leander," while it forges the received human features of the tale into something of a mermaid conclusion, has a Grecian warmth and quaint delicacy of imagination, worthy of the best mythologic dreams of Keats. Not Schiller nor Leigh Hunt, nor any other modern rhymers on the same subject, has so brought out the inmost music of that

"tale of ancient grief,

Traced from the course of an old bas relief." But what shall we say of "Lycus the Centaur," as admirable a work of art as English literature affords! Was such an entanglement of the human in the meshes of witchery ever before depicted? Circe's Island and the dreadful sense of every thing transformed, and even of oneself transformed, is a theme for which no other imagination but Tennyson's, we had thought, could be equal. But here is Tennyson's dreaminess, his pictorial distinctness, his graceful melody, his entire possession with his thought, his perfect finish, with far more of human feeling and reality. The opening lines give a good idea of the style of the poem and the situation it supposes:

"Who hath ever been lured and bound by
a spell
To wander, fore-doomed, in that circle of
hell
Where Witchery works with her will like a
god,
Works more than the wonders of time at a
nod,—
At a word,—at a touch,—at a flash of the
eye,
But each form is a cheat, and each sound is a
lie,
Things born of a wish—to endure for a
thought,

Or last for long ages — to vanish to nought,
 Or put on new semblance? O Jove, I had
 given
 The throne of a kingdom to know if that
 heaven,
 And the earth and its streams were of Circe,
 or whether
 They kept the world's birth-day and bright-
 ened together!
 For I loved them in terror and constantly
 dreaded
 That the earth where I trod, and the cave
 where I bedded,
 The face I might dote on, should live out the
 lease
 Of the charm that created, and suddenly
 cease:
 And I gave me to slumber, as if from one
 dream
 To another — each horrid — and drank of the
 stream
 Like a first taste of blood, lest as water I
 quaffed
 Swift poison, and never should breathe from
 the draught, —
 Such drink as her own monarch husband
 drained up
 When he pledged her, and Fate closed his
 eyes in the cup.
 And I plucked of the fruit with held breath,
 and a fear
 That the branch would start back and scream
 out in my ear;
 For once, at my suppering, I plucked in the
 dusk
 An apple, juice-gushing and fragrant of
 musk;
 But by daylight my fingers were crimsoned
 with gore,
 And the half-eaten fragment was flesh at the
 core;
 And once — only once — for the love of its
 blush,
 I broke a bloom bough, but there came such
 a gush
 On my hand, that it fainted away in weak
 fright,
 While the leaf-hidden woodpecker shrieked
 at the sight;
 And oh! such an agony thrilled in that note,
 That my soul, starting up, beat its wings in
 my throat,
 As it longed to be free of a body whose hand
 Was doomed to work torments a Fury had
 planned!

But we have no room to particularize further, and must dismiss the other delightful poems of the volume, with simply commending them to be read and stored up in the best poetical recollections of every one. They are nearly all of them serious, though the witty genius sometimes glides in unexpectedly, like that gleam of "son-shine" in the last line of his sonnet to his child.

A Treatise on Milch Cows, &c. By M. FRANCIS GUENON, of Libourne, France. Translated for the *Farmer's Library*, from the French, by N. P. TATLER, Esq. Late U. S. Consul at Havana. With *Introductory Remarks, and Observations on the Cow and the Dairy.* By JOHN S. SKINNER, Editor of the *Farmer's Library*. New York: Greeley and McElrath. 1846.

Here is another new discovery under the sun, — a veritable discovery, a French discovery. This last fact, will perhaps seriously compromise its popularity in this country. Our good puritanic people will no doubt discover a tendency to infidelity or French licentiousness in it; and therefore reject it, as they do almost ev-

ery thing with which a Frenchman has to do. But M. Guenon's discovery, did not at first, so much awaken our dread of infidelity as it did our incredulity, and we are now ready to confess, that the latter has very far subsided. We have read his theory with much interest, and so far forth as we have been able to test it, we are satisfied that neither the discoverer who broaches it, nor the Agricultural Societies of Bordeaux and Aurillac, who, after having thoroughly tested it, awarded each a gold medal to M. Guenon, have seriously intended to humbug the public.

If M. Guenon's discovery be what he claims for it, it is one of vast importance to agriculturists, and should receive their earliest attention. The before-mentioned Societies in France, to whom the testing of the discovery was referred, affirm in the reports of their committees upon the subject, "that the quality and quantity of milk which any cow will give, and the length of time she will continue to give milk, can be accurately told by this method." The Agricultural Society of Bordeaux says, "the system is infallible." The mode is by observing the hair, or "escutcheon," and dandruff on the posterior parts of the cow. It is susceptible of application to calves three months old. This is of the highest importance, as it will enable farmers to rear only such as bear indubitable marks of excellence, and to condemn to the shambles those which have them not. M. Guenon's theory is the fruit of long and extensive observation, and the collection and classification of numerous facts. He has been unwearied in his efforts to reduce his discovery to a system, which he claims to have done, and which he now presents to the public for its attention.

Is it any more wonderful that the lacteal faculties of the cow should be indicated by certain external marks, than that the qualities of the horse, for fleetness, strength and endurance should be thus indicated. Or is it more wonderful than that the size and contents of the head should indicate the mental powers of the *genus homo*? Indeed it has always been taken for granted that the qualities of cows had their external manifestations. Hence farmers have always judged them by their form and the color and texture of their skins, hair, &c. Is it then only because M. Guenon claims to have reduced principles to a positive system, that he is regarded as extravagant, just as all men are, who reduce what is conjunctural and presumptive, to positive science? We will conclude, by recommending to all farmers and dairymen the study of this treatise. It is accompanied with engravings so that the whole thing is very simple and easy to be understood. Hereafter less will be thought of blood cows. Only

as one breed exhibits the essential "escutcheons," in greater perfection than another, will it become highly popular. Accompanying this Treatise are some introductory remarks upon the different varieties of cows, by the Editor of the *Farmer's Library*, which are worth the perusal of every farmer. What he says in regard to treating, feeding, his prescriptions for the diseases of kine, and his general health regime, are of the first moment to all who have to do with that romantic animal, the Cow.

A System of Classical and Sacred Geography, embellished with Engravings of Remarkable Events, Views of Ancient Cities, and various Interesting Remains. Together with an Ancient Atlas. By S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait and Co. 1845. pp. 218.

We have examined this work with considerable satisfaction. It is the best treatise on Ancient Geography which we know of in English, and seems well adapted to supply the want of a good school manual which has for some time been felt. There is no part of a classical education or of the study of History so shamefully neglected as Ancient Geography. In the case of young men who enter college it is generally put off till the last thing, and then hurried over with no other view than to pass a most superficial and useless examination, while students of History in nine cases out of ten, get events and names after a fashion into their memory without connecting them with their appropriate localities. We trust that Mr. Mitchell's Geography and Atlas will be the means of putting an end to such ignorance. The work is written in the naive and simple style of the excellent books which have made the author's name familiar to every school-boy in the land; it is complete enough for all purposes of elementary or general study, though for the use of the advanced student something more thorough may be needful. The Maps of the Atlas are among the best specimens of American school maps that we have seen; they are clear, handsome, quite free from errors and sufficiently minute for ordinary consultation.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

GREAT CONCERT IN NEW YORK — THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY — BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY.

The musical awakening in our country, especially in the great cities, has long been calling for a more generous style of material accommodations, and is beginning to create them for itself. It is remarkable that a city like New York contains no hall of suitable size, acoustic proportions, and architectural elegance,

for the production of musical compositions on the grandest scale. This want, it appears, is about to be supplied; and very much in the way in which the fabulous walls of Thebes were built, the stones whereof were enticed from their quarries and marshalled into symmetry by the spell of Orpheus' lyre: that is to say, the movement has been commenced by the musicians themselves. The members of the Philharmonic Society, which brings to an operative focus probably more of enlightened enthusiasm, taste, and practical ability for the highest kind of music than any other society in the country, have contributed out of their own musical earnings, as we understand, a noble sum to be the nucleus of a large building fund. This effort has been so well seconded by the wealthier friends of music, that the project stands already among things firmly based and settled. To make assurance doubly sure, and add the means of luxury to mere convenience, a concert is announced for the evening of Wednesday, the 20th of May, at which it is proposed to assemble the largest orchestra and choir ever brought together in this country, and to produce, among other noble compositions, the great "Choral Symphony" of Beethoven. The price of the tickets is set high in consideration of the object; it is an occasion on which the audience are expected to do something, as well as the performers.

The erection of a fine musical hall, or Odéon, such as will satisfy the idea of these sons of Harmony, will not be without important consequences in the musical progress of our nation. Whatever is successfully done in the metropolis is sure to be imitated ere long in the other cities, in each of which an increasing taste for music is fast creating a demand for more and more of resident musicians, worthy to be called artists. The popular love of music needs instructors, and it needs examples, the satisfaction of listening to the highest compositions well brought out. These two things it cannot have without the domestication among us of such persons; especially of men well trained in the true schools of art, and imbued with the atmospheric influence of the musical countries from which they come. New York already numbers of this class a sufficiently formidable body to commence a work like this, and what is more, to announce the performance of music of which we had supposed that the tradition only was to visit our shores for some years to come. It will not be long before Boston and Philadelphia will count the same strength.

One result of such a building will doubtless be the introduction of Musical Festivals, similar, though at a very humble distance for some time, to those in

Germany and England, where the musical world makes periodical pilgrimage from all quarters to some point, and all combine their forces and their sympathies in a three or four days' enjoyment of the great choral and orchestral compositions. There will soon be material enough, if there is not now, in all our towns and cities, which will readily flow together through the veins and arteries of steam communication, to form the staple, rank and file of such an occasion. Leaders then will not be wanting. We may even look for visits from Mendelssohn and Spohr and Moscheles, who will bring out their own great works, themselves directing. These are national and patriotic occasions in Germany. Would they not be productive of as much real good to our country, as those party political "mass meetings" for which our sober citizens forsake all?

The thought of a performance of the "Choral Symphony" in this country has haunted us, almost superstitiously, since it was announced. Though only a few may feel its moral significance, or regard it as anything more than a musical exhibition of a somewhat rarer quality than usual, we cannot help hailing it as an important event. Political events are not by any means the greatest. Still influences emanate from the works and the obscure lives of men of genius, moulding society throughout from its deepest depths, and circulating through all its veins, giving to the face of each new age a new expression. The whole world has once been Platonized, and Shakspeare-ized; Michael Angelo and Raphael, too, have stamped their thought upon us all, and the spirit of Humanity yet owns their influence; and so it is with Handel and Mozart. The influences of great minds proceed from their centres like circles on the water, widening and widening till they are felt over the whole surface. Some, like Plato, have about traversed the whole; some, are midway and still widening; while some as yet are smaller circles, setting out, and only felt by few, but destined to encircle the whole ocean of Humanity, ere their influence is exhausted. Of this latter class is the music of Beethoven. In his "Choral Symphony" one new ripple of his electric influence is just arriving on our shores. That this music has a meaning is just as certain, as that the life and genius of that great man had a meaning, which is not yet half told.

It is the ninth and last of his great Symphonies, consisting of two parts, each exceeding the ordinary length of a whole work of this kind. It was composed in 1823, about three years before his death; and seems to have been an attempt to crowd the whole expression of

himself into one great effort. Its first performance was at that memorable time, when the artists and amateurs of Vienna addressed a memorial to him, lamenting the obscurity in which he had kept himself during the universal deluge of Rosinism and the triumph of superficial, showy music over the genuine Art of Germany, and beseeching him to produce his two latest and grandest compositions, — this Symphony and his solemn Mass, at a benefit concert. Beethoven declined reading the paper until he should be alone. "I arrived," says Schindler, "only just as he had finished its perusal. He communicated to me the contents, and after running them over once more, handed the paper quietly to me; then turning towards the window, he remained some time looking up at the sky. I could not help observing that he was much affected, and, after I had read it, I laid it down without speaking, in the hope that he would first begin the conversation. After a long pause, whilst his eyes never ceased following the clouds, he turned round and said, in a tone which betrayed his emotion: 'It is really gratifying! I am much pleased!'" To Schindler's entreaties that he would accept the proposal, he replied: "Let us get into the open air!" After a great deal of discussion and management, not without innumerable provocations and intrigues on the part of selfish managers, the concert was arranged. Still it was a glorious day for Beethoven and for art. "The theatre was crowded. The master, standing with his back to the proscenium, was not even sensible of the tumultuous applause of the audience at the close of the Symphony, until Mme. Unger, by turning round and making signs, roused his attention, that he might at least see what was going on in the front of the house. This acted, however, like an electric shock on the thousands present, who were struck with a sudden consciousness of his misfortune; and as the flood-gates of pleasure, compassion, and sympathy were opened, there followed a volcanic explosion of applause which seemed as if it would never end."

And he has left us no key to the interpretation of this music, which visited his soul inwardly, while the outward sense of beauty was entirely closed and deaf, except the constant expression of his music and his life! We have seen somewhere in a German novel, which we cannot lay hands upon again, a suggestion that the whole progress of Humanity and the procession of the ages are represented in this Symphony. Whether there be any thing more than fancy in this, we cannot judge. But one thing we know, that it ends with a choral hymn, whose sentiment is the consummation of man's

social destiny; and it commences with a strange rustling of barren Fifts, suggestive of no thought but emptiness or chaos. While working out his idea he felt that he had exhausted the orchestral forces, and was for a long time at a loss how to proceed to bring the composition to a worthy close; at last he exclaimed to one of his friends, "I have it!" and produced his tablet on which was written: "Friends, let us sing the immortal Schiller's Hymn to Joy — *Freude, schöner Götterfunken*." The biographies of the great composer, several of them, contain a fac-simile of the strange scrawl in which the words and notes of this were hurriedly sketched.

"The ode 'To Joy' is a jubilee of all mankind, and has the sublimity of the holiest hymn. No thought has poetry in it, if this has not. Imagine a convivial meeting of men *as men*, and all ideals are in a moment realized, and conviviality becomes a holy rite; for on what common ground could men so meet, but on the ground of the highest and divinest that there is in Man, on the ground of the essential oneness of all souls, the identity of all men's highest interests and aims. A jubilee of the human race, felt through all hearts as such, would be holy, would be the realization of all religions. This is, if we will think of it, the sum of all our human aspirations.

"The boundless yearning, which is the foundation of our being, and which is nothing less than a yearning to embrace the whole, has found its natural language in music. It is an interesting fact, and one which gives us a glimpse into the deepest philosophy of the Arts, that Beethoven, the most spiritual of composers, should have landed, after one of his sublimest adventurous flights on the ocean of sounds, in this song 'To Joy.' The feelings which revelled in pure harmony, grew weary of their very freedom; they would return to the human; they would have an articulate voice; and they found it in this ode of Schiller's. As in outward life his had been a fruitless longing for the peaceful joys of the family circle, so in his art he returns with all the yearnings of memory and love to men; there grows in him a longing for *human* music, for song, and it leads him to the climax of his creative power. The ninth symphony, with chorus, is written. Here, in the widest reach of his art, he embraces all the results of his life. With giant force he summons around him the giant forces of the fullest and most active orchestra; they must, they are obliged to play around him; — and their deep, murmuring tempest, and their light, frolic dances, waft his longing onward, till it dissolves into tenderest regret, into melancholy, sweet renunciation. But all this can satisfy no longer. The harmonies drop away; and the instruments themselves (in the style of recitative) pass into the manner of the human voice. Yet again do all these forms float dream-like over us, when human voices take up the recitative, and lead it into Schiller's song 'To Joy' — a union-song of all mankind. Nothing can be more moving, nothing lets us look so deeply into his breast, as when first the Basses, then the singers, join so simply, so like a people's chorus,

in the words 'Joy, thou brightest, heaven-lit spark,' and surrender themselves to the soft love and longing, which seeks but *men*, only *men*! requires only communion with men, and knows and will know nothing higher.'"

We trust, that in the hands of the accomplished orchestra of the Philharmonic society, and with no lack of rehearsals, justice will be done to this great composition, which there may not be another opportunity soon of hearing. If time and space conspire not against our being there, we shall doubtless have more to say about the music, while its spell is on us.

BEETHOVEN'S "ADELAIDE."

Adelaide: Words by Matthiesson, translated by JOHN S. DWIGHT; composed by L. VAN BEETHOVEN. Boston: George P. Reed, 17 Tremont Row. pp. 9.

We have at last a convenient edition of this song of songs. Hitherto it has been only possible to catch sight of the music now and then in a foreign copy, without English words; if we except the garbled transformation of the thing under the name of "*Rosalie*," by which it was first made known in this country, and in which not only English words were substituted for German, but a totally new sentiment brought into inapt and forced connection with the music.

In Mr. Reed's edition, the original music is carefully preserved in every point. The words are given in German, in Italian, and in English. Probably the Italian words will win the preference of those who can read and sing that language, both from their exquisite euphony and beauty, and from the fact that they are a very faithful reproduction of the original poem by Matthiesson. The poem, short and simple as it is, is to be considered as classic, by one of the most distinguished of the minor poets of Germany, and therefore sacred and to be preserved as far as possible, in form and spirit, in every thing that professes to be translation. It breathes, too, a peculiar sentiment, which just met the mood of Beethoven when he composed; and no merciless "adaptation," as it is called, will do. The English version here offered claims no merit but that of fidelity to the words, and as far as possible to the music. Perhaps it reads as smoothly as it could be made to do, within the limits of these conditions.

"*Adelaide*" is too well known to every lover of music, who ventures beyond the shallows of Balfe, Russell, Dempster, and the like, to require our praise. There wants no other proof that Beethoven knew the sentiment of love, and that this was the inspirer of some of the divinest creations of his genius. The omnipres-

ence of the Beloved, which is the simple thought of the poem, is made a living reality by the warm, intense, longing expression of the melody, which seems the very flame-like form of the soul's essence yearning to be caught up and lost in the bosom of the Infinite; while in the exquisite accompaniment is suggested the sympathy which love requires from every outward object, from the woods, the winds, the stars, and that Platonic blending and identifying of one's own being with the common soul of all the beautiful forms of nature round us, wherewith love has the magical art of Plato-nizing even the dullest clod of mortality. And then the innocent conceit of the last stanza, where the poet imagines a flower springing up on his grave from the ashes of his heart, bearing inscribed upon each purple petal, ADELAIDE! with what uncontainable deep joy the music seizes on the thought and rushes with it to the gates of Heaven!

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

LOOK ALOFT! LOOK ABROAD!

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Men of hoping souls, whose vision
Pierceth through the future's curtain,
Ye who scorn the world's derision —
Ye whose trust hath still been certain,
Look aloft! your hope is sunward!
Look abroad! your course is onward!

In old European nations
Throbs with joy each freeman's bosom:
Ye who waited long with patience,
Now behold your hopes in blossom,
Look aloft! your hope is sunward!
Look abroad! your course is onward!

In each old Slavonic forest —
In each fair Italian valley —
Bide the time when ye may rally,
Ye who long have suffered sorest,
Look aloft! your hope is sunward!
Look abroad! your course is onward!

Polander, and iron German —
Noble hearts in old Avaria —
Children of the glorious Herrmann —
Trodden villains of Hungaria —
Look aloft! your hope is sunward!
Look abroad! your course is onward!

Patriots scattered o'er creation —
Souls of thought and hearts of daring,
Be ye now no more despairing —
Soon shall end your long probation —
Look aloft! your hope is sunward!
Look abroad! your course is onward!

SONG.

FOR MUSIC. BY THOMAS HOOD.

A LAKE and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear, —
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here!

Thy gown shall be snow-white silk,
And strings of orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipped in milk,
Should twine with thy raven curls!

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dower—
But Fairies have broken their wands,
And wishing has lost its power!

HYMN TO THE SUN.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Giver of glowing light!
Though but a god of other days,
The kings and sages
Of wiser ages
Still live and gladden in thy genial rays!

King of the tuneful lyre,
Still poets' hymns to thee belong;
Though lips are cold
Whereon of old
Thy beams all turn'd to worshipping and song.

Lord of the dreadful bow,
None triumph now for Python's death;
But thou dost save
From hungry grave
The life that hangs upon a summer breath.

Father of rosy day,
No more thy clouds of incense rise;
But waking flowers,
At morning hours,
Give out their sweets to meet thee in the skies.

God of the Delphic fane,
No more thou listenest to hymns sublime;
But they will leave
On winds at eve,
A solemn echo to the end of time.

STANZAS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

FAREWELL Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome Life! the Spirit strives!
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mould!

April, 1845.

¶ This age beholds the coming of the Third dispensation; the Catholic Church is now being born. Let them rejoice,—the shepherds that far afield hear the angel's voices and catch the first rays of the dawning glory; let them piously watch around the manger where the celestial child reposes and thank God that so much is permitted them, if, perchance their eyes never see more than that solemn and joyous prophecy.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.

It has sometimes been charged upon the advocates of Association, that they overlook the wisdom of the Past, and all the progress it has accomplished; that they disregard every thing that has already been gained, and wish to institute a system of society without reference to what has gone before, or to what is now existing; that they desire to break the continuity of human affairs and to begin entirely *de novo*.

With regard to the Past, it is enough to say that we have too true a reverence for it to desire to stand still at the point to which it with so much cost has brought us. We believe that thus we should be altogether unfaithful to its example. Its voice never bids us halt,—or warns us that we may go too far in the career of improvement. Nor can we be accused of disregarding the Present, when our whole movement is an act of obedience to its deepest impulse, and endeavors only to satisfy its irrepressible demand.

Through the whole of the Past, we find the constant succession of four societies, the Savage, Patriarchal, Barbarous, and Civilized. Wherever society has existed it has been in one of these forms, or in some intermediate mixed form. The progress of mankind has consisted in passing from the lower of these orders into the higher. A nation, for example, appears upon the stage of history as a wild, savage horde. By degrees we see it assume new conditions, and go through the various stages of Barbarism, until at last it takes on the characteristics of Civilization. Beyond this point it does not go: but after flourishing for a longer or shorter period, it either falls to pieces through some internal disease or is swept away by a new horde of savages, which in its turn goes through a like career, and is lost in a similar manner. But Humanity, not despairing at the failure of any effort, perpetually renews the attempt, as if secure that a better result must at last be produced. This is briefly the social history of the Past.

To come down to modern times, we find the earth still occupied by the same societies. No people has as yet advanced beyond the order of Civilization. But looking a little more closely we discover that our modern Civilization is protected

in many ways from falling into the retrogression and failure which have marked the past. The immense progress that has been made in the useful arts, has established society upon a secure basis, and given it the means of advancing beyond all its previous attainments. A careful examination of its present tendencies particularly in this country, where perhaps the best form of Civilization is to be found, shows most conclusively that the slow transformation is now taking place, and that at last we are about to behold a real step in social progress,—that an order of society is near being born, higher and better than the Civilization which superficial thinkers glory in as the very perfection of reason.

This new order which is the next in the scale above Civilization, we call Guaranteeism. Its great characteristic is the application of the principle of Mutual Insurance to the various relations of society. Among the signs of the transformation we speak of, may be mentioned the Odd Fellows' Societies, and others of a similar character now so rapidly extending through the country. The Safety Fund Banking System of the State of New York, where each institution, though acting independently, by a contribution to a certain fund, guarantees the solvency of all the members of the compact, is a germ of Guaranteeism, a branch of which is also to be found in the system of Mutual Insurance against Fire, recently extended to Life and Marine risks. These applications of the system of Guaranteeism have been made as it were by instinct, and not from any clear insight into its universal practicability. They have been discovered through a certain pecuniary ingenuity: it has been seen that mutual insurance against fire, for instance, is more economical as well as safer than the old mode, and so it has been adopted. Within the last two years, however, movements towards Guaranteeism have arisen, starting from higher principles. We allude to the Working Men's and National Reform movements. These are based upon a demand for the guarantee of some of the essential rights of man, in a word, for the extension of the system almost to the heart of society. We say based upon such a demand, though those concerned in them are not, in all cases, fully aware of the true grounds upon which they stand. Now the social stage which we call Guaranteeism, is not at all a mere advance in Civilization; because its character is entirely the opposite of that Civilization. The great feature of Civilization is its universal hostility of interests,—the leading characteristic of Guaranteeism is its unity of interests; in Civilization, every interest is antagonistic to every other,—

in Guaranteism, every interest is in a great measure combined and interwoven with every other, so that in place of discord and duplicity, there is accord and unity. Is it not then evident that in coming forward in behalf of social progress and in proposing a new form of social organization, we do not leave either the Past or the Present out of view? Is it not evident that society of itself tends to assume a new and distinct organization, and that in seeking for such an organization we do not seek for any convulsive or unnatural change?

No! we seek only to conduct Humanity forward upon the career in which for these thousands of years it has been preparing to move. We aim only to open a true field to the energies which have failed again and again, for want of their natural sphere of action: to urge and guide Man into a sphere of life which shall be worthy of his immortal nature, and shall answer the undying aspirations of his soul. We seek, and that not blindly, a society which shall deserve the name of human; a society of exact justice, of true equality, and of genuine kindness; a society in which poverty, oppression, and misery shall be known only as the results of the former unfortunate condition called Civilization; a society of universal harmony and peace, in which the regenerate nature of Man will appear in all the dignity and beauty of which it is capable, and in which religion will be indeed *religio*, a divine bond of unity between Man and God. Who would not reckon himself happy to labor for such an end?

UNITY IN CATHOLICITY IN THE CHURCH.

Dr. Putnam's Discourse at the installation of Rev. David Fosdick, as Pastor of the Hollis Street Church, Boston, has attracted unusual attention in that quarter; and we avail ourselves of the opportunity to say a few words in relation to the subject matter. It is to be regretted, that the circumstances under which this address was delivered, necessarily gave rise to party and personal prejudices which temporarily obscure its doctrine. For this doctrine is of permanent importance. We wish therefore in our remarks to elevate ourselves above all clouds of transient excitement, individual or denominational, and from the serene ground of impartiality, to survey the position assumed by the preacher. Though not wholly agreeing with him in the views presented, and quite ready to grant to his critics, that the statement of these views is not satisfactory or clear, we do yet rejoice in this discourse as an encouraging sign of the state of the religious community around

us. Its tendency is in the right direction. And we are confident, that when the feelings of surprise, alarm, chagrin, quite needlessly awakened in some minds, are calmed, all, who heard or who read this frank answer of the "Watchman" to the question "what of the night?" will welcome its summons with the benediction "beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth glad tidings, who publisheth peace."

Dr. Putnam's position is, that the opportunity and privilege is open now and here, to the body of Christian disciples, usually called Unitarians, to escape from *sectarian bondage into the liberty of the Universal Church*. He asserts that it has been the exclusiveness of other bodies alone, which has forced them into the appearance even of being a denomination; that their actual bond of union is spiritual sympathy and respect for freedom of conscience; that as Congregationalists, they are prepared for the independence of separate societies united only by a religious and fraternal fellowship; that the experience of every denomination is fast proving the feebleness of mere ecclesiastical combinations; that the true idea of the Church is of an "ideal, invisible, catholic, universal" spiritual body, "embracing all true followers of Christ, wherever scattered," and containing within itself "all local associations of believers organized for the purpose of promoting religious objects among themselves and around them;" and accordingly recommends the discontinuance of whatever usages tend to keep up a seeming sectarian union. In other words, Dr. Putnam rejoices to believe, and encourages others to hope, that a period has been reached in the development of the Christian Church, when men can recognize the superiority of piety and love to ecclesiastical arrangements, organize themselves into associations for the promotion of holiness and charity, and become united in a brotherhood and communion truly Catholic. This is a position, he thinks, which "for opportunity, strength and beauty, has not been attained or seen since that day of Pentecost, when the apostles began their work."

Are these "glad tidings," these promises of "peace" correspondent to the facts? We answer, in a great degree they are. We do verily believe, that the body of Christians, usually called Unitarians, might actually take the sublime position indicated, that they ought to do it, and that nothing hinders but want of faith, and want of distinct comprehension of their own avowed principles. What are these principles? Let us consider them for a moment, as preliminary to a description of the true conditions of Unity in Catholicity in the Church.

The principles of the Unitarians are ful-

ly expressed in their spirit-stirring motto: "HOLINESS; LIBERTY; LOVE." This body of disciples was originally formed of earnest seekers after pure piety, rational theology, and the practical application of religion to life. They were mostly exiles from the orthodox congregational bodies, for various shades of dissent in matters of belief. They have never been, are not now, never will be pledged to any theological creed. And, indeed, just in so far as they have endeavored to establish uniformity of opinion, have they sacrificed their real unity of spirit and their efficient concert in action. Intellectually their principle is *Liberty*, perfect freedom of inquiry and expression. This has been their characteristic. Spiritually their principle is *Holiness*; practically their principle is *Love*; and in these they are one with all other believers, seeking like them, communion with God and brotherhood with man. But in asserting liberty of conscience they stand alone. By this assertion, they confess that they have not yet arrived at *absolute truth*, and by implication declare that their brethren have not. They are disciples, learners, students, seekers, asking light on all sides, giving what they have, waiting for the fuller day, which shall come, and teaching that in proportion as the *Will of God* is *Done*, will the *Doctrine* be known. In other words their principles may be thus summed up; "Love God,—Love Man, and the truth shall make you free and sanctify you. In the degree, in which communion with God in love is manifested by communion with man in love, will Divine Wisdom reveal itself."

These are the principles of the Unitarians, asserted and maintained by them, partially comprehended by them, and in increasing measure applied. These principles are fast leading them to an earnestness of devotion, and to a warmth of philanthropy, which wins the respectful sympathy of sects who are most tenacious of their respective creeds; and if they will but firmly hold to untrammelled liberty of thought and speech, they are destined to exhibit a religious life in a variety, richness, genial beauty, and pervading sweetness, such as has not yet been seen. It will be observed, that we speak of these principles as *laws of life*, spiritual, intellectual, practical life. The *theology*, the scheme of doctrine, the form of opinion, held by one or another Unitarian preacher or writer, we leave entirely aside. The truth is they have no *Theology*, which deserves the name of one. And in this respect they differ from the various sects, only by admitting what is equally true of all bodies in Christendom. The Age has no theology. And to a wise man, it is a great gain to look the facts in the face. It is a sign of growth not of

degeneracy, that the Age has outgrown the theology of the past. Its duty is to seek now not human contrivances, and inventions, and sophistical theories, but the pure, Divine Wisdom. Therefore must the Church Universal assert the right and duty of Liberty. And this leads us to the point we have all along had in view, the conditions of Unity in Catholicity in the Church. We have room only to *indicate* our *opinion*,—and we claim for it no higher position than that of an opinion. But for this a few words will suffice. Adequately to develop our thought would require a volume.

The Church is the Family of the Children of God, to use the beautiful name of the apostle Paul, embracing all of every age and nation, who are born again of the Spirit of God. This Spirit is Love. It fully incarnated itself in Jesus, and made him the Christ, the Beloved Son, the Head of the Church. From him and through him it has been and now is, ever more and more embodying itself throughout Christendom and the world, introducing the reign of heaven upon earth. And the kingdom of God will have come, when this Divine Love pervades Humanity, organizes all individuals, communities, nations, into One, and elevates the Race, thus united on earth and in heaven, into eternal communion with God. In its essential life, then, the Church is God dwelling in Man; in its visible manifestation it is every man, every body of men, the communion of all men the earth over, who are re-formed after the divine image by divine goodness; mediately it is the progressively unfolding revelation of Divine Wisdom, of God's law of unity in universality, in the consciences of those born of the Spirit. The Church is thus One in Many, an Image of the Infinite in the Finite.

The first condition of Unity in Catholicity is then, that every Christian shall be in living communion with the Divine Spirit, and this through a perpetual act of piety, an opening of the inmost will to the influence of God's will, however communicated, whether through nature, through man, through the spiritual world, or directly to the individual spirit. Holiness is the life of God in the soul of Man; it must dwell in each man, in all men; and just in the degree in which it does thus indwell, is a man, are men the Church. The Roman Church has erred, by limiting to the Priesthood, what should be asserted of every Christian. A man is a Christian, who has the Spirit of Christ, which is Love. All Christians should be, are, in the only true sense of the word, Priests, the medium through which divine life enters into human life. Unity in Catholicity in the Church then multiplies and extends with every new

born child of God. The Spirit of Love is One.

But this first condition of Unity in Catholicity is indissolubly connected with the second, which is, that every one born again by Love, must live in relations of love with all men. God dwells in man, only in so far as man, yielding to the impulses of the Divine Spirit, seeks to establish all his modes and habits of life upon the principle and after the pattern of universal charity. "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen." Not asceticism, not exclusiveness, not self-denial in the sense of primness and stern restraints, not escape from society and the world, is what God asks of man, but just the contrary; an all-benignant, joyous, hopeful, vigorous goodness, which is daunted at no transmitted social evils, at no individual perverseness, and which, taking counsel only of the divine promise of omnipotent aid to the loving, goes steadfastly forward to demand of all men and for all men, perfect justice, perfect kindness. It is because charity is so cold, that piety dies out. Holiness which does not manifest itself in brotherly love returns to God who gave it. A Man is the Church, then, a Society of Men is the Church, Christendom, Humanity, are the Church just in the degree in which faithful efforts are made to order every relation of life after the model of coöperative usefulness. Unity in Catholicity in the Church, then, multiplies and extends with every humane reform, by which men are bound together as members one of another. The Spirit of Love is Universal.

But now in the third place, both these conditions are indissolubly connected with an intermediate one, which is *Liberty*, the freedom of every soul to commune with God, as he speaks through the Universe and Humanity, through the processes of nature and the progress of history, and to seek on all sides for manifestations of the Divine Will. No finite mind can comprehend the Infinite, form an adequate conception of him, or give even an approximate representation of him in word or image. But each faithful mind, can according to its genus and species and peculiar capacity reflect some ray of the Sovereign Wisdom. Through age after age, and nation after nation, and seer after seer, does the Eternal Word, forever saying "let there be light" seek to reveal itself. Regenerate Humanity alone can approach to infallibility. Successive generations of the Good are the true Ecumenical Councils, whose sessions are permanent, whose dictates are authoritative, whose judgments continually revise the judgments of the fathers. Gradually thus conjecture grows into certainty; imper-

fect imaginations take form as recognized laws of order; opinion is organized into science; theory gives place to intuitions of truth; and God's own light of Divine Reason shines upon the Tabernacle above the prostrate idols of philosophy. Doubtless there will come a time, when all various forms of belief which have divided men, mythologies, theologies, philosophies, sectarian creeds, will be seen to stand in orderly relation to each other, as modes through which directly or inversely, the Truth has appeared to man. Errors even, stand in vital relations with the religious and moral condition of nations and individuals. Constraint, therefore, deadens piety and charity; while on the other hand want of love in spirit or in deed darkens the firmament of thought. Holiness, Liberty, and Love, then, may not be separated. Every "apostle" and witness of the presence of God in man must give his testimony and write his evangel. Every mind, in its fullest possible development, in its most harmonious action, confiding in God, generous in its human sympathies, respectful to the past, trustful in its own perceptions, hopeful for the future, must stand in reverent waiting for God's ever new revelations, if we would have in any body of men or in Humanity at large the supremacy of Divine Wisdom as the Law of Order. Just in the degree in which this is attained, does Unity in Catholicity in the Church multiply and extend. Liberty demands Unity in Variety. And thus the Church becomes truly One, Holy, Apostolic, Universal.

We would sum up these brief hints by saying, that all signs betoken the presence of a spirit now working through Christendom, which is the pledge of an Era in the Church, such as Rome, in the longings of her purest saints never conceived of; such as no one Christian denomination however influential for good, could ever alone introduce. This spirit of Humanity pervades all sects, all lands. It takes little note of Ecclesiastical Organizations, of Bishops, of Forms; but demands of all Christians perfect devotedness to God, an entire self-surrender to Love, as the very Life of every spirit. It worships no past creeds, but announces that every human being, every society of human beings, the Race at large is called to realize by experience the Mystery of God incarnating himself in Man. It asks no stately cathedrals, and magnificent rites, and splendor of worship; but summons Christian nations to put away, once and forever, War, Slavery, Caste, Oppression, Inequality, Injustice, and every form of human degradation; bids every Christian congregation to be indeed a brotherhood in all the relations of life, in industry, property, education, social refinement,

the use of every means of elevation; calls upon each Christian person to link hands with his neighbor in one grand coöperative effort to introduce the reign of Heaven, which is the Liberty of Love.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER

Written by a Visitor to the North American Phalanx, Monmouth County, New Jersey.

We took steam-boat for the North American Phalanx, in Monmouth County, New Jersey, bearing letters from a firm friend of Association in the city. We reached there Saturday Evening, after a quiet sail of three hours, (going round Sandy Hook,) and a ride over New Jersey sand, of another hour. We remained at the Phalanx three days, and had a grand chance to become acquainted with the people, their spirit, plans, prospects. I will attempt to give you a brief sketch of our stay there, and then of the general impression we received from it.

Sunday being cold and rainy, we spent most of the morning in pleasant conversation with different members in their own rooms. In the afternoon attended the Sunday school, and enjoyed the children's singing very much. The evening was spent in the library, (a very pleasant room, with files of Tribune, Harbinger, and various news-papers, and scientific journals, and a great variety of tracts, pamphlets, and cheap publications, scientific and literary, many of which are sent by Greeley, who is a warm friend of Association, and of whom they speak in the warmest terms,) reading Swedenborg; quite a number were present. After some practice in chanting, and singing hymns, one of the "brethren" read from one of Bush's Series of Swedenborg's writings, which suggested some interesting conversation about Swedenborg, Fourier, and sundry spiritual mysteries which kept us together quite late, and which I enjoyed highly. I did not expect to find so much mental cultivation, and intelligence.

Monday being too cold and unpleasant to look about much out of doors, we (my sister and myself) took charge of the school for the day, releasing our good friend Mrs. B——, who has the general charge of this department. We had a grand time with the children: I thought it just the place for me, to teach an Association school, with no pecuniary and harrassing cares, no parental stumbling blocks, no interference of injudicious friends, and with children so earnest for knowledge and so self-dependent as those appeared to be. We enjoyed the day very much, and among other things I gave them a lesson in Phonography; which they took hold of with more readiness and interest than any scholars I have yet seen

undertaking to learn this science. I have not passed for some time a happier day than this,—in the Association school. The evening we spent in social conversation with the various groups. I should add that there were only about fifteen or twenty children at the school, and all quite young, but they seemed to feel the responsibility of their situation, and were earnest and anxious, not only to learn, but to carry on some industrial operations by themselves, which will prevent the school from being a burden to the community. Their school room is about one fourth of a mile from the Phalanstery, in an old farm house which was on the land when they came there. Here the children spend the day, under the care of Mrs. B——, entirely out of the way of the older people, and very happy by themselves. They keep the school room in order, set out and clear up their own dinner, and are soon to have a herbary and flower garden by themselves. Thus they will be rapidly training for Associative industry. I talked with them about this, their situation, and what they could do, to which they gave a hearty assurance of sympathy and earnest desire to accomplish something by themselves.

The school branch of this institution and others like it, this education in Association, interests me exceedingly. In these humble and limited efforts at Associative life there can be realized at the outset vast advantages in the way of education. Parents here are entirely free from all care and anxiety about their children during the day. They know to what hands the nursery and school room are confided, and can pursue their own labors without interruption. All the mothers I saw spoke in the warmest terms of this arrangement—meanwhile the children are learning to live together in one family in love, and to study together, to work together, to enjoy pleasures in common. They are developing without check or hindrance, and even with every possible encouragement, their own natural powers. They are in an admirable Associative school. It seems to me if I were a parent I would make every sacrifice of my own personal tastes and prejudices to secure to my children such advantages as these children now actually enjoy.

To them (the children) it matters not whether the Association is rich or poor; the simple food, out door exercise, and humble accommodations are all the better for them. It is the air, the sunshine, the woods, the garden, the kind, sympathizing teachers, the tho mental exercise, (not the mechanical drudgery of civilized schools) which make them so happy.—They will here grow up without that selfishness and prejudice which the present society produces and which form the chief

obstacle in the way of Associative life. What higher or nobler sphere of effort can there be than in an Associative school!

I cannot but wish that this Association could increase its means of culture and intellectual attainments. Could this be accomplished, with its fine situation, its fair outward prospects, its bone and sinew, and determined industrial spirit, I should consider the first permanent Association as quite out of all danger of failure. Here they have only a small sum to pay on their farm, which their friends in the vicinity will not let them fall through for want of. They are now comfortably accommodated and live in good country style with abundance of palatable white and brown bread, plenty of milk, mush, potatoes, and buckwheat cakes in terrifying heaps! just now they have little or no butter on account of the season, but with their large dairy establishment and prospect of abundance of dairy produce, eggs, &c. this summer, and with wild strawberries, in great abundance they will not be apt to suffer for want of good eating. They are now setting out a great many peach and other fruit trees, vines, &c. which will in a few years, completely set them up, (with a market for their products like New York so near.) Their farm is so near the sea shore, that the seabreeze in summer must be delightful, and the situation is very healthy. These people will at least be able to raise their own food, provide their own fuel, and furnish themselves with all the necessaries of life.

In fine we were exceedingly pleased with the situation, prospects, general spirit, educational advantages, &c. and found their accommodations and living much better than we expected. I think they are more in want of good books both for the children and grown people than almost anything else. The children need such books as the Rollo Stories and some of Abbot's Series and other useful reading. Books for the school,—also the works of such men as Channing, Ware, and other liberal, progressive men. Is there any possible way of raising a supply of these? How much it would encourage them—such an investment would never prove unprofitable. The seed that is sown here must produce a good harvest. There is no difficulty in associating children. Theorize as you may about the innate depravity of human nature, raise one set in Association and your problem is solved,—and furthermore, I believe the influence of these young Associationists over their parents would be amazing. I should in fact have no hope of the success of any Association without children; a good school teacher, not "master," to lead, not drive the little ones, an opportu-

nity and means to "feed the lambs," should be the first object of every Association. Let the *good* father and mother feel that *here* their children can be educated as *no where else*, and they would soon have applications enough to build up a thorough Association, and *attraction* enough to keep it together. Is it not so?

I should add that I noticed that both men and women appeared to go to their work with hearty interest and mutual confidence and esteem. I saw nothing like selfish shirking, or jealous complaints or suspicion; — not the least appearance of jarring any where. They make no boasts, tell no flattering stories; go quietly to work, show that they are *happy*, and await the event of the experiment in *faith*. At meals they are very sociable and lively. They rate the different branches of labor every three months; also the relative value of the labor of each man. This with the account of labor (in time) kept with each person, makes his or her account, and they have a pro rata dividend of the year's profits. At present they can hope for nothing more than food and comfortable clothes, but with them the "*life* is more than meat," and "*the body* than raiment." Harmony, spiritual and intellectual cultivation, and health are better than feasting and fine raiment.

I have thus given you an off-hand sketch of what I saw and experienced at the North American Phalanx: and I am afraid I have not done them half justice. Would that such a self-sacrificing, hard working community as this, and that at Brook Farm, could be better encouraged by *professors of religion* and reformers, in the villages and cities of our country. God grant that the time may soon arrive when *Christians* shall be seen pressing forward to accomplish a work that will enable *His* "will to be done *on earth* as it is in Heaven."

¶ We owe our thanks to the Worcester *Ægis* for its forbearance with regard to the peculiar principles of the Harbinger, a forbearance which we hope it will continue to exercise. As to the idea that the soul lives mainly on knowledge and grows and expands thereby, which we see is supported by the powerful authority of Mr. Senator Choate, we do not wish to enter into the least controversy with the *Ægis*. It is a part of the prevailing metaphysics, — which consists very much in putting the cart before the horse, — to consider the intellectual or knowing faculty as the primary or rather the sole object of psychological science, whereas that part of human nature is subservient and secondary to the affections which are the central, the vital, the controlling principle of the soul. It is "the human heart by which we live,"

and not the intellect, or any accumulations of knowledge therein. There is doubtless a relation and reciprocal influence between the intellect and the affections, as there is between the body and the soul, but it is the relation between the instrument or organ, and the power that puts it into activity.

GERMAN RAIL-ROADS. The following are the names of the various rail-roads in Germany, from which with the help of a map their direction and length can easily be discovered. Those which are but partially opened are marked thus †. 1. Altona and Kiel; 2. The Baden rail-road, — Mannheim to Freiburg; 3. Bavarian State rail-roads, — Munich and Augsburg, Augsburg and Donauwörth, Nuremberg and Bamberg; 4. Berlin and Anhalt rail-road, — Berlin to Cöthen; 5. Berlin and Potsdam; 6. Berlin and Stettin; 7. Bonn and Cologne; 8. The Braunschweig rail-road; 9. The Breslau, Schweiditz and Freiburg rail-road; 10. † Cologne and Minden, — Cologne to Düsseldorf; 11. Düsseldorf and Elberfeld; 12. Glückstadt and Elmsborn; 13. Hamburg and Bergedorf; 14. † The Hanover rail-road, — Hanover, Braunschweig and Lehrte-Celle; 15. † The North rail-road, — Vienna and Brünn, Olmütz, Leipsick and Stockerau; 16. Leipzig and Dresden; 17. a Linz and Budweis; 17. b Linz and Gmund; 18. Magdeburg and Halberstadt; 19. Magdeburg and Leipzig; 20. † Lower Silesia and March, — Breslau and Bunzlau, Berlin and Frankfurt; 21. Nuremberg and Fürth; 22. † The Upper Silesia rail-road, — Breslau to Königschütte; 23. † Austrian State rail-roads, — Mürzzuschlag and Grätz, Olmütz and Prague; 24. Rendsburg and Neumünster; 25. The Rhine rail-road, — Cologne to Belgium; 26. † Saxon and Bavarian, — Leipzig to Zwickau; 27. Saxon and Silesian, — Dresden to Bischofswerda; 28. Taunus rail-road, — Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, Mayence and Wiesbaden; 29. Vienna and Gloggnitz; 30. † The Wirtemberg State rail-road, — Cannstatt to Esslingen.

The past year the whole number of passengers on these roads has been 12,252,858, and the receipts 2,553,756 Thalers.

The population of Cologne amounts at present to 85,000 souls.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK!
A Quarterly Meeting of the NEW ENGLAND FOURIER SOCIETY will be held in Boston, in Hall No. 1, Marlboro' Chapel, under the Chinese Museum, on *Wednesday, May 27th*, at 10 o'clock, A. M. As subjects of great interest will be brought before the meeting, it is earnestly hoped that there will be a full and general attendance of the friends of the cause.

GEORGE RIPLEY, *Pres't.*
J. BUTTERFIELD, *Sec'y.*

BROOK FARM SCHOOL.

The Directors of the School connected with the Brook Farm Association have made arrangements for enlarging the establishment, and are now prepared to receive an additional number of pupils.

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Lessons are given in Music, Dancing, Drawing, and Painting, without any extra charge.

The School is under the immediate direction of Mr. and Mrs. RIPLEY, Mr. DWIGHT, and Mr. DANA, assisted by experienced teachers in the different departments; and every pupil of tender age is entrusted to the particular care of a lady of the establishment, who has charge of his wardrobe, personal habits, and physical education.

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Application may be made by mail to

GEORGE RIPLEY.

Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass. }
March 21, 1846.

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

VI.

While hurriedly completing her toilet, in the fear of a surprise, she heard the following dialogue in Italian:—

"Why do you come here? I told you not to enter my room. The empress has forbidden us, under the severest penalties, to receive any other men than our comrades, and even then there must be some urgent necessity respecting the business of the theatre. See to what you expose me! I did not think the police of the rooms was so negligent."

"There is no police for those who pay well, my all beautiful. Only saps meet with resistance or delay upon their road. Come, receive me a little better, or I will not return again."

"That would be the greatest, pleasure you could give me. Go, then! Well, why don't you go?"

"You seem to desire it with such good faith, that I remain to make you angry."

"I warn you that I shall send for the manager to rid me of you."

"Let him come if he is tired of life! I am willing."

"But you are crazy! I tell you that you compromise me; that you make me break a rule recently introduced by her majesty; that you expose me to a heavy fine, a dismissal perhaps."

"The fine I take upon myself to pay to your director with blows of my cane. As to your dismissal, I ask nothing better. I will carry you to my estates, where we will lead a jovial life."

"I follow such a brute as you! never! Come, let us go out together, since you are determined not to leave me here alone."

"Alone! alone, my charmer! That is what I mean to be sure of before I quit you. There is a screen which takes up a great deal of room in this little chamber. It seems to me I should do you a service by dashing it up against the wall with a good kick."

"Stop, sir, stop! There is a lady dressing there. Would you kill or wound a woman, brigand as you are!"

"A woman? Ah! that is very different! But I wish to see if she has not a sword by her side."

The screen began to shake. Consuelo, who was entirely dressed, threw her cloak upon her shoulders; and while the first leaf of the screen was opening, she tried to push the last, in order to escape by the door which was only two steps off. But Corilla, who saw her intention, stopped her by saying: "Remain there, Porporina; if he should not find you, he might think it was a man who fled, and then he would kill me." Consuelo, terrified, was about to show herself, but Corilla, clinging to the screen, between her and her lover, still prevented her. Perhaps she hoped that by exciting his jealousy, she would enkindle enough passion in him to prevent his noticing the touching grace of her rival.

"If it be a lady who is there," said he laughing, "let her answer me. Madam, are you dressed? Can I present my homage to you?"

"Sir replied Consuelo, upon a sign from Corilla, "please to keep your homage for another, and excuse me from receiving it. I am not visible."

"That is to say this is the right moment for looking at you," said Corilla's lover, making a gesture to push aside the screen.

"Take care what you do," cried Corilla with a forced laugh; "if instead of a shepherdess in dishabille, you were to find a respectable duenna."

"But no! her voice is too fresh to come from more than twenty years, at most; and if she were not pretty, you would have already let me see her."

The screen was very high, and notwithstanding his great stature, the lover could not look over it without throwing down all Corilla's dresses which cumbered the chairs; besides, since he no longer thought of being alarmed at the presence of a man, the play amused him.

"Madam," cried he, "if you are old and ugly, say nothing, and I respect your asylum; but, in good faith, if you are young and handsome, don't let yourself be calumniated by Corilla, and say the word for me to force the guard."

Consuelo did not answer. "Ah! by my faith!" cried the curious man, after waiting a moment, "I will not be duped by you. If you were old or badly made, you would not do yourself justice so tranquilly; it is because you are an angel that you laugh at my doubts. In either case, I must see you; for either you are a prodigy of beauty capable of inspiring fear to the beautiful Corilla herself, or you are sensible enough to confess your ugliness, and I should be much pleased to see for the first time in my life an ugly woman devoid of pretence."

He took hold of Corilla's arm with two fingers only, and made her bend like a spire of grass. She uttered a loud cry, pretended that he had hurt, had wounded her; he took no notice of her, and opening the fold of the screen, presented to the eyes of Consuelo the horrible face of the baron Francis de Trenck. One of the richest and most gallant court dresses had replaced his savage war-costume: but by his gigantic stature and the large ears of a reddish black which furrowed his swarthy visage, one could not fail to recognize at a single glance the intrepid and pitiless chief of pandours.

Consuelo could not restrain a cry of terror, and fell back pale upon her chair. "Be not afraid of me, madam," said the baron, bending one knee to the floor, "and forgive me for a temerity of which it is impossible for me, when looking at you, to repent as I ought. But allow me to believe that it was out of pity to me, (well knowing that I could not see with-

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

out adoring you,) that you refused to show yourself. Do not cause me the vexation of thinking that I frighten you; I am ugly enough, I agree. But if the war has made a kind of monster out of quite a pretty youth, be sure that it has not made me more wicked for all that."

"More wicked! that was doubtless impossible!" replied Consuelo, turning her back on him.

"O ho!" replied the baron, "you are quite a savage child, and your nurse has probably told you some vampire stories about me, which the old women of this country never fail to do. But the young ones do me more justice, they know that if I am a little rough in my manners with the enemies of the country, I am very easily tamed if they only take pains." And leaning towards the mirror in which Consuelo pretended to be looking at herself, he fixed upon her that look at once voluptuous and ferocious, of which Corilla had undergone the brutal fascination. Consuelo saw that she could not free herself from him except by irritating him. "Sir baron," said she to him, "it is not fear with which you inspire me, but disgust and aversion. You like to kill, and I do not fear death; but I hate sanguinary souls, and I know yours. I have just arrived from Bohemia, and have seen traces of your steps."

The baron changed countenance and said, shrugging his shoulders and turning towards Corilla: "The baroness of Lestock, who fired a pistol close at my head when I once met her, was not more enraged against me! Can I have unwittingly ridden over her lover in some thick-et? Come, my beauty, be calm; I wished to jest with you. But if you are so crabbed, I salute you; indeed I deserve such treatment for having allowed myself to be distracted a single moment from my divine Corilla."

"Your divine Corilla," replied the latter, "cares little for your distractions, and requests you to retire; for, in an instant, the director will be making his round, and unless you wish to cause a scandal—"

"I am going," said the baron; "I do not wish to afflict you and deprive the public of the freshness of your voice, by making you shed tears. I shall wait with my carriage at the door of the theatre after the performance. It is understood?" And he embraced her before Consuelo, whether she would or no, and retired.

Immediately Corilla threw herself upon the neck of her companion to thank her for having so well repelled the baron's flatteries. Consuelo turned aside her head; the beautiful Corilla, stained with the kiss of that man, caused her almost

the same disgust as he did. "How can you be jealous of so repulsive a being?" said she to her.

"Zingarella, you do not understand the matter," replied Corilla smiling. "The baron pleases women who are of higher rank and who consider themselves more virtuous than we pretend to be. His figure is superb, and his face, though spoiled by scars, has charms which you could not resist if he took it into his head to make you think it handsome."

"Ah! Corilla, it is not his face that repels me most. His soul is still more hideous. You do not know then that his heart is that of a tiger!"

"And that is in fact what has turned my head!" replied Corilla, briskly. "To listen to the flatteries of all those effeminate who tease you, is a great matter truly! But to chain a tiger, conquer a lion of the forest, to lead him in a leash; to cause to sigh, weep, groan and tremble, him whose look puts whole armies to flight, and a blow of whose sabre makes the head of an ox fly off like that of a poppy, that is a sharper pleasure than all those which I have known. Anzoleto had indeed a little of that; I loved him for his wickedness, but the baron is worse. The other was capable of beating his mistress, this one is capable of killing her. O! I love him much more!"

"Poor Corilla!" said Consuelo, letting fall upon her a glance of profound pity.

"You pity me for this love, and you are right; but you would be still more right if you envied me. I like better that you should pity me, after all, than that you should dispute him with me."

"Be quite easy on that score," said Consuelo.

"*Signora, si va cominciar!*" cried the notifier at the door.

"*Begin!*" cried a stentorian voice at the upper story occupied by the rooms of the choristers.

"*Begin!*" repeated another voice, gloomy and hollow at the bottom of the staircase which led to the back of the stage, and these last syllables, passing like a weakened echo from wing to wing, died away at the ears of the prompter, who conveyed them to the leader of the orchestra by three taps upon the floor. The latter, in his turn, struck with his bow upon the desk, and after that instant of concentration and palpitation which precedes the commencement of the overture, the symphony burst forth, and imposed silence upon the boxes as well as upon the pit.

From the first act of *Zenobia*, Consuelo produced that complete and irresistible effect, which Haydn had predicted to her the day before. The greatest talents have

not always an infallible triumph on the stage; even supposing that their powers have not an instant of failure, all the parts, all the situations are not fitted to the development of their most brilliant faculties. It was the first time that Consuelo found a part and situation in which she could be herself and manifest herself in her candor, in her strength, in her tenderness and her purity, without a labor of art and attention to identify herself with an unknown personage. She was enabled to forget that terrible labor, abandon herself to the emotion of the moment, be suddenly inspired by pathetic and profound feelings which she had not had time to study and which were revealed to her by the magnetism of a sympathetic audience. She experienced therein an indescribable pleasure; and as she had felt in a less degree at the rehearsal, as she had sincerely expressed to Joseph, it was not the triumph which the public awarded her that intoxicated her with joy, but indeed the happiness of having succeeded in manifesting herself, the victorious certainty of having attained for a moment the ideal in her art. Until then, she had always asked herself with anxiety if she could not improve upon her style and her part. This time, she felt that she had revealed all her power, and, almost deaf to the clamors of the crowd, she applauded herself in the secret recesses of her conscience.

After the first act, she remained in the wing to hear the interlude in which Corilla was charming, and to encourage her by sincere praises. But, after the second act, she felt the need of taking a moment's rest and reascended to the dressing room. Porpora, occupied elsewhere, did not follow her, and Joseph, who, by a secret effect of the imperial protection, had been suddenly admitted to take a part with his violin in the orchestra, remained at his post as may be supposed.

Consuelo therefore entered Corilla's room alone, the latter having given her the key, took a glass of water and threw herself for an instant upon the sofa. But suddenly the recollection of the pandour Trenck caused her a kind of terror, and she ran to fasten the door upon herself with a double turn of the key. Yet there was hardly any probability of his coming to torment her. He had placed himself in the theatre at the rising of the curtain, and Consuelo had distinguished him in a balcony among his most extravagant admirers. He was passionately fond of music; born and educated in Italy, he spoke the language as harmoniously as a real Italian, sang agreeably, and "if he had not been born with other resources, could have made a fortune on the stage," as his biographers pretend.

But what terror seized upon Consuelo,

when, on returning to the sofa, she saw the fatal screen shake and open to make room for the appearance of the cursed pandour!

She rushed towards the door; but Trenck was there before her, and leaning his back against the lock:

"A little calmness, my charmer," said he with a frightful smile. "Since you share this room with Corilla, you must accustom yourself to meet here the lover of that beauty, and you could not be ignorant that he had a second key in his pocket. You have thrown yourself into the lion's den—O! don't think of crying out! Nobody will come. They know Trenck's presence of mind, the strength of his hand, and how little he cares for the lives of fools. If they let him penetrate here in spite of the imperial order, the reason apparently is, that among all your actors there is not one bold enough to look him in the face. Well, why do you tremble and look so pale? Are you so little sure of yourself that you cannot hear three words without losing your senses! Or do you think I am a man to do you violence or injury! Those are old women's stories which have been told you, my child. Trenck is not so wicked as he is said to be, and it is to convince you of this that he wishes to converse an instant with you."

"Sir, I will not listen to you till you have opened that door," said Consuelo, arming herself with resolution. "On that condition, I consent to let you speak. But if you insist on keeping me shut up with you here, I shall believe that this man so brave and so strong has doubts of himself, and fears to meet my comrades the actors."

"Ah! you are right," said Trenck, opening the door quite wide; "and if you are not afraid of taking cold, I like much better to have the air, than to stifle in the musk with which Corilla fills this little chamber. You do me a favor." Speaking thus, he returned, seized both Consuelo's hands, forced her to sit upon the sofa, and placed himself on his knees before her, retaining her hands which she could not draw away from him without exciting a puerile struggle, fatal perhaps to her honor; for the baron seemed to await and provoke that resistance which would arouse his violent instincts and make him lose all scruples and all respect. Consuelo understood him and resigned herself to the shame of a doubtful position. But a tear which she could not restrain rolled slowly over her pale and sad cheek. The baron saw it, and instead of being softened and disarmed, he allowed an ardent and cruel joy to glitter from his red eyelids, blood-shot and burnt to the quick by the powder.

"You are very unjust towards me,"

said he in a voice, the caressing gentleness of which betrayed a hypocritical satisfaction. "You hate me without knowing me, and are unwilling to listen to my justification. As for me, I cannot be stupidly resigned to your aversion. An hour since, I did not care for it; but since I have heard the divine Porporina, since I adore her, I feel that I must live for her, or die by her hand."

"Spare yourself this ridiculous comedy," said Consuelo, indignant.

"Comedy!" interrupted the baron; "here," said he, taking from his pocket a loaded pistol which he cocked and presented to her: "you will keep this weapon in one of your beautiful hands, and if I, in spite of myself, offend you in speaking to you, if I continue odious to you, kill me if you please. As to this other hand, I am resolved to keep possession of it until you give me permission to kiss it. But I wish to owe that favor to your goodness only, and you will see me ask and wait for it patiently under that murderous weapon which you can turn against me whenever my suit becomes insupportable to you."

In fact, Trenck put the pistol into Consuelo's right hand, and retained the left by force, remaining upon his knees with the confidence of an incomparable vanity. Consuelo felt herself quite strong from that instant, and placing the pistol so that she could use it at the first danger, she said with a smile, "You can speak, I listen." As she said this, it seemed to her that she heard steps in the corridor, and saw the shadow of a person already projected before the door. But that shadow immediately disappeared, either because the person had retraced his steps, or because Consuelo's fright had been an imaginary one. In the situation in which she was, and not having anything to fear more than a scandal, the approach of any indifferent person, or even of a rescuer, caused her more fear than pleasure: if she kept silence, the baron, surprised on his knees, with the door open, could not fail to appear shamelessly in good favor with her; if she called, if she cried for help, the baron would certainly kill the first who entered. Fifty traits of this character adorned the memoirs of his private life, and the victims of his passions did not on that account pass for less weak or less dishonored. In this horrible alternative, Consuelo could not but desire a prompt explanation, and hope that, by her own courage she should be able to bring Trenck to reason without having any witness to comment upon and interpret at his will this strange scene.

He understood a part of her thought, and pushed to the door, but without closing it entirely. "Truly, madam," said he, returning towards her, "it would be

foolish to expose you to the malicious remarks of passers by, and this quarrel must be settled between ourselves alone. Listen to me; I see your fears, and understand the scruples of your friendship for Corilla. Your honor, your reputation for loyalty are dearer to me even than the precious moment in which I can look upon you without witnesses. I know well that that she-panther, with whom I was in love only an hour ago, would accuse you of treachery if she should surprise me at your feet. She will not have that pleasure; the moments are counted. She has still ten minutes to divert the public with her grimaces. I have therefore time enough to tell you that if I did love her, I already recollect it no more than I do the first apple I gathered; therefore do not fear to withdraw from her a heart which no longer belongs to her, and from which nothing can henceforth efface your image. You alone, madam, reign over me and can dispose of my life. Why should you hesitate! You have, they say, a lover; I will rid you of him with a filip. You are constantly guarded by a gloomy and jealous old master; I will carry you off from under his eyes. You are perplexed at the theatre by a thousand intrigues; the public adores you, it is true; but the public is an ingrate who will abandon you at the first hoarseness you chance to have. I am immensely rich, and can make of you a princess, almost a queen, in a country wild indeed, but in which I can build for you, in the twinkling of an eye, palaces and theatres more beautiful and more vast than those of the court of Vienna. If you require a public, by a stroke of my wand, I can draw from the earth one which shall be devoted, submissive and faithful, in proportion as that of Vienna wants those qualities. I am not handsome, I know; but the scars which cover my face are more respectable and more glorious than the paint which covers the pallid cheeks of your actors. I am severe to my slaves and implacable to my enemies; but I am gentle for my good servants, and those who love me swim in joy, in glory and opulence. In fine, I am sometimes violent; you have been told the truth in this. One cannot be brave and strong as I am, without liking to make use of his power, when vengeance and pride become him. But a pure, timid, gentle, and charming woman such as you are, can overcome my strength, enchain my will, and keep me under her feet like a child. Only try; confide in me secretly for a while, and, when you know me, you will see that you can entrust to me the care of your future lot and follow me into Solavonia. You smile! You think the name resembles slavery. It is I, celestial Porporina, who will be

your slave. Look at me and accustom yourself to this ugliness which your love would beautify. Say but one word, and you will see that the red eyes of Trenck the Austrian can shed tears of tenderness and joy, as well as the handsome eyes of Trenck the Prussian, that dear cousin whom I love, though we have fought in hostile ranks, and who was not indifferent to you, as I am told. But that Trenck is a child; and he who speaks to you, though still young, (he is only thirty-four, though his face furrowed by the lightning would give him credit for twice that,) has passed the age of caprices, and will assure you long years of happiness. Speak, speak, say yes, and you will see that passion can transfigure me, and make a radiant Jupiter out of Trenck with the burnt mouth. You do not answer? A touching modesty makes you still hesitate! Well, say nothing, let me but kiss your hand, and I withdraw, full of confidence and happiness. See if I am such a brute and tiger as I am depicted!"

Consuelo examined with surprise that frightful man who had seduced so many women. She studied that fascination, which would in fact have been irresistible in spite of ugliness, had it been the countenance of an honest man, animated by the passion of his heart; but it was only the ugliness of an unbridled voluptuary, and his passion was only the Don Quixotism of an impertinent presumption.

"Have you said all, sir baron;" asked she of him with tranquillity; but suddenly she reddened and paled at seeing a handful of large diamonds, enormous pearls and rubies of great value, which the Slave despot threw upon her lap. She rose suddenly and sent rolling on the floor those precious stones which Corilla was to gather.

"Trenck," said she to him, with the strength of contempt and indignation, "you are the meanest of cowards, with all your bravery. You have never fought but with flocks and herds, and you have cut their throats without pity. If a true man had turned against you, you would have fled like a ferocious and cowardly wolf as you are. Your glorious scars! I know that you received them in a cellar, where you were searching for the gold of the vanquished in the midst of corpses. Your palaces and your little kingdom are the blood of a noble people, upon whom despotism imposed such a compatriot as you, who have paid for them; they are the last plunder torn from the widow and the orphan; the gold of treachery; the pillage of churches, in which you pretend to prostrate yourself and recite your prayers, (for you are a bigot, to complete all your great qualities.) Your cousin, Trenck the Prussian, whom you cherish so tenderly, you

betrayed and wished to have assassinated; those women whose glory and happiness you have made, you violated after cutting the throats of their husbands and their fathers. This tenderness which you have improvised for me, is the caprice of a worn-out libertine. This chivalric submission which has caused you to place your life in my hands, is the vanity of a fool who thinks himself irresistible; and that slight favor which you ask of me, would be a stain that I could not wash out but by suicide. That is my last word, pandour of the burnt mouth! Leave my sight, fly! for if you do not release my hand, which for a quarter of an hour you have been freezing in yours, I will rid the world of a villain by blowing out your brains."

"Is that your last word, daughter of hell!" cried Trenck: "well, woe to you! the pistol which I disdain to dash from your hand is only loaded with powder; a little burn more or less does not terrify him who is proof against fire. Fire the pistol, make a noise, it is all I wish! I shall be pleased to have witnesses of my victory; for now nothing can save you from my embraces; and you have enkindled in me by your folly, fires which you might have restrained by a little prudence."

Speaking thus, Trenck seized Consuelo in his arms, but at the same instant the door opened; a man, whose face was entirely masked by a black crape tied behind his head, extended his hand to the pandour, made him bend and oscillate like a reed shaken by the wind, and cast him roughly on the floor. This was an affair of a few seconds. Trenck, confused at first, rose, and with haggard eyes, foaming mouth, sword in hand, rushed towards his enemy who gained the door and seemed to fly. Consuelo rushed also to the threshold, thinking she recognized, in that disguised man, the elevated stature and strong arm of Count Albert. She saw him recoil to the end of the corridor, where a very steep winding staircase descended to the street. There he stopped, awaited Trenck, stooped suddenly while the baron's sword struck the wall, and seizing his body below the arms precipitated him over his shoulders, head foremost, down the staircase. Consuelo heard the giant roll; she wished to run towards her deliverer, calling Albert; but he had disappeared before she had strength to make three steps. A frightful silence reigned on the staircase.

"Signora, cinque minuti!"* said the notifier to her, with a paternal air, making his appearance by the stage stairs which led to the same landing-place. "How happens it that this door is open?" added he, looking at the door of the

* The act will commence in five minutes.

flight down which Trenck had been precipitated; "truly your ladyship runs the risk of getting cold in this corridor." He shut the door and locked it, according to orders; and Consuelo, more dead than alive, returned to the dressing-room, threw out of the window the pistol which had remained on the sofa, pushed with her foot under the furniture Trenck's precious stones which glittered on the carpet, and went to the stage, where she found Corilla quite red and out of breath with the triumph she had obtained in the interlude.

To be Continued.

LONDON. This is the greatest and richest city in the world. It derives its name from *Llyn-Din*, the 'town on the lake;' though it is said, but not truly, to be derived from *Lud*, an old British king, who was buried near where Ludgate formerly stood. The fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth, with regard to the origin of London, are unworthy the attention of the antiquary. "That London," (says the historian Leigh) "was founded by Brute, a descendant of the Trojan *Aeneas*, and called New Troy, or Troy-novant, until the time of Lud, who surrounded it with walls, and gave it the name of *Caer Lud*, or *Lud's Town*, &c., may be considered as fabulous." Some will have it that a city existed on the spot 1107 years before the birth of Christ, and 354 years before the foundation of Rome. According to the historian Tacitus, it was known to the Romans as *Lundinum*, or *Colonia Augusta*, A. D. 61, and was the chief residence of merchants at that period, and the great mart of trade and commerce, though not dignified with the name of a colony. King John granted a charter to London, according to Leigh, in 1215, but according to Stowe, in 1209, and from that time the mayor and common council were annually elected. This charter was then acted on in various instances, as many of the mayors were afterwards continued in their offices for several years together; and the same right was exerted in the case of the office of lord mayor being filled during two succeeding years, those of 1816 and 1817. London in 1348, was visited with a terrible pestilence, in which 50,000 citizens perished. This destructive disorder broke out in India, and spreading itself westward, through every country on the globe, reached England. Its ravages in London were so great, that the common cemeteries were not sufficient for the interment of the dead; and various pieces of ground without the walls were assigned for burial places. The pestilence is said not to have entirely subsided till 1357. In 1580, the erection of new buildings where none had previously been erected, was forbidden in London, to prevent the increasing size of the city. This extension of the metropolis was deemed calculated to encourage the increase of the plague, with which it was visited in 1517, and which it was feared would again appear there. It was thought that trouble would ensue in governing such multitudes; a dearth of victuals; multiplying of beggars, an inability to relieve them; an increase of artisans, more than could live together; and impoverishing of other cities for lack of inhabitants. To this effect a proclamation was

issued by the then sovereign, James I., July 7, 1580. The decree stated that "lack of air, lack of room to walk and shoot, &c., arose out of too crowded a city."—*Bankers' Weekly Circular*.

A FABLE. *The Cat and the Mouse.* The Nantucket Islander says the following story was told by a reformed inebriate, as an apology for much of the folly of drunkards:

"A mouse running about a brewery, happened to fall into a vat of beer, and was in imminent danger of drowning, and appealed to a cat to help him out. The cat replied, it is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out, I shall eat you. The mouse replied, that fate would be better than to be drowned in beer. The cat lifted him out, but the fume of the beer caused puss to sneeze; and the mouse took refuge in his hole.

"The cat called on the mouse to come out.—'You, sir, did you not promise that I should eat you?' 'Ah,' replied the mouse, 'but you know I was in liquor at the time!'"

MACHINERY AND PAUPERISM.

BY H. H. VAN AMRINGE.

If the improvement of man's nature destroys mankind, as society is now constituted, it follows that the present relations of society are contrary to the nature of man.

But improvements in machinery arise from the improvement of man's nature; they are the results of advancing intelligence, and an increased action of the human powers.

As society is organized, improvements in machinery destroy mankind. Little did the person who first discovered the art of applying steam to the action of engines, imagine that he was placing a lever under the foundations of civilization, which is destined to hurl it into the air. But the fact is so.

For the statistical information I am about to state, I am indebted to a little pamphlet by Robert Dale Owen, entitled "Wealth and Misery," well worthy the reading of every person; also, to the London Phalanx, by Doherty. These works I have not now with me, to refer to; but shall use the substance of what I remember, without further notice.

Several years ago, a Parliamentary committee was appointed by the British House of Commons, to inquire into the cause of the increase of Pauperism in that country. They made a report, referring to improvements in machinery, in England, commencing A. D. 1792, and extend to A. D. 1817, inclusive. This report is particularly noticed in Doherty's London Phalanx; I think under date of January 15, 1842; but I will not be positive.

From this document, it appears that pauperism in England has been closely connected with improvements in machinery; and that in proportion as machinery has advanced, the misery, destitution and suffering of the working classes have increased. Paradoxical as it may appear, the poverty and misery of the laboring people have accumulated in the ratio of their industry: the more wealth they produce for others, the more oppressed and degraded their own condition becomes.

In the year 1792 the amount of productive power in England was in the ra-

tio of one man's labor for every inhabitant. In other words, the productive power of those who worked, was, by the aid of machinery, equivalent to the power that would have existed, if there had been no machinery, but if every inhabitant, of every description, in England,—men, women and children,—had been full grown and able bodied men, doing one man's labor. At that time, namely, in 1792, the condition of the working people in England was not particularly depressed or uncomfortable.

Suppose, now, that in 1792, some prophet had arisen and told the workmen that in A. D. 1817, (25 years from that time,) machinery would have attained such perfection, that the productive power in England would be in the ratio of twelve men's labor for every inhabitant, would not all the workmen have rejoiced! Would they not have had apparent reason to say, "If now in 1792, when we do work equivalent to only one man's labor for every inhabitant in England,—if our condition now is not particularly uncomfortable or hard,—will it not at least be twelve times better in 1817, when our labor shall be in the ratio of twelve men's labor for every inhabitant." The workmen of England, doing work by machinery equivalent to the work of twelve times the entire population of England, if every man, woman and child, including the infant in the mother's arms, were a full-grown, able-bodied man, actually doing a full day's work!! Certainly the condition of such a working people, must be greatly improved beyond what it was when their work was in the ratio of only one man's labor for every inhabitant. It would seem as if each man had got a supply of eleven slaves of wood and iron, eating no bread, wearing no clothes, but drinking only water, breathing out steam, and working lustily and faithfully all the time, at no more expense than the trifling interest upon the small capital invested in that portion of the machinery equivalent to an eleven men-power. These eleven steam-machine-men, making with the man of flesh and blood, twelve men; and the gain over the productive power in 1792, being one day's work for each of these eleven men of wood and iron, working by steam, and helping the flesh and blood man! Who could have doubted that this would very greatly better the condition of the workmen!

If then some obstinate and conceited alarmist had said to these flesh and blood men, "Friends, do not imagine that these wood and iron men will work for you; on the contrary, they will be employed in competition against you, and your condition will be like that of an infant, who is yoked in to draw against an elephant." Surely every candid gentleman would have set down such an alarmist as an ignorant fellow!

In order to realize an affair of this kind in our own minds, let us fancy a case here, in the United States. Conceive that some clairvoyant should tell the people of the United States that in twenty-five years from the present day, steam-machines would be applied to agricultural and gardening purposes, so that land would be ploughed by steam, and harrowed, planted and sowed; and the harvests reaped, cradled, mowed, threshed and put into the barns and granaries, and carried to market,—all by steam. Doubt-

less the farmers would know then that they would have fine times! Steam would accomplish every thing for them. They would have nothing to do but to sit in their arm chairs, at their doors, and see their servant, *steam*, doing all the work. But some foolish and ignorant fellow, says: "Friends, flatter not yourselves that the introduction of steam machinery in farming, will benefit you. On the contrary, it will work against you, and reduce you to the condition of English factory paupers. For capital will then invest its wealth in farming by steam, and the Astors and the other monied men in the eastern cities, will have farms of more thousand acres, than you baye of hundreds, and will work by steam, and *kill you out by competition, as steam kills the factory children.*" We are confident that the farmers, here, in free America, would believe no such tale about Astors and Rothschilds turning steam-farmers, and buying counties, and crushing farmers by steam.

But leaving conjecture, let us turn to facts.

The Parliamentary report goes on to state that in 1817, owing to improvements in machinery, the amount of productive power in England had actually risen to be in the ratio of twelve men's labor for every inhabitant. Here was a fact. How did it accord with the supposition of an improvement in the condition of the working people! Did it meet their hopes! Entirely the reverse. Improvements in machinery had worked down the laboring people, as if the steam power had been drawn from their heart's blood. Multitudes of the operatives were turned from employment, and were wandering homeless, friendless, and famishing in the streets, by the road sides and hedges; and when their dead, starved bodies were gathered up, there was found in the mouths and hands of some, the grass of the field, with which they had vainly endeavored to sustain life.

This was not an accidental result, but an inevitable effect springing from the false and hostile relations of civilized society, in connection with the manual labor-saving power of machinery. The effect of these labor-saving machines, is to supersede manual labor. A capitalist, who had before employed five hundred workmen, introduces a machine in the place of men, which is a reason for his turning off the manual labor saved,—say, for example, three hundred workmen. These three hundred men have no property but their hands; and they must take these hands to market somewhere, or perish. The same labor-saving machine which was the motive for expelling these three hundred operatives from one factory, enters into other factories, and produces like expulsions from them. The machine is a competitor against the working man. And not only so; but it increases the hours of work, of those who are retained, and reduces their pay. For the dismissed operatives must have work somewhere. If brought up cotton spinners, they cannot, at once, turn blacksmiths, nor iron-rollers. They must seek employment at the old business. The dismissed workmen are, therefore, starving paupers, competing for employment against hands retained in the factory. The most bold demand of these workmen is, "For God's sake, give us mere living wages; give us only something that will keep

body and soul together, and we will work for you." Under these circumstances, improvements in machinery, as society is organized, must reduce wages to the starving point, and enlarge the hours of labor, with no less certainty, than the law of gravitation in matter compels bodies downward.

But this is not all. Not only does the improvement of machinery lengthen the hours and reduce the pay of the working hands, but it actually excludes laboring men from having the right to work even at starving wages.

When a man works with his natural hands, without machinery, he cannot over-stock the world. But if one operative, by a machine, can do the work of five hundred, or one thousand, or two thousand men, he can very soon enable his employer to over-stock a large extent of country. Here, then, is a steam factory, with many thousands of men of iron and wood, puffing and laboring all day, and early and late, at a rate that very soon would furnish more manufactures than would supply all the healthy demand. But here is another rival steam factory, running a race with its competitor in the same line, to ascertain which shall do most work, at the cheapest rate, — namely, by defrauding the workingman to the greatest possible extent, of his right of property in his labor. Neither are these the only factories. For there also are thirty, or eighty, or one hundred others, each one striving to outdo his neighbor in business and profits. The consequence is, that after an interval of a few years, periodically returning, the capitalists find what they ought to have foreseen, that the world is overstocked. Then comes a revulsion. The factory owners say, we have no more need for *any hands*; for we have bottles blown, or cotton spun, or cloth made, or iron manufactured, more than sufficient to supply the demand for some years to come; and until we can dispose of what we have, we want no more work done.

What, now, is to become of the workingmen? They cannot even get work at starving wages; and they have nothing to fall back upon; nothing to live upon in the meantime. Hence we may conceive of the sufferings of the oppressed and spoliated workingmen of England, robbed of their right to labor, and by consequence, of their right to live — you may conceive of their sufferings when they mustered in mass and marched in long procession, exhibiting their wrongs and famished forms, and bearing large banners with the broad inscription: "*Bread or Blood.*"

Some persons may object that the calamities endured by the laboring masses in England, in 1817, arose from the Peace. But an objection of that kind would not help the cause of civilization. What, then! Is it so, that the laboring people, in civilization, cannot escape death, either by war or famine? In order to avoid the burthen of feeding them with bread, are you required to array Frenchmen against Englishmen and feed them with cannon balls! I will admit that if you kill them in battle, you need not feed them in peace.

The Parliamentary Report, if my memory is accurate, closes with the ratio of the productive power in England, in 1817. But since 1817 to the present year — a period of twenty-eight years — improve-

ments in machinery have been advancing with unexampled rapidity. From newspaper accounts that I have seen, I conjecture that the ratio of the productive power in England at this time, is not less than fifty men's labor for every inhabitant. I believe that the population of England is about eighteen millions. Fifty times eighteen is nine hundred millions. But the whole population of the globe is estimated at nine hundred millions. Here, then, is little England, with her few working men, exerting a productive power equivalent to what the whole productive energies of all the Globe would be, if every man, woman and child upon the entire earth were a full-grown, able-bodied man, and doing one man's labor. Ought not the labor of the whole earth — every man, woman and infant upon it — estimated at a grown able-bodied man's work — ought not such a labor to sustain the inhabitants? And yet the few working people in England, who perform a work equivalent to this astonishing amount, are literally starving, denied the right to live! It is an absolute fact; the more wealth they create, the more degraded, famished, and down-trodden is their own condition.

Let us bestow a few more thoughts upon this paradox: "*the more Wealth the more Misery.*" Upon examination, you will see that it is founded upon a law of nature, — the more wealth the workingman produces for his employer in the present antagonistic society, the more miserable becomes the condition of the workingman himself.

If a person does business on his own account, with no hired hands under him, he must earn by his own labor, daily, enough to support himself, say one dollar a day. But if he hires people to work for him, who have no families, or whose families he can reconcile it to his conscience to starve; then if he has four or five journeymen under him, he can subsist, although he should daily make only twenty or thirty cents profit on each man's labor. The more journeymen he can afford to hire, the less profit he will need upon each one. If he has a large capital, he can also buy his materials at wholesale, and lay in all his stock on the best terms. This gives him great advantages against rival houses which do business on a smaller scale. For the more men he has under him, the cheaper he can afford to sell his work, and thus he gets rid of competition. If he has five hundred or one thousand men under him, he can become rich, although he should clear but a few coppers a day on each hand. This principle is no secret. It is in this way that the wholesale shoe dealers in the East, can transport shoes to the West, pay the costs of carriage and commissions, and sell them in the western towns and villages at less than the faithful and diligent shoemaker, next door to the country merchant's store, could afford to make them for, do the best he can. This wholesale business from the east, is fast destroying the independent working men and mechanics. Hats, shoes, blacksmith's work and harness, are sent from the East, and mechanics who do business on their own account in the West, are, in great numbers, broken up.

This view will enable the reader to understand the doctrine of "*More wealth, more misery.*" The more wealth the hired laborer creates for his employer, the more the means of the employer are en-

larged to oppress labor — he is enabled to hire more laborers, to employ more machinery, to break up business of independent workmen, and to create a monopoly in himself. He becomes a money-baron; — the mighty Dollar Lord! If his workmen create wealth enough for him, he can afford, by his wholesale business with machinery, to roll in luxury at the daily profit of the fourth part of a cent upon each man's labor, or the mechanic power equivalent to it, in his service. Then all smaller employers, who cannot compete with him at the low prices at which he sells, are inevitably ruined, and are compelled to come to him with their wives, sons and daughters, saying, "We beg permission to work for you; give us some work, no matter how wearisome, nor laborious, nor in what badly ventilated room, nor with what vile companions, nor at what unhealthy business; only give us work, that we may eat bread and not perish."

The worst part of the effects of machinery in these subversive relations of society, remains to be told.

The effect of machinery is to supersede man's labor by woman's labor, and woman's labor by children's labor. There are some employments requiring strength, as the business in forges, &c., where men's service must be retained. But wherever women or children are fitted for the employment in factories, they are preferred; because they can be had on better terms, and the great strife is to manufacture at the *cheapest* possible cost.

Think of the deleterious moral and religious consequences resulting from this employment of boys and girls in place of their parents. The fathers and mothers are driven from work because a child's wages are lower. The order of nature is reversed. The children support the parents, not the parents the children; and this not because the parents are aged or infirm, for they are in mature life, and perhaps able bodied; but the relations of society are of such a subversive character, that able bodied parents are *compelled to remain idle and unemployed*, and to be supported by the premature labor of their offspring, yet scarcely advanced beyond the weakness of infancy. But then, as children's wages are very low, the wages of one or two children would not yield a subsistence for themselves and parents. Hence early and miserable marriages are induced, in order to have many children; or, from a like motive, a temptation is offered to unchastity. For father and mother feed upon their offspring. As the trifling factory wages, even of several children combined, cannot procure the necessities of life for themselves and parents, without the strictest economy, this miserable family are under the compulsion of occupying only one room, feeding on the coarsest and most scanty food, clothing themselves with rags, sleeping on straw, and huddled together, without discrimination, father, mother, boys, and girls, a horrid spectacle of moral corruption — ignorant of God, destitute of natural affection, and as deformed in morals as in body.

Such are the effects of machinery upon man in the present antagonistic organized relations. The image of God is defaced, and the nature of man is degraded to the similitude of beasts.

It has been asserted, in conversations

with me, in reply to this view of the subject, that machinery has actually improved the condition of the working people. The results in England are derived, it is alleged, from the peculiar monarchical and aristocratic institutions in that country; but in the United States the case is different. Queen Elizabeth, with all her wealth, could not dress, omitting her jewelry, as well as a modern Lowell Factory girl. The luxuries of life may now be had for almost nothing. The invention of types and of the printing press, has helped labor, and opened new channels, of profitable and honorable industry. The same, on examination, will be found to be the case with all improvements in machinery. The most injury that they do, is, for a brief time, to throw some operatives out of employment; but these same persons get as good or better situations in new occupations, which are originated by mechanical inventions. We cannot do without machinery. Man, without it, would fall back to barbarism. That machinery is beneficial even to the workingman must be evident from this consideration: suppose that the heavens would rain down wealth already produced, rich cloths, fat oxen and sheep, hats, shoes and garments, so that men might have them for the picking up,—would not this better the condition of the working people, as well as others? And what difference does it make, whether the heavens rain down this wealth, or it is rained down by machinery? We have it for almost nothing, and therefore it is a benefit to all, especially in this country.

I wish it to be understood, that I war not against machinery. We cannot, I very cordially admit, dispense with it. It is essential to the improvement of man's nature and destiny. But I allege, and have proved, that the improvements in machinery, as society is now constituted, destroy not only the workingman, but all the noblest affections and powers of the mind and heart. Therefore, the present arrangements of society are adverse to human nature, and must be abolished and be supplied by others.

If the only injury that the use of new machinery did, was to throw operatives, engaged in established trades, out of employment, and consign them to misery and want, on the introduction of every new fashion or invention, this alone would be an argument that the social organization is erroneous. It is not true that persons thrown out of employment, can get better or as good situations in a new business. It may happen in some cases that they do; but in general, the fact must be otherwise. For each business requires its apprenticeship, and raw or unskilful hands cannot compete with the more experienced. With what justice can the rich and powerful perpetuate a society, which, from its very nature, on the introduction of every new machine or fashion, or advancement in man's condition, throws countless hundreds of poor, honest and faithful workingmen out of employment, dismembering their families, consigning them to beggary or starvation, and leaving them in this wide world without a home or the right to live?

I do not deny that the use of machinery opens new channels of business. The results which followed the printing press, have, several times, been referred to as argument against me. Machinery

originates new kinds of labor, and multiplies production in many ways. It gives the workingman, or child, more to do; but it causes him to be paid less for it. The statistical facts which I have quoted, and which have forced themselves on the notice of talented business men in the British Parliament, (nowise favorable to the notion,) prove, as clearly as the noon-day sun, that pauperism advances with improvements in machinery, and with the productive industry of the working classes. Argue this as you please, you cannot change the fact: there it is, and will forever, in the present antagonism of society, stare you in the face, defying your logic and sophistry to dispute it. Machinery expels man's service for woman's service—it reduces the child to the rank of a mere cog or attendant upon a wheel, and drags, and mangles, and grinds the poor, defenceless thing, until you cannot recognize in it the form of a human being.

I am not acquainted with the rates of labor, nor of rents and the prices for living, in the times when books were copied by penmanship. Perhaps the art of printing may have ennobled and improved the character and circumstances of the ancient copyers. But I much doubt it. Even if it were so, it would be but a single instance and would rest on its peculiar grounds. More work certainly, in an unspeakable number of ways, has been originated by printing, and the press has shed worlds of light upon the mind. But my impression is, if you would search back thoroughly, you will find that the copyists were proportionally paid better, that is, substantially more beneficial prices, than modern journeymen printers.

Some considerable time since I saw a statement going the rounds of the papers, giving the items of the expenses of a royal dinner in the reign, I think, of Henry VIII, of England; it was accompanied with a notice of the prices of labor. I did not preserve the statement. But my recollection is, it appeared from the account, that the wages of a workingman then were immensely more favorable to labor than they are now.

What is said of Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe when compared with the dresses of respectable mechanic's wives at the present time, would, if properly considered, have a very different bearing from that which is supposed by the persons who rely upon it as an argument in defence of social antagonism.

For, what is the reason that calicoes, satins, and other articles are now so abundant and cheap? It is because the cost of production, namely, labor has been cheapened to almost nothing. It may be very well to bring down shirts and coats to almost nothing; but if this can be done solely by first bringing down the laborer to *quite nothing*, it would have been better for shirts, calicoes, and cloths to have remained scarcer and dearer. Carlyle says, the warehouses are full of shirts, and there are plenty of naked backs, too, to wear them; but the naked backs cannot get the shirts. And why not? Because the laboring men have created too much wealth for others. Therefore they are bid to go starve! Not because they have been *idle*; but because they have *over-worked*. They have over-produced and filled every warehouse with wealth, and therefore they can get nothing themselves, not even the right to

work, which, being interpreted, means the right to *live*!

That fancy about the heavens, through machinery, raining down wealth, beees, mutton, garments ready made, and all good things, which a person may have only for the picking up, deserves a consideration. May *all* pick up, as in a *state of nature*? The farthest possible from it! In proportion as you are a landholder, or a factory owner, or a capitalist, you may pick up what Providence rains down. But if any poor man who has no property but the hands which nature has given him, stoops down to pick up what has fallen upon *your* land, or your neighbor's *machine*, straightway a call is made for the constable. "Here, officer, is a fellow, who is guilty of the crime of poverty, and he was detected in the felony of taking what fell from heaven, although he has neither land, nor machine, nor capital! The penitentiary and the gallows were made for the like of him!" So that if things fall down from heaven, at no cost *at all*, you see it would be far worse for the men who have no property but their hands to labor with. When machinery rains down abundance every where at *almost* no cost, it can be done only by making the rich richer, and the poor poorer; and it would be far better for the latter, if the rich could gather their wealth solely on condition of paying a large price to their destitute brethren. But machinery reverses this operation entirely. It feeds the rich, almost at no price at all, with the life-blood of the laboring man.

Wretched condition of labor! The wealthy and powerful make themselves heard and felt, in their loud and strenuous assertion or defence of their *vested* rights of property and dominion. But the complaints of the workingmen are unregarded. The antagonisms of a false organization of society, press in upon and overpower him on all sides. Deprived of his right in the land which God created for the benefit and sustenance of every child of Adam, the very wealth or capital which the working man produces by the labor of his hands, is converted into a mechanical power, which wields its strength against the architect. The few are protected in their possession of the earth, which in many cases, was obtained by conquest, and transmitted by purchase or inheritance from an original title of force; but the great mass of mankind have no acknowledged vested right, even in life itself. To the poor, the right to live, implies the right to work at living wages; and this right is neither protected nor acknowledged. The poor man holds his life at the sufferance of a master or employer.

LOWELL INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS. We learn from the report of the Treasurer of the Lowell Institution for Savings, JAMES G. CARNEY Esq., that 1672 new accounts have been opened within the last year, depositing, with other depositors, \$330,471 56; and 1181 accounts have been closed, withdrawing, together with partial payments on accounts not closed, \$254,450 61; leaving an increase of \$76,020 95 in the amount deposited. This increase is much the largest which has ever taken place in the year succeeding the division of the surplus profits. Many of the larger deposits being withdrawn, after these settlements, to meet

engagements made to run out just at such time as will enable the holders to realize their share of the extra dividend. Over sixty thousand dollars, principally of this description of deposits, was paid out in the first six weeks of the year. The income during the year is, also, larger than the gain of any previous year, in the relative addition to the number of the depositors, as compared with the amount deposited — a very desirable result, as showing an extended use of the institution by the class for whose benefit such institutions are especially established.

For the Harbinger.

LETTER ON EDUCATION.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Your letter of last week, just read, contains questions which are put to us constantly in writing and otherwise by friends and correspondents from all parts of the country, and I would make my reply to it the occasion of gratifying a wish I have long had to give a more general and thorough answer to these inquiries, than can be done in an ordinary letter. Many persons, as deeply interested as ourselves, in the Associative doctrines, — clinging to them as the only hope of our degraded race, and sincerely desirous of educating their children in some associated family, — have yet many very natural and justifiable misgivings with regard to the safety of doing so, in the present early stage of our rude attempts at forming the Combined Order. The question is constantly asked by these and others, what advantages does Association at present offer, to induce a parent to remove a child from a well regulated school in society, to your rude and rough pioneer life? Can there be any at all? My answer is, I believe this life, rude and rough as it is, to be the true germ of the life of Humanity. With my convictions, I recognize no other mode of life — as life; I cannot and dare not lead any other.

Every hour is proving it to be the best for me — the brightest, most generous, and thorough school I have ever entered. I see it doing the same for others. If it educates my nature and theirs as no other influence can, it must be good for my child and yours; if I dare not refuse it to myself, how dare I refuse it to them. But answers more in detail will be claimed by the careful parent, and I will speak of the advantages for education which we believe we possess — acknowledging in the first instance, frankly and humbly, the existence of as many disadvantages and short comings of all sorts, as any reasonable critic could detect, though we shall not take up in detail this side of the subject.

In the first place, an Associative domain affords space for the child. How many of the offences of childhood, against which the unwise and unsympathizing

are constantly warring, and for which the wise and loving, though less annoyed by them, are always seeking a remedy, are caused by the want of room. We coop and cage them, like the poor goldfinch of Cowper, and then expect instead of fretting and complaining, to hear the music of their songs. We confine them to apartments and gardens where we have collected all things most rare and costly to gratify our own taste, and necessarily every free and joyous movement of the young being just bursting into life must be checked and rebuked, or our order is deranged. What is domestic education generally? It is the protection of property against the assaults of children, and the shielding delicate nerves from the sounds of their voices. The young child just entering upon its joyous life, claims by every sound and motion, room — room to expand, to try its new found powers, — to shout, to rush, to dance; and it is a just claim too, not arbitrarily advanced, like that of man, to gratify his selfish desires, but made by the Creator himself when he gave a nature that demanded this room for expansion.

Home is the centre of joy to all loving parents and children; but with what a limited circumference! The first anxious thought of the paternal heart, when the earliest childhood is past, and sometimes before, is, where shall this boy or girl be placed; for from home they must go, or a completely rounded, generous education, combining the full variety of absolutely necessary influences cannot be procured. And is it not surprising that being brought to this necessity, parents have not seen that their homes must be united to other homes, and planted in a wider circle, which can draw into it the greatest variety of influences necessary to the preparation of manly and womanly life? In society, the child, when sent abroad, is either planted in another small circle of private life, or thrown into a large public institution, which is neither linked by any element of tenderness to the home left behind, nor to the future by any arrangement founded upon the knowledge of life as it is. Thus education is a large fragment of life, divided off from the past and future of our experience, dislocated, arbitrary, isolated from the actual, instead of an harmonious transition from childhood to manhood. We then modestly but confidently dare to offer Association to parents as the larger home of their children; and what do they require but a larger home! Do not these two words contain all that the most exacting parent can demand for them?

Our analysis of a large home, would contain a system of education as complete as we are capable of making. The length of my letter forbids my attempting

it now, but I hope the impulse to do so will be prolonged until I can write you again. L.

GENERAL AIM OF THE ASSOCIATIVE SCHOOL.

[Translated from the *Phalange*.]

What essentially characterizes the Associative school, is the common faith of its members in universal Association, considered as the law of providential Destiny, and their common will to labor for the realization of this holy formula in Humanity.

It is in truth from this aim that our school has taken its name; it is to this aim that it directs all its ideas, all its efforts. All that tends to this aim it accepts; all that is found contrary to it, were it in its own centre, were it in the writings of Fourier, its founder, it is ready to condemn, and demands to do this, but the proof of this contradiction.

But not to leave the door open to vague or vicious interpretations of the tendencies of the School, we will define the idea that it attaches to the word Association. By Association, we understand a harmonious assemblage of active and intelligent beings freely forming a union and society in order to create the conditions for the development of their individual and collective destinies, and establishing among themselves such relations, that unity of action or general accord may be maintained by the free will, by the spontaneous concert of individual action. This union is of such a kind that the absolute order of the whole coexists with the absolute independence of the parts, and that the development of the total activity maintains itself at the maximum of its energy while all the particular forces zealously yield the fulness of their power to the collective work.

Our definition will be complete, if we observe that Association, according to this formula, exacts evidently two primary conditions, without which, it would be foolish to believe it possible with men such as nature furnishes on the earth. These two conditions, each a *sine qua non*, are relative, — the first, to the collective production of the means of developing the destinies of associated beings, in other words, to the creation of wealth and social advantages of all kinds, and to a true system of labor, — the second, to the division of these advantages to individuals, that is to say, to the system according to which is distributed to each, that part which belongs to him of all the social advantages created by the collective body.

In fact, to the end that Association, such as we have defined it, may maintain and develop itself, — in order that the associates may unite in social labor to the ex-

test of their strength, and without any species of constraint, physical or moral, direct or indirect, active or passive, it is evidently necessary; first, that the organization of labor should have power to create the strongest attractions for the execution of all functions; second, that the system of distribution of social advantages of all kinds, grades, titles, positions, &c. — should allot them to the associates according to the laws of individual justice and common interest so rigorously as to command without reserve and without possible dissatisfaction the assent of all the members. Such are the two essential, absolute and sovereign conditions for solving the problem of human Association, the two great enigmas that the genius of man was called to solve to attain the end sought by all the instinctive efforts of Humanity. The solution of them makes possible the coexistence of Order with Liberty in society, or more explicitly, the full development of every individual, while he comes spontaneously and legitimately into order in the absolute Unity of the species.

The meaning of this formula which is the expression of the systematic composition of all beings in a normal state is easy to comprehend by the observation of a solar system. The stars which form a systematic group, a series, or which together form a constellation, obeying in all their movements only the mutual attractions that they experience, afford the image of a perfectly unitary and measured society or system, whose harmony preserves itself by an act, constantly renewed, of full reciprocal attraction, or of the free will of all its elements.

These systematic elements, these social individuals, are united and at the same time perfectly free and independent. This law is that of the normal state of beings. Universal order exists but by it, in the whole and in its parts, Attraction being the only elementary and primitive force of life, and all living creatures being only constellations of diverse degrees and diverse powers, the elements of which may be called molecules or monads, men, stars, systems, universes, biniverses, etc.

The two problems before-mentioned are indissolubly connected one to the other; the solution of the second, — equity in the distribution of social advantages — is evidently the superior and primary condition for the solution of the first, — passionate concert of individuals for the production of social advantages. They form the Gordian knot of the social question.

Those who speak of Social Economy and the laws of society, without admitting and solving scientifically these two problems, or who solve them according to sentiment alone, do not comprehend even

the fundamental conditions of the social question, of the free concurrence and the full accord of the individual in the collective unity. As to the rest, many minds do not admit the possibility of this permanent and absolute coincidence of liberty and order in society; of this full assent of the individual to the social system; of this voluntary and passionate agreement of all the parts in the general concert; of this perfect arrangement of the system and of the entire independence of the elements which compose it; in a word, of the hierarchical and voluntary union of individuals, of families, of nations, and races in the harmonious and living synthesis of the great Humanitary Being. Many believe at this time that between the individual and collective whole, there exists an essential and fatal antagonism, and it appears to them more than chimerical to suppose that in any imaginable state of things, the greatest energy and the greatest unity of the whole can always correspond to the highest energy and to the most perfect personal independence of the social elements. We will not now endeavor to undeceive those who think thus, and to show them that what seems to them so senseless a conception, is the fundamental law, the universal and necessary law of nature.

We will say only that this folly is the express belief of the Associative school, and that this belief is not only for it a faith, but even a scientific certainty, a clear conviction, and that it determines the aim of its activity.

POETRY.

THE WORSHIP OF LIFE.

FROM THE NEW JERUSALEM MAGAZINE.

I saw a way ascending where bright hills,
Serene and beautiful, lay far above
The snowy mountain tops of earth that
pierced
The cloudless ether. Thither I went up,
Till on the summit of the hills I stood
In their pure atmosphere, as on the pavement
Of the great temple of the universe;
Of whose sublime and thousand-pillared
dome,
The azure canopy that curtains earth
Is but a single arch. There, as I stood,
A strain of melody came to my ear,
Like a deep organ peal of lofty tone,
Whose bass was as a rolling thunder's voice,
Yet calm as mighty, and serene as deep;
Filled up with sweet and wondrous harmonies,
As though the voices of all ocean's waves
Were joined with all the voices which the
wind
Brings from each mighty thing that bears its
blast
With giant firmness, and each fragile thing
That bends before its gentlest whisperings.
With such profound solemnity that psalm
Its mighty and o'erpowering cadence swelled,

Yet with such gentleness and sweetness
filled,
Inspiring calmest peace and heavenly trust,
I could but kneel in adoration deep;
And though I saw no living creature near,
I felt as though the universe of life
Were present, joined with me in worship
there.
Surely, thought I, some seraph choir is near,
Who celebrate their Sabbath here unseen.

As thus I listened, on my vision came,
As in a living picture, earth's fair fields,
Subdued to man's dominion, and replete
With the activity of busy life,
In labor not in vain for human good.
There all the elements of nature tolled
Ceaseless for man, his tributaries all,
To drive his wheels, his spindles, and his
looms,

To forge his shafts, and over sea and land
His burdens and his messages to bear.
There issued forth the ploughman with his
plough,

That cleft with heavy sound the fertile sod,
Down at the mower's feet the whistling
scythe

Laid low the blooming burden of the field,
While creaking wains conveyed the treasure
home.

There rose the vintage shout and harvest
song.

Nor wanting was the lowing of the herd,
And bleat of flocks, and each sweet rural
sound.

In forest deep the woodman's heavy stroke
Loud echoed, while the quarry and the mine
With din of labor sent their treasures forth.
The smith incessantly his anvil beat,
While saws and hammers with tumultuous
strife

Resounded, as the builders labored on
To rear up cities, where the pulse of life
Beats more intensely, and the willing hand
Finds largest scope to scatter blessings round.
There to the wave of living sound were
joined

The carol of the boatman at his oar,
And sailor's shout, as with his brawny arm
He lifts the anchor, and unfurls the sail,
That speeds the wealth of nations o'er the
breast

Of ocean, gathered from remotest shores.
All these, with every sound of human joy,
And hope, and every tone that nature
breathes

From her sweet instruments, together rose
To swell that anthem of sublimest praise.

All in one harmony can love combine,
Because one blessing is within them all;
And their rude jar to melody refine,
As it ascends on angels' ears to fall.

Man hears indeed but discord, when his heart
Is clogged by selfish passions to the flow
Of those pure influences, that impart
To all his being warm affection's glow.

When thus he opens the soul's inner doors,
Heaven breathes upon him, and attunes
his ear

To hear the harmony which love restores,
As from their homes of peace the angels
hear.

The mere material sound forgotten quite,
In presence of that spirit which displays
This truth before him in heaven's clearest
light:

*Use to the neighbor is God's highest
praise.*

Love in its bosom doth all blessings bear:
Worship without it is a lifeless thing:
The breath of charity alone is prayer,
Lifting the soul from earth on hallowed
wing.

As from this high communion man descends,
And to perform his daily duty goes,
Still with his inner thoughts that chorus
blends,
Which on his spirit's ear so sweetly rose.

The brotherhood of labor he esteems
No servile bondage which he fain would
break;
But rather, like a golden chain, it seems
To bind all hearts in concord, and to make
All hands subservient to one common cause,
The good of all, enjoined by Heaven's eter-
nal laws. D. H. R.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

THE SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS.

We make room for the following communication from HENRY JAMES Esq. of Albany, drawn forth by our recent criticism of his lecture on "the State," gladly and for several reasons. In the first place, we engage with pleasure in a conference upon the subjects of Mr James' letter, with a fellow student,—if we may use so much presumption,—and friendly competitor for the establishment of the truth, who has already given evidence that his mind does not dwell upon the most abstruse and weighty questions fruitlessly or in vain; in the second place, the views of the combined order which he presents are by no means new to us,—though we have not often encountered them in so philosophical a form;—we had previously contemplated an article upon them, so that we are now quite willing to enter upon their discussion; besides we confess a satisfaction heightened somewhat by its rarity, in replying to a criticism upon the doctrine of Association, free alike from prejudice, presumption and narrow absurdity.

One word with regard to the title at the head of our remarks. We mean by the Social and Religious movements no special schemes or temporary manifesta-

tions either in Society or the Church, but those two great correlative movements as they have acted, now act, and will act hereafter in Humanity, proceeding alike, as we believe, from the Divine Providence, and tending by reciprocal influences to the highest end of man's being on earth. We say this because we desire our readers to regard the subject in its universality, and to form their conclusions from observations of the broadest character; moreover it will be our aim even in such remarks of special application as we may make, to unfold general principles and their consequences rather than to discuss personal opinions.

And now for Mr. James' letter.

To the Editors of the Harbinger:

The friendly tone of your recent notice of my lecture encourages me to attempt a brief rejoinder, since I conceive you have somewhat misapprehended my design and done disservice to truth.

You define the State as "the most general mode of man's social condition," and again as "the existing force and form of public order." Elsewhere you say that I have set forth "the end and cause of society, but its means, that is its order, is not distinctly spoken of, and is even in a great measure confounded with its cause;" that I have properly made society to proceed "from the primal divine unity, but have failed to indicate the corresponding divine order through which alone it can reach its end." This is the sum of your criticism. But it is easy to see that this criticism proceeds upon a sheer oversight of my design, and that while we are both talking of the end of society, we are all the while regarding very different ends. I am considering the social State in its relation to the moral or inward life; you, in its wholly subordinate relation to the natural or outward life. I am considering the primary end of the social State, which is the development of the moral or immortal in man. I have showed,—the only thing I proposed to show—how this end is accomplished in man by his diligent fulfilment of all those providential, because universal relations, which he is under towards every other man, and which are indicated by the terms husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, friend and neighbor. These relations are not the outgrowth of will, but of his very nature. They pertain to all men alike, and are inseparable from humanity under whatever conditions of order or disorder it may be placed with respect to the natural life. So far as man, individually or collectively, fulfils the duties of these relations, so far the social or moral, that is to say, the distinctively human life finds its development in him. So far as he fails to fulfil them, so

far does the distinctively human life fail of development in him. They constitute the only eternal order for man, the eternal channel through which the social State proceeds from its essential ground in the divine unity to actual manifestation on the earth. Let man's relations to the natural life be what they may, let them be in the highest degree orderly or disorderly, the force of these social obligations remains the same, and will be always equally felt in the determination of his character or destiny.

But you on the other hand demand a statement of that conventional order which shall be found most conducive to the perfect development of the natural life, which shall ensure the most perfect equalization among men of the bounties of the earth. I call it a *conventional* order, because, whatever basis it may prove to have in the instincts and passions of man, its practical applications depend upon the will of society, or will never take place until society grows into a perception of its fitness to the end proposed. It characterizes an advanced *period* of human society. And hence you will at once perceive that if I had undertaken to announce or explicate any such order, I should have violated my design which was purely to show what it is which characterizes humanity as humanity, and constitutes the sole generic difference between man and the brute. If I had sought these characteristic marks in any of those methods which men have elaborated for the prosecution of natural good, then, inasmuch as these things are by their very nature conventional, or not absolutely necessary to man, my design would have degenerated into a partial exhibition of Humanity, into an exhibition of it not as it is by the very exigency of its creation in the divine Love, but as it is at a particular stage of its earthly history. It would have been a picture of man in his old age or maturity, with the periods of infancy and manhood left out.

I have no idea of hazarding a judgment on the principles of the Phalanstery, in the present state of my knowledge, but my impression is that they cannot claim to furnish a due natural ultimatum of the social State in its present stage of development; that they are rather *prophetic* of future possibilities, than clearly indicative of present. Let me explain. The social or moral life is the distinctive state of man, and consequently that state has of necessity a positive and negative aspect, which are respectively expressed by the terms good and evil, angelic and diabolic. Every individual man and every collective man or society, becomes morally pronounced or defined by his equal subjection [equilibrium between!] to these opposite poles, so that if you take

them away, you take away the whole field of moral existence, leaving behind only a brute universe. The social state inalienably exacts this bipolarity, and man's social life or death ensues in so far as he freely inclines to the one pole or the other: his life, in so far as he inclines to love or the positive pole; his death, in so far as he inclines to self-love, or the negative pole. Now the natural universe, inasmuch as it is purely the outgrowth or effect of this higher or social universe, must necessarily reflect in all its phenomena this inseparable bipolarity of its original. It must exhibit useful and noxious vegetation, useful and noxious animation, growth and decay, health and disease, joy and sorrow, wealth and poverty. In so far as evil in the social or moral universe, or the universal mind of man, becomes strictly subordinate to good, in so far as self-love becomes subordinated to love, as the foundation of a house to its superstructure, in so far will the evil aspect of nature disappear under the good, in so far will noxious vegetation and animation and all the haggard ills which flesh is heir to, disappear before its positive and advancing goods.

Now it seems to me that you, in your eagerness to organize the Phalanstery, lose sight of this constitution of things, and would have the heavens descend at once upon the earth, not by the orderly subjugation of the hells, but by the entire contempt of their legitimate operation. You would restore the lost Paradise not by the true method of purifying the human heart from its inordinate lusts, and the consequent opening of new channels for the divine power to reach the earth, but by a direct appeal to man's self-love. I do not say that your scheme necessarily appeals to self-love. I only mean to say that it allows you to appeal to love or self-love indifferently, because it proposes a mode of social organization whereby man may realize the greatest possible amount of external good, let his moral or interior attitude towards goodness be what it may. Hence it does in effect deny to the natural sphere that double or bipolar aspect which is in truth inseparable from it as the outgrowth of the social or moral sphere. And hence also the Phalanstery appears to me without a basis in nature, unless it be nature at a much more forward stage of its redemption than the present.

I can easily conceive how at a future period of human history, when nature shall have become more fully redeemed from corruption, this, or some similar scheme of organization shall be demanded by the necessities of the natural life. The time will assuredly come in the merciful providence of God, when the lion

and the lamb shall lie down together, or when self-love shall become subordinated to uses wholly heavenly. When by the moral regeneration of man the sphere of hell becomes perfectly subject to that of heaven, or when in other words evil in the mind of man has become perfectly subject to good, (which clearly is the great promise of Christianity,) then unquestionably an appeal may be made to self-love without prejudice to divine order, because self-love according to the very terms of the proposition will then be subordinated to love. Hell of course will never become heaven, or self-love will never become love, but the former will become perfectly subject to the latter, and strictly promotive of its uses. And consequently its aspirations may be met without injury to divine order, without prejudice to human destiny. If therefore the principles of the Phalanstery have the basis which is claimed for them in the laws of man's nature, I can very well see how they promise to be practically realized at the period alluded to. But that period is yet prospective. It is the inheritance preparing for that new and crowning church which is even now descending from God out of heaven, and which is destined to exhibit on earth the perfect marriage of goodness and truth. But as yet the principles of the old church abound in all hearts; self-love is still at open war with love, and has scarcely begun to realize the truth, nor consequently to calculate the advantages of its inevitable subjection; and it seems to me vain therefore for you to expect any order of industrial harmony to take present root and flourish. What seems the dictate of wisdom to you and me and every one else who has the melioration of society at heart, is that we should direct our efforts not so much towards outward organization, for which the mind of man is not ripe and which must therefore be unproductive of any great results, as to the dissemination of heavenly truth, which may persuade men first of all to forsake their natural evils, and then admit the life which lies only in goodness. I believe we shall help the Phalanstery on, if it be a good, much more effectually by this method than by any more seemingly direct; though I am very far from presuming to pass judgment upon these more direct methods.

I shall be glad then to look upon your scheme as a tribute of science to Christianity, or as an added prophecy in the scientific plane of the approaching redemption of nature; but my knowledge is sadly imperfect, and I wait therefore for further instruction from you. I am sorry my letter has grown so long, but I must plead the old excuse of lack of time to make it shorter. Yours, &c.

Albany, May 1.

H. JAMES.

The two divisions of the above letter, — the rejoinder to our criticism and the remarks upon Association, we will consider separately, although the thoughts they contain are so nearly related that in so doing we may find it necessary to repeat in one place what we have said in another.

We are not yet prepared to acknowledge that we did not fairly interpret Mr. James, though we would cheerfully do so were it made to appear. But on the contrary we cannot resist the impression that the leading thought of our remarks is confirmed rather than refuted by his strictures. Our objections to his definition of "the State" we must still regard as well founded, for if that term means what it is universally understood to mean, if "the State" be what the consent of all writers on the subject, so far as our knowledge extends, has admitted it to be, our criticism holds good and Mr. James, unintentionally doubtless, did to a great extent confound it with its efficient cause, the social affections in Man. Nay we will go farther and say, what we did not before say, as we did not care to enter on that part of the subject, that he also, to a great extent, confounded it with the Church, whereas it is a thing distinct from the social principle in Man and from the Church, though coexistent with both and dependent upon them. The gist of our criticism was that Mr. James displayed an oversight of the *intellectual* (we use this word for lack of a better) *principle of order*, which is in some degree an element of every integer whatever. But this is not to require an exposition of any special forms of the State ever devised by tyrants, elaborated by politicians, or produced by the instincts of the masses. We merely designed to assert a most important fact in the social movement, which we conceived the writer had not done justice to, or rather had left wholly out of account. Accordingly we declared, that while exposing the cause of Society, namely, the Unity of Humanity, and its final end, namely, the Harmonic Life of Humanity, he had not touched upon its means, namely, Harmonic Order. But we were throughout as far from confining ourselves to the merely natural or sensual life of Man as Mr. James possibly could be; we also were considering the unfolding of the human, immortal principle within him, and for that we do not hesitate to assert that a social order corresponding to that principle, harmonious with it, is as necessary as pure air to the lungs, or healthy food to the nourishment of the body. It is as impossible that the universal human relations, in the diligent fulfilment of which Mr. James makes the evolution and growth of the inward life to consist, — should be ful-

filled in the true sense of the word, in a social sphere not in accordance with the affections which are their originating causes, as it would be to teach Plato's philosophy of ideas to Hottentots, or to grow figs at the North Pole. We felt moreover that when having stated clearly and forcibly the ground of the social state, Mr. James, not confining himself to that, though it doubtless was his main object, proceeded with the eloquence of an enlightened and hopeful man to anticipate its future harmonic manifestation, he was bound as a logical thinker, to speak of the only imaginable *means* by which such a manifestation can take place. To use the phraseology of the New Church, while he asserted the Love and the Use of Society, he ought not to have omitted the Wisdom, or Science of that Love, which is no less essential to the moral life of Man than to his natural life. Mr. James' prophecy of the future was indeed mainly uttered from the religious standpoint; but from that no less than from the moral or the natural, even the most hasty view cannot escape the charge of glaring incompleteness if it neglect to notice the necessity of a Social Science, both for present use and future progress.

It was not then with reference to the natural life or to the distribution of its goods, that we meant to speak. We did not find fault with Mr. James because his design did not extend to all the spheres of human existence, but solely because in the sphere which it did include we conceived that he had omitted an important part of the truth; because having proposed to himself the question, "What constitutes the State?" his reply was hardly more complete than if having inquired what constitutes the human body, he had contented himself with simply answering, 'the vital principle.'

It is to be remarked moreover, that the true laws of order in society are not merely human, temporary, conventional. They date from no power of mortal intellect, from no state of human perception, from no period of society. Their authority rests on no consent of the will of man, on no suffrage of his judgment, on no aspirations of his heart. Eternal as the Wisdom which is their source, august as the Universe in which in various degrees they are manifested, they are not less divine and reverend than that Goodness of which they are forms, or that Truth of which they make a part. And as there is unity throughout the universe, there is implanted in Humanity a tendency to these laws of universal order, a necessity for them which can never be eradicated, as an element of its very nature, belonging to it from its origin, essential to its idea, however in the ignorance and imperfection of infancy

and of disease it may act contrary to them. That infancy and that disease are not the permanent, the true condition of Humanity, and any exposition of the absolute principles of the social state which sets forth no principle which cannot be found in distinct manifestation in its infancy, is, we must maintain, exceedingly incomplete. With this explanation, which from necessity is so brief as to do justice neither to the subject nor our own view of it, and often, we fear, obscures rather than expresses our meaning, we will pass to the second and more important part of Mr. James' communication.

Of this we will say at the beginning, that a thorough discussion would require more space than can be given in the Harbinger. To answer satisfactorily all the points which Mr. James opens would require many books elaborated with the most earnest, reverent, and successful study. With regard to most of the questions he suggests, we can promise ourselves only the barest hints at their solution; our sole hope is that the few and feeble words we may be enabled to say will not be found altogether worthless.

The earthly career of the human race consists of four distinct movements, as follows:

<p>The Natural or Sensual, The Moral or Social, The Intellectual or Scientific,</p>	<p>} The RELIGIOUS OR SPIRITUAL,</p>
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proceeding respectively under the Divine Providence, from the Material, the Social, the Intellectual, and the Religious principles in Man. They comprise the whole progressive life of the race, and its history is simply the history of their stages and periods. Now as the religious nature in Man is the highest element of his being, the soul of his soul, the central receptacle of that inflowing Life from the Divine, on which in truth his existence is utterly dependent,—as it is, to use a distinction of Swedenborg's which ought to be generally understood and applied in science, a *discreet* degree above the passions or affections of his soul, and not a *continuous* degree in the same plane with them,—it follows that it is in the religious movement that the Divine is especially manifested, as in the supreme phase of Humanity, the pivotal evolution of its being, the inmost and most vital activity to which all other is subordinate.

Now as the love of the neighbor is the counterpart and body of the love of God, as it is in the human affections that the Divine influence is incorporated into the proper life of Man, so the social movement is the counterpart and first medium of the religious. Hence it is plainly but legitimate that they should ad-

vance together; that every higher manifestation of spiritual power should be accompanied by a corresponding step in social progress, and that by new ameliorations society should ever afford to the church of God a broader and worthier sphere of operations. Thus then the social movement depends upon the religious, as it were, for its life. And as it receives its life through the religious, so on the other hand it looks to the natural for the necessary conditions of its existence, and to the intellectual for its forms, its laws of order. Thus all are indissolubly connected and mutually dependent as are the spirit, the soul, the mind, and the body of a man. But before going farther we will notice that as the individual man is first natural and then spiritual, so it may be with the collective man. The most rigorous logic cannot forbid the social movement from proceeding far in advance of the religious in the *natural plane*, so that we should be guilty of no offence against the most stringent severity of reasoning, or yet against the Church, did we attempt thus to carry it forward, which however we do not.

Now let us glance at the present state of the religious and the natural movements, and see, if in urging forward the social from the grounds of the scientific, we are in any way premature, or if we have failed to understand the will of the Divine Providence as it stands expressed for this time.

In the first place, the natural movement has gained a point which not only surpasses every old conception of human ability, but opens a future that defies imagination. Modern industry has created the material means of existence in untold extent and variety. It has provided in profusion the natural conditions of a higher moral life of Humanity; it has filled its coffers with wealth, it has bound distant nations together in bonds of friendship, it has subdued to the service of man the powers of nature, it has opened the thoroughfares of kindly activity all over the earth, and now waits like a conqueror to lay its trophies in glory and in joy at the feet of its Lord.

On the other hand the religious world has never been so stirred by the Spirit of God as now. In each nerve and fibre it is alive with new power. Every where it abounds in a faith, a hope, an inspiration, an expectation that it has not had before. In the restless yearnings which we meet with at every point for new communications of spiritual truth as well as in the holy aspiration of a million souls for a fuller communion with the Lord of Life, for a more radiant piety and a more glowing love, we see more than prophetic intimations of the beginning of a new age. "Even now," says Mr. James,

"the new and crowning Church is descending from God out of heaven," and every wise observer must attest the fact.

And not only do we thus behold a higher development of the religious life of Humanity, but every hour brings to our ears innumerable demands for a purer code and practice of morals. A sense of human brotherhood, of the Universal Unity of man with man, and of the universal and perfect justice which that requires, is awakened and is burning like beacon fires on every hill-top. No human being, however low and degraded, however crushed and kept down by false influences; no dying beggar or plundered traveller on the road of life, but is visited and cheered by messengers of mercy. The slave in his chains, the prisoner in his dungeon, the pauper in his hovel, the fainting laborer in his workshop, every oppressed and lost son of Adam is consoled by a new philanthropy, and encouraged by a new hope. And while no social wrong, however venerable its age, however protected by the dignity of its position and the magnitude of the interests it involves, is safe against the roused spirit of Humanity, there rises on all sides, often perhaps unconsciously, an instinctive, irrepressible desire for the science of providential order, for the Divine laws of society, for the forms of clean and holy human relations. The new forces acting in the moral world demand to be *organized*, and that in no false or arbitrary manner.

At the beginning of the epoch fraught with such momentous issues, there appeared in a country where the festering of old corruption had burst forth more fearful and destructive than a volcano, where social evils had reached their climax, a man endowed with a rare grandeur and power of intellect, driven on by a great love of Justice and Truth, who after many years of patient and faithful investigation declared that he had discovered the laws of the social movement, and that he had found out that moral and industrial Code which God fore-ordained for the government of man. We believe that he did make such a discovery, and that his doctrine, though not free from error, is fundamentally true.

For ourselves we do not look upon the vast circle of facts to which we have alluded, without an awe which we are unable to put into language. The descent of a higher life into the Church, the aspirations and endeavors of society, the prodigious material preparations, and then the clear voice of science proclaiming that Divine Law which will bring confusion into harmony, and satisfy every noble tendency, every heavenly impulse! Such are the phenomena of the age.

Who would not stand before them as in the solemnity of a Divine presence!

In view of all these facts, do we misconceive the purpose of Providence? are we presumptuous or precipitate when with all the earnestness that is in our souls we devote ourselves to the reform of the social organization? If we are, let the New Testament be our justification. "Do ye unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." Our only aim is to organize society according to the morality of that little sentence.

But it is time to take up the particular views of Mr. James more directly, and to ascertain, if we can, whether they are well founded. With regard to the bipolarity of the moral world and of nature, we confess that we do not understand how the doctrine of Association neglects that fact. Without entering into any discussion of the abstract question, we will consider for a moment, Mr. James' practical statement. We appeal, he says, to love or to self-love indifferently, inasmuch as we propose a scheme of society which promises to every man the greatest possible amount of external good, let him be inwardly either good or evil. But it should not be forgotten that we make this promise on the inexorable condition of uprightness, faithfulness, a complete regard for the rights of other men, and a zealous endeavor to advance the common interest; in other words, on the outward fulfilment of the requisitions of the highest morality. We suppose that no human society at any stage of perfection, can ever do more than this. If it be thought an objection to the Combined Order that it appeals in behalf of justice and truth to the self-love of those who are inaccessible to higher considerations, we answer, that thus it does no more than the Providence of God, which operates universally, by motives adapted to the states of all its subjects, a truth which Mr. James at least cannot need to learn from us. In so doing, we do, as we think, precisely what Mr. James thinks we do not do; we recognize the evil as well as the good, and subordinate self-love to love by means wholly legitimate. One word more on this point: a selfish man is not worse but better, and nearer to a true reception of the divine influences, if even from selfish motives he is brought to perform unselfish actions. So that as far as a basis in Nature is concerned, we conceive that Association is not without it.

As to the practical realization of the principles of Associative unity, it has never been contended, even by the most enthusiastic of their disciples, that they could at once be put into full operation. Indeed that would be contradictory to their very idea, which is that of progressive development. But we do maintain

that very great ameliorations, most radical changes of the social organization are not only now possible, but are of absolute, imperative, pressing necessity. The high harmonies of after ages are not what we now aspire to; we do not wish, or believe it desirable or possible, that the social movement should so far precede the religious as that; but we do affirm solemnly and not from any hasty sentiment, that the religious life of this nation and this age requires a new form of society for its manifestation. Shall the infant New Church * languish in the corrupt body of the old civilization? We do not so read the indications of Divine Providence.

"The mind of man," says Mr. James, "is not yet ripe for outward organization. We shall do a better service by directing our efforts to the dissemination of heavenly truth." We yield to no man in faith in truth, and in its universal efficacy. But it is practical rather than abstract truth that a large majority of mankind stand in need of. Take, for example, the myriads who are victims of the civilized system of industry, imbruted in body and stupefied in soul by its unnatural toil and low anxieties,—take the population of an English manufacturing city, and what ought first to be done for them? Why the first thing is to elevate them into a better material condition, give them an organization of labor, which shall be a *form* of love and justice, which shall ensure constant employment and the just fruits of their skill and strength, make them independent men, and guarantee their independence and that of their children, and then we shall have established the basis for their moral improvement, but until we have that they are deaf alike to the tenderness of John and the zeal of Paul. But do we need any argument to show that truth cannot exist, much less operate in an uncongenial, a hostile sphere? We trust not.

But we must put an end to our remarks. We hope our readers will pardon us their brevity and abstract character. It would hardly be possible to go over so great a space otherwise. The various points which we have thus glanced at, we shall hereafter have frequent occasion to discuss more fully and practically.

¶ One of the most fatal sins of civilization is its oppression of woman. She is not an entity but an appendage to her family or her husband. She has no independent existence except in a few happy exceptions where the force of character or of peculiar circumstances bring her out of the routine of life, as if just to show us what is possible.

* We use this term in its universal signification.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, —.

As to the Law of the Series, I have thought that the foundation of it is to be found in the knowledge of the Regulating Passions. It is a great aid in construing Fourier, to keep constantly in mind that he always gives the *results*, and very seldom the *processes* or the metaphysical *ground* and *origin* of his thought. He has named his Mechanizing Passions from the results alone, and it requires some thought to find out their real *nature* or *objects*. This I have done partially, but not fully, of course. I will give you my idea in brief.

Every passion is a living spiritual force, or source of activity, yet a spiritual organism, and strives to realize itself outwardly in some materialization, which it does by *influx*, as Swedenborg calls it, and the conjunction of the passion with this outward manifestation, is the cause of its development.* The outward manifestation of the passion is its *type*—(hence the doctrine that every *mentality* has its *correspondence* in a materiality.) But how does the passion *flow* into its type,—indiscriminately, or according to fixed laws of order? Fourier says according to order;—and the *regulating* passions or impulses are those which constitute these laws of order. They are the *form* of each one of the passions in their development, or as Swedenborg has it, they are the Wisdom of the Soul. Sound is the *type* of the passion *hearing*—color, of sight—form, of touch, &c.; or we may call these types, the *forms* of the passions to whose proper *forms* they correspond,—and both are organizations. When the passion of hearing flows into its type, the following is the law which it obeys. Suppose that do is the note struck—the sound is delightful to the passion, for a certain length of time, when it seems to become *full* or *saturated*, if I may use the expression, and desires to change to some other division or subdivision of sound which will equally delight it. *Change* then, or *ALTERNATION* is the *result* of this first inward law of development.

Here we have the Papillon of Fourier, which leads to divisions and subdivisions in endless variety of the common type of any passion. But is this change from one variety of a note to another indiscriminate, or does it proceed according to Law? The latter, certainly; for a *preference*, founded upon the nature of the passion in each individual, is expressed as to which sound shall be next selected. Or—

* This is a *simple* view—a *compound* view would show that the passion develops its type and the type its passion, by a mutual action which may be called *influx* and *reflux* or *efflux*.

der, then, is the second *law* of development,—the result of which will be, as is easy to see, *CABALISM*. You prefer *MI*, I prefer *SOL*. The very fact of making a choice, pledges our whole character to the excellence of our respective preferences. This brings us at once into contrast—we labor to know the superiority of our choice—hence *refinement*—intrigue—*CABALISM*. In other words, the first law of passion life is *change*, the second, *arrangement*, which implies, *assorting*; therefore *discrimination* or judgment, therefore *contrast*, thence opposition or *repulsion*, and finally intrigue or cabalism.

This brings us to the third law, which is an impulse or tendency to *combine* two or more divisions of the common type into one, in order to enhance the enjoyment which is derived from each; so that the passion may be called the *combining*, the *fusing*, the *melting*, or the *enthusiastic* passion—*COMPOSITISM*. The first passion, *CHANGE*, is not consequently indefinite or miscellaneous in its development, but is governed by the other two, for each passion *inflows* into all the others. Alternation does not lead to an endless *unrelated* variety, but to a variety which has relation to the previous types into which it has flowed—a relation of *contact* and a relation of *accord*. It produces then perpetual change, but it is a *recurring* change, as is shown in musical notes,—the immense variety of which, on the same instrument and on all instruments, is but the repetition of the simple diatonic scale of seven primaries.—These passions of the intellect or wisdom might be called Analysis, Dialectics and Synthesis, or the analysing, the relating and the combining passions. The natural method of study, on any subject, is as Bacon has very incompletely established,—the accumulation of facts, the perception of their differences, and consequently the combination of their harmonies. This would give us the individual sciences—but to get at the universal science, which is *Passional science*, the principle of universal unity must be brought in, and the differences and accords of all investigated together—which will bring us to the highest expression of the law of development. G.

WARWICK, May 1st, 1846.

Will you permit one, who feels a sincere interest in Association, to express the hope, that you will reconsider the intention (recently hinted at in your paper) of abandoning, for the present, the attempt to build a Unitary Dwelling. I was, like so many others, deeply pained at hearing of your "*fiery trials*." But I cannot help thinking, that this loss will be, within no long time, repaired by the

voluntary contributions of those interested in your enterprise. There are more of these, than you perhaps dream, sprinkled over our land, like salt to preserve Civilization from putrefaction. Wherever there are minds really *alive*, no matter in what profession or occupation, there the conviction is daily growing stronger from daily observation, that the *Social Man* needs re-forming *as much*, to say the least, as the *Man Individual*. It is a disheartening spectacle for the philanthropic reformer, to behold *new* victims *made* by a vitiated and vitiating social system, quite as fast as the old ones can be plucked from the burning. Many eyes, therefore, look wisely towards the Hope of the Combined Order; and to see, for once, an Association in *full operation*, or any thing neighboring this, would be for *such* and indeed for myriads beside, a second rising of that ancient Bethlehem Star. S.

WILKESBARRE, PA. May 4, 1846.

Feeling as I do that the knowledge of Fourier's theory may be gained most readily now, and that there is in the land a sufficient feeling of disgust towards the present organization of society, to cause mankind to leave it, when they become convinced that a better fate awaits them, I look with most intense interest upon the movements toward demonstrating to the world that Association is practicable, and that all the benefits it promises to mankind may be realized. I think that all that is needed in the matter is for those who have faith in the doctrine to show by successful experiment that it is practical, and not theoretical merely. I long for an opportunity to labor in the cause, but as under present circumstances I should perhaps be a clog upon its movements, I am contented to wait amid suffering and disgust until the time arrives when I may apply mind and muscles, and labor side by side with the noble pioneers who are engaged in the work. In the meantime I watch and pray for the success of the cause. I am gratified—from the bottom of my heart I am gratified—when I look around me and see so many evidences that mankind are rapidly approaching towards Association. No one can tell with what feelings I see the progress of machinery, of intelligence, of dissatisfaction with ancient folly, of a desire for something better in our intercourse with our fellow man, of the means of becoming intelligent, of the application of the truths of science, to the welfare of our race, and of the morals of mankind. Oh how I love to see that progress—how cheering to my heart it is! And although I am obliged to be in body with the selfish, the ignorant and the degraded, yet my soul is with a more advanced creation, and suffers comparatively

little in consequence. When that (to me) glad period comes, when by any means I can aid the cause pecuniarily, how readily will I render that aid! And in taking leave of you and your fellow laborers, permit me to exhort you to fight on in the glorious work, and victory will be yours; thousands, aye millions will thank you,—the good and the wise of our land have their eyes upon you, and with longing hearts desire your success.

C.

EAST BRIDGEWATER, May, 1846.

Modern Civilization has ruined me, and now with impaired health and the infirmities of years pressing upon me, my locks whitening with the frost of fifty winters, I am compelled to labor for the support of five persons at ten cents per hour, when I can have employment. In this situation I am often consoled by the wealthy when I happen to mention the hard lot of the laboring poor, (very many of them work twelve hours at the hardest labor for seventy-five cents, and some get less even than that,) the reply is, "Well, it does seem hard to you, perhaps, but these people take more comfort than the rich." If such persons were candid in their assertions, and desired to be made happy, why do they not leave their wealth and go down to the work shop, and toil twelve or fourteen hours per day and receive fifty or seventy-five cents, and they and their families live on what this small pay will afford? But why insult the poor laboring man with such language as this? It may be that some men are none the happier for property, but does it follow that the mass of the poor laborers enjoy more comfort than their employers? If so it must be because they have cleaner hands and consciences than their employers. I can see no other way for the laboring poor to escape the great evils which have so long afflicted them in the old kingdoms of Europe, and are beginning to afflict them in this country, than Association. How long the laboring poor will suffer themselves to be deceived by political demagogues, time alone must show. They have been made to believe that voting for this or that measure, or such a man for office, will do all that is needful for them. May they find that eye-salve which they have so long needed, and apply it so effectually as to see the rottenness and deformity of that falsity to which they have so long clung.

D.

NEW YORK, May, —.

This city is worse than Babylon,—mother of Harlots and Merchants,—which John of Patmos saw. Its life seems utterly to have died out, and often as I walk the streets, I think of the

words of poor Jean Paul, "How lonely are men! like corpses ranged side by side in a church yard—each by itself and quite cold. They close their hands, none stretching forth his, to grasp a neighbor's." But the breath of the Divine Spirit will soon be poured upon these skeletons of true men, and they will clothe themselves in the flesh and blood of Humanity.

P.

INTEREST ON CAPITAL. We find in the Ohio State Tribune an article from the *Alphadelphia Tocsin*, which escaped our notice in that paper, if indeed the number containing it ever reached us at all. It is called "The Effect of Machinery," and among other propositions advances the notion that the payment of interest on Capital is radically wrong. We are surprised at this, for although we have known the *Tocsin* to be occasionally a little wild, we have always supposed it to be sound enough on a point so plain and so fundamental. We extract the paragraphs which contain the speculations of the *Tocsin*.

"If two men would be equally entitled to the comforts and means of happiness produced by their labor, providing they labored alike, whether one worked at machinery and the other attending it, or whether both worked at both, then it must follow that the result would be the same for a thousand men, or the whole human race—that is, the whole human race would be entitled to share in the happiness produced by labor, in the proportion each labored; and since such an effect cannot take place while labor is paid for the use of previous labor, therefore the whole system of interest must be founded in error, injustice, and owes its very existence to a false state of society.

"We have seen that all the product of labor ought to be divided among those who produce it; then of course there is none left for the capitalist.

"The *Harbinger*' says that past labor ought to be rewarded as well as present, and therefore interest ought to be paid on capital. We readily admit their premises, but deny their conclusion. It no more follows that interest ought to be paid on past labor because it ought to be rewarded, than that it ought to be paid on present labor for the same thing."

This error is not surprising. It is only the natural reaction of a mind which sees the fact that in civilization capital receives a most exorbitant proportion of the wealth produced, without at the same time apprehending the legitimate principles of distribution. No extravagance is more common.

The whole problem is one of exact justice. What part of the wealth produced is the creation of the different elements which have been engaged in the production? That is the question, and the answer must determine the share to which each is entitled. Take a mechanic's shop for example. Does not the capital there

in use contribute most essentially to the articles produced? Cannot the laborers actually create more with its aid than without it, nay, without tools and materials could they create anything of much value? Well, then, just so much as those tools and materials do really produce, so much is their owner rightfully entitled to. If it be said that capital without labor is unproductive, so is labor without capital. The most strict justice should be done to both parties in dividing the profits which they have made together, and because in the present arrangements of society, Capital gets too large a share, it does not follow that it ought to get nothing. We object to unjust gains, to usurious interest, as much as the *Tocsin*. Capital ought, as a general thing, to have a fixed proportion of the profits; what proportion, is a scientific question which Fourier has not entirely settled. It is supposed to be three fourths by some writers, by others two thirds. Either of these however would amount to much less than the interest now commonly paid, unless the total product of society should be very greatly increased.

VARIETIES.

Translated from the Deutsche Schnellpost.

SPRING VIOLETS. It is reckoned that the daily cost of violets, which are this spring worn in the button-holes of Parisian gentlemen, is not less than three thousand francs. No one who knows how astonishingly the love of flowers increases in Paris,—a passion which already reminds us of the former tulip mania of the Dutch,—will doubt the correctness of the estimate.

The magnificent diadem which the grand-dutches Olga, of Russia, is to wear at her wedding, is now exhibiting at a jeweller's in the Boulevards at Paris. It is said to be the gift of the Emperor, and is valued at eighteen millions of francs. The great diamond in the centre is alone worth one million.

FANNY CERITO IN BERLIN. The appearance of the famous Fanny Cerito in Berlin has again let loose the old enthusiasm of that city for the ballet. This danseuse who displays the strong natural grace of the Italian women in its most beautiful forms, certainly exceeds the possibilities of the rather advanced priestesses of Terpsichore who have appeared there within the last few years. The peculiar style of her dancing is distinguished by perfection and naturalness of movement, and by strictly avoiding all artistic caricature. She does not possess the power of expressing passion which belongs to Fanny Elssler, but ex-

cels her in the ethereal lightness of her execution. The Berlin public has fallen into such an ecstasy of rapture as was never seen before the time of Jenny Lind.

FANNY ELSER IN VENICE. The correspondent of the Augsburg Gazette writes from Venice, "Fanny Elsler has again left us. She closed her circle of characters on the 24th of March and received all that storm of applause which is possible only in Italy. As she expressed her thanks in her significant manner, it was no longer applause that surrounded her but a hurricane of delight. The fairest flowers of spring were profusely expended in decking the theatre. Gigantic bouquets of Camellias, three feet in height were presented to her, and the gondola which was to carry her to her lodgings was richly adorned with wreaths of flowers. The grand canal echoed till late in the night with the most delicious music, playing under her windows, and the calm, voiceless night which lay over the city of the doges, was lighted up by the blaze of festal torches."

KAULBACH has just finished his "Destruction of Jerusalem" which for its size and character is the greatest oil painting of modern German art; it accomplishes a rich period in the private life of the artist and in the history of his profession; for centuries a similar work has not been executed in such a manner.

PARISIAN JOURNALS. These are no longer political gazettes with a literary, artistic, or statistical appendix, called a *Feuilleton*; the daily papers are now nothing but romances with political articles attached which are thrown into the bargain, from which it follows that their directors and editors are only the publishers of the novelist whose name shines in the *Feuilleton*! A recent fact in this line is not a little amusing.

The history of the 'Imprisonment on St. Helena' by General Montholon which appears in the *Feuilleton* of *La Presse* is a wretched contrivance, without style or either moral or intellectual worth, and has already drawn forth a whole army of corrections and admonitions from all sides. But now it is made known that the author,—the actual author, for Montholon is only a man of straw who serves to give a greater reputation to the manufacture of M. Alexander Dumas,—according to his laudable custom copies his book from those of other men, and in the most shameless manner repeats whole pages and chapters word for word. Thus the *National* lately showed that the *Feuilleton* of the *Presse* for Feb. 27 was thus borrowed, and in the supposition that the '*Presse*' would continue its gross

fraud it gave the sequel from the same book and said "this will appear in the following *Feuilleton*," and sure enough, there it did appear without the slightest alteration!

JOHN SIMON MAYER, born at Ingolstadt in 1763, and who died on the second of December of last year at Bergamo, was in the beginning of the present century one of the most distinguished composers; his operas were performed every where in Italy and even appeared on the German stage. He was first director of the orchestra at Prague, then he was called to Cologne as Chapel Master of the Cathedral, and thence to Bergamo in 1802 to discharge the same function in the church of *St. Maria Maggiore*. From that time he ruled over the stage which had been occupied by the operas of Gaglieloni, Paefielli and Cimarosa and even the rising Paer found it difficult to keep his place beside him. In twenty-five years he composed some sixty operas. Especially was it the art of his instrumentation which excited attention and introduced a truer formation of the Italian orchestra. The earliest operas of Mayer were *Saffo*, *Lodoiska* (1794, 1800); the most famous were *Azideu*, *Ginevra in Scotia*, *Ercole in Lidia*, *Alonzo e Cora*, *Adelasio e Aderamo*, *Medea in Corinto*, *la Rosa bianca e la Rosa rossa*; which were performed in Munich, Vienna, Venice, Rome, Milan, Naples for the first time. Besides these operas there are many oratorios, masses, and countless smaller pieces by Mayer. An English critic has not unhappily compared him with Johnson. In his compositions also an emphasis was predominant, which indeed could not supply the place of naturalness, but still evinced talent of a high order. For that reason his music suddenly vanished when Rossini appeared and he died almost forgotten. Now who knows his name?

ALEXANDER DUMAS. This great fabricator of romances and tragedies when asked as a witness at the trial of the duellist Beauvallon, at Rouen, what was his profession, replied, "I should say dramatic poet if I did not live in the land of Cornielle," "O, Monsieur," answered the president of the court, "there are degrees in all things."

ANNIVERSARY WEEK!
A Quarterly Meeting of the New England Fourier Society will be held in Boston, in Hall No. 1, Marlboro' Chapel, under the Chinese Museum, on *Wednesday, May 27th*, at 10 o'clock, A. M. As subjects of great interest will be brought before the meeting, it is earnestly hoped that there will be a full and general attendance of the friends of the cause.

GEORGE RIPLEY, *Pres't.*
J. BUTTERFIELD, *Sec'y.*

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Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass.
March 21, 1846.

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

VII.

Notwithstanding the convulsive agitation which had seized upon Consuelo, she even surpassed herself in the third act. She did not expect this; she had not counted upon it: she entered upon the stage with the desperate resolution to fall with honor, on seeing herself suddenly deprived of her voice and powers in the midst of a courageous struggle. She was not afraid; a thousand hisses would have been nothing in comparison with the danger and shame which she had just escaped by a kind of miraculous interposition. Another miracle followed that one; Consuelo's good genius seemed to watch over her: she had more voice than ever before; she sang with more *maestria*, and played with more energy and passion than she had ever before shown. All her being was exalted to its highest power; it seemed to her indeed, at every instant, that she was about to break like a cord too tightly strained; but that feverish excitement transported her into a supernatural sphere: she acted as in a dream, and was astonished to find therein the strength of reality.

And yet a thought of happiness reanimated her at every fear of failure: Albert without doubt, was there. He was in Vienna from the day before at least. He observed her; he followed all her movements; he watched over her: for to whom else could she attribute the unforeseen succor she had just received, and the almost supernatural strength with which a man must be endowed to cast to the ground Francis de Trenck, the Slavonian Hercules! And if, from one of the strange moods of which his character presented but too many examples, he re-

fused to speak to her, if he seemed to wish to conceal himself from her eyes, it was not the less evident that he still loved her ardently, since he protected her with so much solicitude, and preserved her with so much energy.

"Well," thought Consuelo, since God allows that my powers shall not fail, I wish Albert to see me superior in my part, and in the corner of the theatre whence he doubtless observes me at this instant, enjoy a triumph which I owe neither to cabals nor to charlatanism."

Even while keeping up the spirit of her part, she sought him with her eyes, but could not discover him; and when she reëntered the wing she sought him there again, but with as little success. "Where could he be? where had he hidden himself? Had he killed the pandour on the spot, when he threw him down the stairs? Was he obliged to fly from pursuit? Would he come and ask shelter from her in Porpora's lodging? Would she find him this time when she returned to the embassy?" These perplexities disappeared when she reëntered the scene: she then forgot as by a magical effect, all the details of her real life, to feel only a vague emotion, mingled with enthusiasm, affright, gratitude and hope. And all this was in her part, and manifested itself in admirable accents of tenderness and truth.

She was recalled after the end; and the empress threw to her, the first, from her box, a bouquet to which was attached quite a valuable present. The court and city followed the sovereign's example by sending a shower of flowers. Among these fragrant palms Consuelo saw fall at her feet a green branch, upon which her eyes fixed themselves. As soon as the curtain was lowered for the last time, she seized upon it. It was a branch of cypress! Then all the triumphal crowns disappeared from her thoughts, leaving her only power to contemplate and comment upon this funereal emblem, a token of sorrow and of horror; the expression, perhaps of a last farewell. A mortal chill succeeded to the fever of emotion; an insur-

mountable terror brought a cloud before her eyes. Her knees failed from under her, and she was carried almost fainting to the carriage of the Venetian ambassador, in which Porpora strove in vain to draw word from her. Her lips were frozen, and her petrified hand held under her cloak a branch of cypress which seemed to have been cast upon her by the wind of death.

On descending the stage staircase she had not seen any marks of blood; and in the confusion of the exit, few persons had remarked them. But while she, absorbed in gloomy meditations, was regaining the embassy, quite a sad scene was passing with closed doors in the green room. A short time before the termination of the performance, the officers of the theatre, on opening all the doors had found baron Trenck insensible at the bottom of the staircase and bathed in his own blood. They had carried him into one of the parlors reserved for the artists; and not to make any noise or confusion, had secretly notified the director, the physician of the theatre and the police-officers, that they might verify the fact. The public and the actors therefore quitted the theatre and the stage without being acquainted with the occurrence, while the medical men, the imperial functionaries and some compassionate witnesses endeavored to restore and interrogate the pandour. Corilla, who was waiting for her lover's carriage, and who had sent her maid several times in vain to learn where he was, became angry and impatient and ventured to descend in person, at the risk of having to go home on foot. She met M. Holzbäuer, who knew her connexion with Trenck, and who conducted her to the green-room, where she found her lover with his head broken and his body so bruised by the fall that he could move neither hand nor foot. She filled the air with her groans and lamentations. Holzbäuer put out all useless witnesses and closed the door. The cantatrice, on being questioned, could neither say nor imagine anything that would throw light up-

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

on the matter. At last, Trenck, having somewhat recovered his senses, declared, that having come behind the scenes without permission, in order to see the dancers more closely, he had wished to hurry out before the end; but, that, not knowing the windings of the labyrinth, he had missed a step at the top of that cursed stair-case. He had fallen suddenly and rolled to the bottom. They were satisfied with this explanation, and carried him to his house, whither Corilla went to nurse him with a zeal which made her lose the favor of prince Kaunitz and consequently the good will of her majesty; but she boldly made the sacrifice, and Trenck, whose iron body had undergone much harder shocks, got off with a week's confinement and an additional scar on his head.

He boasted to no one of his mishap, and only promised himself to make Consuelo pay dear for it. He would have done so cruelly no doubt, had not an order for his arrest snatched him suddenly from Corilla's arms and thrown him into the military prison, hardly recovered from his fall and still shaking with fever.* That which an undertoned public rumor had announced to the canon began to be realized. The riches of the pandour had excited in some influential men and skillful courtiers, a burning, inextinguishable thirst. He was its memorable victim. Accused of all the crimes he had committed, and of all those which could be imagined by persons interested in his ruin, he began to endure the delays, the vexations, the impudent prevarications, the refined injustice of a long and scandalous trial. Avaricious, spite of his ostentation, proud spite of his vices, he was not willing to pay the zeal of his protectors or to buy the conscience of his judges. We will leave him confined, until fresh orders, in the prison, where, having behaved with some violence, he had the sorrow to see himself chained by one foot. Shame and infamy! it was exactly that foot which had been broken by the explosion of a bomb-shell in one of his most brilliant military actions. He had undergone the scarification of the ulcerated bone, and, hardly recovered, had remounted his horse to resume his service with a heroic firmness. An iron ring and a heavy chain were riveted upon this horrible scar. The wound reopened, and he endured new tortures, no longer to serve Maria Theresa, but for having served her too well. The great queen, who had not

been displeased at seeing him ravage and destroy that unfortunate Bohemia, a rather uncertain rampart against the enemy in consequence of the old national hatred, the king Maria Theresa, who, having no more need of the crimes of Trenck and the excess of his pandours to strengthen her upon the throne, began to look upon them as monstrous and unpardonable, was reputed ignorant of this barbarous treatment; in the same way that the great Frederick was reputed ignorant of the ferocious refinements of cruelty, the tortures of inanition and the sixty-eight pounds of iron, with which was martyred, a little later, that other baron Trenck, his handsome page, his brilliant artillery officer, the rescuer and the friend of our Consuelo. All those flatterers who have flipperily transmitted to us the recital of these abominable histories, have attributed their odium to subaltern officers, to obscure deputies, in order to clear the memory of sovereigns. But those sovereigns, so ill-informed respecting the abuses of their gaols, knew so well, on the contrary what was passing there, that Frederick-the-Great himself gave the design of the irons which Trenck the Prussian bore for nine years in his sepulchre at Magdeburg; and if Maria Theresa did not exactly order Trenck the Austrian, her valorous pandour, to be chained by the mutilated foot, she was always deaf to his complaints, inaccessible to his petitions. Besides, in the shameful havoc which her people made of the riches of the vanquished, she knew very well how to carry off the lion's share and refuse justice to his heirs.

Let us return to Consuelo, for it is our duty as a romancer to pass rapidly over the details which relate to history. Still we know not how to isolate absolutely the adventures of our heroine from the facts which occurred at her time and under her eyes. On learning the pandour's misfortune, she thought no longer of the outrages with which he had threatened her, and, deeply revolted at the iniquity of his lot, she assisted Corilla in sending him money at a moment when all means of softening the rigor of his captivity were refused him. Corilla, more ready in spending money than in acquiring it, found herself penniless exactly on the day when an emissary of her lover came in secret to obtain a necessary sum. Consuelo was the only person to whom this girl, overcome by the instinct of confidence and esteem, dared recur. Consuelo immediately sold the present which the empress had thrown upon the stage to her at the conclusion of *Zenobia*, and remitted the value to her comrade, approving her conduct in not abandoning the unfortunate Trenck in his distress. The zeal and courage with which Corilla served

her lover as far as possible, even entering into an amiable understanding for this purpose, with a baroness who was his acknowledged mistress, and of whom she was mortally jealous, restored to Consuelo a kind of esteem for that creature, corrupted indeed but not perverse, who had still good feelings of the heart and bursts of disinterested generosity.

"Let us prostrate ourselves before the work of God," said she to Joseph, who sometimes reproached her for being too open with Corilla. "The human soul always preserves in its wanderings something good and great, in which we perceive with respect and discover with joy that sacred impress which is as the seal of the divine hand. Where there is much to lament, there is much to forgive; and where there is anything to forgive, be assured, good Joseph, there is also much to love. This poor Corilla, who lives after the manner of the beasts, has still sometimes the features of an angel. Come, I feel that I must be accustomed, if I remain an artist, to contemplate without fear and without anger those saddening turpitudes in which the lives of debased women pass, between the desire of good and the appetite of evil, between intoxication and remorse. And even, I confess to you, it seems to me that the character of a sister of charity is better fitted to the health of my virtue than a more purified and gentle life, than more glorious and more agreeable relations, than the calm of strong, happy and respected beings. I feel that my heart is made like the paradise of the tender Jesus, where there will be more joy and welcome for one converted sinner than for a hundred triumphant just men. I feel that it is made to sympathize, to succor and console. It seems to me that the name my mother gave me at my baptism imposes upon me this duty and this destiny. I have no other name, Beppo! Society has not given me the pride of a family name to support; and if in the world's eye, I debase myself in seeking for some fragments of gold in the mud of the evil habits of others, I have no account to render to the world. I am the Consuelo, nothing more; and it is enough for the daughter of Rosmunda, for Rosmunda was a poor woman of whom even more evil was said than of Corilla, and, such as she was, it was my duty to love her, and I was able to. She was not respected like Maria Theresa, but she would not have had Trenck chained by the foot to make him die in torture and to possess herself of his money. Neither would Corilla have done it; and yet, instead of beating her enemies for her, this Trenck whom she assists in his misfortune, has very often beaten her, Joseph! Joseph! God is a

* Historical truth requires us to say also by what bravados Trenck provoked this inhuman treatment. From the first day of his arrival at Vienna he had been put under arrest in his own house by the imperial order. He had, none the less, shown himself at the opera that very evening, and in an interlude had tried to throw count Gessaw into the pit.

greater emperor than are all of ours; and perhaps, since Magdalen has with him the seat of a dutchess beside the immaculate virgin, Corilla will take precedence of Maria Theresa to enter that court. As for myself, in the days which I have to spend upon the earth, I confess to you that, if I were obliged to leave the culpable and unhappy souls and seat myself at the banquet of the just in moral prosperity, I should believe I was no longer in the path of my salvation. O! the noble Albert understands those things as I do, and he would not blame me for being kind to Corilla."

When Consuelo was saying those things to her friend Beppo, a fortnight had passed since the evening of *Zenobia* and the adventure of baron Trenck. The six performances for which she had been engaged had taken place. Madam Tesi had reappeared upon the stage. The empress was secretly working upon Porpora through the ambassador Corneri, and always made the marriage of Haydn with Consuelo the condition of the latter's definite engagement at the imperial theatre, after the expiration of the Tesi's. Joseph knew nothing of all this, Consuelo imagined nothing. She thought only of Albert, who had not reappeared and of whom she received no tidings. She revolved in her mind a thousand conjectures, a thousand contradictory decisions. These perplexities and the shock of such emotions had made her rather ill. She kept her chamber after she had concluded with the theatre, and incessantly contemplated that branch of cypress which seemed to her to have been brought from some tomb in the Schreckenstein.

Beppo, the only friend to whom she could open her heart, had at first tried to dissuade her from the idea that Albert had come to Vienna. But when she showed him the branch of cypress, he reflected profoundly on all this mystery, and at last believed in the young count's participation in the Trenck adventure. "Listen," said he to her, "I believe I understand what has taken place. Albert did in fact come to Vienna. He saw you, he heard you, he observed all your movements, he followed all your steps. The day when we were talking on the stage, beside the scene of the Araxes, he might have been on the other side of it and have heard the regrets which I expressed at seeing you removed from the theatre at the debut of your glory. You yourself let fall I know not what exclamations which may have given him reason to think that you would prefer the brilliancy of your career to the solemn sadness of his love. On the next day, he saw you enter that dressing-room of Corilla, where perhaps, as he was always on the watch, he had seen the pan-

dour enter a few minutes before. The time which he took to rescue you would almost prove that he thought you were there of your own free will, and it was only after having yielded to the temptation of listening at the door, that he understood the imminent necessity of his interference."

"Very well," said Consuelo; but why act with mystery? Why conceal his face with a crape?"

"You know how suspicious the Austrian police is. Perhaps he has been the object of unfavorable reports to the court, perhaps he had political reasons for concealing himself: perhaps his face was not unknown to Trenck. Who knows if he has not seen him in Bohemia during the last wars, if he has not affronted, threatened him? If he has not made him leave his prey when he had his hand upon some innocent? Count Albert may have secretly performed great deeds of courage and humanity in his country, while people believed him entranced in his grotto of the Schreckenstein; and if he did perform them, he would not have thought of relating them to you, since he is, as you say, the most humble and the most modest of men. He therefore acted wisely in not chastising the pandour with an uncovered face; for if the empress punishes the pandour now for having devastated her dear Bohemia, be sure that she is not any more disposed on that account to leave unpunished in the past an open resistance against the pandour on the part of a Bohemian."

"All that you say is very likely Joseph, and gives me subject for thought. A thousand anxieties are now awakened in me. Albert may have been recognized, arrested, and that may have been as unknown to the public as Trenck's fall on the staircase. Alas! perhaps he is at this moment, in the prisons of the arsenal, at the side of Trenck's cell! And it is for me that he suffers this misfortune!"

"Be reassured, I do not believe that. Count Albert must have left Vienna immediately, and you will soon receive a letter from him dated at Riesenbourg."

"Have you such a presentiment, Joseph?"

"Yes I have. But if you wish me to tell you my whole thought, I believe that letter will be very different from what you expect. I am convinced that, far from persisting in obtaining from a generous friendship the sacrifice which you wished to make him of your artist's career, he has already renounced that marriage, and will soon restore to you your liberty. If he be intelligent, noble and just, as you say he is, he must scruple at taking you from the stage which you love passionately—do not deny it! I have seen it, and he must have seen and un-

derstood it as well as I, on hearing *Zenobia*. He will therefore reject a sacrifice above your strength, and I should little esteem him, did he not do it."

"But read again his last billet! Here, there it is, Joseph! Did he not say that he would love me on the stage, as well as in the world or in a convent? Could he not admit the idea of leaving me free in marrying me?"

"Saying and doing, thinking and being are two different things. In the dream of passion, all seems possible; but when the reality suddenly strikes our eyes, we recur with terror to our original ideas. Never will I believe that a man of quality can see, without repugnance, his wife exposed to the caprices and outrages of a pit. In placing his foot, for the first time in his life certainly, behind the scenes, the Count has had, in Trenck's conduct towards you, a sad specimen of the misfortunes and dangers of your theatrical career. He must have retired, despairing, it is true, but cured of his passion and recalled from his chimeras. Forgive me if I speak thus to you, sister Consuelo. It is my duty; for this abandonment of Count Albert is a good for you. You will feel it so hereafter, though your eyes fill with tears at this moment. Be just towards your betrothed, instead of being humbled at his changing. When he said to you that the stage did not repel him, he made of it an ideal which has crumbled at the first examination. He then recognized that he must cause your misery by drawing you from it, or consummate his own in following you there."

"You are right, Joseph. I feel that what you say is true; but let me weep. It is not the humiliation of being forsaken and despised that swells my heart; it is the regret of an ideal which I had formed of love and its power, as Albert had formed to himself an ideal of my life upon the stage. He has now recognized that I could not preserve myself worthy of him, (at least in the opinion of men,) in pursuing that path. And I am forced to recognize that love is not powerful enough to overcome all obstacles and abjure all prejudices."

"Be just, Consuelo, and do not ask more than you have been able to grant. You did not love enough to renounce your art without hesitation and without suffering: do not blame Albert because he could not break with the world without fear and without consternation."

"But, whatever may have been my secret sorrow, (I can confess it now,) I was resolved to sacrifice all for him, while he, on the contrary—"

"Remember that the passion was in him, and not in you. He asked with ardor, you consented with an effort. He

saw well that you were going to immolate yourself; he has felt, not only that he had the right to free you from a love which you had not provoked, and of which your soul did not recognize the necessity, but even that he was obliged by his conscience to do so."

This reasonable conclusion convinced Consuelo of Albert's wisdom and generosity. She feared, by abandoning herself to sorrow, to yield to the suggestions of wounded pride, and in accepting Joseph's hypothesis, she submitted and was calm; but, from a well known strangeness of the human heart, she no sooner saw herself free to follow her inclination for the stage without distraction and without remorse, than she felt affrighted at her isolation in the midst of so much corruption, and dismayed at the future of fatigues and struggles which opened before her. The stage is a burning arena; when you are upon it you are exalted, and all the emotions of life appear cold and pale in comparison; but when you withdraw, overpowered by lassitude, you are affrighted at having undergone that trial of fire, and the desire which recalls you is crossed with terror. I imagine that the slack-rope-dancer is the type of that painful, ardent, and perilous life. He must experience a nervous and terrible pleasure upon those cords and ladders, where he accomplishes prodigies beyond human powers; but when he has descended conqueror, he must feel himself faint at the idea of remounting and grasping once again death and triumph, a spectre with two faces which incessantly hovers over his head.

Then Giant's castle, and even the stone of horror, that nightmare of her every slumber, appeared to Consuelo, through the veil of decided exile, as a lost paradise, as the abode of a peace and a candor forever august and respectable in her remembrance. She fastened the branch of the cypress, last present from the Husite grotto, to the foot of her mother's crucifix, and confounding together these two emblems of catholicism and of heresy, she raised her heart towards the idea of the only, eternal and absolute religion. She drew thence the feelings of resignation for her own personal sufferings, and of faith in the providential designs of God respecting Albert, and respecting all men, good and wicked, whom she must thenceforth live among, alone and without a guide.

To be Continued.

THE SERFS OF RUSSIA. Doctor Baird, in a course of lectures recently delivered in Boston, explained the difference existing between the serfs of Russia and the slaves of this country. The serfs of Russia, that is, the mass of them, are bought and sold with the land. There are about 4,000,000 of these serfs—about 1,000,000

bond serfs are bought and sold separate from the lands; these serfs are generally house servants. The tenure upon which the serfs are held vary in different provinces. In some districts the serf pays to his lord the sum of four dollars per annum, he being permitted to keep as his own property whatever additional he may earn. Many of the best mechanics are serfs; they of course pay a much larger sum to their lord, and with a passport travel over the country in search of employment; they keep whatever they can earn over and above the sum agreed upon between them and their owners. Many serfs are wealthy men. One man in Russia, formerly a serf, now owns 100,000 serfs. A nobleman in St. Petersburg owns a serf worth infinitely more property than himself, whom he will not free, in order that at the entertainments he gives, when the serf is obliged to wait on him, he may say he is waited on by the richest serf in all Russia. There are no serfs in the three Baltic provinces,—none in Finland; the abolition of serfdom was commenced there in the time of Alexander, and completed by the present Emperor. It took about thirty years to effect it. The difference between the serfs of Russia and our slaves, consists principally in that the former are perpetually attached to the soil, and go with it in all transfers.

THE UNITED STATES.

BY H. H. VAN AMRINGE.

I have expressly stated that the facts contained in the Chapter on Machinery and Pauperism are obtained from England. Of course, the assertions and arguments in relation to them apply more particularly to that country. This must be borne in mind.

Free labor in the United States is not near in as suffering a condition, as in England. Still, however, the same results are flowing in upon the workingmen here, with a gradual, but very fast increasing progress. This is evident from the complaints of the different trades; from their printed preambles and resolutions at meetings; from the order system, so prevalent, although so hotly contested; from the numerous "strikes," and the facts elucidated by them; from the published prices and conditions of labor, and from the frequent revulsions arising from over-production and excessive competition.

Neither must it be forgotten, that the very principle of antagonistic, selfish society, connects the fate of the American mechanic with the English pauper. Men buy where they can buy the cheapest, and sell where they can sell the dearest. At a recent strike in Pittsburg, Pa., the citizens held a meeting and requested the factory owners to grant the petition of the factory children by reducing the days' work to ten hours; but the factory owners, in substance, replied that they could not do so, else their fabrics would be superseded by eastern manufactures; it was necessary for them to be able to compete with rival establishments, which demanded twelve hours work per day. If a like request had been tendered to the eastern factory owners, no doubt they would have made a like excuse in regard to the rival establishments east of the Atlantic.—Wherever there is an extensive manufacturing establishment, worked by pau-

per labor, doing an immense business, sufficient to supply the world, that establishment must prevail against competitors who pay for work at dearer rates, or it will compel them also to adopt low wages.

In the present arrangement of social organization, no Tariff system for the protection of American Industry, can remove the above evil. I am not opposed to, but am in favor of any adequate and just plan for the protection of the American workman against foreign pauper competition. But how can it be done! An entire prohibition of the foreign fabrics cannot succeed; for even if it were attempted, our extended frontiers by sea and land, would open a secret and smuggling passage for the goods. The same would happen, in case the protecting duty were excessively high. And a moderate duty, from the nature of our banking system, might, I apprehend, in the end, produce consequences which would be accompanied with much public disadvantage.

Among the machines of modern society is the Bank. The energy of this institution is tremendous. With power to emit promissory notes as a substitute for money, and with no sufficient check upon its transactions, (for it defies the investigation of public officers, or the enactments of law,) it can anticipate, by paper issues, in a short time, the fancied wealth of very many years of future national industry. The Banks are now convalescent, after a fearful paroxysm of over-issue; and like persons recently recovered from sickness, are attentive to the rules of health. But we know the constitution of the patient. He has had such attacks frequently, and whatever promises he gives of permanent amendment he is very sure to relapse into his old habits, whenever company and a strong temptation are presented.

But to return to the subject of protection. If English cloths could undersell American cloths, when the price of the latter is eight dollars a yard, and the English manufacturer could not afford to make any reduction in the price of his goods, so as to enter into competition with the American, if a Tariff for protection were imposed, then a duty of fifty cents or a dollar a yard upon the article, might, for a time, protect the home manufacture. Because the Englishman would have to lose the duty. For by the supposition, he can get no more than eight dollars a yard for his cloth; and if he imports the article, and pays the duty, the duty must come out of his own pocket. Suppose, then, this duty for protection laid. But now the activities of the home manufactures, under the stimulus of protection, call for additional issues of paper money. And even the Bank of England, and English manufacturers, may purposely contribute to an inflation of prices in the United States, to suit their own ulterior ends. An over-issue of paper money to a certain excess, produces a local inflation of prices; and the consequence is, the protected article, borne up like a floating object on swelling billows, rises until the nominal value reaches nine or ten dollars a yard. This very inflation of prices, deepens the waters in the American ports, so that English merchandize can float in, and unlade and undersell us at our own doors, notwithstanding the bar of protection which was interposed to their entrance.

In connection with our present Banking System, a Tariff for protection can bring no permanent or secure relief to American workmen. But even if such a Tariff were possible in itself, it becomes impracticable from the discordant views and interests of American statesmen and of different sections of country upon the subject. Think what we may, it is and will be the fact that the condition of labor in England, inoculates not only our own country, but every nation upon the earth, with its peculiar traits. Laborers every where, to be in successful competition against the capital and machinery of the English manufacturer, employing pauper workmen, must be brought down to the abject and deformed condition of the English factory people. The factory owners in Pittsburg, must have wages as low, and the hours of labor as long, as the factory owners in the east; and the eastern American factory owners, are under the same necessity to tread down their workers to the mangled and bleeding suffering of Manchester and Liverpool pauperism. To be sure, it is very distressing to an American bosom to hear the shriek of agony now and then. A procession of boys and girls, with pallid cheeks, sunken eyes, and thin feeble arms, already, in a great degree, lost to the tender sensibilities and modesties of nature, exhibiting the alarming progress which corruption and disease have made within so very brief a period, uttering, with plaintive voice, their wrongs, and beseeching aid—this spectacle, at first, may enlist the benevolence of some very nicely dressed gentlemen and ladies, who have been unaccustomed to the sight. They may think a good deal of these little children when they return to their own comfortable homes, and have their own family circles around them. But the factory owners have nothing to do, but in a short pithy note, say: "Gentlemen and ladies, these things must be so; your charities are misapplied,—these children must be poor and degraded, and down-trodden in the mire; for we must compete with eastern factories, and they with English pauperism, or else neither you nor we could enjoy our advantages of fine houses, and rich clothing, and luxurious living. The sole question is, whether we and you shall be destroyed, or they; for the organization of business dependencies is such, that *their* gain would be *our* loss. No sooner is this "*look to number one*" proclamation made, than the case of the factory children assumes a very different aspect. Nature, forsooth, has not made provision for the comfortable living of all her children! The inquiry is whether *your* children shall be slaves, or the children of your neighbors; and the very family circle around you, which, before excited your sympathies in behalf of the factory boys and girls, now determines your course against them. It is a very severe hardening process! But you shut your eyes and ears, endeavor to forget it, and in a short time remember it only as an occasion for venting execrations against those wicked reformers and innovators, who meddle with the business of others, and have no regard for the divine sanctity of the vested rights of property and government.

Cruel fathers! Cruel mothers! How short-sighted and erroneous is your policy! Know you not that there is a widening vortex in this grasping, selfish an-

tagonism of civilization, which swallows up the poor and needy, and is never satisfied! If you were clear-sighted, you would see in the fate of those miserable factory children, the fearful destiny to which your own offspring, or their descendants, must be consigned, unless a preventive be had by the re-modelling of society.

For my part, I rejoice that the Deity has linked in the whole destinies of mankind in such a manner, that the instrumentalities and happiness of all, are indispensable to the best good of each! The chain of God's omnipotence and love, has bound us in one—man to man—nation to nation—generation to generation—earth to heaven—and all to God. If it were not so, man might continue to make a slave of his fellow-man, or a hireling, or a felon and convict! But now, there is a reaction in all these things. He who smites his brother is as an insane person, who beats and tears his own flesh. This moral necessity of bringing redemption to our brethren, of living and dying for a lost world, is in accordance with the doctrine of gospel love. The Deity has wisely implanted in our nature a self-executing law. To be the greatest of all, you must actually be a ministering servant to all; and you must make yourself the least of all. The strong must bear the burdens of the weak. And he who lords it over others—the grasping man, the oppressor, who would be greatest of all—he in very truth, is the least. The time will come when mankind shall see this thing aright. And then the vile person will no more be thought honorable; nor the honorable, vile.

Contemplate this lesson. In the marshes of the English factories, there is collected a moral miasma, which is concentrated from the antagonism of social organization. Do you suppose that this miasma will confine its action to that place? As well might you have asserted that the Asiatic Cholera, generated in the deserts of India, would remain bound up within its original limits. It traverses continents, passes the ocean, and pervades the earth. It will not do for us to say that we have no interest in, nor connection with, the condition of labor in England. Every vessel transports the poison of their system, from that region to this. English workmen have already been imported, as is alleged in some of the journals, to supply the places of American operatives who have struck for higher wages. So long as English manufactures contribute to line every wharf and fill our ware-houses—to clothe the people of the United States, and to furnish their dwellings and workshops—it cannot be denied that American labor is intimately connected with the state of the working people in England. And if no consideration existed but *this*, this alone would be an imperative reason for the people of the United States to guard themselves from moral ruin, by adopting a re-organization of society, which, while it shall itself be impervious to the pestilence, would act back upon England and dry up the sources of corruption there.

But how preposterous is it for the persons who oppose the cause of social reform in the United States, to pretend that the like antagonism in society, which is destroying England, is not active in our own country, producing its natural results! Why is it that labor all through

the United States, is experiencing more and more suffering? Why are independent master mechanics supplanted by Eastern wholesale merchants? Why must the subordinate workmen, in most trades, labor diligently from youth to old age, at so small a rate of wages per week, that, if he has a family, he must forego the advantages of the mental and moral studies which are necessary to enlarge his happiness and promote his true dignity? Why does covetousness increase, with cunning and fraud—cruelty and oppression—pride and violence—all men living in fear—practical faith, or trust in God weakened,—benevolence stigmatized as visionary or lunatic—and selfishness—the "*number one*" principle,—acknowledged as the cardinal maxim of life! The rich men in our cities are possessed of millions, and every year the distinctions between the rich and poor, become more widely marked.

Strikes do not help the laborer, but only exasperate the mutual hostilities of the opposing classes, and manifest the sad and cruel necessity, in the present subversive relations of society, for the poor to yield to their fate. Defenceless women and children are every where the prey of the rapacious and dissolute; and she, who was created to be the pride and ornament of our race, bears upon her brow the condemnation and sentence of society, which has despoiled the weak of their rights, and virtue of its protection.

If the condition of free labor in the United States, is already so hard beset by difficulties, what will it be when machinery shall be introduced, as is designed, into the South! The notion that coloured slave children are not sprightly enough to be machine-adjuncts to steam engines in Factories, is disproved by experiments already made in Slave States. Why should not the lash do as well in Georgia, Carolina, and Texas, as on the boasted free soil of Britian, among deformed white Factory children! In the South, they will have the advantage of the raw material in cotton manufactures, grown on their own plantations, by the labor of strong-bodied men and women; and the feeble, and the infirm, the aged, the small children, and the nursing mothers, they can put to Factory employments. When these arrangements shall be consummated, as the conflicts between the North and the South seem to indicate, the freemen of the North compelled to work at wages reduced still lower by the pauper competition of England, and the slave Factories of the South, will discover that the sins of a people find their own way to the bar of God; and that righteousness, and not oppression, is the foundation of the pillars of a Democracy, and the only security for national and individual freedom and happiness.

THE TRUMBULL PHALANX.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Last Thursday, AMOS COILES and wife, Mrs. WESTERMAN, WM. BALE and his wife and family, of Alleghany city, went on a visit to the Trumbull Phalanx, and we deem it right to state to the public, our opinion of the society, and its prospects of success.

The soil is good; the country is level, easily tilled and handsome; the domain lies on the Eagle creek, and the lands are well watered; it has excellent drinking water in abundance, and a mill power

which is never failing. They have a fine new grist mill with two runs of stones, and another for grinding corn and cobs, two saw mills, an ashery, a carding machine, a tannery, a shingle cutting machine, a machine for dressing flax, a turning machine, (at which they turn wooden bowls, wagon hubs, bed posts, &c.,) a shoe maker shop, with a number of boot and shoe makers engaged at work, an extensive shop for making wagons and carriages, also a shop and machinery for making window sashes. A number of the members are house carpenters. They have a good wheelwright, and a millwright not exceeded by any person for skill and knowledge in his department. They have a good gardener and are putting their garden in fine order, and are setting out a nursery. They have a machine for making bricks, and have a large kiln. They do their own spinning and weaving, and have supplied their own families with linen fabrics from their own workshops. They make hats, and are prepared to make them of all kinds—fur, silk and straw. Their mechanics are good, and they do all their own work. They want an additional blacksmith and tailor.

The leader in their farming operations is thought not to be excelled in that line of business; he is an experienced and successful agriculturist. They carry on their operations with energy and ardor. They have a good collection of books in their library; they have a reading room, and are collecting specimens of minerals.

They have two very fine schools; the District School is upon their land, and one of their number is the teacher in it; also, they have an infant school taught by a lady, a member of the Phalanx.

They have two hundred members altogether, and are harmonious and happy. They are all, we believe, in good health, and their Sundays are spent in Christian worship and exercises.—They have preaching in the morning at eleven o'clock, and a lecture in the evening at five.—The farmers in the vicinity come from some distance round, to attend their Sunday meetings: the neighbors are well disposed towards them, and very friendly.

They have one thousand acres of land, and about forty dwelling houses, some of them log houses, but chiefly frame, quite comfortable, and each house has a quarter of an acre of garden.—They have a good orchard of bearing trees.—Each family has a cow, and, to economise labor, all the cows are under the charge of one person, who attends to bringing them in, and taking them away to pasture.

They have four span of horses, three yoke of cattle, and between twenty and thirty head of young cattle, and farming utensils sufficient for their demands. They have two barns and a large crib for corn. Last year they grew sixty bushels of corn to the acre, notwithstanding the unfavorable season.

They can get additional land, as much as they wish, at a reasonable price, and the farmers adjacent to them are willing to put in their farms as stock, when the society shall be free from debt.

Their debt altogether is ten thousand dollars, payable in instalments, except a portion of it which is in arrears from past instalments. Three or four, or at most five thousand dollars subscription now as stock to the Phalanx, would beyond all doubt secure the prosperous success of

the institution, and would be the means of presenting to the world an instance of the emancipation of the working masses, which should cause a sincere joy to every heart.

The address of the Phalanx is "Braceville Post Office, Trumbull County, Ohio." It is situate three and a half miles north of the Erie and Ohio Canal, at Newton Falls and two miles north of Braceville centre, at which the Post Office is.

We state it as our opinion that there is no other place, where a small outlay of money could render an institution of this kind so signally prosperous, as at the Trumbull Phalanx; and we advise all persons favorable to the cause, to concentrate their efforts upon this Society instead of engaging in new and weak attempts by inexperienced beginners. The Trumbull Phalanx was chartered last winter, by the Ohio Legislature, and the members are worthy and experienced, and have proved themselves to be of the right practical character for perseverance, integrity and success.

WILLIAM BALE,
JANE BALE,
AMOS COILES,
ELIZABETH ANN COILES,
E. WESTERMAN.

ALLEGHENY CITY, May 7, 1846.
Pittsburg Despatch.

For the Harbinger.

DERBY, Vt., May 15, 1846.

MESSENGERS. EDITORS:

Presuming that the Vermont Chronicle, a religious paper published at Windsor in this State, did not reach your office; and being unwilling that only one side of a story should be told, when that side was, as I thought, misrepresented; I penned the following letter to that paper in answer to an article which appeared in it the fourth of last March, in order that the people in this vicinity might be led to examine the subject before they believed all the calumnies heaped upon the Associationists: but as I have not heard from it, I conclude that either through unwillingness that their readers should learn both sides of the question, or through fear of the effect of truth, or for some other unknown cause, its editors intend to suppress it. I now submit it to you to insert in your paper or not as you think it worthy.

To the Editors of the Chronicle:

When I was a school-boy, I learned from a book called "Watt's on the Mind," the following excellent lines.

"Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found,
Among your friends, among your foes,
On Christian or on heathen ground;
The flower's divine where'er it grows."

The principle contained in these lines I think a sound one, and one which should have a bearing upon our manner of examining plans and systems, whether new or old, or, as expressed in the lines, whether from friends or foes, Christians

or heathen; yet it is one which my small observation has led me to believe is too much neglected. I think the ministerial brethren, of our orthodox order especially, would obtain access to the minds and hearts of many who now keep them closed, and would more surely convince them of their errors, if they would more readily acknowledge what was true in their plans and systems. This principle, then, operates not only for the benefit of the person exercising it, but also for the good of those towards whom it is exercised.

I am led to make these remarks by seeing the readiness with which most new plans and systems are condemned *in toto*, while in many parts at least, much might be found that is true and useful; and by seeing the readiness with which many things are condemned without sufficient examination because they happen to emanate from a source suspected of error, or because some of the darker passages, when taken isolatedly, might be construed by a prejudiced mind to mean something different from strict orthodoxy, and probably different from what the author intended.

As an instance of this manner of disposing of subjects, I wish to cite the general condemnation which Associationism (or Fourierism as it is often called, though its advocates disclaim the appellation,) meets with from those from whom we might expect a thorough examination before decision. I was pained to see an article in your last paper condemning the system as anti-Christian and licentious in its tendency, and saying that Associationists expect a new revelation on the subject of marriage as a product of their system, and that they believe what the Bible contains on the subject is not from God. After having all the works on Association I could easily procure, and with an eye too, to the anti-Christian and licentious character which has been charged upon them, I confess myself unable to find it in any of them, and I think a proper construction of the language used by Mr. Brisbane in his reply to the article in the Democratic Review, could convey no such meaning as is attached to it in your paper. It appears to me all he intends to say, is, that in the new state of society, where the motives for mercenary marriage, which now exist will be done away with, marriages which Mrs. Child so appropriately calls "legalized adultery," when females will be freed from that pecuniary dependence on the males which is the cause of much of the licentiousness that now exists, the institution of marriage will be purified, and of course will be more in accordance with the will of God as made known in his revealed word.

For know that the Associationists as a body receive the Christians Bible as the word of God, and have as full faith in its precepts and promises as any other class of people. When Mr. Brisbane says he would leave the question of marriage with woman, I suppose he intimates that he has more confidence in the moral integrity of the females on this point, than of the males, and that when freed from the embarrassment they are now under, they will sufficiently guard the marriage institution without the legal interference of the males.

To show that your interpretation of his meaning is incorrect, I will quote his own language used in a pamphlet published by him in 1844, entitled "A Concise Exposition of the Principles of Association," in which he says, page ninth: "Association will maintain the family and marriage ties, for they exist in the moral nature of man; and any system which would destroy them betrays an ignorance of his nature, and of true social principles." And again, page tenth: "We feel absolutely certain that the parent will always love the child and the child the parent, and that intellectual love will invariably lead to chastity and fidelity." When using such language as this I do not see how he can hold the idea that marriage will be done away with.

I know also that many of the leading Associationists have expressed their belief fully and plainly that the marriage institution is perpetual and will remain as it now is except that it will be freed from the sensuality, selfishness, and other imperfections are now too often connected with it.

Yours, respectfully,
G. A. H.

REVIEW.

Narrative of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, in the year 1842, to Oregon and north California, in the years 1843-4. By Brevet Captain J. C. FREMONT of the Topographical Engineers. Reprinted from the official copy published by order of the Senate of the United States. New York; D. S. Appleton and Company. Boston: Redding and Co. 1846, pp. 186.

Recent events having drawn our attention to the regions above indicated, we took up Captain Fremont's narrative, and have found so much pleasure in reading it that we shall not repress the wish to share it with our readers. There is always a charm in these expeditions into unexplored, savage countries, that makes even a meagre account of them attractive; they take a man out of the slow routine of life; the dull blood is warmed by their stirring chances, and the most prosaic and customary gentleman sparkles with the excitement of quick adventures, and

thirsts for a thrill of that free life. Among travellers, we know of none more satisfactory than Captain Fremont. He shows himself a man worth meeting any where, and of whom one would gladly know more than his book discloses; a man of boundless invention, courage, strength, and elasticity. He speaks of those great mountains and rivers by a natural right, for he seems to come of the same stock himself. Stout icy peaks, broad fertile valleys, lakes and streams appear in his pages as if by an original affinity. You recognize in him, what it is always gratifying to find, a genuine fitness for the work he is engaged in.

But we will not prolong our remarks; the extracts we shall make will commend the book sufficiently indeed to make remark unnecessary. We regret that our limited space will not allow us to quote more largely.

Here is a scene in the Rocky mountains.

"Winding our way up a long ravine, we came unexpectedly in view of a most beautiful lake, set like a gem in the mountains. The sheet of water lay transversely across the direction we had been pursuing; and, descending the steep, rocky ridge, where it was necessary to lead our horses, we followed its banks to the southern extremity. Here a view of the utmost magnificence and grandeur burst upon our eyes. With nothing between us and their feet to lessen the effect of the whole height, a grand bed of snow-capped mountains rose before us, pile upon pile, glowing in the bright light of an August day. Immediately below them lay the lake, between two ridges, covered with dark pines, which swept down from the main chain to the spot where we stood. Here, where the lake glittered in the open sunlight, its banks of yellow sand and the light foliage of aspen groves contrasted well with the gloomy pines. 'Never before,' said Mr. Preuss, 'in this country or in Europe, have I seen such magnificent, grand rocks.'

The following is the account of a passage down some rapids on the Platte river.

"To go back, was impossible; before us, the cataract was a sheet of foam; and shut up in the chasm by rocks, which in some places, seem almost to meet overhead, the roar of the water was deafening. We pushed off again; but, after making a little distance, the force of the current became too great for the men on shore, and two of them let go the rope. Lajeunesse, the third man, hung on, and was jerked headforemost into the river from a rock about twelve feet high; and down the boat shot like an arrow, Basil following us in the rapid current, and exerting all his strength to keep in mid channel—his head only seen occasionally like a black spot in the white foam. How far we went, I do not exactly know; but we succeeded in turning the boat into an eddy below. "'Cre Dieu," said Basil Lajeunesse, as he arrived immediately after us, 'Je crois bien que j'ai nage un demi mile.' He had owed his life to his skill as a swimmer, and I determined to take him and the two others on board, and trust to skill and fortune to reach the other end in safety. We placed ourselves on our knees, with the short paddles in our hands, the most skillful boatman being at the bow; and again we commenced our rapid descent. We cleared rock after rock, and shot past fall after fall, our little boat seeming to play with the cataract. We became flushed with success, and familiar with the danger; and, yielding to the excitement

of the occasion, broke forth together into a Canadian boat song. Singing, or rather shouting, we dashed along; and were, I believe, in the midst of the chorus, when the boat struck a concealed rock immediately at the foot of a fall, which whirled her over in an instant. Three of my men could not swim, and my first feeling was to assist them, and save some of our effects; but a sharp concussion or two convinced me that I had not yet saved myself. A few strokes brought me into an eddy, and I landed on a pile of rocks on the left side. Looking around, I saw that Mr. Preuss had gained the shore on the same side, about twenty yards below; and a little climbing and swimming soon brought him to my side. On the opposite side, against the wall, lay the boat bottom up; and Laubert was in the act of saving Descoteaux, whom he had grasped by the hair, and who could not swim; 'Lache pas,' said he, as I afterwards learned, 'lache pas, cher frere. 'Crains pas,' was the reply, 'Je m'en vais mourir avant que de te lacher.' Such was the reply of courage and generosity in this danger. For a hundred yards below the current was covered with floating books and boxes, bales of blankets, and scattered articles of clothing; and so strong and boiling was the stream, that even our heavy instruments, which were all in cases, kept on the surface, and the sextant, circle, and the long black box of the telescope, were in view at once."

The most interesting part of the book is the passage in the month of February, of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy mountains. We never met with achievements of such romantic magnitude and difficulty narrated by their hero in so simple and natural a way.

"The summit line presented a range of naked peaks, apparently destitute of snow and vegetation; but below, the face of the whole country was covered with timber of extraordinary size.

"Towards a pass which the guide indicated here, we attempted in the afternoon to force a road; but after a laborious plunging through two or three hundred yards, our best horses gave out, entirely refusing to make any further effort; and, for the time, we were brought to a stand. The guide informed us that we were entering the deep snow, and here began the difficulties of the mountain; and to him, and almost to all, our enterprise seemed hopeless."

"Two Indians joined our party here; and one of them, an old man, immediately began to harangue us, saying that ourselves and animals would perish in the snow; and that if we would go back, he would show us another and a better way across the mountain. He spoke in a very loud voice, and there was a singular repetition of phrases and arrangement of words, which rendered his speech striking, and not unmusical.

"We had now begun to understand some words, and with the aid of signs, easily comprehended the old man's simple ideas. 'Rock upon rock—rock upon rock—snow upon snow—snow upon snow,' said he; 'even if you get over the snow, you will not be able to get down from the mountains.' He made us the sign of precipices, and showed us how the feet of the horses would slip, and throw them off from the narrow trails which led along their sides."

"Seated around the tree, the fire illuminating the rocks and the tall bolls of the pines round about, and the old Indian haranguing, we presented a group of very serious faces."

"February 6.—Accompanied by Mr. Fitzpatrick, I set out to-day with a reconnoitering party, on snow shoes. We marched all in single file, tramping the snow as heavily as we could. Crossing the open basin, in a march of about ten miles we reached the top of one of the peaks, to the left of the pass indicated by our guide. Far below us,

dimmed by the distance, was a large snowless valley, bounded on the western side, at the distance of about a hundred miles, by a low range of mountains, which Carson recognized with delight as the mountains bordering the coast. "There," said he, "is the little mountain—it is fifteen years ago since I saw it; but I am just as sure as if I had seen it yesterday." Between us, then, and this low coast range, was the valley of the Sacramento; and no one who had not accompanied us through the incidents of our life for the last few months could realize the delight with which at last we looked down upon it. At the distance of apparently thirty miles beyond us were distinguished spots of prairie; and a dark line, which could be traced with the glass, was imagined to be the course of the river; but we were evidently at a great height above the valley, and between us and the plains extended miles of snowy fields and broken ridges of pine-covered mountains.

"It was late in the day when we turned towards the camp; and it grew rapidly cold as it drew towards night. One of the men became fatigued, and his feet began to freeze, and, building a fire in the trunk of a dry old cedar, Mr. Fitzpatrick remained with him until his clothes could be dried, and he was in a condition to come on. After a day's march of twenty miles, we straggled into camp, one after another, at nightfall; the greater number excessively fatigued, only two of the party having ever travelled on snow shoes before.

"All our energies were now directed to getting our animals across the snow; and it was supposed that, after all the baggage had been drawn with the sleighs over the trail we had made, it would be sufficiently hard to bear our animals. At several places, between this point and the ridge, we had discovered some grassy spots, where the wind and sun had dispersed the snow from the sides of the hills, and these were to form resting places to support the animals for a night in their passage across. On our way across, we had set on fire several broken stumps, and dried trees, to melt holes in the snow for the camps. Its general depth was five feet; but we passed over places where it was twenty feet deep as shown by the trees.

"With one party drawing sleighs loaded with baggage, I advanced to-day about four miles along the trail, and encamped at the first grassy spot, where we expected to bring our horses. Mr. Fitzpatrick, with another party, remained behind, to form an intermediate station between us and the animals.

"February 8.—The night has been extremely cold; but perfectly still and beautifully clear. Before the sun appeared this morning, the thermometer was three degrees below zero; one degree higher, when his rays struck the lofty peaks; and zero when they reached our camp.

"Scenery and weather, combined, must render these mountains beautiful in summer; the purity and deep blue color of the sky are singularly beautiful; the days are sunny and bright, and even warm in the noon hours; and if we could be free from the many anxieties that oppress us, even now we would be delighted here; but our provisions are getting fearfully scant. Sleighs arrived with baggage about 10 o'clock; and leaving a portion of it here, we continued on for a mile and a half, and encamped at the foot of a long hill on this side of the open bottom."

"Four sleighs arrived toward evening, with the bedding of the men. We suffer much from the want of salt; and all the men are becoming weak from insufficient food."

"February 10.—Putting on our snow shoes, we spent the afternoon in exploring a road ahead. The glare of the snow, combined with great fatigue, had rendered many of the people nearly blind; but we were fortunate in having some black silk handker-

chiefs, which, worn as veils, very much relieved the eye."

"In the evening I received a message from Mr. Fitzpatrick, acquainting me with the utter failure of his attempt to get our mules and horses over the snow—the half-hidden trail had proved entirely too slight to support them, and they had broken through, and were plunging about or lying half buried in snow. He was occupied in endeavoring to get them back to his camp; and in the mean time sent to me for further instructions. I wrote to him to send the animals immediately back to their old pastures; and, after having made mauls and shovels, turn in all the strength of his party to open and beat a road through the snow, strengthening it with branches and boughs of the pines.

"February 12.—We made mauls, and worked hard at our end of the road all the day. The wind was high, but the sun bright, and the snow thawing. We worked down the face of the hill, to meet the people at the other end. Towards sundown it began to grow cold, and we shouldered our mauls, and trudged back to camp.

"February 13.—We continued to labor on the road; and in the course of the day had the satisfaction to see the people working down the face of the opposite hill, about three miles distant. During the morning we had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Fitzpatrick, with the information that all was going on well."

"The meat train did not arrive this evening, and I gave Godey leave to kill our little dog, (Tlanath,) which he prepared in Indian fashion; scorching off the hair, and washing the skin with soap and snow, and then cutting it up into pieces, which were laid on the snow. Shortly afterwards, the sleigh arrived with a supply of horse meat; and we had to-night an extraordinary dinner—pea-soup, mule, and dog."

"February 21.—We now considered ourselves victorious over the mountain; having only the descent before us, and the valley under our eyes, we felt strong hope that we should force our way down. But this was a case in which the descent was *not* facile. Still deep fields of snow lay between, and there was a large intervening space of rough-looking mountains, through which we had yet to wind our way. Carson roused me this morning with an early fire, and we were all up long before day, in order to pass the snow fields before the sun should render the crust soft. We enjoyed this morning a scene at sunrise, which even here was unusually glorious and beautiful. Immediately above the eastern mountains was repeated a cloud-formed mass of purple ranges, bordered with bright yellow gold; the peaks shot up into a narrow line of crimson cloud, above which the air was filled with a greenish orange; and over all was the singular beauty of the blue sky. Passing along a ridge which commanded the lake on our right, of which we began to discover an outlet through a chasm on the west, we passed over alternating open ground and hard crusted snow fields which supported the animals, and encamped on the ridge after a journey of six miles. The grass was better than we had yet seen, and we were encamped in a clump of trees twenty or thirty feet high, resembling white pine. With the exception of these small clumps, the ridges were bare; and, where the snow found the support of the trees, the wind had blown it up into banks ten or fifteen feet high. It required much care to hunt out a practicable way, as the most open places frequently led to impassable banks."

But the sole value of the book does not consist in these fascinating descriptions. In a scientific point of view, the explorations of Captain Fremont are of great importance. He is now absent on a third expedition. We trust he will not be less fortunate in conquering its hard-

ships, than in those over whose routes we have just followed him. He is an object of interest, not only to the government, but to the whole country.

History of the Bastile. By R. H. Davenport. Philadelphia; Carey and Hart. Boston: Redding & Co. 1846. pp. 349

This is a reprint of an English work which appeared originally in Mr. Murray's "London Family Library." It has obtained great popularity on the other side of the water, and cannot fail to interest a numerous circle of readers in this country. The author writes with uncommon spirit and energy; his descriptions of character are life-like and graphic; and the historical details of an episodic nature, with which the work is crowded, are arranged with masterly skill and brilliant effect.

The work opens with a sketch of the origin of the Bastile, and then presents a description of its interior construction, of the towers, dungeons, apartments, furniture, and food, of the prisoners, followed by an account, in chronological order, of the most distinguished inmates who were immured within its walls. Such a record must throw a strong light on the worst features of European society during the long period of which it treats. It shows the depth of corruption into which human nature may fall, when left under the influence of degrading institutions, and must impress the reader with the importance of a true natural culture, by its fearful and disgusting lessons. A portrait of the cruelty, and licentiousness, that prevailed under the successive French monarchs, and of the horrible crimes which they engendered, is here given to the life, and shows the roots of the civilization which we love to extol as the perfection of social order. We can scarce read those loathsome details of the rottenness of society, without a thrill of horror; we would fain persuade ourselves that it is not men, but demons of whom these abominations are recorded; we blush to belong to a race that is capable of such gigantic atrocities; but we can find relief from these sickening effects in the faith that humanity has ever been the victim of its institutions, that the progress from folly to wisdom, though imperceptible, is certain, and that man will yet rejoice in a social organization adapted to his nature, when the harsh discords of the present chaotic state will be lost in the divine harmonies of universal unity.

Why, absorbed from childhood in bodily labor, art thou not permitted to receive some feeble rays of the light that nourishes the mind? Why rises not the star of science above the horizon of that dark world to which you have been banished?

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

PEACE THE PRINCIPLE AND POLICY OF ASSOCIATIONISTS.

The United States are at War with Mexico. What is our duty in consequence? All bodies of men and every man must answer this question, according to the light that is in them. We wish briefly to state the answer which should, in our judgment, be given by Associationists.

We have no inclination to enter into a discussion now of the peculiar character of this War. The time for such discussion has passed. We shall rather take for granted what all but partizans admit. And though our words must be severe, they shall be only severely true. This War then is the necessary result of a systematic course of conduct on the part of the Government of the United States, which Mr. Benton so emphatically and justly pronounced a year ago, to be "an unparalleled outrage upon Mexico." The Spirit of this War is the Anglo Saxon lust of conquest stimulated by national vanity and covetousness; its motive was the purpose of indefinitely extending and perpetuating slavery, of seizing new territories, of acquiring ports on the Pacific; its mode has been Executive usurpation, rocklessness, and arbitrary disregard of our own Constitutional limitations and of established National Law; its end will be, when, how, or where, Heaven only can foreknow. Certainly, if a nation ever on this earth deserved disaster, it is apparently the United States. But we have not the presumption to anticipate the designs of Providence. We do not pretend to guess even the result of this struggle. We see that the Mexicans, — although by their abolition of slavery and their unwillingness to give up their provinces to the possession of slavery again, occupying in this particular affair, a position from which they may justly look down upon us with contempt, — are as a whole, far inferior in character, intelligence and energy to our own people. And they may have to suffer therefore, now once again, for the sins of their fathers. We may conquer them, may wrest from them California, may plant colonies all over their wide-spread regions, may work their mines, navigate their rivers. We may for a time seem only and wholly triumphant. But nevertheless do we believe, — that Divine Justice rules univer-

sally, impartially; that crime, whether committed by nations or individuals, is always and every where allowed to reap, thresh, grind, and eat its self sown crop of woe, until it repents; and therefore are we assured, that the United States, by this gratuitous, mean, unprovoked, and utterly mercenary aggression, upon a sister Republic, will sooner or later, bring upon itself a commensurate retribution. We leave to braggarts then all boasting and glorification; and are disposed only to await in awe the sure coming penalty. The crimson curtain of fate we have lifted; at our bidding the first act of the tragedy has begun; but no statesman in this country or Europe can foresee the catastrophe. It may possibly be, that this nation will yet have a sufficient remnant of grace and sanity to stop its career of robbery at the Rio Bravo; though nothing in the past can justify even this feeble hope. But probably we shall plunge on in an endless career of conquest, — conquest by cunning or force, or both combined, until Mexico remains but a shadow. And then? — Why then, perhaps, or even before, it may be found, that John Quincy Adams was a prophet and not mad, when he predicted as the end of Texas annexation, a four fold war, a Foreign, Indian, Civil, Servile war. Certainly the possibility of such a ruin is now yawning before us. Possibly, shall we say, probably, this vaunting nation, which now claims for itself the whole North American continent, as its undivided possession, will by this very act of profligate ambition be rent utterly and forever in pieces. "Enough for the day is the evil thereof;" and for all who have really loved this nation, — have had faith in its genius, mission, principles, and destiny, — have been exalted in hope by visions of the magnificent future which opened so surely before it, if it were but faithful to God and Humanity, — its present suicidal, inhuman, impious course is too sad a spectacle for words.

This war is full of instructive lessons to Associationists, three of which we will in passing, mention; as their suggestion will better enable us to answer distinctly the question in regard to our duty. We call attention then,

1. To the fact, that there enter as elements into this war, most, if not all of the great causes which have armed man against his fellow in all past ages. Wars first originated in the desire of the strong to make the weak their beasts of burden, the vanquished becoming the slaves of the victors; and Texas annexation was a scheme of slaveholders for the avowed end of upholding, perpetuating and diffusing slavery. Wars sprung next from the passion for foreign conquest, the invaders purposing to enrich themselves

with the spoils of subjugated provinces; and the "booted loafers" of the South-West, as Mr. Wise called them, have been long since summoned to this conflict by the savage whoop "hurra for the gold mines and the church treasures of Mexico!" The next great cause of war has been the ambition of political adventurers, eager to dazzle the eyes of the mob by daring deeds, ready to seize on chances of preferment, longing after power, and hungering for the gains and trappings of office; and it is notorious, that one of the chief incitements to this war has been the criminal hope indulged by political aspirants, that their advocacy of the course, which led to it, might become a claim to popular favor. Lastly, the fourth great cause of war has been the passion of aggrandizement developed by the commercial spirit; and who does not know, that the mean motive of extending our domestic and coasting trade, of opening new markets, and gaining new ports, has tempted the mercantile and manufacturing community in our great cities, and all over the land to connive at this wholesale robbery! Thus to the Associationist it is evident, that this vaunted Civilization contains within itself the very seeds of decay, which have brought the proudest realms to the dust, in all past ages. And especially base do these inhuman tendencies appear, when contrasted with the longings and convictions, which are now impelling men throughout Christendom, to seek more just and kind social relations. Oppression, robbery, selfish ambition, and commercial fraud, never seemed, never were, so aggravated, as in an age and a nation like this, which professes a Religion of Love and a Law of Freedom, and Equality. This leads us to consider;

2. That, if this threatened war shall come to a speedy termination, without destroying Mexico, involving us in a conflict with other foreign powers, and breaking this nation in pieces, it will be owing wholly to the mighty SPIRIT OF HUMANITY, which is now seeking to bind all nations into one grand fraternity. What a proof does the Associationist see in this sign of the times, that Providence is ready to introduce a higher era of Humanity, if man is but willing and wise to obey. How striking to the most careless observer is the fact, that so many influences now combine to withhold the world from a general war, — composite influences, — at once material and spiritual. In ancient times, and indeed in modern times until quite recently, commerce has been in all nations, a most exclusive and tyrannical power, prompting them to aggression, to foreign rivalry, to endless exactions on strangers, and the raising of impediments to every enter-

prise not originated within their own borders. But now ships, steamers, railroads, and telegraphs, the necessities of finance and insurance, and ever new manufacturing, mechanical, agricultural inventions are introducing such incessant exchanges, that nation begins to find itself interlinked with nation, as by vital ties. War begins to appear suicidal as well as destructive. Parallel with this development of universal coöperation and transfer of benefits the earth round, is the growth of friendly social relations by interchange of arts, literature, correspondence, translations, by travelling, by dissemination of laws and manners, by colonization and intermarriage. There is no continent or island, through which some vein of intercourse does not distribute the circulating life of the great heart and brain of Christendom. Every year weaves closer and firmer this organization of Humanity. Transmitted feuds die out; hoary, moss-grown monuments of wrong are buried; prejudices wear away; distinctions of caste, clan, complexion, are gradually becoming obliterated; man is more and more seen to be the brother of his fellow man every where. And lastly, the sublime conviction of One Universal Father, of One All-protecting Goodness, begins to spread above the heads of the whole Race, however scattered, the blue over-arching roof of One Home, where the children of One Infinite Creator meet to receive and give again his unfailling blessings. Every form of hate, deceit, wrong, appears manifestly to be an outrage upon Divine benignity, a mad breach of Supreme Justice, and a voluntary exile from God's all-embracing Spirit of Love. It is without exaggeration the fact, that these holy and humane influences are now working in men's hearts in this land, in Europe, and the world over, commanding **UNITY, BROTHERHOOD, PEACE.** What a proof, we again say, of the period of development to which the human race has been brought, if men are only ready to use their privileges. But this forces us now to ask,

3. What hinders the triumph of these principles of Love over the remaining traits of barbarism and savageness? This and this only,—that Christian and Civilized men, are unable, more from ignorance and pressing circumstances than want of will, to manifest in Deeds their sentiments of Right. Paradoxical though it may seem, yet it is true, that men are now in heart better than their social institutions; their impulses are kinder than their practices; customs do not express public or private conscience. The relations of social life, around us and throughout Christendom, are the hard shell of the chrysalis, from which a purer life is striving to break. Antagonism, competi-

tion, over-reaching, imposition, seem established necessities, from which the hest cannot escape. By fixed habits of intercourse the operative finds himself at strife with his fellows, each class of laborers with all other classes, the whole Working Order against the Money Order, capitalist against capitalist; city rivals city, and seeks to divert to itself the currents of trade and money; state by state forces through its own scheme of aggrandisement, however other states may thereby incur wrong; diplomatists outwit and betray diplomatists; nations form selfish alliances to humble or crush a common opponent; useful industry is entangled everywhere in an inextricable web of plausibility, deception, cunning, which all condemn and all suffer by. Finally the poisonous virus of selfish strife, circulating through the minute vessels of civilized society, produces local irritation, inflames and festers into some fatal gangrene of national war. Then the gains of years are swept away, the noble works of public spirit are destroyed, productive labor stagnates, misery swallows up multitudes, thousands perish. At last the sick world, gasping almost unto death, slowly revives again, with crippled energies to repair its profligate waste of social vigor. War,—private, partizan, sectional, national, is really the habitual state of social man; and this from the effect of transmitted customs. For in the consciences of the good and wise of all nations, and in the common sense of the masses taught by long and repeated experiences of wo, this universal strife is seen to be as hideous and detestable as it is inhuman and impious. A radical change of social relations and customs, a substitution of combination for conflict, of convergent for divergent interests, is the only mode of putting an end to war. The Great Principle of Humanity must be organized in Institutions and Customs, or Christendom will still continue to be the hypocrite she now is,—professing brotherhood, yet tolerating murder, rapine, slavery, poverty, crime,—calling above upon a Heavenly Father, and trampling under foot his earthly children.

Now these considerations cannot but come home to Associationists; they appeal to us as they can to no other men; for the very work to which we as Associationists are consecrated is this substitution of universal coöperation for universal conflict, this embodiment in every relation of life, from the least to the greatest, of the Principle of Love. The faith of Associationists is, that God has from eternity prearranged a Law of Perfect Justice for man, by obedience to which all nations, communities, individuals may be united in harmony; our system of life is, as we are assured, an approximation

at least towards a true representation of this Divine Law of Order, by which all varieties of disposition, capacity and energy, in nations and individuals, may be blended in joyful, combined usefulness; our practical aim is to establish Families of United Families, where labor, wealth, education, refinement, social pleasures, worship, shall be so blended in due proportion, and so freely open, that all shall become indeed members one of another. Well then may we be confident, that we are in the way marked out for this generation by Divine Providence; that we are seeking to fulfil, what the Spirit of God now commands this Nation; that we are giving our energies to the accomplishment of the very end, which Humanity is every where longing for—the **UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD.**

What then, need we now ask, is the duty of Associationists in relation to the existing war, in relation to any war? There can be no doubt, no hesitation. It is expressed in two words. Our duty is to be **PEACE-KEEPERS AND PEACE-MAKERS.**

Any other principle or policy than Peace would be the absurdest self contradiction for Associationists. The Law of Harmony, which we acknowledge as Divine, is One in essence, Universal in application. It is Love from God to man, and Love through man to man. The conception of conflict is impossible, except in so far as unity is developed into varieties, that they may be combined again into unity, and so the original joy and beauty multiplied and made more intense. In separate communities, each class of laborers may rally under its own banner; but in the centre will float over all the pure banner of **UNITY.** And so nations should and must have their own symbolic flags; but the **Oriflamme** in the midst of God's Hosts must be unsullied White, blazoned with the Sun. Do we not assert that Love is the inspiration of one omnipresent God; that one life of Humanity pervades all people; that one destiny marshals all generations onward to a Universal Good? How then are Associationists to kill? Do we not declare that earth, and its treasures are given as a heritage to the Human Race, that it may glorify the globe with culture, comfort, and refinement, and so unite all nations in a vast Commonwealth? How then can Associationists burn, pillage, and destroy? Associationists are banded to introduce the Reign of Heaven on Earth; how can we aid to let loose Hell? Our principle, our policy is Peace,—Perpetual Peace,—Universal Peace. We look for a time when nations will meet in vast congresses to plan out the widest cultivation, health, beauty of every land under

every climate; when armies will be sent forth to vie with each other in redeeming deserts, draining pestilential marshes, excavating mines, opening passes through mountains, preparing safe harbors, digging canals from ocean to ocean, spanning continents with rail roads, building cities in waste places, colonizing desolate regions. In that coming time of true glory what real chivalry, and heroism and nobleness will appear! What honor and joy will there then be to head a forlorn hope! How will courage and fortitude then find spheres worthy of self-sacrifice! And finally how will loyal obedience then attend the leaders of the Soul of the Solidiery of good; for they will be not ambitious pretenders, but men of great heart, and head and will, justly honored by all, because they are most the ministers to all.

The principle and policy of Associationists then is Peace,—Peace only — Peace always and every where. And we mean by this word, not merely or chiefly a passive non-resistance of evil, but rather an active exercise of good. Peace is not indifference, apathy, holding back, doing nothing; on the contrary, it is practically possible, only as an energetic embodiment in deeds of the spirit of unity. Peace is the outward expression of an inward life of love. Nations, individuals can be at peace with one another only by being mutual benefactors, coöperators in productive usefulness, creators and distributors together of the means of happiness, refinement, intelligence, kindness, spiritual growth. To be a Peace-keeper and Peace-maker then, is to be an obedient subject of the kingdom of God which is love, a faithful minister of the Heavenly Father whose essence and operation is love. Peace is harmonious action.

What then precisely do we consider the duty of Associationists to be, in relation to the existing war, in relation to any and every war?

1. *Negatively* it is our duty, to give this war no manner of aid, by word, deed, or any feeling of sympathy. We must stand wholly aloof from it, as we would from an opening crater and desolating lava-floods. It is an outbreak of hell with which we can have no concert. Away from us the most remote thought of arming, enlisting, or serving if drafted. Not a cent of our property should by our will go to its support. We would have every Association in the country run up and keep flying the WHITE FLAG, above the National Flag, in symbol that God's law is supreme over all human enactments. But is not this unpatriotic and treasonable? No! Humanity is necessarily divided into nations; and the citizens of each nation should be consecrated to the prevalence of the essential princi-

ples, to the renewal and preservation of the essential life of the nation, of which they are respectively members. Let the Associationists then of the United States pledge themselves more devotedly than ever to the spirit, principles, and true well-being of this nation. But in what do these consist? In Christian piety, and charity, civil freedom, equal justice, universal education, social kindness, common wealth. This people was most manifestly designed by God to be a NATION OF UNITED FREEMEN; and he is the true patriot, who most faithfully seeks the fulfillment of this sublime destiny. Treasonable! We would say it with all calmness, but with unwavering decision, the traitors to this nation, are the instigators and agents in this war; — for its whole motive and tendency is the destruction of the very fundamental principles of this Union of Freemen. Men all around us of all parties, seem afraid to take the responsibility of condemning this war, as it deserves. Let Associationists, few and weak as they are, be found to a man, on the side of right and truth. Let fools call them, if they will, cowards and traitors. There will come a to-morrow in the year of God's Providence, when such judgments will be reversed. Our duty is to keep Peace.

2. *Positively* our duty is, to carry on with more energy than ever the Universal Reform in which we are engaged, undeterred and undistracted by any transient excitement. Now is the very time to expose to men the iniquity and absurdity of our present social arrangements, of our national hypocrisies and shortcomings. Now is the very opportunity to convince them of the need of a fundamental principle of Humanity, of a universal application of justice. More earnestly than ever let us assert the reality of a living God, whose inspiration is goodness, — the perfection of the divine law of order, — the providential preparation of this Christian and free people for realizing the idea of brotherhood, — the need of practically embodying our religion of love, and our civil principles of freedom in all relations of social life. Let us scatter our seeds amid the storm, if a storm must oversweep the country. Then will posterity bless us as they reap the harvest. Let a foe, if it should come upon us, find us busy in productive industry, with spears beaten into pruning-hooks and swords into plough-shares, strong in the omnipotence of Humanity. Let us lay amid the falling ruins of our institutions, if the worst shall happen, the corner stone of that temple of justice, under whose lofty dome and amid whose circling walls, united nations shall worship. Let us give ourselves trustingly up to the Spirit of Love now working

throughout Christendom, and join firm hands of fellowship with the loving of all lands. Let us thus *make Peace*. And then shall be fulfilled in us the benediction: "Blessed are the Peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God."

We have spoken thus fully and strongly upon this subject now, because it is the first occasion which has summoned us as Associationists to *apply* our principles and policy in time of war. In April, 1844, they were thus *announced* in a resolution adopted by the Associationists of the United States, assembled in convention:

"Accepting the law of groups and series as the divinely appointed order on which the organization of human societies should rest, not merely of our land and time, but of all lands and times; and believing that the true organization of society in every nation is the most sure and direct mode of uniting all nations in the COMBINED ORDER, we wish in this first national convention to manifest our desire of concerted action with our Fellow-Associationists in Europe, and may Heaven soon bless all Nations with a compact of PERPETUAL PEACE."

LABOR FOR WAGES.

The "Voice of Freedom" reprints a late article of ours, with editorial comments, the essential parts of which we quote.

"This writer does not seem to entertain very exalted notions of *Civilization*; because, as he asserts, laboring for wages is indissolubly connected with it. If this expounder of *Civilization* can concoct and carry into execution, a plan of doing business between man and man without virtually adopting this principle, and show that this plan will more highly conduce to the welfare of the mass, I would like to be shown the outline of it. As I understand the principles of the "Brook Farm Community" of which the Harbinger is the organ, a man, joining it, and depositing a thousand dollars with the Treasurer, is allowed a certain per centage for the use of the money while it remains there; also is allowed a certain price for his labor; and when he desires, may leave, taking with him the principal and interest of the money, and the *balance due for his work*. In order to do right between the laboring members of this, or a similar Community, the one who performs twice the amount of labor of another, should receive twice the amount of pay; also the first is just as much robbed of his earnings, by the indolent, as he would be to receive less than he earns, from an individual.

"But, suppose all the people of this State should subscribe to the Constitution and Bye-laws of Brook Farm Community, there must necessarily be divisions and sub-divisions under the great whole, and these several societies must be officered according to the necessities of the case.

"Should there not be some regulation of this kind, the Association could not long

exist. But, we shall suppose that Community Organizations were formed so as to cover the whole United States. In that case, the *Overseers* must be multiplied in the same ratio as of one State. and I apprehend that, until the mass have more *wisdom and morality* than they now possess, the Community plan would not be so much preferable to the Civil regulations of the New England States, as the writer of the article would seem to represent. The Brook Farm Association, or Community, is not now without its officers; and while that consists of but a few chosen and choice spirits;—men who are intelligent, and have associated together for the purpose of benefitting each other, the experiment of managing a large and heterogeneous mass cannot have been tried. Should this Association succeed to popularity, designing men will worm themselves into this Society, and into power, as they, or others now do in civil society's arrangements; and, instead of the conflicting interests spoken of by the writer of the *Phalanx* Editorial, if the members were not virtually hired to earn their living, the conflict would be to see which shall obtain a living with the least amount of labor.

"As I understand the matter, the difficulty in the New England, and some other free States, is not so much in the Civil regulations, as it is in the disposition of some who reside in these States, and violate their civil laws. Should such men subscribe to Brook Farm regulations, they must soon be ejected or they would prove a disturbing element in the new brotherhood. The governing principle in all societies should be to do unto others as the individual would wish others to do unto him. This can be acted upon at Brook Farm, or at Washington. And until men can be persuaded to live out this principle, I apprehend the Community profession would not remedy the evils complained of."

The writer it will be observed, blends together in his remarks, quite distinct subjects, interweaving his thought on remuneration for labor, with others on political arrangements, and so forth. But we suppose that we see the connection between the various topics in his mind, and understand his general meaning, expressed in the form of propositions, to be this:

1. The sufferings and degradations of the laboring classes in civilized society are not owing to the system of Labor for Wages,—which in some form is inevitable, and is not intrinsically unjust;—but they are owing to selfishness, ambition, and so forth.

2. Association *virtually* retains, though in a somewhat modified form the Wages-system; and does not tend to make men less selfish, ambitious, and so forth.

3. The right way to remove existing evils in the social state is, to teach men, "to do unto others as they would have others do unto them," which principle can be applied as well at one place as another.

We have time and room for but a few suggestions upon these three points, which we will take up in order.

1. The system of Labor for Wages is a remnant of the relations between the capitalist and the laborer, which existed originally under the systems of Slavery and Serfdom. The history of Europe demonstrates this most clearly. Under the institution of slavery, the lord of the soil owned the land, and all that was upon it, or within it, minerals, forests, farms, animals, slaves. The slave was not a man, but an instrument for the manufacture of wealth. He existed, was allowed to exist, only because his labor was for his master's profit. He owned nothing,—neither himself, his family, his industry nor its products. All was the property of the lord. Under the institution of serfdom, there was a partial recognition of the laborer's manhood, and of his just claims. But this manhood was that of a "villain," a base, degraded, half brutal manhood; and such privileges as he had, were only grants from the master on condition of certain vassal services. The serf was allowed to use with restrictions his own labor, and to own, under subjection to his master, some roods of ground, some utensils, dwellings, and so forth. Gradually this imperfect recognition of what is due to a man, extended; with new arts, and new refinements, labor rose in the estimation of the noble and of the artisan. The laborers began to unite in bands, to establish corporations, guilds, &c.; they formed clearer conceptions of their own powers, saw the evil of restrictions, remonstrated against their wrongs, finally claimed their *rights*. Then society, which heretofore had been Barbarous, emerged into a higher state of development, and Civilization began. And Civilization through its whole course has been a progressive emancipation of labor, a series of successive struggles on the part of the laborers to attain to civil freedom, to an unobstructed use of their own productive energies, to an unimpaired possession of the wealth produced by those energies. The rise of the free cities,—the struggles of the guilds against the nobility,—the appointment of popular councils,—the acknowledgment of the right of representation,—the securing of equal justice before the tribunals,—are the steps by which the slaves and serfs of earlier times have been elevated to the condition of citizens.

It is a great step, unquestionably, this last one, by which civilized society acknowledges that every man has the inalienable right to himself, to his labor, and to the wealth which labor brings. But is the *acknowledgment* of this right its *establishment*? Far from it. For the power of transmitted custom is strong to modify law, and stronger still to influence practice. Property is still held and transmitted under usages which originated in

feudal times. Civilization boasts, that it acknowledges a man's right to the free use of his industry; but does it provide the necessary conditions of that freedom? It boasts, that it protects every man's property; but has it even begun to enable every man to own property? Was not the universal ownership of the master under the institution of slavery wrong? Was not the conditional ownership of the noble under the institution of serfdom wrong? Is not the present isolated system of property holding also wrong? The slave owned nothing, his labor and its fruits went wholly to the master; the serf was allowed some ownership in his labor and its products, on condition that far the larger portion together with his loyal service went to the lord; the civilized laborer is intrusted with the use of lands, tools, and money, on condition that he pays for the privilege of using them, under the capitalist's direction, an immense per centage. Wages are the small dividend allowed to labor out of the wealth which it has produced by thus using the instrumentalities which capital loans; a dividend, which constantly decreases, in proportion as laborers multiply, and which varies with every whim of the capitalist, or change in the market. Is the time very distant, when the laborer will ask, has not every man a right to existence and to the means of existence, to a foothold on the soil, to the use of his labor and to the wealth which labor creates, without paying the lord of the soil and the lord of capital for the privilege? We think it is very plain, that civilization in its present system of labor for wages, is perpetuating the custom of property-holding, which originated in an earlier era; and that it can *secure* to every citizen the right to labor and to wealth, only by going a step farther, and substituting a system of joint ownership for that of isolated ownership.

History thus shows us how the Landlord and Capitalist, who formerly owned all, still hold in vassalage the nominally free laborer. But experience still farther confirms the assertion, that the Wages-system is a thralldom. What is the daily experience of the laborer? Is it not this, that though nominally free, he is really owned, body, mind, soul, by the capitalist? His labor is free! Free! Does he not under the compulsion of necessity, and the grinding pressure of competition, daily resign judgment and will into the hands of the master who buys him by the job? Is he to have conscientious scruples as to the character and uses of the article he makes; is he to estimate the worth of the material he fabricates; is he to remonstrate against notorious frauds to which he is privy? The laborer is free to do the work appointed, or to go and

starve. It is a farce to talk of freedom in such a state of society, as this around us, where men and women, by the tens of thousands, every day are forced to do, what their better nature revolts at, or become beggars or villains. Civilization secures only nominal freedom; and will not secure positive freedom, until it provides means by which every man may honestly become possessed of wealth. The operative, owning no land, farm, workshop, utensils, capital, must sell himself, muscles and bones, brain and conscience, for bread. Only by constant toil, and sacrifice of voluntary agency and self-respect, can he who begins the world without means climb to independence.

And the evil meanwhile increases; and this necessarily. When Labor was owned by the Lord, and he had assured wealth, the Noble was estimated by his manly qualities more than by his circumstances; by the generous use of his property more than by its possession. But the effect of civilization is by the multiplication of means of wealth, to turn attention more and more upon its acquisition. Hence a frenzied desire for riches, constantly becoming more intense. And this works in a two-fold way. It stimulates capitalist to band with capitalist for the purpose of maintaining, strengthening, extending their possessions; it tempts the operative to more tame compliance, more base connivance, more under-biddings of his fellow workmen. Is it not of universal notoriety that there is a rapidly increasing tendency towards large joint stock operations among the rich, while on the other hand the spirit of coöperation and mutual confidence among the laboring classes is declining? Civilized society is hastening onward to a state of vassalage,—such as earth has never yet seen,—hastening towards it rapidly and surely unless the counteracting agencies of Christian Philanthropy, of Liberty, and of genuine Humanity stop its downward career. This state is an INDUSTRIAL FEUDALISM, where the few rich will once again own land, houses, utensils, all means of producing wealth, all wealth, and where the dense multitudes of workers will beg with tears and moans for the poor boon of laboring for bread, clothing, shelter. Verily! that will be a state more hideous even than slavery. Is it not already beginning to be realized in Europe, aye even among us!

In concluding this head, we would simply put the question; is such a state as this, which exists around us, of civilized life, well fitted to *make* a person selfish, or is it not? Are men here and now *tempted* to be mercenary, mean, hard, driving, unscrupulous, dishonest in the acquisition of property; and ostentatious, ambitious, luxurious, profligate in

its expenditure, or are they not? Let facts answer.

2. But will Association be a remedy to these rapidly increasing, and inevitable evils? It must, at least, relieve them. We believe it will go far to cure them wholly. For it removes the very radical source of all these forms of injustice, and substitutes in its room radical justice. It takes up the progressive development of Humanity just where civilization leaves it; and secures to Labor the very rights which civilization in vain asserts. For its principle is, that *All* men, have the right, as it is their duty, to labor, to increase the wealth of the world; therefore have they the right to a place whereon, and materials wherewith to labor. Earth and its resources belong to the race, and to the nations, states and communities, in-to which the race is divided, for the greatest well being of all members of the human family; and the use of the earth and its materials should be distributed in that way and that way only which will most secure the highest good of all men. By this principle is not the very source of injustice removed?

Association does not retain in any shape or form the Wages-system,—which is that the capitalist shall pay to the laborer the least part he can of the profits, which the laborer's energies have gained by using his capital; but substitutes for this unjust and capricious method of division a perfectly equitable one, namely,—every man shall have the free use of the gains of past labor, for the increase of the common wealth; and he shall himself become owner of exactly that measure of property which he has added to the common wealth. It thus binds every man to his brother by gratitude and reciprocated benefits; unites capital and labor by ties of manifest justice and kindness; secures to every man opportunity for industry; stimulates him to exertion by noble and humane motives; and makes the very division of profits, which now tempts men to employ every mean and dishonest mode of benefitting themselves by wronging their brothers, a sublime instrumentality for enabling every man at once to see for himself and to prove to others what is his exact measure of productive usefulness. Finally, by its system of joint ownership and joint expenditure, it substitutes public spirit for avarice, generosity for selfish luxury, and a love of social refinement for private ostentation.

3. If what we have suggested under the two former heads is in any measure just, we need only add, that the true means by which to teach men to “do unto others, as they would have others do unto them” is such a *practical* arrangement, as will make a life of love possible. We assert, that it is simply impossible

for the capitalist and laborer, in existing society, (as a general rule, not in exceptional cases) to live in relations of love. Every event of every hour presents too strong a temptation on both sides. And just in the degree in which love prevails over self interest, will both parties feel that the relation of master and servant, is unjust. *Partnership in risks and profits* is what love demands; this is practically the application of the Golden Rule. Association accomplishes this.

If a mode could be devised for the express end of training men up to selfishness, it would be the exact counterpart to the existing mode of civilized, competitive industry. Industry and property, in all their arrangements as at present managed, are one vast school of fraud, chicanery, open and secret lying and cheating. The universal lesson is “get money; honestly if you can; but get money.” The whole spirit of society is mercenary; its ruling power is the Caste of Wealth,—its God is Mammon. He who expects, amidst such omnipresent temptations to evil to drive out selfishness, must reason like the youthful philosopher, who being shut up in the barn, bored it full of holes to let out the darkness. Thank God we are surrounded by the Light of Love, which will penetrate through every chink and crevice into men's benighted souls; and every new discussion of human wrongs illuminates the soul with new visions of justice.

N. B. The writer in the Voice of Freedom speaks of the Harbinger as the Organ of the Brook Farm Association. In this he falls into error. The Harbinger is intended to be the Organ of the whole Associative School in this country, while its pages are freely open to articles upon all the reforms which promise to elevate Humanity, and to introduce the reign of Heaven upon Earth.

ASSOCIATIONISTS IN NEW YORK—ANNIVERSARIES—SPIRIT OF THE PRESS—NORTH AMERICAN PHALANX.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Upon arriving in New York on Saturday morning, the 6th, I was not long in finding out the leading friends of Association, with most of whom I had enjoyed the pleasure of a personal acquaintance, and was also introduced to some earnest friends of the cause, whom I now saw for the first time. They appeared deeply interested in the progress of the movement, firm in their convictions of the sublime truths on which it is founded, and ready to engage in any practical measures for its wider and more speedy development. As a general rule, our friends in this city have been attracted to Association by the force of intellectual

convictions; they regard the leading theories of Fourier in the light of scientific demonstrations; and hence their attention has been more fully directed to the promulgation and defence of the abstract principles of Association, than to the attempt to organize them in social life. They feel deeply, to be sure, the enormous evils of society which daily pass before their eyes, — Heaven knows they have occasion enough for this, — they are waiting, with a prophet's faith, for the ultimate realization of their principles; but they do not, I think, feel the personal need of truer social relations so intensely as the friends in other places, who have been led, by an irresistible impulse, to unite in Associative families, though on a very humble and imperfect scale. They have such clear conceptions of the vast material and social benefits, which will grow out of a true Association, organized on scientific principles, — such unbounded faith in the success of a movement, undertaken on a scale commensurate with the magnificent ideas of the great discoverer of social science, — that they cannot attach the same importance, that we do, to the limited attempts, which we and others are engaged in, for at least an escape from some of the most terrible evils of the competitive system, if not for the complete establishment of a true order of Society.

As we have often remarked, in our opinion, a small combination of families, united on principles of justice and benevolence, maintaining a general unity of interests in all material affairs, and co-operating to the utmost of their power for mutual benefit, is far preferable to the isolated household in civilization, with its necessary antagonism, and the frivolity, vapidness, and weariness, which are invariably engendered by the heartless round of social pursuits in our great commercial cities. We think that the friendship which springs up in such combinations, the pure and healthy relations between man and man which they produce, the serenity of conscience which is inspired by a life not wholly absorbed in selfish purposes, are an abundant compensation for any trials and sacrifices, and even for great material disadvantages which may be required, on the commencement of such a social organization. Our New York friends, on the other hand, are so absorbed in the contemplation of the vast results that will proceed from a complete experiment on a grand scale, with ample resources, that they are apt to lose sight of the humbler and less imposing benefits that grow out of the unpretending attempts to which we are devoted.

For myself, however, I am not disposed to quarrel with these apparently divergent tendencies; I rejoice in them

both as essential to the great social revolution which is to bless humanity. It is important to present the scientific idea of Association, in all its completeness, as the standard of ultimate attainment; at the same time, the more limited experiments, which have been prompted by a deep sense of social truth and justice, will serve to enkindle and keep alive the enthusiasm, which is the necessary condition of progress, and will form an appropriate transition to the beautiful harmonies of the Combined Order.

On Tuesday evening, the 11th inst. a private meeting of a few friends of Association was held in Mr. B's rooms in Leonard street, for mutual conference and deliberation. The plan of forming a central organization was fully discussed, and met with unanimous approval. It was believed that such an arrangement was now necessary to combine the resources that are scattered throughout the country, and form a more intimate and effectual union between the advocates of the cause. On this movement there was but one opinion. I cannot but hope that it will be fully carried into effect, and that it will prepare the way for wider and more thorough operations than have as yet been attempted. A feeling of friendly sympathy was warmly expressed in our recent disaster at Brook Farm, and generous proffers of aid were extended for the partial reparation of our loss. It was decided to call a public meeting during the week, although it was too late to make any special preparation for its arrangement.

A meeting was accordingly held on Thursday evening, at the Minerva Rooms, — about three hundred were present, — and was addressed by Mr. Greeley, Mr. Ripley, and Mr. Brisbane. Mr. Greeley, who in the midst of his numerous and urgent avocations, always finds time to attend an Association meeting, gave an interesting historical sketch of the movement in this country, described the condition and prospects of several of the principal Associations, and earnestly pressed the importance of this reform upon the attention of the audience. He was followed by Mr. Ripley, who presented a brief exposition of the principles on which the Associative movement is founded, and dwelt at some length on the religious character of the enterprise. Mr. Brisbane concluded with a most fervent appeal in favor of earnest action, in view of the tremendous social evils, which are the inevitable product of the existing arrangements of civilization. The meeting went off with great interest, and the remarks of the speakers were received with a cordial response on the part of the audience. It was quite similar in its character to our meetings in Boston, which at

times have been so effective; no attempts at eloquence, no clap traps, and no stale common place, but the unfolding of the souls of earnest men in earnest talk. Every candid person present must have been convinced that the Associative cause is a vital reality to those who are engaged in it, and that it combines elements of life which cannot be destroyed.

The great religious societies held their Anniversaries at New York this week, and appear to have been pretty numerously attended. The Unitarians had several crowded meetings, which called forth no small degree of interest, and formed a striking element in the grand mêlée of opinions and projects, which give such a promiscuous and motley aspect to the proceedings of the week. This new influence will tend to extend the dominion of common sense, to enlarge the courtesy and liberality of debate, to banish cant and pretence, to give prominence to the intellectual aspects of religion, and to stimulate a spirit of inquiry, which no one can deny must be favorable to the interests of true theology. The Unitarians as a body will always be found on the side of progress; they cannot avoid this without deserting their principles; and whatever sectarians may think of their theology, we may rely on their influence in behalf of humanity.

A disgusting contrast to this was exhibited in the speeches of many of the orators of the regular, orthodox societies. I heard some instances of petty and party narrowness which were truly amusing. At some of the meetings, where the staple of eloquence began to run low, the speakers would take refuge from barrenness of thought, and what we used in college to call a "dead set," in ignorant abuse of "Fourierism," as they were pleased to call the great social reform which they felt bound to oppose. Most clearly they knew nothing of the subject which they presumed to touch with such volubility; or at best, had obtained only such information as may be gleaned from the veracious columns of the Express or the Courier and Enquirer. I happened to drop in at the Tabernacle, just at the moment that an orator, whose name I did not learn, began to descant before the Bible Society in a most edifying manner, on that novel topic, the spirit of the age. He was an elderly gentleman, with a round, rubicund visage, which expressed in every line of it that the world had gone well with him, and I cannot wonder that he felt such annoyance at the reformers, who in their zeal to set things to rights, might chance to disturb the soft, easy cushion on which he had long reposed. "Mr. President," said he, in a vein of sparkling wit, which I know not

how I survived, "the world is full of new schemes which tend to set aside the Bible—the Fanny Wrights, the Fourierites, and many other Rights, all of which are Wrong;" and now turning to the ladies, "I must appeal to you to exert the sweet influence you are so capable of employing, in behalf of the book, which God wrote with his own hand." After much in the same strain, the jolly rhetorician sat down, as the reporters say, amidst thunders of applause, leaving the discomfited "Fourierites" to lide their diminished heads, as they could. All this was deemed very fine, and due praise given therefor in the newspapers.

The attacks on Association which are made by two or three of the city presses, appear to proceed from personal hostility to the Tribune, whose editor reminds you of a noble Lion, with a swarm of mice trying to gnaw into his vitals. They cannot forgive him his independence of mere party trammels, his fearless repudiation of a dead, mouldering conservatism, his generous devotion to the cause of human rights, his cheering sympathy with every movement for the moral or physical improvement of the masses; and unable to find a spot or blemish in his personal character, against which to direct their assaults, they endeavor to bring into disrepute his favorite plans for the alleviation of human suffering, and to cast him to the ground by vilifying the cause which he is known to have espoused. The venom of the press, however, can never even tarnish the pure fame of such a man as Horace Greeley; much less, inflict a permanent injury on any vital truth of which he may be the advocate. With his greatness of heart, his rare disinterestedness, his candor and truthfulness of character, his Spartan simplicity and downrightness of expression and purpose, he will always be held in admiration by every free and noble spirit; the influence of his press will be a permanent element in our periodical literature; and his name will be revered with an affectionate enthusiasm, long after his prejudiced and bitter detractors shall have dwindled into dust.

On Friday morning I accompanied our friend B. on a visit to the North American Phalanx. I have always taken a deep personal interest in this Association, as I was present at its organization and the adoption of its constitution in Albany, and have among its members some highly esteemed friends. I had never been able before to make it a visit, and I accepted the opportunity now presented with great satisfaction. We had an agreeable passage in a little steamboat that runs daily from New York to Red Bank, about five miles from the Domain, to which we were taken in a

carriage, through one of the worst specimens of a deep sandy road, at the rate of hardly three miles an hour. Arriving about dinner time at the Phalanx, we received a cordial welcome from our friends, and were soon seated at their hospitable table, and were made to feel at once that we were at home, and in the midst of those to whom we were bound by strong ties. How could it be otherwise! It was a meeting of those whose lives were devoted to one interest, who had chosen the lot of pioneers in a great social reform, and who had been content to endure sacrifices for the realization of ideas that were more sacred than life itself. Then too, the similarity of pursuits, of the whole mode of life in our infant Associations, produces a similarity of feeling, of manners, and I could almost fancy, even of expression of countenance. I have often heard strangers remark upon the cheerfulness and elasticity of spirit which struck them on visiting our little Association; and here I found the same thing so strongly displayed, that in conversing with our new friends, it seemed as if they were the same that I had left at home, or rather, that I had been side by side with them for months or years, instead of meeting them to-day for the first time. I did not need any formal introduction to make me feel acquainted, and I flatter myself that there was as little reserve cherished on their part.

After dinner, we were kindly attended by our friend Mr. Sears over this beautiful, I may truly say, enchanting domain. I had often heard it spoken of in terms of high commendation; but I must confess, I was not prepared to find an estate combining so many picturesque attractions with such rare agricultural capabilities. It consists of 670 acres of land, with a smooth, level surface, broken only from time to time with gentle undulations, which serve to give variety and freedom to the landscape. The domain is bounded on two sides by considerable streams of water, which unite at one end of it in a river; a deep ravine surrounds it towards the water, and skirted by a broad belt of magnificent forest, the ground ascends in easy slopes, till we come to the broad, level fields, that invite the highest cultivation. These are laid out in orchards of peaches and apples, and fields of wheat, rye, corn, and potatoes, which even at this early season present a very attractive aspect. In some parts, broad strips of meadow intervene between the streams and the forest, producing fine crops of grass, and kept in perpetual fertility by the annual overflowing of the water. The woods are filled with abundance of wild flowers, such as the white dog-wood, wild geranium, laurel

and so forth, sufficient to gratify the most avaricious lover of natural beauty. At convenient distances, there are inexhaustible beds of marl, which properly applied to the land, will make it the source of immense agricultural wealth. The soil is light, principally of sand, but combined with marl, or other good fertilizers, very productive. Not a stone is to be seen, and the ground is so easy of cultivation, that it might almost be worked with a silver fork. Our friends here have no doubt been singularly fortunate in procuring so valuable a domain, as the scene of their experiment, and I see nothing which, with industry and perseverance, can create a doubt of their triumphant success, and that at no very distant day.

I was highly gratified with the appearance of the children, and the provision that is made for their education, physical as well as intellectual. I found them in a very neat school room, under the intelligent care of Mrs. B. who is devoting herself to this department with a noble zeal and the most pleasing results. It is seldom that young people in common society have such ample arrangements for their culture, or give evidence of such a healthy desire of improvement.

This Association, as you well know, has not been free from difficulties. It has had to contend with the want of sufficient capital, and has experienced some embarrassment on that account. It has also suffered from the discouragement of some of its members—a result always to be expected in every new enterprise, and by no means formidable in the long run,—and discontent has produced depression. Happily, the disaffected have retired from the premises, and with few, if any exceptions, the present members are heartily devoted to the movement, with strong faith in the cause and in each other, and determined to deserve success, even if they do not gain it. Their prospects, however, are now bright, and with patient industry and internal harmony they must soon transform their magnificent domain into a most attractive home for the Associative household. May God prosper them!

After meeting a large portion of the members in the evening, in an interchange of our mutual wishes, plans, and hopes, we took our departure at an early hour, the next morning, with a fresh conviction that the Associative order is the condition ordained by Providence for the highest and truest life of the soul, and an increased determination and desire to live and labor for its progress, until it shall be crowned with the glory of complete success.

Why seemest thou more abandoned by Providence than the worthless weed?

THE PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN. This little paper is now entering on its seventh volume. We are glad to be assured of its continuance and prosperity,—still more so of the prosperity of the "Fraternal Communion." The Christianity of the Community at Hopedale is of a kind which the world cannot have too much of. Differ as we may from its members on some points, we are thankful for the light which their example sheds abroad, for their testimony against the evils of competition, against all forms of slavery, against every species of wrong and injustice. We are grateful too for the indomitable courage with which they have prosecuted their enterprise and for the cheering hope which they have always sent forth to every heart that labors for the great interests of Humanity. We said we were glad to hear of their prosperity; of that we have recently had flattering accounts from private friends. God bless them! May they go on till they exhibit to all men the most conclusive proof that the Association of social and material interests is the only true form of Practical Christianity.

The salutatory of the new volume of their paper is from the pen of our excellent friend its editor. We wish we had room for the whole of it, but as we have not, we make the following extract whose pertinency is not limited to the particular circle to which it was addressed:

"In regard to *discontinuances*, more or less of them are always to be expected. There are good reasons for a portion of these, aside from that always sufficient reason, the *pleasure* of the subscriber. A majority of those who order us to 'stop' their papers, either give a *good* reason, or a simple *direction* without a reason. But we have a small class who give reasons, which, begging their pardon, seem to us worse than no reasons at all. One must stop because the Hopedale Community has a Declaration of faith, principles and duties. They ought, in his opinion, to have no other creed, confession, or declaration save the letter of the Bible. Therefore, says he, 'please discontinue the Practical Christian till you have got rid of your Declaration. Then perhaps I may take it again.' Certainly, friend, we will accommodate you. Another has outgrown all superstition, transcended the earth-hovering fogs of pretended divine revelations, and is now gyrating like an eagle above the clouds on his own sovereign authority, and he wants more ethereal food than is served up in the Practical Christian. It is too stale for him. So, says he, 'stop my paper; I am sick of your Bible, your Christ, and your Christians.' Certainly 'sir,—fly your flight. Another is in favor of the leading principles advocated in the paper, except *Communityism*. This he and his friends have no faith in, or partiality for. He believes in pure *individualism*, and a universal community of love and good will. Therefore 'stop my paper.' Certainly, we will; and no doubt your universal community of love, &c., will come

about by *individualism* when water runs up hill. Another had got a special revelation that all societies, books and newspapers are mischievous human inventions, and contrary to the divine order. Therefore he stops. Another thinks there is too much controversy in the paper, and that the truth is not always advocated in a right spirit. Therefore he stops. Another considers the paper too tame; there is not half controversy enough in it; he wants a work in which every line flashes fire at some opponent, or throws off sparkles like a blacksmith's more than red-hot iron under the well plied strokes of the hammer. So he stops. Well, we accommodate all such people of course; we are happy that they are so few; and we have not alluded to them in the way of complaint, but only to give our friends some of the magnificent reasons which are now and then offered by a *discontinuer*."

THE INTEGRAL PHALANX. We have lately received a communication from this body, from which we make the following extract. "The effort here is progressing with firmness; success now depends wholly on our future course. We shall complete a unitary edifice one hundred and thirty-two feet in length this season; we now have one hundred acres of corn planted, and several acres in garden. The utmost harmony prevails among the members, and all are sanguine of success. We keep up a correspondence with the Wisconsin Phalanx; they are doing well."

¶ Has the American Review cut us from its exchange list? We hope the trifling severity of our criticism is not to be thus severely punished. At any rate, we have not seen it these two months.

¶ We regret to inform our friends that we have for some time been out of several of the early numbers of the present volume so that we cannot supply their orders.

GRADUAL RISE OF NEWFOUNDLAND ABOVE THE SEA. It is a fact worthy of notice, that the whole of the land in and about the neighborhood of Conception Bay, very probably the whole island, is rising out of the ocean at a rate which promises, at no very distant day, materially to affect, if not to render useless, many of the best harbors we have now on the coast. At Port de-Grave a series of observations have been made, which undeniably prove the rapid displacement of the sea-level in the vicinity. Several large flat rocks, over which schooners might pass some thirty or forty years ago with the greatest facility, are now approaching the surface, the water being scarcely navigable for a skiff. At a place called the Cosh, at the head of Bay Roberts, upwards of a mile from the seashore, and at several feet above its level, covered with five or six feet of vegetable mould, there is a perfect beach, the stones being rounded, of a moderate size, and in all respects similar to those now found in the adjacent land-washes. — *Newfoundland Times*.

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The Directors of the School connected with the Brook Farm Association have made arrangements for enlarging the establishment, and are now prepared to receive an additional number of pupils.

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Lessons are given in Music, Dancing, Drawing, and Painting, without any extra charge.

The School is under the immediate direction of Mr. and Mrs. RIPLEY, Mr. DWIGHT, and Mr. DANA, assisted by experienced teachers in the different departments; and every pupil of tender age is entrusted to the particular care of a lady of the establishment, who has charge of his wardrobe, personal habits, and physical education.

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Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass. }
March 21, 1846.

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

VIII.

One morning, Porpora called her to his chamber earlier than usual. His countenance was radiant, and he held a great thick letter in one hand, his spectacles in the other. Consuelo started and trembled all over, imagining that this was at last the answer from Riesenburg. But she was soon undeceived; it was a letter from Hubert, the Porporino. This celebrated singer announced to his master that all the conditions proposed by him for Consuelo's engagement were accepted, and he sent him the contract signed by the baron de Poelnitz, director of the royal theatre at Berlin, and wanting only Consuelo's signature and his own. To this instrument was united a very affectionate and honorable letter from the said baron, inviting Porpora to come and canvass for the mastership of the king of Prussia's chapel, while making his trials by the production and execution of as many operas and new fugues as he might be pleased to bring. The Porporino congratulated himself on having soon to sing, according to his heart, with a sister in Porpora, and earnestly requested the master to leave Vienna for *Sans Souci*, the delicious abode of Frederick-the-Great.

This letter gave Porpora great delight, and yet it filled him with uncertainty. It seemed to him that fortune began to smile upon him with her so long crabbéd face, and that, in two directions, the favor of monarchs, (then so necessary to the development of artists,) presented to him a happy perspective. Frederick called him to Berlin; at Vienna, Maria Theresa caused fine promises to be made to him. On both sides, Consuelo was to be the instrument of his victory; at Berlin, by

giving great value to his productions; at Vienna, by marrying Joseph Haydn.

The moment had therefore come to commit his lot to the hands of his adopted daughter. He proposed to her marriage or departure, at her choice; and, under these new circumstances, he was much less earnest in offering her Beppo's heart and hand than he would have been the day before. He was rather tired of Vienna, and the thought of seeing himself appreciated and honored by the enemy smiled upon him as a little vengeance, of which he exaggerated the probable effect upon the court of Austria. In fine, to bring in every thing, Consuelo not having spoken to him of Albert for a long time and appearing to have renounced all thought of him, he liked better that she should not be married at all.

Consuelo soon put an end to his uncertainty by declaring that she never would marry Joseph Haydn for many reasons, and principally because he had never sought for her in marriage, being engaged to Anna Keller, the daughter of his benefactor. "In that case," said Porpora, "there is no occasion to hesitate. Here is your contract of engagement with Berlin. Sign, and let us get ready for our departure; for there is no hope for us here, if you do not submit to the *matrimonomania* of the empress. Her protection is on that condition, and a decided refusal will make us blacker than ever in her eyes."

"My dear master," replied Consuelo, with more firmness than she had yet shown to Porpora, "I am ready to obey you as soon as my conscience is at rest on an important point. Certain engagements of affection and serious esteem bind me to the lord of Rudolstadt. I will not conceal from you that, spite of your reproaches and your railleries, I have persevered, during the three months we have been here, in keeping myself free from every engagement opposed to that marriage. But, after a decisive letter which I wrote six weeks since, and which passed through your hands, cir-

cumstances have occurred which make me believe that the family of the Rudolstadt have renounced me. Every day which passes confirms me in the thought that my promise is restored to me, and that I am free to consecrate to you entirely my cares and my labor. You see that I accept this destiny without regret and without hesitation. Still, after the letter I wrote, I cannot feel easy with myself if I do not receive an answer. I expect it every day, it cannot long delay. Permit me not to sign the engagement with Berlin, until after the receipt of—"

"Eh! my poor child," said Porpora, who, at the first word of his pupil, had got ready his previously prepared batteries "you would have to wait a long time. The answer you expect was addressed to me a month since."

"And you did not show it to me!" cried Consuelo; "and you left me in such an uncertainty! Master, you are a very strange man! What confidence can I have in you if you deceive me so!"

"In what have I deceived you! The letter was addressed to me, and it was enjoined upon me not to show it to you until I saw you cured of your foolish love, and disposed to listen to reason and propriety."

"Are those the terms that were made use of!" said Consuelo blushing. "It is impossible that either Count Christian or Count Albert can have thus qualified a friendship so calm, so discreet, so proud as mine."

"The terms are nothing," said Porpora; "people of the world always speak a fine language, it is for us to understand them; so much is the fact, that the old Count did not by any means wish to have a daughter-in-law on the stage; and that, as soon as he knew you had appeared here on the boards, he caused his son to renounce the debasement of such a marriage. The good Albert has become reasonable and restores to you your promise. I see with pleasure that you are not vexed. So, all is for the best, and we go to Prussia."

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

"Master, show me that letter," said Consuelo, "and I will sign the contract immediately after."

"That letter, that letter! why do you wish to see it? It will give you much pain. There are certain follies of the brain which we must know how to forgive to others and to ourselves. Forget all that."

"One does not forget by a single act of the will," returned Consuelo; "reflection assists us, causes enlighten us. If I am rejected by the Rudolstadt with disdain, I shall soon be consoled; if I am restored to my liberty with esteem and affection, I shall be otherwise consoled with less effort. Show me the letter; what do you fear, since in one manner or the other I shall obey you."

"Well, I will show it to you," said the malicious professor opening his secretary and pretending to seek for the letter. He opened all his drawers, rummaged all his papers, and that letter which had never existed, could not well be found. He pretended to become impatient; Consuelo became so in truth. She herself put her hand to the search; he let her do as she would. She upset all the drawers, she turned over all the papers. The letter was undiscoverable. Porpora tried to remember it and improvised a polite and decided version. Consuelo could not suspect her master of so sustained a deception. It must be believed, for the honor of the old professor, that he did not carry it through wonderfully well; but little was required to persuade so candid a mind as Consuelo's. She ended by believing that the letter had been used to light Porpora's pipe in an absent moment; and after having re-entered her chamber to make a prayer, and to swear an eternal friendship to Count Albert under all circumstances, she tranquilly returned to sign an engagement with the theatre of Berlin for two months, to be executed at the end of the one which had just commenced. There was more time than was necessary for the preparations for departure and the journey. When Porpora saw the ink fresh upon the paper, he embraced his pupil, and saluted her solemnly by the title of artist. "This is your day of confirmation," said he to her, "and if it were in my power to make you pronounce vows, I would dictate one of an eternal renunciation of love and marriage; for you are now the priestess of the god of harmony; the muses are virgins, and she who consecrates herself to Apollo ought to take the oath of the vestals."

"I ought not to take the oath never to marry," replied Consuelo, "though it seems to me at this moment, that nothing would be easier for me to promise and to keep. But I may change my mind, and

then I should repent me of an engagement which I could not break."

"Then you are a slave to your word? Yes, it seems to me that you are different in that from the rest of the human race, and that if you had made in your life a solemn promise, you would have kept it."

"Master, I believe I have already given proof of that, for since I exist, I have always been under the dominion of some vow. My mother gave me the precept and example of that kind of religion which she carried even to fanaticism. When we were travelling together, she was accustomed to say to me, as we approached the large cities: 'Consuelita, if I do a good business here, I take you to witness that I make a vow to go with bare feet and pray for two hours at the chapel which has the greatest reputation for sanctity in the country.' And when she had done what she called a good business, poor soul! that is to say, when she had earned a few crowns by her songs, we never failed to accomplish our pilgrimage, whatever was the weather, and at whatever distance was the chapel in repute. That devotion was not indeed very enlightened nor very sublime; but in fine, I looked upon those vows as sacred; and when my mother, on her death bed, made me swear never to give myself to Anzoleto but in legitimate marriage, she knew well she could die easy on the faith of my oath. At a later period I made also to Count Albert the promise not to think of any other but him, and to employ all the strength of my heart to love him as he wished. I have not been wanting to my word, and if he did not himself now free me, I could truly have remained faithful to him all my life."

"Let alone your Count Albert, of whom you must think no more; and since you must be under the dominion of some vow, tell me by what one you are going to bind yourself to me."

"O! master, trust to my reason, to my good intentions, to my devotedness towards you! do not ask me for oaths; for they are a frightful yoke to impose upon one's self. The fear of failure takes away the pleasure one has in thinking well and acting well."

"I am not to be satisfied with such excuses, not I!" returned Porpora, with an air half severe, half cheerful: "I see that you have made oaths to every body, excepting me. We will pass over that which your mother exacted. It brought you happiness, my poor child! without it, you would perhaps have fallen into the snares of that infamous Anzoleto. But, since afterwards you have brought yourself to make, without love and from pure goodness of heart, such grave promises to that Rudolstadt who was only a stranger to you, I should think it very wrong, if,

on a day like this, a happy and memorable day in which you are restored to liberty and betrothed to the god of art, you should not have the smallest vow to make for your old professor, for your best friend."

"O yes, my best friend, my benefactor, my support, and my father!" cried Consuelo, throwing herself with emotion into the arms of Porpora, who was so avaricious of tender words, that only two or three times in his life had he shown his paternal love to her with an open heart. "I can truly make, without terror and without hesitation, the vow to devote myself to your happiness and your glory, while I have a breath of life."

"My happiness is glory, Consuelo, as you know," said Porpora, pressing her to his heart. "I cannot conceive of any other. I am not one of those old German burghers, who dream of no other felicity than that of having their little girl by their side to fill their pipe or knead their cake. I require neither slippers nor barley-water, thank God! and when I require nothing more than these, I will not consent that you shall consecrate your days to me, as you now already do with too much zeal. No, it is not devotedness which I ask of you, that you know very well; what I exact is, that you shall be frankly an artist, a great artist. Do you promise me that you will be one! that you will combat that languor, that irresolution, that kind of disgust which you had here at the beginning! that you will repel the amorous nonsense of those fine lords, who seek for women of the stage, some because they flatter themselves they can make good house-keepers of them, and desert them as soon as they have a contrary vocation; others because they are ruined and the pleasure of again obtaining a coach and a good table at the expense of their lucrative better-halves makes them pass over the dishonor attached in their caste to this kind of alliance! Come now, will you promise me, moreover, that you will not let your head be turned by some little tenor, with a thick voice and curly hair, like that rascal Anzoleto, who will never have any merit but in his calves, nor success but by his impudence."

"I promise, I swear all that to you solemnly," replied Consuelo, laughing good-naturedly at Porpora's exhortations, always a little sarcastic in spite of himself, but to which she was perfectly accustomed. "And I do more," added she, resuming her serious air: "I swear that you shall never have to complain of a day of ingratitude in my life."

"Ah! as to that! I do not ask so much!" replied he, in a bitter tone: "it is more than belongs to human nature. When you are a cantatrice famous

throughout all the nations of Europe, you will have requirements of vanity, ambition, vices of the heart from which no great artist has ever been able to defend himself. You will wish success at any rate. You will not resign yourself to obtain it patiently, or to risk it for the purpose of remaining faithful either to friendship or to the worship of the truly beautiful. You will yield to the yoke of fashion as they all do: in each city you will sing the music that is in favor, without troubling yourself about the bad taste of the public or the court. In fine, you will make your way and will be great in spite of that, since there are no means of being so otherwise in the eyes of the great number. Provided you do not forget to choose well and sing well when you have to undergo the judgment of a little coterie of old heads like myself, and that before the great Handel and the old Bach, you do honor to Porpora's method and yourself, it is all that I ask, all that I hope! You see that I am not a selfish father, as some of your flatterers no doubt accuse me of being. I ask nothing of you which will not be for your happiness and your glory."

"And I, I care for nothing that relates to my personal advantage," replied Consuelo, moved and afflicted. "I may allow myself to be carried away in the midst of success by an involuntary intoxication; but I cannot think in cold blood of constructing a whole life of triumph in order to crown myself therein with my own hands. I wish to have glory for your sake, my master; spite of your incredulity, I wish to show you that it is for you alone Consuelo labors and travels; and to prove to you at once that you have calumniated her, since you believe in her oaths, I swear to you to prove what I assert."

"And on what do you swear that?" said Porpora with a smile of tenderness with which distrust was still mingled.

"On the white hairs, on the sacred head of Porpora," replied Consuelo, taking that white head in her hands, and kissing it on the brow with fervor.

They were interrupted by Count Hoditz, whom a great heyduc came to announce. This servant, in requesting for his master permission to present his respects to Porpora and his pupil, looked at the latter with an air of attention, uncertainty, and embarrassment, which surprised Consuelo, who was nevertheless unable to remember where she had seen that good though somewhat odd face. The Count was admitted and presented his request in the most courteous terms. He was about to depart for his manor of Roswald in Moravia, and wishing to render that residence agreeable to the margravine his spouse, was preparing a mag-

nificent festival to surprise her on her arrival. In consequence, he proposed to Consuelo to go and sing for three consecutive evenings at Roswald, and he also desired that Porpora would be pleased to accompany her to assist in directing the concerts, performances, and serenades with which he intended to regale madam the margravine.

Porpora alleged the engagement which had just been signed and the obligation they were under of being in Berlin at a certain day. The count wished to see the engagement, and as Porpora had always had reason to be pleased with his good proceedings, he allowed him the little pleasure of being placed in the confidence of this matter, of commenting upon the instrument, of playing the part of an understanding man, and giving his advice: after which Hoditz insisted upon his request, representing that there was more than the necessary time to comply with it without failing at the assigned period. "You can complete your preparations in three days," said he, "and go to Berlin through Moravia." This was not exactly the direct road; but instead of journeying slowly through Bohemia, a country badly served and recently devastated by the war, Porpora and his pupil would go very quickly and comfortably to Roswald in a good carriage which the count placed at their disposition, as well as the relays; that is to say, he would take upon himself all the trouble and expenses. He further agreed to have them conveyed in the same manner from Roswald to Pardubitz, if they wished to descend the Elbe to Dresden, or to Chrudim, if they wished to pass through Prague. The conveniences which he offered them to that point would in fact abridge the length of their journey, and the quite considerable sum which he added would give them the means of accomplishing the rest more agreeably. Porpora accepted, notwithstanding the little sign which Consuelo made to dissuade him. The bargain was concluded, and the departure fixed for the last day of the week.

When, after having respectfully kissed her hand, Hoditz had left Consuelo alone with her master, she reproached the latter with having allowed himself to be gained so easily. Although she had nothing more to fear from the impertinences of the count, she retained some resentment against him, and did not go to his house with pleasure. She did not wish to relate to Porpora the adventure of Passaw; but she recalled to him the pleasantries he had made respecting the musical inventions of Count Hoditz. "Do you not see," said she to him, "that I shall be obliged to sing his music, and that you will be obliged to direct seriously cantatas and perhaps even operas of his style?"

Is it thus that you make me keep my vow to remain faithful to the worship of the beautiful?"

"Bah!" replied Porpora laughing, "I shall not do that so gravely as you imagine; I expect, on the contrary, to divert myself copiously, without the patrician maestro perceiving it the least in the world. To do those things seriously and before a respectable public, would in fact be a blasphemy and a shame; but it is allowable to amuse one's self, and the artist would be very unhappy if, in earning his livelihood, he had not the right to laugh in his sleeve at those who make him earn it. Besides you will there see your princess of Culmbach, whom you love and who is charming. She will laugh with us, though she seldom laughs, at the music of her father-in-law."

She had to yield, make her packages, the necessary purchases and farewells. Joseph was in despair. Still, a piece of good fortune, a great joy for an artist had just happened to him and made him a little compensation, or at least, a forced diversion to the sorrow of this separation. On playing his serenade under the windows of the excellent comedian Bernadone, the renowned harlequin of the theatre of the gate of Carinthia, he had struck that amiable and intelligent artist with astonishment and sympathy. He had been made to ascend, and been questioned as to the composer of that agreeable and original trio. Bernadone was astonished at his youth and talent. Finally he entrusted to him the poem of a ballet entitled *The Devil on two sticks*, of which he had begun to write the music. He was laboring at that tempest which cost him so much anxiety, and the remembrance of which still made the good-natured Haydn laugh when eighty years old. Consuelo tried to divert him from his sadness, by constantly talking to him of his tempest, which Bernadone wished should be terrible, and which Haydn, having never seen the sea, could not succeed in depicting. Consuelo described to him the Adriatic in fury, and sang to him the moaning of the waves, not without laughing with him at those effects of imitative harmony, assisted by that of a blue canvass, shaken from one wing to the other by the strength of arms. "Listen," said Porpora, to relieve him from his anxiety, "you might labor a hundred years with the finest instruments in the world, and with the most exact acquaintance with the noises of the waves and the wind, and you would not render the sublime harmony of nature. That is not the sphere of music. She wanders childishly when she runs after tricks of strength and the effects of sound. She is greater than that; she has emotion for her domain. Her end is to inspire it, as her cause is to be inspired by it."

Think therefore on the impressions of a man given up to torture : picture to yourself a horrible, magnificent, terrible spectacle, an imminent danger : place yourself, a musician, that is, a human voice, a human wail, a living vibrating soul, in the midst of that distress, of that disorder of that abandonment and of those horrors ; express your anguish, and the audience, intelligent or not, will share it. They will imagine they behold the sea, hear the creaking of the ship, the cries of the sailors, the despair of the passengers. What would you say of a poet, who, to depict a battle, should tell you in verse that the cannon went ' *boum, boum,*' and the drum ' *plan, plan ?*' Still that would be an imitative harmony more exact than great images ; but it would not be poetry. Painting itself, that art of description *par excellence*, is not an art of servile imitation. The artist would retrace in vain the sombre green of the sea, the sky black with storms, the broken hull of the ship. If he have not the feeling to depict terror and poetry together, his painting will be without color, were it as brilliant as the sign of a beer-shop. So, young man, be affected by the idea of a great disaster, and thus you will render it affecting to others."

He was still paternally repeating to him these exhortations, while the carriage, ready in the court-yard of the embassy, was receiving the travelling trunks. Joseph listened attentively to his lessons, drinking them in, so to say, at the source ; but when Consuelo, in cloak and furred cap, came to throw herself on his neck, he became pale, stifled a cry, and not able to resolve to see her enter the carriage, he fled and went to hide his sobs in the depths of Keller's back shop. Metastasio conceived a friendship for him, perfected him in Italian, and compensated him somewhat by his good advice and generous services for the absence of Porpora : but Joseph was a long while sad and unhappy before he could accustom himself to that of Consuelo.

She, though sad also, and regretting so faithful and so amiable a friend, felt her courage, her ardor and the poetry of her impressions return, in proportion as she penetrated the mountains of Moravia. A new sun arose upon her life. Freed from every bond and every domination foreign to her art, it seemed to her that she owed herself to it entirely. Porpora, restored to the hope and the cheerfulness of his youth, exalted her by eloquent declamations ; and the noble girl, without ceasing to love Albert and Joseph as two brothers whom she should meet again in the bosom of God, felt herself light as the lark which rises singing to the sky, at the dawn of a beautiful day.

To be Continued.

HOW LONG ?

BY JONES VERY.

'Tis all a great show,
The world that we're in,
None can tell when 'twas finished,
None saw it begin ;
Men wander and gaze through
Its courts and its halls,
Like children whose love is
The picture-hung walls.

There are flowers in the meadow,
There are clouds in the sky,
Songs pour from the woodland,
The waters glide by ;
Too many, too many,
For eye, or for ear,
The sights that we see
And the sounds that we hear.

A weight as of slumber
Comes down on the mind,
So swift is life's train
To its objects we're blind ;
I myself am but one
In the fleet-gliding show,
Like others I walk,
Nor know where I go.

One saint to another
I heard say " How long ! "
I listened but nought more
I heard of his song ;
The shadows are walking
Through city and plain,
How long shall the night
And its shadows remain ?

How long ere shall shine
In this glimmer of things
The light that the prophet
In prophecy sings ;
And the gates of that city
Be open, whose sun
No more to the west
In its circuit shall run ?

Christian Register.

ASSOCIATION.

Rev. Drs. Tyng, Fisher, and other Anniversary Orators.

Our attention was yesterday attracted by remarks which had been made by several reverend gentlemen, in their speeches before the American Bible Society and the Home Missionary Society, on the subject of Association and the doctrine of Charles Fourier. Some allowance may be made for the crudely erroneous statements of these gentlemen, because, although, as St. Paul writes to Timothy, " desiring to be teachers of the law, they yet understand neither what they say nor whereof they affirm." A subject which is already moving the depths of the popular mind cannot be without its attractions from the lips of an orator before a popular assembly. It is even a matter of congratulation that the progress of reflection on the mighty interests of the human family has brought the theme of Association into such public notice that numerous and distinguished men of elevated and estimable character deem it no longer unworthy of serious and earnest animadversion. What we deeply deplore is, that they permit themselves to express

decided and injurious opinions respecting a theory and its tendencies, of whose most superficial truths they are manifestly ignorant, and which have had the cordial, grave support of learned minds and holy hearts, both among the ministry and laity. It is enough to stir the indignation of an honest mind to mark the recklessness with which refuted assertions are repeated respecting the impurity or impiety of a system whose advocates, sacrificing their worldly interests, pleasure, popularity and gain, are struggling to promote the vital good of the whole race, to harmonize Humanity into a holy brotherhood, to recover the earth from its desolations, to organize Society so that it will be practically possible to obey in its beautiful breadth and extent the divine law, " Love thy neighbor as thyself ;" in a word, to reconcile Man with Man, Man with the Universe, and Man with God. And this we declare before the " Searcher of hearts " is the quintessence, soul and aim of the divine doctrine of Association.

Rev. Dr. Tyng has brought against this system the grave charge that it seeks to accomplish its ends without the Bible, and proceeds hereupon to denounce what he is pleased to call Fourierism, as the " incarnation of Satan." If he be correctly reported, he has alleged that it " repudiates the Bible." With all calmness we would answer him, his friends and coadjutors, that his allegation is simply untrue. It would be as true to assert that the assembly he was addressing, on occasion of the anniversary of the Bible Society, had " repudiated the Bible."—" It is a well known boast of their orators," says a writer in the New York " Churchman " of to-day, " that Socinians, Universalists, Hicksite Quakers, Mormons—all who will join Bible Societies—become thereby part and parcel of the church of Christ." Now, then, we ask not a more liberal platform for Association than this. Is it admitted that those diverse believers of one common Book abandon their sectarian peculiarities for the nonce that they may unite in what they deem one grand and paramount labor? So do we. Is it supposed that they may be very good men, advocating a heaven-approved and universal benefit to Man, although some maintain tenets which others consider unequivocally at war with fundamental, evangelical truth? In the name, then, of that justice and charity which a Saint teaches the Corinthians is " greater " than " prophecy " or " mysteries " or " knowledge " or alms-giving or martyrdom or " faith " or " hope," accord to us an equal privilege of acting and breadth of belief, while organizing that Social temple where true devotion may be uninvaded, and that Social body where divine charity may be realized and no longer an ideal grace so rarely practised that you canonize the faithful.

Association does not indeed aim to usurp the domain of dogmatic theology. It is enough if it harmonizes with Religion, which it claims as the strong abettor of its purposes. We might as rationally denounce the Scriptures because they do not teach Geology or Astronomy. And yet, when divines are pressed by the Geologist's objection to the narrative of Creation in the first chapter of Genesis, that facts show inductively that the cosmogony required more than six literal days, and they answer that the Hebrew

yon may be rendered an "indefinitely long period"; or when they are told that the Sun does not 'rise,' but stands still; or when they correctly meet the cavils of skepticism respecting Joshua's command to the luminaries, or to the retrogression of the Sun on the dial of Ahaz, by ascribing these extraordinary occurrences to refraction or other natural or supernatural agency; do they not uniformly add, "The Bible was not given to teach Geology and Astronomy"? Would they, for all that, anathematize the grand discoveries of Geology, which show the deep riches and unsearchable wisdom of the Creator? Would they imitate the persecutors of Galileo, and repress research, or forbid the promulgation of that science which, even in its twilight, taught the royal and lyric David, contemplating the stars, the benignity of God, "mindful of Man and visiting him"? By analogy, then, although the Bible has not revealed the organization of the Social body, they who labor for its righteous construction may nevertheless glorify their Creator, by penetrating farther into the faculties of Man and seeking his concord with the rest of the Universe. To alter slightly the line of the religious Dr. Young,

"An undevout Associationist is mad."

Do Rev. Mr. Butler, and Mr. Maxwell of Virginia, who addressed the Bible Society, suppose that the Temperance Society "repudiates the Bible," or that our political Republic "repudiates the Bible," because the former of these institutions directs its efforts against one moral vice, and the latter regulates our civil conduct and our foreign relations? Is it not extraordinary that the Temperance Society has a Constitution which is not taken *verbatim et literatim* from the Scriptures which its founders venerate; and that Clergymen and devout persons and infidels unite as members of it to propagate the Temperance Reform? Perhaps Dr. Tyng is one of its advocates. Is it not matter of grave, appalling offence that these clerical and laic orators who denounce the character and aims of a science which interferes with no man's religion, but approves it all—wherever it bears the imprimatur of Christ's loveliness and philanthropy—are with common consent citizens of a Commonwealth whose Constitution is framed by Jefferson, and not in the words of the Sacred Volume?—They are proud of their patriotism; they enjoy the protection and render allegiance to the rulers of a Republic which recognizes no Religion, though, like Association, it respects and guarantees the freedom of all. Nay, religious people have even voted for Infidels and elected them to distinguished office. What does this prove, but that they discern between the offices of Religion and the qualifications of Statesmanship? And they do not infer that Society will become a 'pandemonium' because the State has 'repudiated' the Church?

We allow, dear friends, that there are some irreligious and indifferent men among Associationists. We wish it were true of them all, as we trust it is of the majority, that they are enamored of whatever is "true, honest, lovely, or of good report." We wish equally that the Christian Church were all actuated by the principles of Jesus, as disclosed in his glorious Gospel. But while we know that these Associationists, men of min-

gled manners, minds and morals, feel in the depth of their hearts that "creation groans" for a redemption which is not yet consummated, that Society as at present organized—or rather, incoherent and destitute of all organization—reeks with foul corruption from its centre to its surface,—that it is a vast, unvarnished brothel,—that helpless and ineffable poverty drives thousands upon thousands to infamy for a livelihood,—that the oppression of circumstances crushes the majority of our white population into a dependent, menial, hireling servitude, where they cannot vote, or act, or speak with honesty; where the wealthy are wretched through a reciprocal slavery,—that men suspect and intrigue against and hate "their neighbors as they love" themselves,—that oppression from the strong produces fraud in the weak, and these antagonist interests produce mutual distrust, where men are born to love and embrace each other in the arms of brotherhood,—that false relations engender false principles, and that wars waste the earth which God commanded us to till and embellish, retard science and art, make devastated harvest fields a charnel for slain millions, and peaceful homes the mourning houses of weeded widowhood and helpless orphanage,—while, before our eyes, maugre the maxims of political economists and of worthy, well-to-do men who know nothing of society beyond their own fire-sides,—education and talent, or willing hearts and strong hands, absolutely cannot obtain the work they are capable of performing—while a destructive competition compels the capitalist and master to grind the employee whom he would spare, until, to support the vitality of the body, the soul must be neglected and the health undermined by an unrelaxed, eternal, repugnant and withering application, the spectacle of which makes the human heart bleed and turns men's pleasant aspirations into groans and malisons,—while terrified philanthropy in self-defence turns hypocrite, where the "prince of the power of the air" and his myrmidons bold sway, and the very Church of God, in her struggles for human redemption, is crippled and barricaded, because there is no social organization to make her toils successful, no material body wherein her heaven-descended spirit can abide, animating and sanctifying the whole; while, we say, we know that these Associationists contemplating these rife wrongs and dire diseases, have studied the structure of society, guided by some master minds, who have written such startling truths and painted the beautiful prophecy of hope and faith, as if guided by a new inspiration from Him who discloses to the race as we are able to bear it; shall we refuse their aid, deny their humanity, spurn their sympathy with a great good, because they toil with the material and social, while others dedicate themselves to the spiritual service of God?

Remember, Christian, that when infidelity points to the scourge of pious arms, doing murderous battles in the crusades for a Holy Land which lighted Europe with the flames of ghastly war; or to mitred bishops bearing in one hand the crosier and in the other the martial brand, midst horrid carnage on the field of fight; or to the terrible Inquisition, which inflicted upon Jew, or Moore, or heretic, or mason, the most ingenious and excrucia-

ting tortures for the purpose of extorting treasure, eliciting secrets, or punishing opinions: you fling the accusation from you with indignant zeal and say that these acts ought not to be charged upon Christianity, that they savor not of the spirit of religion, and are *ipso facto* of the world and hell, not of the gospel. Still they were in the Church, and that, too, when there was no other gospel, no Protestantism extant. What think you of the atrocious charge of Paganism against the early Christians, when they met in caves and sepulchres for fear, to celebrate the Eucharist—that they sacrificed and ate a child? You say it was absurd. And yet the rumor-loving Pagan killed the Christians for this imaginary wickedness, and because those holy and well-meaning believers, seeking the salvation of their race, were accused of disorganizing sedition and licentious lives.

Orators of the Bible Society, and all judges who decide without investigation, and all deluded calumniators! there is a meaning in the struggles of the world for associated life of deeper import than your souls conceive. With a learned Israelite doctor of old, we say to you, "Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it: lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." While you offer day by day in prayer to God the blessed words of Him who "spoke as never man spake"—"Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done!" you acknowledge that His kingdom of righteousness and love and brotherhood has not yet come, and that His will, is not obeyed "on earth as it is done in heaven," where the suns and planets, in all the magnitude of their proportions and the brightness of their beauty, roll in countless hosts, unvarying in their obedience to His touch; and where a hierarchy of angels adore or fly through creation instinctively obedient to that Divine will and in harmony with the central Soul of the universe. While the thirty-fifth chapter of sublime prophecy of Isaiah, as well as numerous visions of the hoary, olden seers, is yet to be fulfilled more literally than private interpretations often allow, there is a work of angels to be wrought upon this planet where truth in its glory and God in the universality of his providence and the distribution of his bounties shall reign.

Oh, hold not back, then, the wheels of Christ's triumphal car of love; perchance blind, Saul-like persecution may be smitten by its lightnings to the earth. Nor wake up foes to the Church in men who may see in its mistaken ministers, as in Jewish priests of yore, the opponents of a purpose of Heaven—the emancipation of his creatures from yet unmitigated bondage. If there are errors mixed up with a great truth, if there be some injudicious advocates of a great cause, why, there were "tares" among the "wheat" of the church of God; there are ever imperfections in humanity, macule on the disk of the sun, a Judas among apostles, a Magus among the baptized of Samaria. Let the divine devotion of that great man who has disclosed to us a part of the social laws and the terrestrial destiny of our race—a devotion increasing with the depth of his studies and the advancement of his years,—suggest to prejudice the legitimate influence of a profound study of his science. But whatever the effect of

these words upon the closed heart of fearful and suspicious unbelief, it is a glorious consolation to faith that it must advance—Association and harmony and immortal truth must yet and here be realized. As the Italian astronomer obstinately exclaimed, after his forced recantation, 'But it *does* move!' And the destiny of Humanity, like the motion of the planet, is onward! and no opposition can retard, no persecution chain it.—*Tribune.* H.

DEATH PUNISHMENTS. The following statistics of executions and murders in Belgium, show the effect of substituting life-long imprisonment for death:—

	Executions.	Murders.
In 19 years ending 1814	533	399 or 21 per ann.
In 15 years ending 1829	71	144 or 8 per ann.
In 5 years ending 1834	0	20 or 4 per ann.

THE HARBINGER.

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BY CHARLES FOURIER.

Translated for the Harbinger.

SECTION II.—NOTICE III.

CHAPTER XII.

On the Unitary Distribution of the Edifices.

It is very important to prevent every thing arbitrary in the construction of buildings: every founder will want to distribute according to his own fancy. There should be a method adapted in all points to the play of the *passional series*: our architects, who do not understand this, could not determine the *waitable* plan; meanwhile if the material arrangement be false, it will be the same with the *passional*.

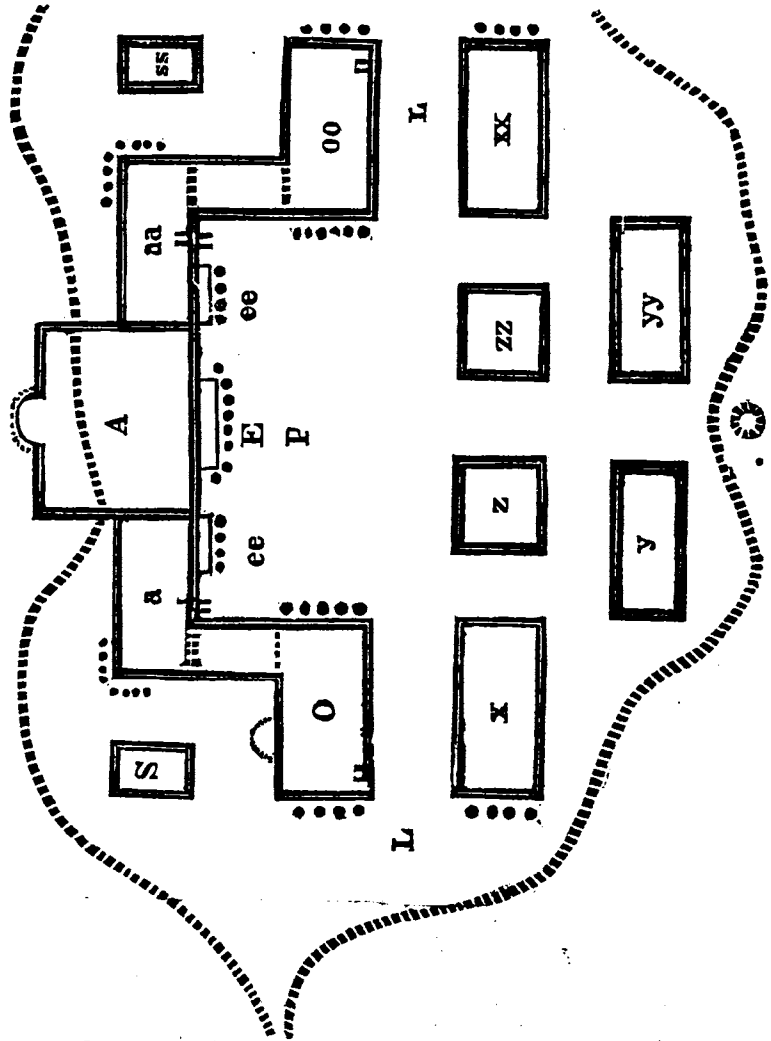
The civilizees, having commonly an instinct for the false, would not fail to prefer the most faulty distribution. This occurred at New Harmony, where the founder, Owen, chose precisely that form of building which it is necessary to avoid, namely: the square, or perfect monotony of form. This is making an unfortunate mistake, like the soldier who draws the wrong lot. One of the inconveniences of the square is, that all noisy and boisterous meetings, the sound of the hammer, the squeakings of the clarinet in the hands of a beginner, would be heard throughout more than half the square, in whatever point you might place them. I could cite twenty other cases in which the square form would cause disorder in relations. It is enough to see the plan of this edifice (*Co-operative Magazine: January, 1826.*) to judge that its inventor had no knowledge of the associative mechanism. Still, his square may do very well for monastic gatherings, such as he is founding there, since monotony is their very essence.

The principal difficulty is turning the civilized buildings to any good account, is that it is almost impossible to introduce into them any *Seristories* or masses of halls and chambers arranged for the relations of the *passional series*. Our present stables have the same defect. Meanwhile we could make use of certain actual buildings for the phalanx on a reduced scale, but not for the full phalanx, of which I here present the plan.

PLATE I.

PLAN OF A PHALANSTERY ON A GRAND SCALE.

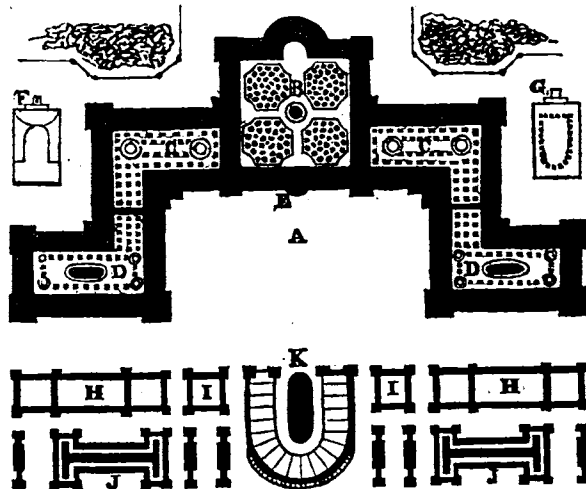
Fac-simile of the plan given by Fourier in the first edition of the "New Industrial World."



Length of the place P, 1,200 feet. Length of the entire front, 2,160 feet.
NOTA. The letters of this plan refer to the description in the text.

PLATE II.

PLAN OF A PHALANSTERY, OR PALACE INHABITED BY AN INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION.



EXPLANATION.

- A Grand place of parade in the centre of the Phalanstery.
- B Winter Garden, planted with evergreen trees, surrounded with hot-houses, &c.
- C D Interior court-yards, with trees, jets d'eau, ponds, &c.
- E Grand entrance, grand stair-way, tower of order, &c.
- F Theatre.
- G Church.
- H I Large work-shops, magazines, granaries, coach-houses, &c.
- J Stables.
- K Poultry yard and sheep cote.

The double lines represent the body of the building, the blanks denote the courts and spaces.

The sinuous lines of square dots, figure the course of a stream with double channel.

In a direct line from L to L is a grand road which will pass between the phalanstery and the stables; but care must be taken not to let the high-ways pass through the interior of the experimental phalanx, which it will be necessary, on the contrary, to palisade against importunate people. P is the place of parade in the centre of the Phalanstery.

A is the *Court of Honor*, forming a promenade in winter, adorned with resinous plants and permanent shades.

a, aa; o, oo; open courts between the wings of the building.

The stars stand for colonnades and peristyles, rudely sketched, and too much spaced, except the twelve columns of the rotunda.

x, y, z; xx, yy, zz; court-yards of the rural buildings.

II II are the four porches, closed and warmed, not projecting.

E, ee, three front gates (*portails*) in the front body of the building, for various services.

::: These double points between two ranges of building are covered galleries (*coulours*) placed upon columns in the first story.

The buildings which surround or border upon the great court A, are adapted to quiet, peaceful functions; there may be placed the church, the exchange, the areopagus, the opera, the tower of order, the chimæ, the telegraph, the carrier pigeons.

All noisy functions, which disturb the neighbors, should be placed in one of the remote winglets.

The projecting half of the square A, the portion in the rear, is especially adapted to the lodging of the wealthy class, who will there be removed from noise, and near to the principal parterre, as well as to the winter promenade, a luxury of which civilized capitals are deprived, though nearly all of them have more of bad weather than of good.

The two courts a, aa, which are attached to the wings, are devoted, one to the kitchens, the other to the stables and equipages of luxury. Both should be shaded as much as possible. I do not designate the arcades of passage.

The two buildings S, ss, may be used, one for a church, if you want to have it by itself; and the other for an opera hall which it is prudent to isolate. They will have a subterranean communication with the phalanstery.

The two courts O, oo, placed in the centre of each winglet, will be appropriated, one to a caravansery, the other to noisy workshops, carpenters, blacksmiths &c., and to clamorous schools.

By these arrangements, we avoid an inconvenience of our civilized cities, where you find in every street some scourge of the ears, a workman with a hammer, an iron merchant, an apprentice at the clarinet, bruising the tympanums of fifty families in the neighborhood, while the vender of plaster or of charcoal envelops them with a white or black dust, which prevents their opening the windows, and obscures the shops and the whole neighborhood for the liberty of commerce.

The winglet devoted to the caravansery

contains the halls of public relations; they are placed there that they may not encumber the centre of the phalanstery, and that they may spread out into the rural buildings, towards the groups of the fields and gardens, without obstructing the interior of the palace.

All the children, rich and poor, are lodged upon the ground floor, to enjoy the service of their nocturnal guardians, and because they ought in many of their relations, especially those of the night, to be isolated from the adult age. The necessity of this will be seen in Section III which treats of education.

The patriarchs lodge mostly on the ground floor.

By giving too extended developments to the phalanstery, the various relations would be retarded; it will be better therefore to double the bodies of building, as we see in the plan: some of them, of 480 feet by 240, may be subdivided into two or four detached bodies and of various forms.

Between these double ranges of building two sorts of communications will be arranged; first, subterranean passages, and second, crossings on the first story by means of covered galleries upon columns, between the points where the buildings approach each other most, as at a and aa.

To save walls and ground, it will be well that the building should gain in height, that it should have at least three stories, besides the attics. Add to this basement and underground floor (*entresol*) and there will be six stages for lodging, including the cellular camp, in the attics. This last is a place for the lodging of industrial armies on their passage.

It will be necessary to avoid constructing buildings with a single row of chambers, like our monasteries, palaces, hospitals, &c. To give more activity to relations, all the sections of the building ought to be of a double range of chambers, deep enough to contain alcoves and cabinets which will save many separate constructions.

The street-gallery (*rue-galerie*) is the most important feature; those who have seen the gallery of the Louvre at the Museum of Paris may consider it as a model of a street-gallery in Harmony, which will be inlaid in the same manner, and placed on the first story; and its windows, like those of churches, may be of a high form, large and arched, to avoid three rows of little windows. Of course there would be a great abatement of this luxury in an experimental phalanx, even on the grand scale.

The basement will have some passages after the fashion of a street-gallery, but not continuous as in the first story above, where they will not be interrupted by carriage-ways and porches.

These galleries, kept at a moderate temperature in all seasons by pipes of warm air or of ventilation, will serve for dining halls in case of the passage of an industrial army. (There will be nothing of this, however, in the experimental phalanx.)

Such sheltered communications are the more necessary in Association, as changes of place there will be very frequent, the sessions of groups lasting properly not more than an hour and a half or two hours at the most.

The covered passages are a luxury of which even kings are destitute in civilization; they cannot enter their palaces

without exposure to the rain and cold. But on entering the phalanx, the smallest carriage passes from covered porches to porches closed and warmed as well as the vestibules and stair-ways.

I shall say nothing of the *cellular camp*, or conglomeration of little chambers in the attic. There would be no end to these minute descriptions.

The Seristeries, or places for the meeting of a passional series, resemble in no respect our public halls, where relations are carried on confusedly, without any graduation. A ball, a repast with us forms only one single assembly, without subdivision; the Associative state does not admit this disorder; a series has always three, four, five divisions, which occupy so many contiguous halls: each seristery should have drawing-rooms and cabinets adjoining its saloons, for the groups and committees of each division; for example in the seristery of the banquet, or the dining-halls, there should be nine halls of very unequal size, namely:

- 1 for the Patriarchs,
- 2 for the Children,
- 8 for the Poorer Class,
- 2 for the Middle Class,
- 1 for the Rich Class;

not comprising the halls of the caravansery, besides the cabinets and little halls which will be necessary, whether for the table of command, or for those companies who may wish to isolate themselves from the general tables, although they should be served in the same style. The apartments are let and advanced by the Regency to each of the associates. The lines of apartments should be distributed in *interlocked series*; that is to say, if there are twenty different prices, from 50, 100, 150, to 1,000, it will be necessary to avoid a continued consecutive progression, which would place all the high-priced apartments in the centre, and go on declining to the extremities of the wings; on the contrary the series of apartments must be interlocked in the following order:

DISTRIBUTION IN A COMPOSITE SCALE.

In the two winglets, by

50, 100, 150, 200, 250.
150, 200, 250, 300, 350.

In the two wings, by

250, 300, 350, 400, 450, 500.
400, 450, 500, 550, 600, 650.

In the centre, by

550, 600, 650, 700, 750, 800, 850.
700, 750, 800, 850, 900, 950, 1,000.

Example. To interlock these double scales, the lodgings in one wing would have to be graduated as follows, with alternating prices:

250, 400, 300, 450, 350, 500, 400, 550, 450, 600, 500, 650.

The simple progression, constantly increasing or decreasing, would have very serious inconveniences: it would wound self-love and paralyze various levers of harmony; it would gather all the rich class in the centre, and all the poorer in the winglets; the consequence would be that the winglets would be looked down upon as an inferior class. The classes ought to be distinguished, but not isolated.

By means of the interlocked progression, an individual lodging in the centre A, which is the most elegant quarter, may find himself inferior in fortune to one who occupies apartments in the wings; for the principal apartments of the wing

pay 650, while the last of the centre pay only 550. There would be wanting an accord of the highest importance, the fusion of the three classes, the rich, the middle, and the poorer, if there existed in the phalanstery a quarter for the small gentry, a locality which is a butt to railway, as there does in every city. This difficulty may be avoided by the interlocked progression.

A regular phalanx, such as there will be at the end of forty years, will have three or four chateaus on the frequented points of its territory; there the breakfast or the supper will be carried, in case some cohorts from the neighborhood have met there to carry on their labors: they would lose time by returning to take their repast at the phalanstery, which might not lie on their road home.

Each series, too, will have its castle or summer-house, on some point within reach of its cultures; each group will have its belvedere or little pavilion, as a half-way house; but they will not have all this luxury in the first experimental phalanx: some sheds and modest shelters will suffice. Only it must be made a great point to arrange the phalanstery well, and add to it all manner of seducing contrivances, like the covered passages.

These will be a very powerful stimulus to the rich people who, from the first day, will conceive an aversion for the houses, palaces, and cities, for the muddy streets and equipages of civilization, where it is a weariness to have to mount and to alight twenty times in a single morning. They will find it much more agreeable, in rainy or cold weather, never to quit the floor or side-walk in order to attend all the meetings held within, to walk through corridors well-warmed or ventilated according to the season. For paying visitors this will be one prime enticement, which will excite them to traverse all the workshops and stables, and admire there the dexterity of the groups, their good keeping, and their graduated subdivision of labor. At the end of three or four days these persons will have taken part in several of these minute details of industry; and even a phalanx on the reduced scale will have applicants from the rich class, more than it desires.

It remains to speak of the material of the buildings. On this point it will be necessary to proceed economically, to build in brick or rough stone; for even if you found a phalanx on the full scale, it will be impossible in this first trial to determine exactly the suitable dimensions for every seristry and every stable. This proportion cannot be correctly estimated until it shall be known to what species of labor each phalanx ought to give itself in preference, after the rivalries and fitnesses of each country shall have been fixed by an experience of some years.

Every phalanx, at the end of three or four years, will have many new relations and new passionnal series, which it could not organize in the beginning. Consequently, the original edifices will be already very inconvenient at the end of ten years, and still more so at the end of twenty or thirty years. Then they will reconstruct all the phalansteries of the globe in a very sumptuous style, because they will know by experience that in Association luxury, in architecture as in every thing, sows the seeds of attraction, and is the way to wealth.

I suppress many of the details of this plan; I have given enough, however, to guide one in a foundation on the reduced scale; the stockholders, while they will of course retrace the plan here given, should nevertheless approximate to it as far as possible in their distributions.

To be Continued.

REVIEW.

The Quarterly Journal and Review.
Number II. April, May and June, 1846.
Cincinnati, L. A. Hine. pp. 192.

The present number of this journal, of which Mr. Hine is the editor as well as the proprietor, has been lying unnoticed upon our tables much longer than we had intended. Its contents breathe the same generous philanthropy for which we have before had occasion to express our sympathy and commendation. Its articles are characterized by sincere aspirations for the welfare of mankind; they are animated by the idea of progress and give evidence of that earnest hopefulness so appropriate to the youthful and mighty West. Their literary character is also quite creditable, with the exception that the poetry is really too poor to occupy the pages of a quarterly magazine, dating from a region which has produced some of the most beautiful poems of American writing.

Among other essays we have here one, from the pen of the editor as we presume, on Association, which requires a few remarks. It is conceived in a spirit of impartiality and candor, and does justice to the moral character of the Associative movement. While it appreciates the urgent necessity of a radical reform of society, it recognizes the humane, world-wide all-embracing impulse which led to the discovery of the combined order, and which now, in a degree however humble, directs the efforts of its apostles.

Mr. Hine also succeeds in stating with much power, some of the prominent evils which result from the civilized organization, as well as the blessings that Association cannot fail to produce. Having done this he proceeds to state what he calls the errors, of our philosophy. To his criticism we will devote a few brief paragraphs.

Mr. Hine divides his objections under five heads.

"The first of these errors is, the recognition of capital as one of the productive agents having a rightful claim to a portion of the profits."

Our author follows this assertion with half a page of flimsy argument in its support, which would lead us to suppose him a Communist. But he evidently does not understand himself in the matter, for on the same page he goes on to say: "Some may suggest that the labor accumulated by one may be used by others

to increase their power of production, and ask if, in such cases, the capitalists are not rightfully entitled to a portion of the increased profits! We readily answer this affirmatively, but insist upon a true estimate of such profits." This contradicts his first statement, and admits all that any associative writer has ever said on the subject; we leave our reviewer to settle the point for himself, with the regret that he had not done so before putting his notions into print.

"A second error is, that one can accumulate wealth by his labor, and by usury, and transmit it to his children."

"At the death of each member, his property should go into the common stock. Why? Because, 1. There can be no more wealth than to supply the wants of all. 2. In proportion as one gains, no matter by what means, another loses. (!) 3. The wealth of one, being taken from all (!), should go back to all. Let us make this plainer. Suppose there are one thousand men in an Association that produces every thing wanted, and holds no commerce with the rest of the world. Suppose they have just land enough under tillage to support them, and one hundred double their period of labor, for the purpose of accumulation. They must employ double the quantity of land they would at their regular toil, and, therefore, the remaining nine hundred would have one-ninth less land to make their profits from. Hence, the facility of the nine hundred would be *pro tanto* diminished. This is the way the mass is beggared. Who, then, will say that one has the right to put forth unnatural exertion to make gain, while any thing thus made is at another's expense?"

"In Association, all chance of speculation is lost, and the capitalist keeps what he has, safely — increased by a portion of the whole profits, and, at death, gives it to his children. Being free from the casualties that attend the use of capital in the old social state, being secured his interest money, and being above the reach of individual enterprise, his power is absolutely increased. The more assiduously the members work, the more he makes without labor. Out with such errors; they have no business in a theory of reform."

We are inclined to let this pass without comment. Every one who has ever thought justly on the tenure of property, will see its crudity at a glance. But as the subject is one of importance, and forms moreover the theme of a good deal of futile speculation, we will dwell on it for an instant.

Association will produce, as Mr. Hine ought to have reflected, such a vast abundance of wealth, that its mere possession will be thought very little of. Every person will have the means of satisfying all his wants, so that a superfluity of fortune can never stand in contrast with poverty. Besides, as the *tone* of association will be public spirit instead of selfishness, the most boundless wealth will be held by its owner as the steward of Humanity, and will only confer on him a larger power of serving the community, the nation, the

world. — We are by the way surprised that Mr. Hine could blunder so egregiously as to suppose that in a coöperative society, all lose in proportion to the gain of each, or that the wealth of each is so much taken from all the others.

But as to inheritances, a word should be said. The idea that a man ought not to be permitted to leave his property to special heirs, but that it should after his death be merged in the common stock, and be distributed in some way equally among the community, arises not unnaturally in minds which perceive no true way of obviating the evils that now result from the spirit of family, a spirit which Civilization tends to render grasping and accursed. Not knowing any natural means of bringing the family into accord with the other elements of the community, they propose merely to curb its selfishness by arbitrary enactment. But any such provision strikes at once at the whole right of holding property, for if a man has a right to own anything he has a right to give it away to whomsoever he thinks fit, to his children or to others, at one time or another, and the person to whom it is given, has as sound a title to it after the death of the donor as before. The principle which Mr. Hine advances, which St. Simon incorporated into his social system, and which, in Mr. Brownson's past days of theory-chasing, boasted him among its defenders, leads by a logical necessity to Communism. Now the combined order establishes unity of interests throughout society, and thus brings the family into complete concert with the whole, so that there is no longer any reason for violent restrictions upon its operation.

Moreover Association identifies the interests of all the powers which concur in the creation of wealth, and destroys all hostility between labor, capital and skill, so that each must desire exact justice for the others in the distribution of the profits, and not aim to oppress or defraud them as is universally the case at present. "The more assiduously the laborers work," says the reviewer, "the more the capitalist makes without labor." In the first place, in Association every capitalist will be a laborer, for labor will be attractive, a source of positive pleasure, and every laborer will be a capitalist. In the second place, the more assiduously the laborers work, and the more capitalists make thereby, the more the former make for themselves. They must desire to have the dividend of capital as large as possible, because it is the index of their own larger dividend, because they know the division is strictly a just one, giving to each party precisely what it has produced, and because every one wishes for universal justice, satisfaction and prosperity.

We do not notice a mathematical illus-

tration which our reviewer employs, partly because we have no room, and also because, good as it may be as an argument, it has no relation whatever to the subject to which its author intends it to be applied.

"The third error of the Associationists is the gratification they offer to avarice, the basest passion of the perverted mind."

About this we will simply say that avarice is a perverted and morbid passion which Association will cure and transform into a public servant,—so that it does not even presuppose its existence as avarice, much less offer it any gratification!

"The Associationists err, fourthly, in rewarding talent. Mind is the gift of God. To some is given one talent, to another two, to another five, and to another ten."

"We submit, if the favor of God should be made the agent of extracting from the produce of wearisome toil a part of its earning. Great mental power is given to one that he may benefit his race."

"We object to this error, again, because it is partial. Many have talent, and if one is paid for his skill, another must be. But if all were impartially paid the mass would be reduced to beggary." (!)

As to all this: First, if talent creates anything, it ought in justice to have it. Every man not only lives for himself, but is as we have said a steward to do good to his fellow-men; if one is endowed with talent by which he produces material wealth, it is a sign that he is the legitimate agent for its application. Mr. Hine says that this would be to take from hard labor a part of its earning; a sheer mistake in every way! There is no "wearisome toil" in Association: nor in giving a dividend to talent should it have any fraction of what mere labor had created, but solely what it had created itself. But Mr. Hine nullifies his own argument in one of the paragraphs above quoted. He says that all have talent and that if all were paid impartially on that account, the mass would be reduced to beggary! This reminds us of that juggler who had the art of lifting himself by his own waist-band.

"Another error we find is the system of shifting series." (Alternation in employment.)

We will not enter into an argument on this point. It is more than the others, one of abstract science, and any error concerning it does not so directly interfere with the foundations of society and with correct thinking, as the misconceptions we have above noticed. We leave the Quarterly Journal for the present, with the hope that it will not again do injustice to its own noble aim by indulging in hasty and superficial criticisms of a system which is the fruit of such profound and careful study and is so logically consistent as the doctrine of the Combined Order.

"Our First Men:" a Calendar of Wealth, Fashion, and Gentility, containing a list of those persons taxed in the City of Boston, credibly reported to be worth One Hundred Thousand Dollars. With Biographical Notices of the principal Persons. Boston. 1846.

This catchpenny publication of the cheap press is really not so bad as it might be, and the lovers of gossip will probably complain of its degree of abstinence from private scandal and piquant details. Now and then, to be sure, rather a rich illustration is thrown in, but on the whole, the love of fun, (and of money,) which gave rise to the book is kept in some sort of check by the claims of decency. Indeed, the list includes a great number of names that are good not only on 'Change, but good every where else, men who not only pay their notes the day they are due, but who honor the calls of every just cause, and against whom the most laughing Mephistopheles would find no occasion for ridicule. No doubt Boston has great reason to be proud of its "upper ten-thousand," for if there are found among its ranks, as is the case the world over, the pert fledgeling elated with his new wealth, and the cast iron conservative rusted over with the droppings of many years, it can present instances of generosity, nobleness, and public spirit, which must strike the most malicious censor dumb. For our part, we have no quarrel with riches or rich men; wealth is as necessary to the maturity of character, as sunshine to the ripening of a peach; and we would gladly see an order of society in which such affluence were guaranteed to all by the just distribution of the fruits of industry, that the possession of a hundred thousand would form no distinction, and the prosperity of a few would not exist in hideous contrast with the wretchedness of the mass.

¶ A review of Dr. Kraitsir's pamphlets on "The Significance of the Alphabet," will appear next week.

Where is the Christ! where is his doctrine! where can it be found, even in Christendom! Search for it in the institutions of Christian nations, it is not there—in their laws, almost all marked with unjust illegality, it is not there—in their manners, which are characterised by a profound egotism, it is not there. Where then is it! It is in the future, which is now conceiving in the depths of nature; it is in the movement which agitates the people from one extremity of the earth to another; it is in the aspirations of pure souls, of upright hearts; it is in the consciences of all, for all say: That which is cannot exist, for it is evil—a negation of charity—of fraternity—a tradition of the race of Cain—something accursed, which will soon bring upon it the breath of God." *La Mennais.*

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1846.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

CONVENTION IN BOSTON—ORGANIZATION OF "THE AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS."

The New England Fourier Society met in Boston on Wednesday the 27th of May, pursuant to notice previously given, but as there was no special business to come before that body, the meeting resolved itself into a general Convention of the friends of Association, of which George Ripley was made Chairman, and John Orvis of Brook Farm, Secretary.

After some appropriate remarks from the Chair, on the present state of the Associative cause in this country, and the duty of its supporters to engage in advancing it by means of an efficient concert of action, and especially on the necessity of a thorough indoctrination of this whole people in its sublime, peaceful, and beneficent principles, Messrs. CHANNING, BRISBANE, DANA, SHAW, and CAREW were appointed a committee to prepare a Constitution for such a central organization as might unite the whole body of American Associationists for this end. This committee subsequently reported the following Constitution, which after a thorough consideration of its articles separately, was unanimously adopted.

CONSTITUTION.

I. The Name of this Society shall be the AMERICAN UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS.

II. Its purpose shall be the establishment of an order of Society based on a system of

Joint-Stock Property;
Coöperative Labor;
Association of Families;
Equitable Distribution of Profits;
Mutual Guarantees;
Honors according to Usefulness;
Integral Education;

UNITY OF INTERESTS:

which system we believe to be in accordance with the Laws of Divine Providence, and the Destiny of Man.

III. Its Method of operation shall be the appointment of agents, the sending out of lecturers, the issuing of publications, and the formation of a series of affiliated societies, which shall be auxiliary to the parent Society, in holding meetings, collecting funds, and in every way diffusing the Principles of Association,

and preparing for their practical application.

IV. Any person may become a member of this society by signing its Constitution, or that of any affiliated society.

V. An Anniversary meeting of this Society shall be held at times and places duly appointed, when officers shall be chosen for the ensuing year.

VI. The Officers shall be a President, five or more Vice Presidents, two Corresponding Secretaries, one Domestic and one Foreign, — a Recording Secretary, a Treasurer and seven Directors, who shall constitute the Executive Committee of the Society, and shall be responsible for its general management; it shall also be their duty to fill all occasional vacancies in the offices of the Society.

VII. This Constitution can be amended at any anniversary meeting, by a vote of two thirds of the members present.

On motion, Messrs. OLIVER JOHNSON, CHANNING, BRISBANE, JAMES, and DANA, were appointed a Committee to nominate officers for the Society whose Constitution had just been adopted.

The Committee nominated the following persons as Officers of the Society, who were unanimously elected.

PRESIDENT.

HORACE GREELEY, New York.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

PELEG CLARKE, Coventry, R. I.

FREDERIC GRAIN, New York.

E. P. GRANT, Canton, O.

JAMES KAY, Jr., Philadelphia.

CHARLES SEARS, N. Am. Phalanx.

BENJAMIN URNER, Cincinnati.

H. H. VAN AMRINGE, Pittsburg, Pa.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

WILLIAM H. CHANNING, Brook Farm.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

PARKE GODWIN, New York.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

JAMES FISHER, Boston.

TREASURER.

FRANCIS GEO. SHAW, West Roxbury.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE RIPLEY, Brook Farm.

CHARLES A. DANA, Brook Farm.

ALBERT BRISBANE, New York.

OSBORNE MACDANIEL, New York.

EDMUND TWEEDY, New York.

JOHN ALLEN, Brook Farm.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, Brook Farm.

The same committee in compliance with the directions of the Convention, also reported the following Resolutions, which were discussed and adopted.

I. *Resolved*, That we—the Associationists of the United States of America—desiring the sympathy and aid of the wise and good of all denominations and parties in teaching and applying the sublime doctrine of UNIVERSAL UNITY; and fearing that calumnies, systematically circulated in regard to Association, have prejudiced many well meaning persons against this, as we believe, Providential movement; do now, once again, announce our distinctive purpose

and policy to be, the establishment of an order of society based upon a system of *Joint-stock Property*, — *Co-operative Labor*, — *Association of Families*, — *Equitable Distribution of Profits*, — *Mutual Guarantees*, — *Honors according to Usefulness*, — *Integral Education*, — *UNITY OF INTERESTS*, — which system we are confident is in accordance with the Laws of Divine Justice and the Destiny of Man.

II. *Resolved*, That it is our hope and trust, as it is our prayer, that the *Kingdom of God* will come, and His will be *done on earth* as it is in heaven; that it is our wish and aim to cherish in the hearts and embody in the acts of communities and individuals, the Spirit of Christ, which is LOVE; that we seek the formation of human societies wherein the New Commandment may be perfectly obeyed, and all disciples be members one of another in truth and in deed; that we call upon all Christians of all sects, to unite in the holy and humane effort of establishing Universal Brotherhood, of putting away forever from Christendom and the world the forms of inhumanity which now disgrace earth, degrade man and outrage Heaven, such as Slavery, — War, — Legalized Murder, — Poverty, — Licentiousness, — Intemperance, — Commercial Fraud, — Industrial Anarchy, — Ignorance, — Duplicity, private and public, — Dishonesty of all kinds, individual and national, and of substituting in their place Mutual Kindness, the earth over; and finally, that we look with joyful confidence to a time, near at hand, when the Doers of the Will of God shall be made at-one with their Heavenly Father and with their brethren, in a Holy, True, Loving, Universal Church.

III. *Resolved*, That the Constitutions and Laws of this Nation and of its several States, assert principles of liberty and equality, which would secure the rights of every man, woman, and child to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, if they were practically embodied in actual life; but that they are not thus embodied any where, because the fundamental rights to labor and to property have not been acknowledged and respected; that the result is, political feuds growing ever fiercer, wasting the energies and resources, the time, the talents, the character and principle of citizens, and arraying them more and more into two great parties of Capital and Labor, Money and Men; that it is a mockery for a Republic not to seek what its name implies — the Common Wealth; that this Nation is nevertheless manifestly designed to be a Nation of United Freemen, where the remnants of Barbarism, Slavery, Serfdom, Caste, will be utterly banished; where Woman will possess, as she surely ought, like privileges with Man; where Industry will be raised to its just dignity, and usefulness will alone be honored; and that in its system of confederated Townships, Counties, States, this people has been wonderfully and providentially prepared for that very Union of Freemen, which Association proposes as its Ideal of True Government.

IV. *Resolved*, That in the mighty Reforms which are every where agitating Society, and moving men on all sides to protest against the continuance of transmitted social wrongs, and to assert the claims of every human being to brotherly kindness, we hail the sign of an inspiration of Heavenly Love; that we rejoice to see the growing union among these various movements of Humanity, and gladly pledge our earnest co-operation in fulfilling their designs; but that we earnestly warn our fellow philanthropists that the disgraceful degradations of

Man which every where prevail, can be remedied only by cutting down and tearing up by the roots the temptations and difficulties, the collisions and hostilities which our present system of Isolated Life inevitably engenders; and that we summon them to unite with us in laying as the very corner-stone of the Temple of Society, Perfect Justice and Universal Love.

V. *Resolved*, That in this hour of national disgrace, when this so-called free and Christian Republic is seeking by force of arms to rob a sister republic of province after province that she may extend over it to the Pacific and the Isthmus of Panama slave institutions and slave labor,—we do solemnly utter our horror and detestation of ALL War, and especially of such an iniquitous war as the present; that in this war, as in all others, we see an evidence that only a radical substitution of Co-operation for Conflict in all relations of Social Life, can do away with this most impious and unnatural custom of human butchery and wholesale destruction of all earth's blessings; that we hereby pledge ourselves, and recommend to our brethren and fellow citizens every where to pledge themselves, in no way to aid the Government of these United States, or of the several States, in carrying on war against Mexico; and that we will raise the White Flag above the National Flag, in sign that we are only and always Peace-Keepers and Peace-Makers.*

VI. *Resolved*, That the attempts at practical Association, which have been commenced in various parts of the United States, having in most cases been undertaken with insufficient resources to insure complete success, and on too limited a scale to illustrate fully the divine principles of Associative Unity,—ought not by any want of success with which they may have been attended, to discourage the hopes of the advocates of our holy cause; but on the contrary, the social results already obtained, should inspire them with a warmer faith in the truth and value of their principles, impel them to a more determined energy for their promulgation, and lead them to new efforts for their realization, with materials adapted to insure their certain and speedy triumph.

VII. *Resolved*, That we hold it our duty, as seekers of the practical unity of the race, to accept every light afforded by the providential men whom God has raised up, without committing ourselves blindly to the guidance of any one, or speaking and acting in the name of any man;—that we recognize the invaluable worth of the discoveries of Charles Fourier in the Science of Society, the harmony of that Science with all the vital truths of Christianity, and the promise it holds out of a material condition of life wherein alone the spirit of Christ can dwell in all its fulness;—but "*Fourierists*" we are not, and cannot consent to be called, because Fourier is only *one* among the great teachers of mankind; because many of his assertions are concerning spheres of thought which exceed our present ability to test, and of which it would be presumption for us to affirm with confidence; and because we regard this as a holy and providential movement, independent of every merely *individual* influence or guidance, the sure and gradual evolving of Man's great unitary destiny in the Ages.

* This pledge is to be taken simply as the expression of those persons who favored it at the meeting by which it was adopted. The Associative School, as a body, aims at the positive work of so organizing social and political relations as to root out all wrongs and disorders, but is not united to act against any one of them in particular, however detestable.—EDS.

VIII. *Resolved*, That the time has arrived for an earnest, vigorous, and persistent effort for the propagation of our principles; that our present duty as Associationists is, with zeal and patience to disseminate the truths relating to the Combined Order of Society and the Social Destiny of Man, which have been implanted in our souls; waiting with confident faith in Providence for the time of their realization, whenever that time may arrive; and that we hail with hope, as we commence with resolute determination and deep trust in God and the truth, the organization which we have this day formed; and we do solemnly call upon all friends of Humanity to second and forward its operations.

The meeting was addressed through the day and evening, by Messrs. Ripley, Channing, Brisbane, Ballou, Dana, List, Dwight, and others. We regret that our columns are so crowded as to make any report of their speeches impossible.

PRACTICAL MOVEMENT—PROCEEDINGS OF THE CONVENTION—DUTIES OF ASSOCIATIONISTS.

Our readers will perceive from the account of the proceedings of the Convention in Boston, that an important organization was formed with a view to a more systematic and efficient promulgation of the doctrines of Association. This step, in our opinion, is one of great significance, and promises to exert a strong influence on the progress of the cause. The present aspect of affairs clearly indicates the necessity of such a movement, and we trust that it will be engaged in by the great body of Associationists in this country with a determination and energy that will ensure its successful result.

Since the first scientific development of the Associative theory in the United States, some six years ago, it has been rapidly gaining ground; intelligent and reflecting men in various quarters, have become convinced of its essential truth; leading philanthropists, whose experience of the sufferings of Humanity prompts them to watch with interest every remedy that may be suggested for their relief, have adopted it as the foundation of their most sanguine hopes; while many of those on whom the burdens of the existing social state press with the most terrible severity, have welcomed it in their hearts as the promise of approaching salvation. The principal cause of the success which has thus far attended the promulgation of the Associative theory is to be found in the previous convictions and hopes of a numerous portion of the community. The spirit of reform was prevalent in almost all classes of society. The attention of men had been thoroughly aroused to the presence and power of enormous social evils. The sentiment of humanity had been quickened in many hearts. A dim instinct of the harmonic

unity, which according to the doctrine of Association, is the ultimate destiny of our race, had begun to make itself felt. Men of the highest intelligence, of the most generous culture, of the most earnest benevolence, of a large class of whom the late Dr. Channing may be taken as the representative, had gradually come to the conviction that the present organization of society was founded on the lower principles of human nature, that it was not in accordance with the improvements of the age, that its tendencies were essentially degrading, that it quickened the worst passions and repressed the noblest emotions, that its doom was fixed in the counsels of Eternal Justice, and that it must give place to a new social order established on the loftiest and divinest elements of the soul. These men were in the habit of uttering their convictions every where, for they were too deep and solemn to be repressed. Their influence was felt on the pulpit, on the press, and on the different movements of reform which agitate society. The persuasion was more and more widely cherished that an organic change in society was necessary, that new relations between man and man must be established, before full justice could be done to his nature, before the "kingdom of God could come, or his will be done on earth as it is in heaven." A fresh hope sprung up in many hearts. A new zeal was enkindled. Earnest men vowed to rest not till the work was commenced at least, till the great word that had been spoken out was turned into an act, and the foundation laid for the grand temple of Humanity, which the ages were charged to erect for the glory of God and the good of man.

At this time the system of Associative Unity, as discovered by Charles Fourier, was promulgated with an earnestness, a clearness, and a strength of conviction such as is seldom given to the illustration or defence of scientific truth. This system made converts rapidly. It arrested the attention of many who had long been devoted to the cause of Social Re-organization, who saw in it the practical method of realizing their long cherished hopes; while at the same time, it gained the adherence of others, who have since become its most faithful advocates, who were impressed with the vastness of its conceptions, the force of its demonstrations, and the magnificent prospects of social harmony which it proved were ordained by the Creator for the destiny of man.

In the general enthusiasm thus awakened by the hope of a social reform, several practical attempts were set on foot, more or less amply provided with the means of success, but in no case, sufficiently endowed with capital, and material resources, to give a fair opportunity

for making an experiment, or fully to illustrate the principles of the Associative Order. Of these practical attempts, some have fallen through, as was inevitable, from the want of preparation with which they commenced; others maintain a precarious existence, from the same cause; while others though outwardly prosperous and presenting many social advantages of a superior order, are on too limited a scale to furnish an example of Associated industry in the complete development of its power.

Under these circumstances, it is believed, while no germ of practical Association now existing should be neglected, the attention of Associationists should be more fully directed to the duty of diffusing their principles in a systematic manner, and arousing the public mind to a consideration of the truths, on which, in their view, the establishment of a true social order depends. To accomplish this, measures should at once be taken to increase the influence of our publications, to give them the widest circulation, to place them in the hands of all who are seeking for information on social science; and at the same time, to send into the field a body of Lecturers, who with the living voice and personal influence, could produce an effect greater even perhaps than the best concerted system of publications.

We trust that the organization adopted by the convention will prove fully adequate to the accomplishment of this work. Meantime, it opens a sphere for the action of every Associationist; and we devoutly hope that none will be found wanting in the performance of his duty.

THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, the organ of that sect of religious believers called Perfectionists, finds some fault with a paragraph in a recent number of the Harbinger, in which we declared that the first business of the Social Reformer at the present day is to institute true social relations, to bring the members of the social body into their proper order, with the idea that then the highest influences,—those of spiritual truth and goodness might act upon them with their true power. Our Perfectionist critic falls into the error of supposing that we meant to say that an external reform is all that is wanting, and that it would be possible to take human beings of all kinds and degrees of degradation, and by means of a right arrangement of society at once transform them into good men and women. We have no such notion. We believe that in order to reform society and to introduce into its organization the principles of Divine Justice we must take the very best materials that can be found. The advanced guard of Humanity cannot be

composed of those whom misfortune and evil have always kept in the rear.

But on the other hand it is impossible to elevate the oppressed, ignorant and vicious mass of the population except by first removing them from the false circumstances and social arrangements of which they are very much the victims. Everybody knows that the external has an immense and inevitable effect upon the internal, and that if they do not go together no great progress can be made. The spiritual power, which the writer we speak of regards as the sole means of renewing man, operates indeed upon the individual, but can react and operate completely in the collective man only when healthy relations subsist between all the parts. This we presume will not be denied. No one supposes that the highest developments of Christian life can take place in a society of slave-dealers, for example; for the reason that the principles which there prevail are contrary to that life and choke it. Now we only make a more thorough application of the same fact and assert that all those principles and arrangements of society which are opposed to the highest spiritual life, ought to be abolished, and others substituted which should wholly agree with it. Can any one object to this?

Besides, though we do not enter into the discussion of religious dogmas, we do not hesitate to say that all existing churches make so little impression as they do upon the world for this reason mainly; they do not carry the doctrine of human brotherhood into practice, they do not form their sublime truths in social institutions. Thus they virtually leave the spirit in some sort committed to their keeping, to pine in weakness for want of its appropriate instrumentalities, and do no more in behalf of religion than keep it from falling back, if indeed they are allowed to do so much as that. We charge them with unfaithfulness to God and to the truth, so long as they refuse to see that Christian Charity commands a more comprehensive duty than the mere affirmation of its law, that piety to God is not complete even in the purest ecstasy of the individual believer. Let the Church re-organize the relations of society; let it transform industry, trade, the tenure of property and all civil institutions by the standard of the gospel, and then if we mistake not the social body will no longer exist in a wretched state of "universal dislocation," unfortunate members will be much more likely to be healed of their particular disorders, and we may look forward with just hope to a happy and beautiful life for the whole.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS. We would remind our friends, that all subscriptions

for one year, made at the first publication of the Harbinger, *expire with the present number*, and that unless they are renewed their papers will be stopped, as we do business for cash only. We hope not only for a continuance of former subscriptions, but for a large increase. Let us have a helping hand in earnest!

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Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass. }
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